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CAPTAIN F. X. AUBREY.

In no fair sense of the term was Captain Aubrey a pioneer of California, notwithstanding the fact that, during the gold-discovery years, he explored the route hither which is now utilized in the greatest railroad enterprise of distinctively Californian character in its through connection with the States beyond the Rocky Mountains, to the south and east, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic seaboard. But his deeds as a pioneer in neighboring territory, and in other respects, entitle him to consideration, and his name to worthy remembrance at the hands of this people. There are many in California, and elsewhere on this coast, who personally knew him, and these, without exception, honor his memory. But there is, in the story of his life, enough to entitle it to place in Californian literature.

Captain Francis Xavier Aubrey was a native of Canada, the son of French Canadian parents. In early boyhood he manifested the wild spirit of adventure and daring which in his riper years made him conspicuous among men of similar nature in the grand field which the explorations of Marquette and Joliet, of Hennepin and La Salle, and of others who made known to the world the wonders and vastness of the region of the great rivers of the West, and their contiguous and far western and south-western territory, so largely developed in the pioneering and settlement of what are now prosperous States and rapidly growing Territories of our common country. Whilst yet a mere lad, he left his home, and, as the self-reliant architect of his own fortune, began the foundation of that life of uncommon energy, unbounded ambition, and unconquerable fortitude, with that zeal and tact and fearlessness combined, which won for him a name, ere he saw his thirtieth year, as celebrated in the field of startling adventure, and in romantic yet valuable exploration, as it was honorable to himself and advantageous to his adopted country.

He had pushed his way to St. Louis, and there obtained employment in the mercantile house of Lamoreaux & Blanchard—the first-named partner himself of French extraction. At that period, among the principal and best known merchants of St. Louis, was

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Mr. Eugene Kelly, now in the enjoyment of a world-wide reputation in the broad domain of commerce, as the founder of one of the largest and most substantial houses in the United States—the chief house of its class on the Pacific Coast; and also in the solid realm of finance, as the head of one of the soundest and richest banking establishments on the continent of America.

Aubrey held subordinate place in the service of his employers, but gained rapid promotion on account of the ability, fidelity, and shrewd business qualities he progressively developed. He also attracted the attention of Mr. Eugene Kelly, who was quick to discern the vigorous nature and sturdy character of the youth, and he found him to be as honorable and thorough in his business dealings and habits as he was manly and frank in his bearing, and prompt, studious, and thorough in the discharge of his duties and obligations. Although he was of tough fiber and naturally sound constitution, and possessed uncommon energy to work, young Aubrey's health at length became impaired by the too great strain upon his body and mind beyond their just powers, in his arduous employment; and it became apparent to himself, as well as to his friends, that he must desist from the fatiguing and exhausting strain, and seek in some more healthful employment the repair and reinvigoration he so much needed.

The close confinement of a busy city house was neither congenial to his nature nor favorable to his health. He required the wholesome influence of an out-door life, and his ambitious spirit craved the opportunity for the display of the latent energies he felt stirring within him, to such purpose as he was self-conscious and fully confident he could profitably and pridefully direct them.

The Santa Fé trade was then the richest and most attractive field for the enterprise and ambition of those who sought to combine hardy adventure with its attendant perils and the accumulation of fortune. Yet it was a traffic that comparatively few were inclined to embark in, after full consideration of the risks, the fatigues, and the hardships incident to the very long and wearisome journey of upwards of a thousand miles, through an almost unpeopled country, infested by predatory nomadic tribes of the most hostile and most savage Indians of North America; destitute, for a great portion of the route, of sufficient vegetation or water to sustain life or allay thirst; with broad and inhospitable deserts to cross; and nearly every mile of the entire distance beset with privations and terrors and dangers to try and to exhaust the stoutest frame and appal the bravest heart, to subdue the hardiest, and to cause the less robust to sink and perish in the undertaking.

The expeditions thither were by annual trains, or caravans, in some respects similar to those which traverse the immense desert wastes of north-western Asia, and of African Sahara, and sometimes months together were occupied in going or in returning, while every day spent upon the road or trail was either of tedious monotony, expectant peril, or of actual danger, as well from the elements as from savage raids, with the constant hazard of death by the slow process of famishing, or by the more dreaded and more terrible torture which any overpowering band of Indians would be certain to inflict. Upon weighing these discouraging contingencies with the probability of acquiring fortune through years of such toil and risks, the great proportion of those who had ever entertained the idea of engaging in that traffic concluded to abandon it, and only the most courageous and most adventurous resolved upon the trial, and embarked in it.

During his employment with Lamoreaux & Blanchard, Aubrey had had good opportunity to acquire information concerning the Santa Fé trade, and every fresh arrival thence and departure thither more and more inspired him with the desire to make the expedition on his own account. His desire developed into a passion, and this became absorbing and irrepressible. Go he would, if he could only arrange for an outfit of suitable merchandise, and to this purpose he at once directed his energies. Eugene Kelly promptly became his friend in need, his

backer in deed. Aubrey started upon what proved almost from the outset his golden pathway to fortune, his nobler highway to fame.

It was in 1846, after Aubrey had been in that trade for several years, that he made his unparalleled feat of a double round trip from St. Louis to Sante Fé—two trips within the year—with wagons; and the incoming trip was performed in the extraordinary time of five days and sixteen hours—part of the way through snow, for it was in winter that he arrived in St. Louis. The feat remains unequaled. It was on that trip that his favorite mare "Dolly" was taken sick, and dropped from sheer exhaustion. He had ridden her two hundred miles in twenty-six hours. But his regard for the faithful animal was so great, that he had her conveyed all the way back to Santa Fé in comfortable condition. Her eventual sad fate will be told further on in this sketch.

The gold discovery in California did not divert or turn Aubrey from his profitable trade in Santa Fé; but he gave substantial aid and good outfit to a number who made the way overland by the southern route. It was his misfortune in 1849 to be embroiled in a personal difficulty in Santa Fé, in which the life of his antagonist was sacrificed. Colonel Thomas H. Holt, a well-known pioneer citizen of San Francisco, was at that time tarrying in Santa Fé, on his way overland to California, and had made the acquaintance of Aubrey, who then solicited him to act as counsel in the case before the court. Colonel Holt freely gave his services as required. It was a clear case of self-defense, and Aubrey was forthwith discharged from custody. He thereupon offered Colonel Holt a fee of $1,000. It was declined, with appropriate acknowledgments. A few days afterwards, on his departure from Sante Fé, to pursue his long journey to the land of gold, Colonel Holt had pressed upon him by Aubrey a very valuable, excellent saddle horse, handsomely caparisoned, as a substantial token of his gratitute and friendship. It was an offering characteristic of the man.

After the subsidence of the gold fever in the early part of 1853, Aubrey made the trip from Santa Fé to California, with a number of wagons and a large drove of sheep, which he disposed of in this State to good profit. It was on that trip that he explored the route across the country since adopted by the builders of the Southern Pacific Railroad—in the main, the most feasible of any known for the transit of the continent. This, of itself, was enough to establish his skill as a master mind among the most accomplished of explorers, in the true light of a pathfinder; and he so accurately described and plainly gave the bearings of the route, that its subsequent survey was little more than the elaboration of of his rough notes and simple observations.

On his way across the country, Aubrey reached the Rio Grande at Libretta, discovered gold on the Colorado, and between these two principal rivers, about two hundred miles west of the Zuñi villages, came upon a tribe of peaceable Indians, who lived by hunting, and showed him bullets of gold, of the precious value of which they were entirely ignorant, nor did he enlighten them, or trade with them for the treasure so strangely used.

After sojourning in California a few weeks, during which time he made his camping ground at San Juan, Monterey County, and purchased a large stock of goods for the return trip, Aubrey left for Santa Fé, June 10th, and reached Albuquerque—eleven hundred miles distant—September 10th. He arrived in Santa Fé the 14th of the same month. His route was across the Sierra Nevada range at Tejon Pass—which he made July 12th—thence over the sterile Colorado desert in a due east line, and through Arizona. His party numbered not quite twenty men. No serious trouble was encountered until the country of the Garotteras was reached—a tribe of warlike, predatory, and treacherous Indians, who subsist mainly by plunder.

Aubrey had so long been accustomed to deal with Indians, friendly and hostile, that he was thoroughly conversant with the Indian character in all degrees. He knew the cunning and perfidiousness of the Garotteras;

and he had therefore specially cautioned his men against their arts, and the peril of reposing any trust in them. More surely to guard against their wiles, he had forbade the entrance in his camp of any formidable number of them. And the Indians had heard and seen enough of Aubrey to know that he was not a man to be trifled with, nor likely to be surprised or taken unawares. Still, compared with his small band, they were overwhelmingly numerous in their own country; and they appreciated their own superiority of numbers, and felt confident of their ability to overpower and destroy the party, and get away with the rich booty. He had made his camp on an elevated slope, with precipitous sides except at the point of approach, and his sentinels kept vigilant watch day and night against surprise and attack by the Indians from below, gathered there in large force, apparently friendly, but, to Aubrey's practiced eye, intent on murderous mischief. During the week or more he had been in camp, occasional stragglers, bucks and squaws, had been allowed to come up into camp, with game and out of curiosity, but none were allowed in with weapons. On the morning he broke camp, however, through the hurry and inattention incident, before Aubrey was aware of the neglect, fully three hundred bucks and squaws were upon the slope, commingling with his men; but as none of them were, to all appearances, armed, and every one of his men had ready for instant service a brace of well-loaded Colt's navy revolvers, and were trained to their prompt effective use, he gave less heed to their presence. At last the party was ready for the mount and start. Just at that moment, the chief of the tribe, a tall, powerful, bold, and ugly-looking savage, stalked up to Aubrey, and offered his right hand for an apparently friendly shake. It was instinctive with Aubrey never to give his right hand to an Indian he did not well know to be friendly, especially in the Indian's own country. Furthermore, he always suspected the friendly manifestations of Indians he knew to be treacherous. But through unaccountable and singular impulse of friendliness, in the haste of the starting, and strange absence of mind which had never before overcome him, he gave his left hand to the monster, who instantly gripped it with prodigious strength, and at the same moment, with ambidextrous readiness, drew from beneath his loosely worn blanket poncho a huge, knotted war-club, which he raised swiftly with his muscular left arm, to strike his intended victim a stunning or a finishing blow. By an almost superhuman wrench Aubrey wrested his imprisoned hand from the vise-like grip, and quick as a flash had drawn one of his revolvers with his right hand, and shot the chief dead. The hand-shaking ceremony by the chief and Aubrey had been, it appeared, the signal for the onslaught upon the party by the Indians; for at the moment, every warrior had been suddenly supplied with a club or tomahawk by the squaws, who had brought them for the purpose concealed in their loose robes; and immediately engaged in the murderous attack. But the prompt rallying cry of Aubrey to his men, with command to use their revolvers, had inspired and directed them all, and in very brief time, after a fierce encounter hand to hand, the savages either leaped down the precipitous sides, or fled by way of the slope from the bloody field, leaving twenty-five of their number dead, and bearing off as many more, more or less seriously wounded. Not a man of Aubrey's party was killed, but twelve of them were very badly bruised by the heavy knotted clubs, and suffered therefrom for days afterward. Aubrey had long been accustomed to the weapon which saved himself and his party, but he ever after held Colt's practice in greater regard, as the surest and best in a sharp fight at quick call and short range. It had preserved his little band from the destruction which was imminent.

On the route to Albuquerque, Aubrey's party endured painful privation, and underwent great distress. Their stock of provisions gave out, and the country was devoid of game or vegetation to support life. They suffered also from thirst. Not even a coyote, or a rodent of any kind, was seen; every stream had gone dry, every spring was exhausted. They were forced to kill their

animals for food; and finally Aubrey's favorite "Dolly" had to be sacrificed. In money-worth she was valuable, but he held her above purchase in money, and had refused $800 for her in San José, before he left California. For her docility and extraordinary qualities, in intelligence, in endurance, and the many years of faithful, sometimes life-saving, service she had borne to him, he prized her, even as the Arab prizes his fleet mare, above any of the brute species, and almost with the affection of a human being; but in their dire extremity, he could not see his men want food when the immolation of his favorite could supply it. Yet her death should be the most merciful—for she, too, was famishing—and from the hand of another than himself. One of his men shot her, while Aubrey himself stroked her hunger-pinched neck, and the last touch the devoted animal felt of the fond familiar hand was the signal of her instantaneous doom. Hungered and ravenous as he was, he refrained from the feast her body furnished to the sustenance of his men. His was not a devouring affection for his faithful mare.

In New Mexico, Aubrey passed through the country of the Indians of the "Sacred Fire," of whom tradition has it that they are the remnant descendants of the aboriginal powerful tribes which were driven from Mexico by Cortez. In long past ages, they had been commanded by their protecting spirit to remove northward until they should behold an eagle perched upon a tall cactus, holding in its talons a writhing serpent—the token preserved upon the coins of Mexico—and there they were to locate and build a city, which should become the greatest and grandest of their race forever. In an appropriate temple, consecrated for the purpose, they were enjoined to preserve and guard the sacred fire, inextinguished and imperishable; after the manner of the vestal virgins of Pelasgian Latium, and most ancient Rome, with the sacred flame of Vesta. It was upon the site where still stands the City of Mexico that the eagle sign was observed, and the injunction fulfilled; but the sacred fire has long gone quenched, although the fugitive Indian descendants in the wilds of New Mexico still preserved, in Aubrey's time, apparent devotion to the immemorial obligation, barely as they sustain to themselves the lamp of life, in their pitifully impoverished condition.

That eventful exploration was the most important and most generally interesting of the exploits of Aubrey's brave career that will be herein chronicled. He made another business trip to California, during the spring of 1855, and returned to his home in Santa Fé, only to meet his sudden and violent death, almost at the moment of his arrival, early in the fall of that year. Major Weightman, a gallant officer of the United States army, was then stationed at Santa Fé, and he had supplied to the local paper published there frequent contributions from his pen. He knew Aubrey, and was an outspoken man. In some of these contributions he had severely criticised certain acts of Aubrey, and overzealous or officious friends had informed Aubrey of the fact at Albuquerque, a few days before he reached Santa Fé. He cared nothing for them, really; but he had been on friendly terms with Weightman, and it provoked him to learn that any attack upon his character should come from that officer. His arrival in Santa Fé, mounted as he usually was on a splendid riding animal, was the occasion for a general welcome, as he rode up the principal street to a popular resort. There he dismounted, and, according to his generous custom, invited the crowd who gathered to greet him to come in and drink with him. Among the number happened to be Major Weightman. Aubrey jocularly accosted him, and, just as the whole party had their glasses raised to their lips, in his loud, sharp, quick manner of speech, asked: "Say, Weightman, have you been printing any more of your damned lies about me?" The two stood side and side, close together. Weightman, incensed at the affront, in his impetuous, fiery temper, turned and dashed the tumbler of brandy full in Aubrey's face. Blinded and furious, Aubrey reached for his pistol, but before he could see to aim it, Weightman had drawn his

knife and stabbed Aubrey. The stab was fatal: Aubrey fell dead at the instant. Weightman was held to be innocent of crime, and discharge followed examination. During the civil war he fell at the head of his command, while gallantly leading his men against the hot fire of the Confederates, in one of hardest battles fought in Missouri, at Wilson's Creek, serving under General Lyons, who was also killed.

Captain Aubrey was a noticeable man in appearance. He was five feet nine inches in stature, spare of flesh, but of massive chest, and robustly formed, and his head was very large in proportion to his body. His features were bold and striking. His high, broad forehead, sloping down to his strong and clear-cut brows, overhung and shaded his large and deep set luminous gray eyes, which were kindly though searching in repose, and flashing and terrible in moments of passionate excitement. The cheek-bones were high and prominent, his cheeks sunken, but not gaunt; the nose large, of what is called Wellingtonian mold. The mouth also was large, firmly shaped, and the lips thin and expressive. The chin prominent, and of iron cast, with jaws of good form, which denoted the power and nerve of the man. It was a face and head, all in all, which attracted attention, and gave full token of his character, his intelligence, and his fearlessness. It was a ponderous head, and the thick, short, powerful neck seemed even larger in proportion; while the fullness behind the ears signified the tremendous energy of its wearer. His hair was a chestnut hue, of thick growth, and a moustache of lighter color gave to his rigid upper lip a more stern expression. His limbs were in due proportion to the sturdy trunk, but he was without diminution at the waist, and below that his body seemed like that of one habitually underfed. Most singular was his stride, measuring that of a giant's; it would be always accepted as a full yard at every step, and the motion was active withal. His manner of utterance was rapid and vigorous, and his voice loud and clear. His shout was like a war-cry, and the whoop of the Apache was not more terrible in alarm, the blare of the trumpet not more sonorous in its notes of peaceful import. His spirit was to command, but he was neither arbitrary nor exacting. He had learned to obey, and he knew how to control himself as well as he controlled his subordinates. Of dauntless intrepidity, he scorned danger, and knew fear only to overcome it; but he never showed hardihood nor incurred peril recklessly, when the lives or safety of others were involved. No Indian was more subtle or cautious in the arts of savage warfare, when the odds were greatly against him; no warrior ever displayed bolder dash and grander courage, when the occasion required sudden action and impetuous onslaught.

He was accomplished in what is known as woodcraft, and skilled in tracking his way through the densest forest, or over the vastest desert waste. His use of weapons was perfect, and his aim unerring. He rode like a centaur, and was a prodigy in the fatigues of hard riding and long distances. His natural faculty of intuitively judging men, and perceiving the good points of animals, singularly qualified him for the vocation he chose, and in which he became so distinguished. He rapidly gathered riches, but he never hoarded them; and though neither a spendthrift nor improvident, he gave freely to friends, or worthy objects—sometimes to unworthy—and always gave liberally. He never married, nor did social scandal ever stain his name. In early boyhood he had suffered an attack of varioloid, and his fair-complexioned but weather-bronzed face bore traces of the foul contagion. It had, however, apparently toughened his body against other disease, for he was rarely attacked by the ills which flesh is heir to. His habits were somewhat of his class, but he was in no sense intemperate; and although quick and certain to resent insult, and repay wrong, he was not prone to quarrel, or disposed to provoke personal difficulties. He devotedly loved his friends, was unbounded in his sense of gratitude, and disdained or ignored more than he hated any who merited his dislike, or wantonly aspersed him. A thor-

ough "mountain-man," as the term is too often vaguely applied, he was also a keen trader, and a sagacious, thorough, honorable man in business affairs, with uncommon grasp of the strong points of business ventures, and ready with expedients to meet every emergency, to turn the tide or opportunity to his own advantage.

Aubrey met his death at an early age. He was not forty years old when he was killed, and had already given token of settling down to less adventurous and less hazardous mode of life. His death was a loss to New Mexico, and a calamity to his friends. But in his comparatively brief career, he had earned distinction for himself, and made a name to be honored in the land in which he was best known, by his round excellence of character, and his valuable explorations. In his life he made true and lasting friendships, and posterity will enduringly preserve the record of his exploits and his nobler deeds.

JAMES O'MEARA.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

CHAPTER XI.

A glance of the eye and a flash of thought, and with that, certain things which had heretofore been mysteries to the Colonel seemed spread out before him as a printed page. Strangely enough, the nature of the charge did not for the moment trouble him. He could not realize that there could be anything serious in it, or that it was other than a ridiculous mistake, which could easily be explained away. But it was to Stella alone that his thoughts at once particularly reverted. In an instant there was borne into his mind, like a quick, sharp, piercing ray of light, the whole recollection of her late distrust and repulsion of him: her apparent bitter repentance for ever having cherished a tender thought about him; her cruel treatment of his love—could he ever learn to forgive her for all that?

"The murder of Lawyer Vanderlock?" he said, striving to banish every other train of reflection from his mind, and to confine himself to the immediate contingency. "There must be some strange blunder here. I am sure that I, for one, have never even so far as known that—"

"Better not say a word, Colonel," one of the men interrupted; "keep it all for the Justice, if you have anything to say. Whatever you say now, you know, we may have to—"

"O, well, as you please," the Colonel retorted, a little angrily at being thus caught up and cautioned.

"Of course, there is nothing really that can—"

Then he checked himself, feeling how useless as well as unjust it was to exhibit any temper towards these men. Whatever was done, surely was not the result of their instigation. They were only the blind instruments of some other person's will, and their caution, that he should not betray himself, though uncouthly made, was meant in kindness. Certainly there could be no offense intended. They were merely two rough, uncultivated men, short, thickset, and ungainly, expressionless and stolid-featured, with lackluster eyes, and long heavy lips: as far removed as any men could be from any natural comprehension of labored impertinence.

"There is, of course, some mistake in this," he added, "and doubtless a few minutes will serve to rectify it. I am sorry to miss the train; but there will be another one to-day, will there not?"

One of the men advanced to the time-table against the wall, while the other remained close at the Colonel's right hand. It seemed an absurd precaution, seeing that the Colonel could have no desire to escape, nor if he had, could have succeeded over that open, flat country.

"There will be another train at five this

afternoon, Colonel," the first man said, after a somewhat lengthened spelling out of the natural entanglements of the railroad table.

"At five; and you will drive me over here again, this matter being by that time at rest? Well, now let us go back. It is to Justice Peters, I suppose?"

"Yes, Colonel, we'll find him at the court-room—at Cobweb & Crusty's. It was a ball-room once, but didn't pay, somehow. The only music in town was a guitar and a bass-drum; and when folks came to try it, they found they couldn't dance to that. So it was turned into a court-room. Well, here is our wagon, Colonel."

Then they all climbed in, the two men gazing for a moment stolidly into each other's eyes, with reference more particularly to the Colonel's remark that the matter before him would soon be arranged. Reading each the thought of the other, they interchanged almost imperceptible winks. Their experience in arrests for the heavier crimes of the statute book was not large; but was not this the thing that criminals always said upon being arrested—that the matter would soon be explained? Something to that effect they had certainly read in police reports; and the very fact that Colonel Grayling now said the same thing tended to prejudice their minds a little against him. But they made no remark, and resuming their impenetrable stoniness of gaze, took their seats in the little low wagon, and prepared to return with their prisoner to the village.

Leaving the deserted station, and entering again upon the long narrow road that led back to Windward, with no sound to distract him other than the low creaking of the wagon-axles, and the soft churning of the sand as it parted before the pressure of the wheels, the Colonel had full opportunity to collect his thoughts, and survey his situation. It was not a nice thing, indeed, to be arrested for a murder; but, in reality, it was a matter that gave him very little uneasiness. Whatever the circumstances, still so unknown to him, that had led to it, of course when once learned, they could be explained almost at a single breath. Doubtless no circumstances at all, other than what had come from some ridiculous mistake, to be brushed out of their temporary importance, like a cobweb from a corner. Apart from which, there was a great deal in the incident to cause him actual satisfaction and relief. It could not help assist in setting aside certain misconstructions that had so greatly distressed him the night before. Of course he still felt that he could not but connect Stella's unkindness with the present charge against him. Whatever had originated it, must in some distorted shape have come to her ears, and led to her strange and unlooked-for alienation from him. Could he ever forgive her—he again asked himself—that she had not more fully and abundantly trusted in him? Was her love of so little worth that it could be blown aside by a mere breath of scandal? And yet, what might not have been the overpowering force of that breath; by what cunning influences, impossible for the feeble nature of woman to resist, might she not have been surrounded. He would not judge her unheard. And of a certainty, he would now be able to elucidate the whole mystery of her conduct, and let that light be poured into her soul which could not fail to reconcile her to him. Therefore, before that day came to an end he might be enabled once more to hold her in his arms, lovingly and trustfully, instead of journeying back, lonely and heart-broken, with surrendered furlough, to the irksome duties of the camp.

This conclusion thus satisfactorily arrived at, he began to feel, that, in addition to the anticipated relief, there was much amusement to be extracted from his situation. He found it at first in the appearance of the precautions against escape with which he was surrounded. The wagon was a two-seated one; and had he been merely an honored passenger, not to be closely watched, there was no doubt that the two men would have occupied the front seat together, and left to him the expansive ease of the whole back seat. But now, one only of the men sat in front, driving, while the other remained behind, close at the Colonel's left hand, so as to be able to pounce upon him at once

in case of any attempt to leap out and take to flight. This readiness was especially manifested at certain portions of the route where the roadside was bordered with scrub pine, mingled with blackberry bushes, amid whose impenetrable thickets a fugitive murderer might be supposed able to lurk concealed, and defy the active search of the whole force of the county. At such points, the ever watchful officer would draw his right hand out of his pantaloons pocket, its normal resting-place, and hold it in readiness against the outside of his coat pocket, within which, as by a slight pressure in that direction the Colonel could easily feel, a stout old-fashioned horse-pistol had been deposited, doubtless well charged up to the muzzle. In other ways, also, this display of watchfulness was actively shown, as when once the Colonel reached forward and touched the collar of the man in front. The man had failed to make a careful toilet before leaving the stable, and from the green velvet collar of his coat there hung an inch or two of dusty cobweb, from which further dangled the empty husks of two or three oats. To sit and watch the vibrations of these chance decorations, and not endeavor to brush them out of sight, as an offense to good order and cleanliness, was to Colonel Grayling an impossibility. For two or three minutes, indeed, he remained motionless, and resisted the impulse to stretch forth his hand; then yielded, and with a gentle touch removed the dangling attachment. Soft as was his movement, it was sufficient for the instant to arouse the half-sleeping driver, who nervously straightened himself as though to resist a savage attempt upon his life. While the other constable instinctively moved his right hand towards the pocket where lurked the horse-pistol. The Colonel smiled; but inwardly resolved from that moment to abandon all efforts to rectify deficiencies in his companions' toilets.

Thenceforth, for a few minutes he remained silent, listening to the dull crunching of the sand beneath the wagon, and watching furtively the countenances of his captors. It became, for want of any better and more exciting occupation, a pleasant employment to study their dull features, and endeavor thence to puzzle out some trace of thought. More particularly their thoughts about himself—whether they believed him innocent or not; or whether, on the other hand, as impartial ministers of justice, they postponed any arduous reflection upon his matter until a discharge from their official duty might put them at more abundant leisure to weigh the probabilities of the case. That he cared greatly about what they now believed, could hardly be supposed, since he knew them not, and they, with all the rest of the village, would soon perceive the mistake which had been made. And yet, as a philosophical study, it was not uninteresting to attempt fathoming their thoughts. One of them sat bending listlessly over the dash-board, letting the reins drop idly upon the back of the horse, which well knew the road, and could not, in any contingency, go far astray. There was little expression of opinion to be gained from that dull face, indeed rendered duller than usual by the half-closed eyes and drawn-down mouth. The other—he with the horse-pistol—was more alert in manner, but had his natural expression somewhat distorted and confused by the tobacco in his mouth; the steady mastication of which upon one side constantly threw up his cheek against his eyelid, and gave an appearance of a steadily recurring wink regulated by clock-work.

Yet, in both these men, Colonel Grayling was amused to note, that, in default of any other expression, there was a very evident complacency at the nature and success of their errand. It showed itself in the quiet smile lurking in the corner of their mouths, and in the fixed compression and expansion of the lips, as is so customary with men who have the fortune to be pleased with themselves. At heart, the two men would doubtless be well satisfied that their prisoner should be proved not guilty of the charge laid against him; and yet they seemed, none the less, very comfortable, and even elate with the thought that they held in custody a monster of the deepest dye. Hitherto, their office

had been light and trifling in its requirements: so unimportant, indeed, as almost to be thrown into contempt, and lead to abundant witticism and sarcasm at their expense. To arrest, at long distant periods, a tavern rioter, or a violator of the rights of a private oyster-patch—what sort of works were those to comprise the whole current of a strong man's life? and what depth of gilding to official station could they afford? But to have arrested a murderer, upon the very hour of his intended departure, and in the very station whence he projected his flight—not an ordinary murderer, at that, committing his crime in some sudden burst of passion, but one who wore the livery of respectability and station, and for months must have cloaked his deliberately wrought offense with artful hypocrisy—what glory was there not in all that? It conferred distinction not only upon themselves, but upon the village that owned them; it gave them celebrity among their fellow-townsmen, stilling forever all those former senseless jests against their office; it would make their names prominent in the metropolitan paper; even at that moment it gave them the power of life and death: since at any instant, were the prisoner to attempt escape, they were authorized to draw forth the horse-pistol, and therewith stretch him upon the ground a lifeless corpse. What other suburban fame could compare with this?

Seeing now the working of that pleasant gleam of content in each of those rough-hewn faces, the Colonel, while still amused, naturally connected it with another matter of reflection that had at that moment arisen within his mind; and he began to find his spirits somewhat dampened with the apprehension of coming annoyance. Up to that time the road had led at right angles with the bay, closed in at either hand with woodland or scrub, altogether shut out from the sight of village or bay, or any especially familiar object; and for all that there was to remind him of his destination, or of anything to befall him there, he might have been a thousand miles off. Under such circumstances, the actual knowledge of his position was naturally clouded by some mirage of distance, forbidding perfect and constant realization of the mere impending. Even so it may be, that the poor wretch on his way to his execution, while passing through unfamiliar streets, finds his attention distracted by a thousand objects; and though all the while morbidly conscious of his doom, can cheat his soul into temporary belief that the destruction is yet remote. But even as when the victim, upon turning a street corner, sees the guillotine standing directly in front of him, and then for the first time fully comprehends that there can be no escape from its horrors, so suddenly the Colonel, being turned at a right angle, saw the whole expanse of bay before him, and the village, with all its familiar objects, staring him in the face, and knew he was approaching his destination, and began more accurately than at any moment before to realize that there might be sundry discomforts yet to be met with and overcome. What though within an hour the mistake that had led him back were to be explained? Might not that hour be made a torment to him if these two men, in their self-satisfaction, had chanced to reveal the nature of their errand, and thereby should draw down impertinent curiosity upon him?

"Have you told anybody that you had a warrant against me for any purpose?" he asked, impetuously.

With that, the men both looked askant at him, and one of them slightly coughed. In each, he could detect the rising of a thin flush of confusion, even through their tanned and weather-toughened skins.

"Well, Colonel," one of them drawled forth, "it is safe to say, perhaps, that people will sometimes get at a thing even when it is not intended that—which is to say, indeed, that—"

"Enough!" interrupted the Colonel. "You need say no more. Only now, as I suppose I must go to the court-room, see that I reach it as quietly as possible, so as to be no further exposed to the impertinent curiosity you have brought down upon me than is absolutely needful."

The man turned around again, well pleased

at having got off so lightly, and chirruped to his horse to quicken his pace. And Colonel Grayling gazed around, to see how far the heedless folly of his captors might be working to his disadvantage. At that moment, they chanced to be passing the point where in the morning the boat of Crusty had drifted ashore. It was now raised upon an even keel, and three or four men were clustered about it, spreading the sail to dry, and otherwise engaged in the work of restoration. Hearing the rattle of the wagon, these men looked around, and might have recognized all the occupants; but seeming not to be attracted thereby, they turned back again, and resumed their labor. This was encouraging, as serving to show that as yet all the villagers had not discovered that the murder-warrant had been issued, and for the instant Colonel Grayling took heart. But in a minute it grew evident that his confidence was misplaced. For, coming nearer to the center of the village, they passed where a man stood before his house, attempting a little early spring cultivation. He, in turn, hearing the wagon, looked up, but with greater interest than the other men had manifested. For a moment he gazed intently, shading his eyes with his hand for greater certainty, then dropped his hoe, lifted his coat from a neighboring bush, and hastily rearraying himself, struck out in a straight line that could lead only to the court-room. Seeing him, other men in different directions who had evidently been on the lookout, took up their several lines of march for the same point; and soon it became evident that in the impending examination, Colonel Grayling was destined to have a very fair audience.

"Draw up behind, so that I can enter through the side door," he simply said. It was too late to complain of the consequences of past inefficiency, or to show anger at the men who were causing him this annoyance. If he had any spare fund of indignation at his command, he might yet need it for other matters to follow; in a moment, he would be parted from his captors, and consigned to other hands. Seeing him so calm in his demeanor, they congratulated themselves once more upon the leniency with which they were treated, and proceeded to acknowledge it with ready attention to his wish. To this purpose, the driver turned down a narrow lane, and brought the wagon, almost unperceived, close up to the rear of the tavern. There descending, they entered the hall through a back door, thence passed into the parlor, and so, from that into the court-room, which happened to adjoin. So quickly and quietly was it done, that before the Colonel had thoroughly realized the success of the maneuver, he found himself seated at the raised end of the little court-room behind the bar, and awaiting further proceedings.

For the moment, there were few persons near him. At the right hand sat the two lawyers of the village, entitled through their profession to this privilege of place. Business at that moment happened to be dull with them, and, in common with other townsmen, they had followed the drifting of the crowd, prepared to engage themselves professionally, or remain inert spectators, as the circumstances of the case might require. And behind the Colonel's chair stood the two constables, still on guard over him, and with their own perception of the importance of their mission evidently increased. These few persons were all who at that moment were there present; for the Justice, not having anticipated such a speedy return of his warrant, had not long before sallied forth upon a stroll along the beach; and though a messenger had been dispatched after him, he had not yet appeared.

Outside the bar, however, where the chairs ended and ranges of long stiff benches prevailed, the room was nearly filled. Enough townsmen had already heard of the issuing of the warrant, and had watched for the result of the matter, to constitute a very tolerable audience, and each instant additional spectators appeared. As the Colonel glanced across the room, he could at first see only a dim confused mass, seeming for the moment more densely pressed together than it actually was, and presenting, for a distant inspection, few salient individual features. A

closely packed, many-headed body, as it were, with grizzled, weather-beaten faces projected from the mass at equal distances, all turned towards him with silent, lack-luster, open-mouthed expression—that was all. The Colonel was by nature not devoid of coolness and equipoise; but the equanimity which, allowing no appearance of discomposure, confronts personal danger is not always equal to the task of facing the gaze of a hundred eyes, all steadily peering forward in search of tokens of ignominy, disgrace, and crime; and for the moment he felt not a little discomposed, and the scene swam before him like a wave of the sea, shifting to and fro, and marked everywhere with indistinctiveness of outline.

By degrees, this incoherencey of perception passed away, and he became able to dissolve the little crowd into a few of its individual elements. Leaning his arm upon the table, he partially covered his eyes with his hand, and peered through the spread fingers. At first it was his impression that, while awaiting the Justice's arrival, he might succeed in extracting some amusement from the situation. The mistake through which the arrest had been made could surely last only a few minutes longer: a mere word or two of assertion would of course sweep it aside; why, then, should he not, in advance, obtain some present satisfaction from it? He had done so upon the road, indeed. But he soon found that in the comparative solitude of the highway thoughts could be indulged, and philosophies encouraged, which here, before that steady battery of eyes, had become impossible. What though even the next moment might release him from durance and suspicion? None the less was it the fact, that for the present a battery of staring eyes was fixed unrelentlessly upon him, all striving to search into his innermost thoughts for admission of the guilt of murder. No: whatever the future might have in store for him, the present position of things was certainly unpleasant, and he must postpone all idea of amusement from it, and be content now, only to retain, if possible, his self-possession.

In the whole concourse of spectators, nothing seemed more striking than the prevailing silence. Each man sat silently staring forward, nursing his own thoughts, and behaving himself soberly and discreetly, as though in church. If one spoke to another, he did so, not lightly or noisily, but seemingly with a calm, well-considered, and deliberate purpose, and in a whisper; and was answered in a like spirit. If any one chanced to speak too loudly, others gazed around with an air of wonderment at such irrelevancy, and the motion seemed always taken as intended—for a rebuke. Occasionally, a new comer would make his entrance noticeable, more openly so with his creaking boots than he desired; but the heads of all the others, turning in that direction, would speedily abash him, and compel him to drop, as quickly as possible, into the nearest seat. At other times, the loud talking of those outside would attract the observation of those within, and the necks of all would be stretched around, to take condemnatory observation of such disturbing levity; whereat, those disturbers of the peace would find their conversation hushed into a whisper, and then into nothingness, and entering, they would gently slide into the nearest unoccupied places, with every appearance of abashment. Once, when the silence had lasted painfully long, it was broken by a sudden sharp crack, ringing through the whole room like the report of a pistol. It was merely the inadvertent cracking open of a peanut shell between the fingers of an inconsiderate urchin. The sound seemed to arouse the indignation of the entire body of spectators, as though some irreverence to the majesty of the place had been committed; and one of those nearest to the offender laid his stick carefully upon his bench, and half-arose, in preparation for crossing over on tiptoe to the luckless youth, and still on tiptoe walking him out by the ear.

But it chanced that the boy escaped such exposure and condemnation; for at that moment came the sound of the side door swinging open, and Squire Peters nervously bustled in.

Chapter XII.

Before the Justice had time to take his seat, the Colonel arose and impetuously confronted him.

"What does all this mean, Judge Peters?" he demanded. "How comes it that I have been thus grossly treated? Is it some stupid jest? Or can it be possible that there is anything really serious in it?"

Speaking thus vehemently, and somewhat sharply as well, in the impulsiveness of his mingled mortification and wrath, it was in his mind to continue with further and still more copious expression of his indignation and assertion of his rights, until every obstacle should be borne down before him, and his release granted, with all proper apology for the outrage of the arrest, and with full assurance that it should amply be atoned for by all who had in any way authorized or committed it. And yet it happened, that, even while he was speaking, a single glance at the Justice's face almost at once restrained him from continuance in intemperate expression. There was such an indication of sorrow in the old gentleman's countenance; such evident dissatisfaction at his own official connection with the work in hand, as of something that, if possible, he would gladly have avoided; such a nervous shrinking of the whole heart and soul, as from a hateful task —that Grayling felt almost at once touched with pity, and arrested further angry demonstration. Even at the moment, indeed, it seemed to him a strange thing, and altogether incongruous with what should be the natural display of his own feelings, that, while detained in a position of shame and disgrace, the sole center of a hundred inquisitive eyes, he should feel sympathy and forbearance for the person by whose order he was there; and for the instant he smiled at himself, as though guilty of a foolish weakness; but all the same, the pitying feelings could not be repressed. And again taking his seat, he waited for the Justice to do the same.

The Justice's features did not belie his feelings. Never, in all his experience, had he found himself burdened with such an unpleasant duty. Colonel Grayling had been an old acquaintance of his—honored and esteemed—his personal friend, as far as a young man can be the friend of an old gentleman so naturally removed from his intimate association by difference of years and occupation; how then, could the Justice look with even equanimity upon the circumstances which now demanded his unfriendly magisterial offices? And in addition to any other source of mental discomfort, there was min gled, it must be confessed, a nervous apprehension that possibly, in the matter of legal attainments, he might scarcely prove equal to the occasion. Arrests for various unimportant offenses were not unfamiliar to him —arrests for small thefts, for violations of the prescriptive rights of oyster-beds, for drunkenness, and the like; but this was the first time that a regular murder case had come under his jurisdiction. His imagination already foresaw much inconvenience and trouble as likely to arise from it. The matter would, of course, get into the papers, and his own conduct of it would be exposed to legal criticism; and, were he to make any error, to the review of the higher courts, and the censure of learned judicial opinion. A mistake upon his part might result in the release of the guilty, or the destruction of the innocent, as the case might be. And all the while he had no one to advise with—could think of no stronger brain with which to take present secret counsel. Burdened with such a weight of unhappy thought, he seated himself reluctantly, as upon a stool of torture; and lifting the lid of his desk so as to form a screen between himself and the spectators, endeavored to compose his mind during that moment of respite, while affecting to be occupied in the necessary arrangement of his papers.

"Surely, Judge Peters," the Colonel repeated, and in a milder tone, after a short delay, "there can be nothing serious in this?"

The Justice dropped the lid of his desk, and leaned back in his chair, affecting a self-possession that he was far from feeling. And yet it was none the less true, that the

pleasant tone in which he now found himself addressed aided not a little in enabling him to compose himself.

"Well, Colonel, that, of course, remains to be seen. There has been no actual mistake—about names or anything of that kind: so much I must tell you. And certainly, I may say that I was never taken so much aback in all my life, as when the warrant was applied for."

"Then there was really—"

"'Why,' said I, 'you must be crazy. The Colonel wouldn't do such a thing as that, you know?' But all the same, the information was given, and the affidavit made out in due form; and of course I could do no less than issue the papers—don't you see? I couldn't help it, certainly; though if I had ever imagined that such a thing was going to happen to me, I doubt whether I should ever have accepted the judiciary. But I have no question that you can explain the whole matter, and show just where the mistake comes in."

With that, the Justice again for the moment raised the lid of his desk, shut himself out of sight, and affected to be busy arranging his papers. And as though this delay had served for his initiation into a new character, and doubtless feeling himself more and more encouraged by the sound of his own voice, it was seen that when again he closed his desk, and left his face exposed to view, his manner had still more decidedly changed. Before, he had been the friend and the fellow-townsman, and could give vent to his most lively sympathies, without favoritism or impropriety. But now, by swift gradation, he had become the stern, inflexible guardian of the law, upright in impartiality, strict and underrating, bound to show no laxity, even though his own brother were to stand in peril before him. Moreover, as gradually he grew more at his ease, and his disturbed, uneasy expression of sympathy and doubt faded away, there became noticeable in him a certain imprint of elate importance—a consciousness whispering to him, that his official duty, though attended by its difficulties, was nevertheless of extremely gratifying consequence. Kind-hearted, and well disposed towards the prisoner as he might be, it was scarcely in human nature not to feel secret elation with the superior magnitude of an unquestioned murder case. In this feeling he began to participate with the two constables, and indeed, with almost all the villagers, who could not resist the conviction that a little judicial fame and importance was to be shed upon their district. Mingled with this, however, were still some remnants of the uncomfortable fear lest he might make mistakes in magisterial ruling. Between his nervousness and his elation, therefore, the Justice was scarcely as comfortable in all respects as he might wish to be; and he still spoke and acted somewhat hesitatingly, though affecting much judicial suavity.

"Colonel Grayling," he said, "it is my duty to warn you, that in this—"

"Exactly, Judge Peters," the Colonel interrupted, again somewhat testily. "I understand it all—I am to say nothing to commit myself. Fortunately, I am not afraid to tell all I know."

"That is very well, of course, Colonel. But have you counsel? However innocent, it is better to have counsel to assist you, and to abide by their advice as to what to say."

Grayling's first impulse was the same as that of any innocent man—to decline counsel altogether, and trust that a plain statement of his case, joined to the goodness of his cause, would prove sufficient. But a moment's reflection convinced him that, inasmuch as the law does not always preserve itself from mistakes, and sometimes even goes so far as to hang an innocent man, it would be well for him to avail himself of every proper precaution. He therefore stated that he had no counsel, and being a comparative stranger, would be pleased if the Court would assign counsel for him.

"Certainly, Colonel Grayling. At least, the Court will accept your confidence in it, so far as to suggest two or three distinguished names, from whom you can yourself select. There are two of the profession here

now, both of them eminent in their calling—Counselor Lote and Counselor Braisdell. You can take your choice; and the one whom you do not happen to select—well, I suppose I had better appoint him to appear for the State, until the district attorney can be sent for."

More for the purpose of satisfying the Justice, and perhaps making friends of the local legal talent, than from any belief in the availability of the proceeding, the Colonel looked around him, and prepared to select one of the two lawyers. Necessarily, he must act somewhat at random, since he knew neither of them, either personally or by reputation. To the villagers, however, it was a different matter, since each lawyer had his admirers and adherents among them; and consequently the consideration of a judicious selection excited breathless interest, each spectator preparing to affirm or condemn the choice, in proportion as his own partiality met with agreement or dissent. In the opinion of many, Counselor Lote was the most able man in criminal practice. He was known to be versed in all the subtle intricacies of the laws relating to small offenses, clearing his clients by the score, of ordinary misdemeanors; and it was argued that the principle must be the same, and his services equally valuable, in the matter of great offenses against society. Counselor Bransdell, on the contrary, gave his attention more exclusively to practice of a civil nature, being learned in questions of real estate, having been selected for his qualifications as supervisor, and even having his eyes hopefully directed upon the State legislature; yet it was argued by his adherents, that, whatever might be the readiness with which Counselor Lote might deal with small thefts and trespasses, in a murder case there might arise great constitutional questions, which would be beyond the scope of his talent, and could properly be solved only by the legal genius and profundity of Counselor Braisdell. These two men, now the center of all eyes, sat side by side, with severe affectation of unconsciousness, gazing tranquilly at the opposite wall, and awaiting with pretended indifference the result of the selection between them.

"Since, then, this strange business must for a while go on," the Colonel at length said, "inasmuch as I am not prepared immediately to prove it a jest, or the foul slander, which it is—I am not acquainted with either of these two gentleman, let me further say, and therefore cannot show any actual preference—but if, under the circumstances, Mr. Lote will kindly—"

The Justice made a note upon the paper before him, and a low murmuring of comment went up among the little crowd of spectators. Perhaps if any indication could be gleaned from nods and winks interchanged among them, and here and there an audible remark, the current of popular belief was to the effect that the Colonel had chosen discreetly. Of all that, however, he knew nothing. He had merely made his selection at random, and more to satisfy the scruples of the Justice, than for any benefit he believed himself likely to gain from the proceeding. The hum and comments of the crowd were unnoted by him; he was only absorbed, for the moment, in one overpowering thought, which at once pressed upon him with stunning force. Up to that instant, even in spite of the Justice's assertion to the contrary, he had flattered himself with the belief that there was some strange error here, which a word or two would dispel, letting him go free and honored as before. But now, how could that happen, since by the one act of choosing a defender, he had been forced to array himself for conflict, and accept the issue of battle? The sides were formed, the word of advance been sounded, there was no time left for parley; the contest must now go on, and doubtless be waged unrelentingly through court and prison, and for long months to come. It was a dreadful realization of disgrace and peril, for the instant deadening his sensibility to the scene around him, and making him oblivious to everything except the bitterness of his own thoughts.

When, after an instant, he regained his full perceptions—for the spell was merely

momentary—he saw that one of the two lawyers had drawn his chair closer towards him, while the other had moved further off, bringing himself nearer to the Justice's table for better convenience of taking notes. It was merely this change of position that enlightened the Colonel as to which was for and which against him. Then, both the lawyers bending forward, and in one voice, yet with separate inflections, indicative of truthfulness in innocence and abhorence of crime, demanded that the case should be opened.

"I will first read the affidavit of Doctor Gretchley," said the Justice, "the affidavit upon which—"

"Ha! Of Doctor Gretchley, did you say?" interrupted the Colonel; "I begin now to see—"

A slight pressure upon his knee arrested him. It was his counsel, intimating that uninstructed comment was not to be indulged in, the matter now being in professional keeping. For the instant, the Colonel was disposed to rebel. It had not been the habit of his life, certainly not during the past few years, to submit his words or actions to another's dictation; was not the mere hint of a desire so to control him an insult? Then reflection came, and brought submission. He had put himself into his counsel's hands; it was his part now to obey, and show that discipline that he had been accustomed to exact from others. Besides, there might turn out to be more need of such spirit of submission than he was now aware.

"You spoke, Colonel?" said the Justice, raising his eyes from the paper.

"Nothing, Judge Peters: proceed."

"The affidavit of Doctor Gretchley," repeated the Justice, "upon which the warrant has been issued. I will now read it."

It had been made that morning, and was substantially to the following effect: Six months ago, the Doctor had been returning late at night from a visit to a patient a mile or so down the road; and for a short cut home, he had climbed the fence belonging to Stella's grounds, intending to pass through them. It was quite dark, and when halfway across, he had seen a man's figure flitting by. At the time he had thought it was Colonel Grayling, and had wondered a little, Grayling being supposed to be with the Army of the Cumberland. He also heard a groan; but disregarded it, seeing nothing, and apprehending no mischief, and believing that his imagination must have played him a trick. But the next morning, Crusty, happening to go that way, had found the murdered man, lying dead on his back; and before giving any alarm, had summoned him, the Doctor, and together they had repaired again to the spot. Upon a close examination, the Doctor had found a sharp knife sticking in a wound at the upper portion of the heart—the same wound, doubtless, that had caused death—there being, in fact, no other wound than that. And he had recognized the knife as Colonel Grayling's, from the name engraved upon the handle.

That was the whole substance of the affidavit; which having been read, Doctor Gretchley was of course first examined in support of it. He had not been in court at the opening of the examination, having doubtless, like the Justice, had no expectation that the warrant could be so speedily returned, and he had been especially sent for from his office. He appeared pale and rather nervous at the first, as was to be expected in one who held such a prominent place in the proceedings; but as he went on, he seemed, by a violent effort, to regain his composure, recovering from the slight tremulousness with which he had commenced, and answering all questions calmly and succinctly. He stood, not exactly facing Grayling, but in such position that he might have looked in that direction without widely turning his head. In vain, however, Grayling strove to catch his eye, and felt himself becoming more and more exasperated as he found himself unable to do so. Yet, standing as the Doctor did, there seemed no studious avoidance of the other's gaze; nor from anything in his expression or manner would any one among the spectators have been led to suppose that there was anything beyond the accidental position of the

two men that prevented their glances meeting.

The Doctor prefaced his examination by begging the indulgence of the Court, having never before been placed in such an embarrassing, and he would say such a painful, position. Thence, without further preamble, he proceeded to give his testimony; which, as was to be expected, was substantially the same as in his affidavit, being merely given in more extended form, where the cross-examination required greater amplification in detail. Thus, he was required to state what reason he had for supposing that the person he had seen glide by in the dark was the prisoner; whether he had judged by face or figure; whether he had been long enough acquainted with him to be enabled to form an accurate judgment, and the like. Also, whether the murdered man lay upon his back or side; how long it was possible that he might have lived after he had received his wound; whether the moon had set or had not yet risen; and whether it was before or after ten o'clock. Also, at what time in the morning Crusty had found the body and summoned him, and how soon after that the general alarm had been given. Furthermore, about the knife that had been found sticking in the wound—whether it was a two-bladed or a three-bladed knife; whether it was what is usually called a pocket-knife or a penknife, or what. And now at last occurred the first serious interruption to the evidence: for hereupon Counselor Braisdell leaping to his feet, forbade the witness to answer, and made objection to the question as improper and irrelevant.

It had, of course, been expected that the evidence would not be allowed to flow smoothly to the very end. The two counsel held their reputations for legal acumen too dearly at stake for that. It was known that at some point in the examination, objection would be made to something, to be argued with all the display of learning for which they were individually famous. Else why were they here, and for what purpose would it have been that so many persons had left their business for no other reason than to listen to these proceedings? Must the admirers of the two opposing counsel be allowed to go home with the idea that nothing had been attempted for their delectation?

In the country, such a thing should not be tolerated for an instant. Whatever the practice in a city, a country village has its legal usages, which must be respected. Of those who were now present, there were few who had not had their trifling disputes before the court, and had not made the most of them. It had not been considered sufficient, in such proceedings, merely to gain the victory. In a district devoid of many excitements, a law case is its owner's amusement, to be worked to the uttermost for his enjoyment and that of his friends. Victory is desired, of course; but the approaches to victory must be paved with interest. The precedent that rules the case is not deemed sufficient; it must be presented with flowing speech of many minutes' length. Each one's lawyer becomes his gladiator, and must make not only a successful, but also an enlivening fight. Hence, the issues taken upon the comparative merits of the two lawyers now engaged, and the necessity they were under once more to pit themselves against each other, and wage the never decided contest for supremacy.

The contest was certain to come, therefore, at some point in the present proceedings; and consequently, at the sudden bound of Counselor Braisdell to his feet, it was felt that the propitious moment had arrived, a hum of expectation passed around the room, and each spectator leaned forward at the utmost stretch of his body.

The fight waxed hard and heavy. Counselor Braisdell insisted that it was an improper question to ask the witness, inasmuch as he could not trust to his memory of the knife—that his observation must necessarily have been imperfect about such a small instrument; that inasmuch as there was only one wound, it mattered nothing whether the knife had two blades or three, one being sufficient, in fact; and that the terms "penknife" and "pocket-knife" were synonymous. As to the last point, especially, the debate

waxed exceedingly lively and severe between the attorneys; the one insisting that the words had substantially the same meaning, and the other, that there was not the slightest similarily between them. This being gone through with, Counselor Lote extolled Counselor Braisdell's acquirements, alleging that he considered him one of the rising lights of the age, and calculated, not only to immortalize Windward, but also to serve as a bright example to posterity; yet he must feel compelled to observe, that however proficient his learned brother might be in bonds and mortgages, and wills and testaments, and all that matter of civil routine, which was so far from requiring ability that a mere tyro could soon master it, he exhibited in criminal business the grossest and most culpable ignorance. Counselor Braisdell thanked Counselor Lote for his complimentary mention, could not feel sufficiently grateful by reason of it, had ever cherished his professional brother as one of the most worthy ornaments of this or any other government, and would consider it sufficient honor for himself if their names could go down in the future records of the village linked together. Still, he felt obliged to differ from the usual high opinion which the county held of his brother's criminal knowledge, having a well-defined suspicion that many of his previous clients had been cleared, not so much by professional ability, as by the most debasing chicanery, guile, and—he would not say—tampering with the jury. Meanwhile, as the fierce debate continued, and the spectators bent eagerly forward, with nods and winks, marking their intense appreciation of each point made by their respective favorites, the Colonel sat constrained, overwhelmed, and dispirited. What was all this to him? or how could the mere shape of a knife affect the merits of his case? Was he here merely to be trifled with, in order that two lawyers might make a battle-ground of his body for the maintenance of their own rustic fame? Astonishment and confusion began in his mind to give way to indignation; and he was about to break his silence, and demand that some consideration should be extended to his case. But before he could do so, the legal contest was ended by Doctor Gretchley, of his own responsibility, taking from his pocket the little paper package which he had shown to Stella, unrolling it, and holding up the very knife itself; whereupon, both the counsel, having satisfactorily proved their ability, subsided again, and without further wrangle allowed the knife to be introduced in evidence. It was a small-sized and rather innocent-looking instrument, with two blades and a pearl handle. On the usual silvered plate on the side was the name of the prisoner. A murmur of excitement and curiosity ran through the audience as the weapon was exhibited. It seemed almost like looking in at the murder itself; and very many of those who had so far been prepossessed in favor of the prisoner now looked askant at him, and began to think that there might be something in the affair, after all.

"But why," naturally inquired the defense, "have you kept the matter to yourself all this while? Why not have shown the knife at the time of the inquest?"

The Doctor acknowledged that he had been wrong in concealing the circumstance. He had, even at the time, concealed it from Crusty, who, having called him, under the impression that the murdered man was merely in a fit, had not taken notice of the knife. He had been on the point several times of speaking of it at the inquest; but no question having been asked him at the time, calling for such a disclosure, he had postponed and finally altogether omitted making it. In this, he had been moved by various considerations. Firstly, he had been a friend of the prisoner for many years back, and thought that, if possible, he would spare him. For after all, he had argued, the prisoner might have done the deed in some frantic moment, and have regretted it the moment after; was all the while accomplishing a good work in fighting the battles of his country, and most likely in the end might lay down his life in so doing, and thereby, upon the nation's altar, atone for his single crime. Moreover, no punishment or revenge, judicial or otherwise, could bring the murdered

man to life again. Therefore he had weakly concealed the knife. But now that the prisoner had escaped the dangers of the war, and had not therein expiated his crime, and moreover had had the hardihood to return to that little village, no one knew with what intention, though it was naturally supposed to be with the resolution of taking up his future residence there, it was to be feared that he might corrupt, with his sinful tendencies, the natural purity and innocence of the society of the place; and thereby it became proper that the long-delayed exposure should at last be made. Were there any other questions to be asked?

No: at least, not then. The Court was very much obliged to the Doctor for his lucid testimony; and though it could not officially sympathize with the weakness that would persuade him to conceal a crime, must yet attribute it to kindness of heart, and would consider that the present clear exposure went far to make amends. There would probably be an adjourned examination, the present hearing having been merely preliminary to a more extended investigation. In that case, the Doctor might probably be wanted again, inasmuch as the district attorney would then be present, and most likely would wish to go over some of the ground again. Though, the Court must say, so able had been the cross-examination so far, that it was not improbable the district attorney would be content with reading over the testimony already taken. No: Doctor Gretchley was required no longer at present; and only letting it be understood that he must hold himself in readiness for any further call, he might now go. The Doctor thanked the Justice for his courtesy, and descending from the platform, made his way out of the court.

After that, there was silence for a few moments, during which the Justice was buried in troubled reflection. A sudden idea had come into his head, causing him due perplexity. Ought he not to offer himself as a witness to a matter which he personally knew about, and which might prove of some importance? For he had chanced to remember his interview with the prisoner upon the previous morning, and he recalled the fact that upon speaking about the death of the murdered man, Grayling had changed the subject. Had that been from accident, or from a desire to avoid a painful discussion? If the latter, was it not in itself a kind of evidence of guilt? And if so, was he, the Justice, justified in keeping it to himself? On the other hand, had he any business to make profit of testimony not formally called for by the State? But might he not act upon it, without disclosing it, as long as he knew of it himself? Would there not then be this further difficulty, that he had no right to form his mind upon any evidence that had not been openly presented and reduced to writing? All this troubled the Justice very much. As has been intimated, he was not especially learned in the law, having had but few cases in his career except those relating to trespass and petty theft. His only other important case—one of forgery—had happened many years ago; and in that matter he had had the advice and assistance of the far more intricate knowledge of the Justice of Leeward. Now he would like to have counsel about this affair, also, but did not know where to look for it. If he spoke about it to Counselor Braisdell, the man would probably insist upon the presentation of the evidence. If he mentioned it to Counselor Lote, he, on the contrary, would demand the suppression of it. They were both, of course, interested upon their own sides, and neither would relieve the difficulty by giving a friendly and impartial answer. But, after all, the matter was not pressing. It could hold over very well to the next examination, and then the district attorney would be present, and he, perhaps, might show a proper spirit, and advise about the difficulty outside the court. Moreover, it might not turn out to be of much importance, after all, since there appeared to be sufficient evidence already to justify a committal.

The poor Justice's concluding reverie was broken in upon by the Colonel, who at that point addressed him:

"I wish to observe, Judge Peters—"

"Wait a moment, Colonel," his counsel hurriedly interposed in a half-whisper, scenting danger; "you must remember that you had better now always speak though me. If you have anything really important to say—"

"Yes, I know all that very well," responded Grayling, somewhat imperiously; and, in spite of his late resolves upon the subject of discipline, moved now to assert his own will. "And yet I wish to unburden myself of something before this examination goes any further. I desire from the first no concealment; not only wishing the truth for itself, but perhaps more selfishly to avoid the suspicion that might be produced against me were it ever known that anything had been concealed. I wish, therefore, to admit that I was in the village, secretly, one evening about the time of the commission of the deed. Furthermore—"

"Sit down—sit down!" whispered his counsel, still more imperatively; "what is the use of having counsel if you cannot speak through them?"

"I was there about that time," repeated Grayling, without seeming to hear the appeal. "Furthermore, however, I will say that I know nothing about the murder; that until a month ago I never learned that the murdered man was dead at all; while until this last hour I did not hear that he had come to his death through violence. That is all at present."

He sat down again; and from the way the crowd of spectators looked around knowingly at each other, they seemed to think that, though all, it was enough to do a great deal of damage. What an admission to make, to be sure! And why could not his counsel have been in time to make him keep it to himself? Why, here was enough to hang a dozen men! The Justice, too, looked sorry, and bent over his paper with a regretful air, as he wrote down the Colonel's words.

"I suppose they must go in," he muttered.

"Of course they must go in," exclaimed Counselor Braisdell, somewhat triumphantly. "It is a very important admission, indeed, and looking strongly towards probable guilt."

"Certainly they must go in," added Counselor Lote, promptly recovering himself. "We hope for and intend no concealment. When our evidence is all in, it will then be seen, not only what is here stated, that my client was there upon that very evening, but also why he was there, and in what manner that very circumstance will fully show his innocence. All we now require is a short adjournment."

"The examination will then stand adjourned to— When shall we put it, Mr. Lote?" said the Justice. "There will, of course, be other witnesses for the State; Mr. Crusty, especially, who, I regret to learn, is this morning to ill too appear. And doubtless you will have witnesses for the defense who—"

"Our witnesses," rejoined the dispirited counsel, not sure that he would be able to procure a single witness for the defense, but trying to keep up his courage by pretense of vast crowds who must have seen some other man commit the murder, and were all coming to testify thereto—"our witnesses may not be ready to-morrow, and we would like to examine more carefully than heretofore the scene of the—the transaction. And—"

"Well, then, we will say the day after to-morrow. That will give you time to look about you a little. Meanwhile, it will be sufficient if Colonel Grayling remains at the hotel, in charge of the constable. We need not apprehend that at the present any more rigorous measures will be needed for his security. And of course," added the Justice, feeling that now again he could drop the inflexible demeanor, and assume a more friendly and sympathetic tone—" of course, Colonel Grayling, you must be aware that I hope you can ere long be able to procure the proper evidence to show that all this has been a mistake."

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CALIFORNIA WINTER.

This is not winter: where is the crisp air,
And snow upon the roof, and frozen ponds,
And the star-fire that tips the icicle?
Here blooms the late rose, pale and odorless;
And the vague fragrance in the garden walks
Is but a doubtful dream of mignonette.
In some smooth spot, under a sleeping oak
That has not dreamed of such a thing as spring,
The ground has stolen a kiss from the cool sun
And thrilled a little, and the tender grass
Has sprung untimely, for these great bright days,
Staring upon it, will not let it live.
The sky is blue, and 'tis a goodly time,
And the round, barren hillsides tempt the feet;
But 'tis not winter: such as seems to man
What June is to the roses, sending floods
Of life and color through the tingling veins.
It is a land without a fireside. Far
Is the old home, where, even this very night,
Roars the great chimney with its glorious fire,
And old friends look into each other's eyes
Quietly, for each knows the other's trust.
Heaven is not far away such winter nights:
The big white stars are sparkling in the east,
And glitter in the gaze of solemn eyes;
For many things have faded with the flowers,
And many things their resurrection wait.
Earth like a sepulcher is sealed with frost,
And Morn and Even beside the silent door
Sit watching, and their soft and folded wings
Are white with feathery snow.
Yet, even here,
We are not quite forgotten by the Hours,
Could human eyes but see the beautiful
Save through the glamour of a memory.
Soon comes the strong south wind, and shouts aloud
Its jubilant anthem. Soon the singing rain
Comes from warm seas, and in its skyey tent
Enwraps the drowsy world. And when, some night,
Its flowing folds invisibly withdraw,
Lo! the new life in all created things.
The azure mountains and the ocean gates
Against the lovely sky stand clean and clear
As a new purpose in the wiser soul.

E. R. SILL.

THE MOJAVE DESERT.

In the days of our boyhood—O, Jones of my bosom, Millardo Consule—the map of North America contained, in the vast country lying to the westward of the upper Rio Grande, a patch of irregular shape and extensive area, entitled "The Great American Desert." This region the topographer, perchance pseudo-patriotically emulative of his fellow-craftsman of the Eastern Hemisphere, delineated as a sandy waste, similar to its African counterpart. Our occidental Sahara, moreover, was of great utility to the maker of maps, who, year by year, drew its western boundary nearer to the Pacific, triumphantly pointing out this addition to his map as an evidence of the amount of geographical knowledge acquired during the previous twelvemonth, and thus imposing upon a good-natured public, which allowed itself to be deceived by the simple artifice; just as, to this day, it is cozened by a not unlike trick of the publisher of minor dictionaries, who yearly inserts, in the same old lexicon, a new title-page.

Well do I remember that our young imaginations, fed upon the work of that Caledonian Munchausen, Gordon Cumming, and his French rival, Gérard, looked forward to the day when we, also, should become envied of all boys because of slaughter among the lions and other *feræ naturæ* of the Great American Desert. This, however, is neither here nor there. At length the wonted annual increase of the desert ceased; then it began to contract in size: for its eastern limit receded before the westward march of the nation, while its western boundary, like the sagacious Indian of story, could be pushed no more thitherward because of the Pacific Ocean, and in this case, the dawning fact of California; and finally, the Great American Desert became reduced, little by little, to the barren lands known to the school-boy of to-day.

The western portion of this waste is called the Mojave Desert—and I here use the word *waste* advisedly, for *desert* is a misnomer when applied to a region more like that of the Mosaic myth. The boundaries of that particular part of California known as the Mojave Desert are not very well defined, especially on the southward and eastward sides, on which it merges imperceptibly into the Colorado Desert; but it may be considered as occupying the north-western portion of San Bernardino County, the south-eastern corner of Kern County, and the north-eastern corner of Los Angeles County, the greater part of its area lying within the first-named county. In the counties of Kern and Los Angeles, the desert fills the space lying between the Sierra Nevada, on the north, and the various ranges of the Sierra Madre, on the south, extending westward in wedge-like shape to the point where the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range separate. On the very inaccurate masses of this region the western arm is absurdly called the "Palm Plains." The extreme length, from east to west, of the Mojave Desert is about one hundred and fifty miles, and its width, from north to south, is about one hundred miles. But its extent must not be computed from these dimensions; it does not contain more than from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles—an area which is as nothing in the immensity of California.

The general surface of the desert is from two thousand to two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is curiously broken by ranges of hills, often rising to the dignity of mountains, and capriciously running in every direction, as well as by detached hills, or "buttes"; while the more level portions of the plain are traversed by ridges of sand, not unlike the dunes of the seaside, and, like them, the effect of the high winds which sweep over the loose soil. At times,

especially during the so-called spring and autumn of southern California, this sand, and pebbles even larger than a hazel-nut, are blown hither and thither, like drifting snow. In the gullies on the northern and western flanks of the hills, this material has accumulated during the ages to an extraordinary hight above the desert level, and up these slopes the sand-loving yucca and the muscrú climb. No bowlders are to be found on the desert, but angular fragments and water-worn pebbles of quartz, flint, and igneous rocks are strewn everywhere. Pieces of lava, roughly rounded by almost constant motion during the months referred to, are found far from the hills, while the cones of pines and other like trees are rolled onward to a distance of miles from the parent bough on the summits of the two great mountain chains that hem the desert in. On the southern and eastern margins of the many shallow ponds, of which some are entitled to be termed lakes, and indeed are so called, the pebbles lie as on the beach of the sea. Where rock appears in the hills, it is always *in situ*, thrusting itself forth in angular, misshapen crags, such as the Spaniard calls *farallon*. To the southward of Buckhorn Springs, the old immigrant road, leading westward from the Colorado River across the desert, and through the Tejon Pass and Cañon to the Tulare Plains, winds for some distance between low outcroppings of a very coarse syenite, worn and split by the alternate frost and sunshine of many centuries into huge blocks, lying one upon another—these resemble the weird fortifications of some long gone race of giants.

The air of the desert is so dry and pure, that distances are exaggerated and objects magnified. The mirage simulates water on the surface of the dry lakes: to the eastward in the morning, to the westward when the sun has passed the meridian. Seen in the exquisitely clear atmosphere attending the dawn of a midsummer day, the distant mountains are of a deep indigo blue, which becomes lighter as the sun mounts up above them; and at this hour, while the western sky is amethystine with reflections from the yet unrisen sun-god, the whole eastern rim of the desert dances in fantastic mirage, resembling, in effect, the weird tumbling of the surges, when one at sunrise looks thitherward from the deck of a ship in mid-Atlantic. In the glare of the fierce sun of noontide the hills appear in their true light—cold, gray, and desolate, each jagged peak distinct and clearly cut against a sky cloudless as that of Italy, their sides deeply seamed by frequent cloud-bursts. Just before the gloaming deepens into night, the waning light brings out upon their flanks, in kaleidoscopic succession, the choicest bits of color from Nature's palette—all tints of yellow and red, purple and blue and green, variegated as those with loving brush she lavishes in autumn upon the wooded hills that caress thy windings, O, lordly Hudson, thou most beautiful of rivers. These discolorations are due to the various minerals the hills contain: for silver, iron, copper, lead, tin, antimony, and arsenic are present, singly or one or more together, in almost all of the ranges. Some "prospecter," poet as well as miner, has bestowed its fitting name upon the Calico Range. In this range, as well as in others, some rich silver mines have been discovered recently; and when the desert is bisected in each direction, as it will be ere long by the Atlantic and Pacific and the California Southern railroads, a new mining district will be made of easy access.

Earthquakes have played queer pranks on the desert. Toward its western end, a shallow trench, now obliterated in places, cuts in a straight line over hill and dale from near Gorman's to the mountains back of Elizabeth Lake; it seams the earth like the furrow of some Titan's plow marking the border of his domain, and was the work of the same earthquake that opened a large fresh-water pond, much frequented by water-fowl, near a salt lake on the Liebre "ranch," and closed a spring far away to the eastward, which had yielded hitherto an unfailing supply. Earthquakes, too, have upheaved capriciously the broken strata of primeval rocks, cropping out fantastically along the hilltops. Some of the mountains in the

region to the eastward of the Mojave River are extinct volcanoes, and from these have come the fragments of lava and tufa which, as I have said, the wind scatters far and wide across the sandy plain.

Beside being dotted all over by the lakes and ponds of which I have written, the desert is everywhere traversed by water-channels, frequently becoming ravines formidable to the passage of vehicles. During the wet season, water runs in these channels, and remains in these basins. Then the sand-grass, and the equally nutritious bunch-grass, everywhere spring magically forth; then the desert does "blossom like the rose," and the whole plain, becoming one vast "free range," the kine and sheep of the three counties, lean after the long months of the dry season, wax fat upon the sweet, tender pasture of a thousand hills. The waters of many of the lakes deposit salt, eagerly sought, at certain seasons, by cattle and wild animals; two, at least, contain borax, and from the larger of these Mr. John Searles, better known throughout all the country-side as the venturesome hunter so fearfully mangled by a famous grizzly bear yclept "Old Clubfoot," actually extracts so much, that every five days he ships a car-load from Mojave station on the Southern Pacific railroad. That Californian Arab, the "prospecter," mounted on his *bronco*, and leading a pack-mule, launches out fearlessly upon the desert. The flight of birds, and the frequent "trails" of animals which must have water, are to him sure indications of springs flowing perennially. These waters, however, are all impregnated, more or less strongly, with antimony, arsenic, borax, or a combination of them all, known as "alkali," and not infrequently cause disorders of the stomach and the kidneys.

The Mojave River traverses the desert from south to north. Formed of many streams which leap adown the northern slope of the San Bernardino Mountains, there is always water running in its bed down to the new and flourishing "mining camp" of Oro Grande; below this point the river disappears beneath the sand, comes to view again occasionally in pools, and finally loses itself in Soda Lake. But, by digging for it, water can be had almost everywhere along its bed; while at times, as in 1868, the river "booms," and covers the bottom-lands from hill to hill, for a width in places of more than a mile.

As I have indicated, frequent cloud-bursts break upon the hillsides, for traces of them are rarely visible upon the plain, and a deluge of mud then descends there. Every gulch in the mountains bears evidence of the down-pour; the remarkable *talus*, encroaching far upon the plain at the foot of the two great ranges, has been formed, to a great extent, by these terrene water-spouts; and on the summit of every transverse ridge of this foot-slope, water-ways, sometimes several hundred feet in width, show that the promontory has been formed by a flow of silt, similar to the eruption of lava from a volcano. At many places on the desert water can be found by digging. While the Southern Pacific railroad was a-building, the Chinese "graders," then at the place which is now Lancaster station, becoming impatient one night because of the non-arrival of the water, which was brought to them daily in wagons, in despair fell to with pick and shovel, and soon had an abundant supply of the to them indispensable fluid—for the despised Mongol is a cleaner animal than his fellow *navvy* from beyond the Atlantic. But there is always less rainfall on the desert than on the mountains; for in October, and again in March, snow whitens the summit of these, when never a drop of water has fallen upon the thirsty plain.

The wind runs riot over the barren. During the greater portion of the year it rushes forth from every nook and cranny of the Sierra, and sweeps the plain as with a broom. When about the northern summits the white clouds gather in the morning, by nightfall the blast is such that a strong man with difficulty breasts it; and, the sand and pebbles driving before it, the gale fights fiercely against the heavy northward-bound trains of the Southern Pacific railroad, and causes material delay to them. These storms last generally for two days; then there is a lull in

the warfare—a perfect day. All vegetation cowers away from this wind, just as in the Antilles it shrinks in one-sided deformity before the constant trade-wind. Almost daily, pillars of sand whirl in fantastic *pas seul* across the plain; occasionally, during the dry season, sand-storms, such as sweep Sahara, but fortunately of only a few hours' duration, render travel impossible. When the south-east wind covers the sky with clouds, then, as all along our coast, the rain follows; but frequently the tops of either range will be black with the rain-clouds; and then one familiar with the desert does not need the telegraph to inform him that in Los Angeles, or in the Tulare Plains, the welcome drops have gladdened the heart of the farmer.

During the dry season, that ridiculous instrument, the thermometer, at two, post-meridian, frequently indicates a number of degrees of heat far in excess of a hundred; just after dawn, on an October morning succeeding a night when more than an inch of ice formed on the water in exposed vessels, I, marveling that an animal with wings did not leave "semi-tropical" California, at least for a season, found lying stiff upon the ground a whip-poor-will. Yet the Mojave nomad of a midsummer night swathes himself in blankets, for the bosom of the mother is chilly to her wearied children; and when the fierce blasts of tropic winter howl about him, he shivers over that greatest of delusions and snares, a camp-fire, fondly imagining that with a few sticks he shall warm the universe. Wiser he who sulks within his tent, over the prosaic stove, fashioned of sheet-iron, and filled to repletion with the heat-producing wood of the yucca, yearning earnestly the while for the morrow's sun.

About the desert wind the highways of the commonweath. Beside the road already mentioned, along which, toward the close of the first third of the century, came the hardy trapper—first foam-drift of American civilization soon to sweep irresistibly over the semi-barbarous outlying province of Mexico—well-beaten tracks cross it in all directions. The old stage-road from Los Angeles to Bakersfield skirts the hills of the extreme western arm, before crossing the Sierra adown the pleasant Cañada de las Uvas, amid the grand old oaks of which Fort Tejon stands a fast crumbling monument to governmental extravagance. On the road which leads northward to the mining region about Owen's Lake, the huge "prairie-schooners" of the Cerro Gordo Freighting Company, each ponderous train of three-linked wagons, drawn by eighteen or twenty mules, ply slowly to and fro. A cloud of dust streams in the wake of one of these desert ships, floating along in the air like smoke from the funnel of a steamer. Coming northward from the Cajon Pass, a well-traveled road runs along Mojave's side; and roads branch from the main trunk to Panamint, to the great Waterman mine, and to many another spot where the gold-and-silver-seeking animal doth congregate. During the dry season, the loose sand of these roads must be thrust aside by the advancing wheel; but when the rains come, the surface of the desert arteries is hard and smooth as Newport beach.

Nor is the desert, to the very summits of the sand-hills and the tops of the buttes, destitute of vegetation, even in the long season of drought. Where the sand is deepest, there the yucca, popularly called "cactus" and "palm"—probably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for it is neither the one nor the other—flourishes most luxuriantly, sometimes covering the ground with the thick growth of a forest. The little yucca pushes from the sand its sharp triangular leaves—veritable vegetable bayonets they—and as it grows, slowly in stature, more slowly still in girth, a stem comes into sight beneath; year by year the up-pointing green spikes wither, turn downward, and at length lie dead, pointing earthward along the trunk, upon which, beneath them, a true bark, not unlike that of the cork-tree, has been forming; then branches appear, and later, a multiplicity of them, growing at every conceivable angle, all clothed like the main trunk, and bearing at their extremities strange whorls of flowers; until, after centuries of growth (for I have counted

more than sixty concentric rings in the trunk of a yucca of less than ten inches in diameter), we have a weird tree, utterly unlike any other product of Nature's varied and generally symmetrical handicraft, of about forty feet in hight, and occasionally fifteen in girth. The monarch of the desert has no tap-root, but clings to the loose soil by means of a myriad of tentacular rootlets, which penetrate but a few inches; he sturdily faces the terrific gales which seek to uproot him, leaning, it is true, a little from the quarter whence they almost invariably blow, and dies, from the top downward, stubborn to the last—slowly dying just as he grew to maturity. Though soft and easily cut into, the tough, moist fiber of the trunk does not "chip out" (as the woodman hath it), and it is not so easy as it would seem to fell the tree. Dead and dry, the lower trunk is easily broken in pieces, and forms the fuel of the desert, burning like coal, and invaluable to him who roams the plain. Sometimes the wayfarer, in the thoughtful spirit of him who removes stones from a road, fires the bark and dead down-pointing leaves, which ignite readily, so that he or they coming after may find in the future abundant fuel. By girdling the tree, the same result is brought about.

There seem to be two varieties of the yucca; of the trunk of one, matting might be made, for it unrolls as papyrus does; while both supply valuable pulp to the paper-maker. The yucca invades the mountain-tops, singly and in groups, like an undisciplined invading army penetrating the cañons; and meeting at the foot of the highland ramparts the sturdy juniper and the lordly pine, outlying pickets of those within these fastnesses. Toward the western extremity of the desert there is an extensive forest of yuccas, the home of a numerous herd of antelopes.

Everywhere grow the grease-wood, the common thorn, the bitter sage, and the still more bitter muscrú, which, with his utter disregard of Spanish grammar, he whom we designate as the "native Californian" calls "*hediondéa.*" This is a straggling shrub of rather lofty growth, with bright green leaves, but of a savor so intensely bitter that even the omnivorous mule passes it by disdainfully. Three varieties of cactus are found, none of them abundantly. One is a low-growing kind of *nopal*, such as, in lands far to the northward, the cochineal insect, and here the "jackass-rabbit," loves; of another the thick-growing spines are covered by sheaths, themselves thorns; the third is the *viznaga*, on the rounded surface of which interlace the multi-calcarate, hard, thorny spikes, known as "Mojave toothpicks"—a veritable *chevaux-de-frise.* When the returning sun warms again the breast of the universal mother, everywhere the desert is spangled with humble flowers, some of them blooming all through the long months of the dry season: austere blossoms they, odorless all, save the rank, air-polluting, lupine, puritanical plants, of a character befitting the soil that gives them birth. Among these there is one, the lowliest, of use to man—the *golondrino*, of which the tiny vinelike stems, with their dark green, rounded leaves, and starlike, pink-and-white flowerets, cling to the sand as the sensitive-plant does. When the stem is broken, a juice, not unlike that of the familiar milk-weed, exudes from the wound. This plant, bruised with a stone, and moistened with water in which salt has been dissolved, if applied as a poultice, will infallibly and speedily extract the venom from a wound caused by the bite of a rattlesnake. In many places the Mojave is bordered by dense growths of sycamore, cottonwood, and willow, and occasional clumps of very thrifty mezquite. Along that river, and about the springs, are little oases of tule, zacaton, wire-grass, and the like.

Animal life is as abundant throughout the desert as in other regions of the State. The herd of antelopes inhabiting the great yucca forest is said to number thousands, and the "trails" made by this shy lover of the desert cross it in all directions. He loves not the mountains, but his cousin of the many-pronged antlers not infrequently leaves the hills, and visits him in his haunts. That astounding product of civilization, the mule, may be found (it is said) dwelling in unity with the antelope. Sleek coyotes, dozing

underneath the yuccas, stare at the passer-by, or, if he come too near, move slowly away, with the reluctant gait of a mongrel cur; while the great hare, called "jackass rabbit," and by the godless plainsman, "narrow-gauge mule," scampers in ziz-zag, senseless bounds across his path. The badger burrows everywhere, and preys upon the chipmunck, differing in color only from his brother of the far east. The gopher and the ground-squirrel are seen only on the edge of the bad lands: they prefer the wheat and the barley of the Kern, or the luxuriance of Angeleño vegetation. Here, as everywhere, the raven and the crow are the *chiffoniers* of the winged tribes; the tecolote flies abroad at night, and the whip-poor-will in the gloaming pursues the clouds of insects; the linnet warbles from the yucca, and the meadow-lark builds in the muscrú bush; in their vernal and their autumnal flights, myriads of geese and ducks settle on the surface of some one of the ponds then full of water. Insects, too, are of many kinds. Devil's darning-needles glitter in the sunshine; butterflies flit from shrub to shrub; flies and gnats, profanity-evoking, swarm as in more favored regions; the omnipresent grasshopper—the *chapul* of the Aztec calendar, bestowing his name also on the palace of Aztec emperors—dodges about; the pinocate beetle makes frantic and repeated efforts to effect a bold burglary on some ant-hill, and emerges thence on a reluctant run, with scores of the outraged utilitarians clinging to his attenuated legs; the ants, in turn, fall a prey to the ant-lion, which, lying perdu at the bottom of his funnel-shaped pitfall, hurls showers of sand at the incautious insect slipping over its brink, and so brings him within reach of his formidable mandibles. The so-called tarantula, which, though very venemous, is merely the trap-door spider, opens the door of his cunningly hidden house, and stalks forth with a wary eye for the "tarantula hawk," which swoops upon and slays him; and then, despite her lesser bulk, with infinite pains, lugs him away, in order to make of his limp carcass the depository of her eggs. Immense scorpions, sand-like in color, crawl rapidly along; two or three varieties of lizard, with open-eyed curiosity, dart from bush to bush; last, but by no means least, the rattlesnake arms himself for battle, while his queer conqueror, the horned "side-winder," or "wobbler," writhes in sidelong contortions clumsily over the ground—these two assimilating in color to the soil, and therefore being the more dangerous.

I opine, then, that the Mojave Desert is not a desert. Neither its heat nor its cold are in excess; its winds, unladen with the fog characterizing those of San Francisco's bleak peninsula, blow the cobwebs from one's brain; nor are its plains fever-haunted, like the swamps around Bakersfield. The desert is mineral producing; during one-third of the year no better pasture land is to be found in the State; and water can be obtained in many places by digging or boring for it. At the worst, it is a region highly interesting to the student of Nature unadorned.

GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN.

ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

CHAPTER VI.

A CLOUD OF DUST.

Aye, you are stricken! Yes, I know
Your wounds are deep. You silent bleed,
Alone and mortally. And O,
Sweet friend, God knows you need
Compassion while you fight and bleed.

But know, dear stricken, bowed-down friend,
The worst that ever may befall
Is death, which happeneth to all,
When God stands waiting at the end,
Dear, honest, high-born death, sweet friend.

Young Devine had stood leaning on his gun after the girl darted away in the tunnel, thinking of her, her beauty, her simple truth and sincerity, loving her with all his heart. Then he shouldered his empty gun, and started back to the cabin. As he did so, there was a crash! He ran back, and behold! the place where they had stood together had been buried in a half a mile of the mountain-side.

The young man almost fell down dead. Then remembering that she was buried there, he tried hard to think what to do. Were they crushed and utterly dead? Or were they still alive, and doomed to die by inches there? He looked at the avalanche before him. It would take half a year, at least, to remove it and reach them.

Suddenly he thought of the other side—the other tunnel. He remembered the blasts he had heard so often from that other tunnel—the tunnel of his mortal enemies. He ran down and around the point, and reached the mouth of it.

There was a man washing out a panful of earth, down by the stream in the edge of the willows. Devine shouted with all his might, but the man did not hear. Then he turned to dash into the heart of the tunnel, where he hoped the two men, Dosson and Emens, were at work.

At that moment, he met these two men coming out. They were bowed down, loaded, and were cursing each other, and quarreling bitterly. He set his gun down and dashed past them. They did not see him, for the sunlight dazed them; and then they were too deep in their deadly quarrel. He shouted to them as he ran on up the tunnel, but they did not hear.

They were loaded down with gold. They, too, had struck the vein. And these hard men were only hardened and made bitter by their great fortune. One wanted it all. One hated the other, to think that he should have half of this mountain of gold.

As Devine groped on, deeper and deeper into the tunnel, he heard a pistol-shot behind him. He half-tottered. He wondered at this. Could they be shooting at him? Then he remembered that they were in a deadly quarrel. Possibly they were shooting at each other.

He reached the end of the tunnel soon, for it was not nearly so deep and long and crooked as the other, and was rejoiced to find a candle there, still burning in the little iron ring in the wall. He caught up a pick with all the strength and fury of a mad man. He dashed his full force against the wall before him. Water was oozing through; and under his feet where he stood were sheets and seams and bars of shining gold.

Again he struck. Again and again. At every blow the water rushed out. The wall began to tremble. It fell, and the flood rushed through, bearing on its bosom and into his arms the girl he so madly loved.

In a moment she was on her feet, and the two together drew the old man through, and bore him out to the light. He was feeble, helpless. He seemed to be dying.

At the mouth of the tunnel, there lay Emens, dead. Dosson was gone. The man who had been so listlessly working at the

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rim of the river was gone. His great Mexican wooden bowl lay floating in the stream. Old Colonel Billy's hat lay there where he had been panning out. Who had killed this man? And where was his murderer hidden?

The dead man lay there with a bullet through his brain. Heaps of gold lay around him. His eyes were open. He did not look at this gold bar. He lay there staring helplessly up to Heaven.

But they had not time to attend the dead man. The living must be looked after. Devine, leaving the gun leaning against the wall, took the old man on his shoulder, and bore him back to the cabin, in all haste possible; while the girl ran by at his side, chafing his hands, and trying to coax life back into his wasted body.

The young man laid down his load on the bunk in the cabin. The old man began feebly to revive. Devine felt at first the most intense pleasure. Then he stepped back, folded his arms, and said to himself, "This is the man who murdered my father."

The old man who had been seen working so industriously in the edge of the willows, just near the mouth of the tunnel, had not heard the hot quarreling, any more than he had heard the shout of young Devine for help. He was working, not only for bread, but for drink. He was thirsty, and when he was thirsty he could work very hard. He had not tasted whisky for a day. He perhaps had not tasted bread for a whole week. Yet that was not so much.

But he did hear the pistol-shot. He dropped the great wooden Mexican bowl in the water, and sprung up. He wheeled about, peered forth from the willows, and saw a man reel, fall, and another bend over him. He saw that this was Dosson, the desperado. He saw, also, that he had a smoking pistol in his hand. He saw the man place his hand on the fallen man's heart, then rise up, look around, stoop, pick up a lot of something from the ground, then start down, from the dead man, toward where he stood. Then he hid back in the willows, while the other stole down to the water, rolled up his pants, and hastily waded across. He saw this man stoop, look up, down, right, left, and then enter the mouth of an old deserted tunnel, that lay there gaping at the sinking sun.

The man had dropped something when he stopped to pull up his pants. Timidly the old Colonel stepped out and picked it up. It was gold! A great shining sheet of gold. The earth had opened her stony lips, and uttered this. It was as a new-born child to the demented old sot. He hugged it to his heart, and started in a run for the saloon.

He dashed all breathless into the den. Old men, young men, miners, loafers, thieves, lay around, or on benches, or lounged on barrel-heads and logs.

The old man was out of breath. He could not speak; but he thundered the piece of gold down on the pine-board counter, and picked out his bottle.

With one hand, the amazed bar-keeper handed forth the fullest bottle, and with the other, covered the great glittering specimen, and drew it in toward him. Colonel Billy, with trembling hands, filled the tumbler to the brim, and drained it at a gulp. The boys began to wake up. The bar-keeper lifted the piece of gold in the air. It was like a rising sun. They were awake in an instant, and came rushing forward. Colonel Billy still held on to the neck of his bottle. He began to reel, but he beckoned to the boys; and as he filled and emptied his glass again, they ranged alongside, and drank with haste and precision. And again they all drank together. Then they crowded around. They pulled the fast-failing old man this way and that, and asked questions wildly, almost savagely, as they held on to him. They would tear the secret from his throat if he did not speak instantly. At last, he caught his breath, and blurted out: "Gold! gold! Dosson! Dosson's tunnel! Dead! dead! dead! And—and—"

The old man caught at the corner of the counter. Then he clutched at the shoulder of a red-shirted miner as he passed. But no one would stop now. The tide passed out, and on toward the tunnel, leaving only the bar-keeper and Billy behind.

The poor drunkard spun about for a second, as the bar-keeper stood behind the counter calmly washing his tumblers, and then clutching wildly in the air, he fell back in a dark corner between two barrels, and lay there like a man that was dead.

There lay the dead man. There stood the gun. "It's Forty-nine's," they cried. It was his gun. And they had seen his partner with that gun on his shoulder that very day. Yes, a dozen of them had "seed him with the gun on his shoulder, as he and that gal Karats went up toward old Forty-nine's tunnel!"

They took the dead man with them, and the gun. There was something terrible in the anger of this half-drunken mob, as they moved on up past the saloon to the cabin of Forty-nine, bearing the dead man along.

They knew it would come to this! They knew this feud would end in blood! And then to shoot the man when he had struck it, too! And then to lay at the mouth of the tunnel, and shoot him as he came out from his work! To shoot him when he was blinded by the sunlight, and could not see to fight!

It was hard. This young man had made no friends. He was a manly man, much like his father in this. There are men who go about the world making friends, on purpose to use them. I think this is contemptible. There are men who hoard up friends as a miser hoards up money. There are two kinds of meanness. One is a money meanness, the other is a character meanness. There are men very generous with their money, who are as stingy with reputation as can be. Stop and think of this, and draw the line carefully between the man who makes friends to use, and the man who makes friends from his very manhood, as a rich field grows a golden harvest.

As the mob passed on up to the old man's cabin, Mississip fell in, and cheered it on. Now she would have her revenge! Now that meddler would get his reward. She chuckled to herself as she thought of the gold, the rich mine which would be all theirs, now that Emens was dead. Emens dead! She wanted to hug the young man for killing him. But this young man must die, too. She would make a clean sweep of all. And if only that girl could be brought into it also! How she hated her! She was growing more beautiful every day. She was more beautiful than Belle. She hated her as never before.

These, and the like thoughts, filled that monstrous old woman's mind as they came up to the cabin where the old man sat on the door-sill in the declining sun, with the two young folks smoothing out his long white hair, and talking hopefully.

"Yes, it is my gun," answered the old man; "where did you get it?" And he took it up, and placed his old hat on his head.

"Why, I left it at the mouth of Dosson's tunnel. Yes; I have not thought of it since," said Devine, cheerily.

The mob laid down the dead man, and fell back a little in conference. Then it was that the strongest and boldest minds in that rude assembly came to the surface, and stood at the head. They organized in one moment. They came forward, and then for the first time in that camp was heard the one fearful word, "Vigilantes."

The old man rose up, holding on to the side of the cabin door with trembling hands. He looked wildly about for a moment, then his eyes rested on his boy, standing there cold and proudly before him. He wanted to take him to his heart, O, so earnestly; to tell him all; to stand now in this new trouble shoulder to shoulder together. And then he thought of the graves, and the old morbid dread came back to him. He could not help feeling that the boy knew him as a murderer; that his heart somehow was with these two dead men on the rocky ridge; else why had he gone right there before his face and restored their graves? No, no; his son would hate and despise him. He must keep his secret.

A tall, bearded man approached, lifted his slouch hat, and said to Devine:

"You are accused of murdering this man. You are to be tried for your life; tried now. This is our witness," pointing to the dead. "Have you any?"

Devine did not speak. His face was lifted to the mountain before him. Far up beyond, and around the brow of a pine-topped peak, curved and corkscrewed the stage road. There was a cloud of dust dimly visible in the sunset. The stage was descending to the camp.

"Have you any witnesses?" The young man started, then answered:

"Why, somebody knows I would not do this. There is my partner, Forty-nine, he has been with me all the time since I came here."

"Has he been with you to-day? Every minute?"

"Yes, every second!" shouted Forty-nine. And then letting go the door post, and limping about, he said, as if to himself, "You don't get anything out of me, Mr. Vigilantes, against Charley. Not if I know myself, you don't! And I've been here since '49."

"Well, we seldom swear men in our courts. But as you are his partner, I think I will swear you. Take off your hat, and hold up your right hand. Now be sworn."

The old man took off his hat, held his hands behind him, and began eagerly:

"Well, he stopped with me here all day; he slept with me last night; he has been with me all day. There!"

"But will you be sworn?"

"I've got nothing more to swear to. I didn't hear him say nothing at all. Not one word about killing anybody."

"But will you be sworn?"

"I've got nothing more to swear to, I tell you. I swore to everything I know."

"Will you be sworn?"

"No; I'll be damned if I'll be sworn."

"Old man, you are trifling with your partner's life. Tell me, under oath, when and where you saw him last?"

"Well, he worked in the tunnel yesterday. He slept with me last night. He ate breakfast with me this morning. He has been with me all day to-day. There!"

"But will you swear to that? Can anybody swear to that?"

"Will—will that save him?" cried Carrie, crowding forward. "Will that save him, sir? If anybody swears to that, will that save him?"

"Yes; if anybody can swear to that, it will save him."

Falling on her knees, and lifting her face with clasped hands, the girl cried:

"Then, by the good God, I swear Dandy slept with Forty-nine last night! He stayed with him yesterday. He has been with him all day, and—"

"Carrie! Carrie! It is not true! You will go to the bad world for this!" protested Devine, at last.

"Well, then, I dare to go to the bad world!" said the girl, emphatically, as she sprang up and seized his hand, and attempted to lead him back into the cabin, from the crowd.

"There! that's all right! It's all right now. I swore to all they wanted, I did."

But why delay the awful conclusion! From the first, the man was doomed. He tried to explain. They would not listen. The girl told falsehoods with amazing recklessness, and was ready to swear to them all. Even old Forty-nine lied—lied outright and deliberately; lied with lies that rose as a prayer to Heaven. And let us dare to believe that the angels blessed him while he lied. It was no use. The man was sentenced to die. And as the Vigilantes stood there, with uncovered heads, while the leader pronounced the death-sentence, a party of strangers came up the trail, travel-worn and covered with dust. There was an old gray-haired gentleman, and a lady leaning on his arm. Behind these two lingered an old negro, with head as white as wool.

Who has not seen a child waiting for mother to come? Nothing but mother will satisfy it. All the gold, all the good things of earth, a king's praise, the smiles of a queen, diamonds, laces, and lands—all are as nothing compared to one word and look from her—from mother; and though she be plain, and though she be haggard from toil, dripping from suds, pale from hunger, weak and withered. God bless the mothers—every one!

But here was a man—a strong man wait-

ing for mother. He was sentenced to die. But somehow the old child-feeling came over him now. He wanted to see mother. He waited for mother; he wanted only her.

The old red-faced monster that hovered on the edge of the mob, inciting it, waiting for Dosson, wondering where he was all the time, expecting him every moment, so that she might share the joy of revenge with him—this creature pushed her way up to the strangers, and, with grinning and leers, told them briefly the bitter chronicle. The poor mother made her way through the crowd, and caught her son in her arms. Then, as old Forty-nine shrunk back, helpless, half-crazed from the fearful excitements and scenes of the day, the mother turned to the leader of the Vigilantes, who stood there with his hat in his hand, and head bowed before her.

"It is my boy," began the woman, holding his head to her breast, and then putting it back, kissing him, and looking him in the face. It is—it is my boy, my Charley."

"Mother, you find me ashamed to lift my head. I tried to get on, mother. I did reform. I went to work; I worked night and day. Mother, I did reform; but all—all was against me! And now see what I have come to at last!"

"Why did you do this thing?" said Snowe, bitterly.

"I did not do this thing. I swear before Heaven I did not. I am as innocent as my dear mother here."

"I know you are innocent! I know you are innocent! You shall not swear to me that you are innocent. I know it. Lay your head on my breast and rest, my tired, heart-broken boy. They shall not touch you now now—no more now! No more! no more!" no more!"

"O, mother, I am so glad you have come! But see! what will they do with me? O, mother, I have waited and waited for you! But see! they want me!" cried the boy.

"My boy, all will yet be well! But now come away. You look so wretched! You must have some clothes! And you must be fixed up a bit; you must rest a bit, and then you will tell me all about these great mountains, and we will go home together, and we will have a splendid time together, Charley."

"I tried to make money, mother, so as to come back to you, and take care of you."

"Yes, yes; come along, Charley, and never mind the money. Let us get out of these mountains, my dear, dear boy. Come along. Never mind. Leave everything. If I only have you, I am happy."

And the poor mother tried to lead him away.

"No, no, madam; he must remain," protested the Captain, mildly.

The woman held him to her breast, and pressed his head down on her shoulder, and stroked his hair tenderly as she said:

"But, sir, you know he is my boy. He is my son—my only son. Why, sir, I have come all the way to California, and into these wild mountains, to find him, to see him, sir, and now—?"

"But he is accused of crime; and madam, I am very sorry, but he must remain."

"But sir—but sir, stand close to me, Charley dear, come close to your mother. Charley—you know, sir, I forgive him. He may have been a little bit wild, sir, but he will not be so any more. I am his mother; he is my son—my only child, sir. O, he is so good, and so true! He was always so kind to his mother, you would have loved him for that, I know. Sir, do not keep us here. You see he is so weak—he is hungry; he is faint and famishing. Come, Charley, come; come away!"

"Madam, madam, he cannot come."

"And why can he not come with his mother?"

"He is convicted of a crime, and must die." JOAQUIN MILLER.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE LABOR SYSTEM OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The attention of the public has been called to this subject a good of late by the press. It has been charged, that the labor system of the Islands is a kind of modified slavery, or a peonage, to use the more favorite word of those who have been seeking to cast odium upon it. A vigorous effort has been made to arouse public indignation against what are claimed to be the inhumanities and cruelties of the system. It has been stoutly alleged, that those who were sent to the Islands by the American churches to Christianize the heathen have become grasping and grinding oppressors. Sons of missionaries and Christian gentleman, engaged in the legitimate pursuits of business, have been stigmatized as renegade Americans engaged in slave-driving. It has even been seriously charged that the descendants of missionaries have laborers in their employ, and are making money. Shades of our grandfathers! Has it come to this: that because a man's father or his grandmother once taught naked savages to wear clothes, and ignorant savages to read books, and brawling, fighting savages to obey laws, it is therefore a crime in him to raise cane, even when he does not spell it with a capital *C*, or place an *i* before the *n*, instead of an *e* after it? Is it not to the credit of those missionaries that their sons are enterprising? Not only on the Islands have they a useful and honored hand in affairs; but they are found among the prominent merchants of San Francisco. They are in the high walks of professional and literary life in Chicago and New York. They take rank among the best educators in the United States.

It used to be charged upon the missionaries, that they gave their attention too exclusively to spiritual things, and did not cultivate enough the industries of civilization; but now, that their sons have gone into business, it is inferred that they themselves must have been very secular. A nobler body of men and women, with all that is pure and unselfish in heart and life, it would be hard to find anywhere. It should be remembered, that not everything on the Islands has come of the missionaries. They and their families have ever been a minority of the whites there. Scores of white men were in the armies of Kamehameha, and aided in his conquest, years before any missionary landed at Kailua or Honolulu. Nor have the missionaries at any time since been the only power behind the throne. They are not responsible for the Hawaiian labor laws, whether those laws are good or bad.

This matter of peonage, or semi-slavery, in the Islands is one in which the people of the United States feel a more than ordinary interest. Not only does public sentiment revolt against anything that has the look of slavery about it, but the Islands have sustained, and are sustaining, such intimate relations with our country, that we are concerned in the good name and character of what we may very properly call our island ward. In earlier years, there was no other mission field in which the people of the United States took so deep an interest; and in latter years, our commercial and social relations with the Islands have been of the closest kind. In their civilization, their constitutional government, their laws and customs, they are the offspring of American influences. American ideas prevail there, and Christianity among the Americans there is to-day just as liberty-loving, it stands as firmly to the right, it is as full of the humanities, as it is in our own land.

For years, rostrum, press, and pulpit have been in the habit of pointing to those Islands as the fairest fruit of our transplanted Christian civilization. And now, must we believe that for more than thirty years there has existed, upheld and sanctioned and practiced

by the very best Americans who have gone there, a kind of legalized slavery? Has this only child of our American Christian civilization in the broad Pacific grown up such a wicked and brutal boy?

Those who are pushing these charges should remember that the people of the United States will be very reluctant to believe that the only islands in the Pacific where American interests have a footing, and American influences are dominant, and where the American feels less that he is in a foreign land than anywhere else on earth, are cursed with a labor system that admits of wrongs and brutalities such as slave-drivers are supposed to practice.

It is important that there be put on record some correct account of the labor system of the Islands, and that there be a candid consideration as to whether it is abhorrent to the principles of the Christian civilization that America has planted there.

It is the aim of this article to make impartial statements in the interests of truth, and not of any particular industry, or class of persons. It is but just also to say that this labor question has been needlessly mixed up with other questions that are not necessarily involved with it. What may be the ulterior motive of those who have been making the representations alluded to, the present writer will not presume to say. He has the charity to suppose that they are not moved by hatred to Christian civilization, or to missionaries and their descendants as such. But he wishes to say, that if these representations are merely for some ulterior purpose, such as preparing the way for the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, or for breaking up the sugar monopoly that is said to exist on this coast, it is a very poor way to reach the end, and one that will be very apt to lead to failure. The present writer is no champion of said monopoly. He is willing that all the hard blows be given it that can be struck. He is willing that press and people should unite to break it down as a monopoly. But he is not willing that aspersions should be cast upon those who have the best interests of the Hawaiian people sincerely at heart, and who yet are heartily American in their principles and sympathies. He has heard the American planters of the Islands say, "Whatever advantage the reciprocity treaty may be to us, we care more for our good name than for all the gains the treaty may bring to us."

Let us then be careful to separate this question in regard to the service laws of Hawaii from the monopoly and reciprocity questions to which it has been joined. The monopoly existed before the treaty, and the labor laws antedate both many years. Nor are the planters and business men of the Islands any more in love with the monopoly than are the people on this coast. They form no part of it, and are as much in its power as are the merchants of this city. It would not be weakened by any change that could be made in the labor laws of the Islands, nor would it be broken were the treaty itself annulled. To annul the treaty would be a far more damaging blow to the growing commerce and trade between the coast and the Islands than it would be to the monopoly.

The treaty, as might naturally be supposed, by enhancing the planting interests, has led to a large increase in the number of laborers; but the labor system has not been modified in any respect in consequence of the treaty. The treaty now exists, and business interests have been ventured upon it, and its discontinuance would work loss to many. And yet there may be and are grave questions in regard to its effect on the Islands. It has led to the importation of a large number of men, say from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand, most of them Chinese, some of them South Sea Islanders, and an increasing number of them Catholic Portuguese from the Madeira Islands. Poor material, indeed, out of which to form citizens, and to be absorbed into the population of so small a kingdom! What is to be the ultimate result of such large importations of such males, with very few females, brought there in the supreme interest of money making, and what the Islands are to become politically and socially under this effect of the treaty, is a question that may well engage the

earnest attention of the Hawaiian statesman as well as Christian. In this way the treaty may lead to conditions that in a few years may become of more consequence than any business profits that may be reaped. It may lead rapidly to the necessity of a stronger government than can be formed on the Islands themselves. There is no danger that they will ever become a Chinese colony, though the number of Chinamen may be increased there until they are a burden and a trouble. But before the Islands would be suffered to become Chinese, some other power would surely step in and take control. They might become English or French or German, as nearly all the other Islands of the Pacific have; but by no means should America ever suffer them to become other than American, if they cease to be what they are. That one foothold in the Pacific, American interests will require more and more. If there is any merit or virtue in the Monroe Doctrine, it should reach out at least until it takes in all within the lower parallel of Mexico and the meridian of Alaska. The value of the treaty is not to be measured so much by dollars and cents as it is in perpetuating American influences on those Islands that are so clearly related to us.

While it does not come within the scope of this article to discuss the commercial value of the treaty, on the one side or the other, and while it may be conceded that it is of more pecuniary advantage to the Islands than to this coast, yet it may be well to state that it has not been the bonanza to those embarking in sugar-growing that is generally supposed. It has greatly increased the volume of business on the Islands, but it has not yet enriched those who have gone into cane-planting. There are about fifty plantations on the Islands, and of these one can almost count on his fingers the number that have paid any dividends. Many of them are still heavily in debt; and most persons who started in with the treaty to plant cane, to have it ground at the mills, have been disappointed in their expectations of returns. The cost of labor, and expenses generally, increased so rapidly, that the profits were consumed. The sugar crops, as a whole, have not yet paid for the imports since the treaty, and exchange has been heavily against the Islands.

These preliminary statements have been made more at length, that our question may be before us solely on its own merits.

What, now, is the labor system of the Hawaiian Islands?

Virtually, it is a system regulated by statute, in which the laborer is bound to work for his employer for a certain specified time, longer or shorter as may be agreed upon by the contracting parties. The law defines the obligations of each party to the other, and is designed to protect both in their rights under the contract. It is called the Master and Servants' Act, and was first enacted as far back as 1846, though it has been amended several times since then. It does not apply to plantation labor alone, but to any kind of work or service. Household servants, yard and stable boys, washer-men and women, workers in shops or stores, under the same law may and do contract to give their services. White men from San Francisco and Australia, as well as from Scandinavia and Germany, have entered into these contracts by the hundreds. There is one law for all. The form of the contract is given in the law, and both of the contracting parties must appear before an agent of the Hawaiian Government, listen to the terms of the contract, voluntarily assent to it and accept the obligations, and sign the agreement. To each is given, by the agent, the following certificate:

"Island of ——, Hawaiian Islands. } ss.

"On this —— day of —— A. D. —— personally appeared before me ——, Master, and ——, Servant, known to me (or satisfactorily proved to me by oath of A. B.) to be the persons executing the above contract, and the same having been by me read and explained to them, they severally acknowledge that they understand the same, and that they executed the same voluntarily, and upon the terms and conditions set forth therein."

There can be no compulsion about it. It is a voluntary bargain between work and wages, made valid by law, and with the terms

and conditions specified in written contract. No one can be compelled into it or held in it by any crime or debt. When the time is up, the bargain is up, however the parties may stand related to each other as debtor and creditor. No one can be compelled to work out any residue of wages that may have been advanced, or any indebtedness that may remain after the time has elapsed. The statute says:

"No person bound by contract to serve another shall be held or compelled to work for any period of time beyond the date when the contract by its terms expires, in liquidation of any debt or advance made to said laborer during the term agreed for, at the time of his engagement, and any clause introduced into the contract which shall contemplate any such service for any such advances shall be held utterly void, and of no effect."

The law again says:

"No contract of service shall bind the servant after the death of the master."

Nor can any contract at any time be signed over or transferred to another. Also, if the number of hours is not specified in the contract, the law prescribes nine hours as a day's work, and for all extra hours the employer must pay the laborer at the rate of his wages.

Should the employer in any way violate his part of the contract, the laborer may have it annulled. The contracted laborer has the common rights of humanity before the law. He does not forfeit any of his legal rights or rights of citizenship while under contract. He has the same right to vote, if he is a citizen, and could even be a candidate for the Legislative Assembly. He has the same redress in courts of justice for any wrongs sustained, and he is entitled to the same humane treatment that any uncontracted laborer is. Should the employer strike him with fist or whip, or put upon him special hardships, or give him insufficient food, or deny medical attendance, or practice any cruelty, the laborer has his remedy before the law, even to having the contract made void, and recovering such damages as any other person could. The statute says:

"If any master shall be guilty of any cruelty, misusage, or violating any of the terms of the contract toward any person bound to service, such person may make complaint to any police or district justice, who shall summon the parties before him, examine into, hear, and determine the complaint; and if the complaint shall be sustained, such person shall be discharged from all obligations of service, and the master shall be fined in a sum not less than $5 or more than $100, and in default thereof, be imprisoned at hard labor until the same be paid."

This part of the law is enforced, and fines have been imposed.

On the other hand, the master can compel the laborer to fulfill his part of the contract. He can hold him to his bargain. A merchant or mechanic, we will say, employs a Chinaman or Hawaiian or American as cook in his family; to prevent him from leaving as soon as he has learned enough to be useful, he makes a legal contract with him, or, in the common parlance, "ships" him for one, two, or three years, as they may agree. If he runs away, he can be arrested and taken before a justice, and be fined, with costs; and if he won't work, or is disorderly, he may be put in the "lock-up," and the Government may set him to work as it sees fit;—that is, there is provision for enforcing the contract.

This whole system of contracts was partly entailed upon the Islands by the custom of "shipping" sailors in the whaling fleet that formerly rendezvoused and fitted out there in such numbers. It is not unlike the shipping of sailors that prevails in the American marine, though there is none of that shanghaeing that is sometimes done in our large ports. Many Hawaiians had "shipped" as sailors in the whaling fleet, and they scarcely knew how to work continuously unless under contract.

There is doubtless nothing in the laws of any State in our Union that would prevent the forming of just such contracts between individuals. And where, for any reason, the making of such contracts has become customary, as it had on the Islands, it may be better for the laborers to have their rights and remedies clearly defined by law.

Certainly this labor system, as legally defined and as practiced on the Hawaiian Islands, cannot be called slavery even in a most modified form Nor is the word

"peonage" ever applied to it on the Islands. No laborer there is ever called a peon, and his service differs essentially from any state of servitude to which that word has ever been applied. No stigma attaches to the contract. No one is disgraced by it. A Hawaiian is as much respected by his fellow-men while under contract as he is when not under it. Hawaiians and Chinamen and others frequently come and desire to renew their contracts when the time has expired, although they may have money on hand, and could command even higher wages in households, or on plantations as laborers by the day, or week, or month.

It is a very proper question to ask, whether or not such contracts with laborers are necessary, in order successfully to conduct a plantation on the Islands. It is claimed that they are; and chiefly for two reasons: First, because the sugar crop requires so much labor, and requires it at such critical times in the process of growth and harvesting, that only in some such contract way can the production be successfully carried on; and secondly, because the labor that can be procured to a sufficient amount for the cane-fields is of such an inferior grade, that it is unreliable unless placed under contract. So much labor is required, that it must be comparatively cheap labor to insure any profit; and, as a matter of fact, it is not intelligent and reliable labor that is found anywhere in cane-fields. The Hawaiian is proverbially fickle, as a worker, and has little feeling of responsibility as to the interests of his employer. And all are aware how little dependence can be placed on the Chinese in critical times. Perhaps here and there a small planting interest may be conducted without contracts.

Another question is very properly in place. While the system itself may provide for the protection of the laborer, yet may there not be such abuses connected with it, or that have grown into the workings of it, as to make it a great evil?

There can be no question, that such a contract system does derogate from the dignity of labor. Men that have much self-respect and manhood and worth of character would feel that they could be relied on without contracting their services. As a general thing, those who do contract are not of that character. The system does not tend to develop independence and nobleness of character in the laborer. It does not develop a class of laborers who are a blessing to a country, except as their toil makes its contribution to the material prosperity.

On the other hand, it may be a question, whether it is not better for such a class of laborers to be under obligations to work, rather than to be open to easy temptation to vagabondage, or something worse. It can hardly be doubted, that for law and order, and for society in general, it would be a most undesirable, if not unendurable, state of things, to have so many thousands of such persons as are now on the Islands as laborers, roaming about without the restraints that the labor system imposes upon them. With the thousands of such laborers, as the Government and the planters have imported—and such only could they import for plantation work—it may well be doubted if the Islands would long be a good or safe place to live, were there not some binding system of labor. Such elements must be brought into order in some way, and there is not police or military force to be commanded on the Islands sufficient to do it, aside from such labor system.

There is also another evil in this labor system, recognized both in law and practice, and yet felt to be an evil by the planters themselves. I refer to advancing wages at the time of making the contract. This is a legacy of the old "shipping" times of the whaling fleet. If a housekeeper wishes to contract with a cook, or a planter with a plantation-hand, it is the invariable custom for the one who engages his services to demand and to receive from $25 to $100, and perhaps even $200, in advance pay. In this way, most planters have advanced to their laborers from $5,000 to $20,000. The laborer demands this, even where he has money laid by. It is one of the fascinations about "shipping" to him. The result is, that the planter who has several hundred

laborers is out a large sum of money, on which, in most cases, he is paying interest; and of course he has a direct pecuniary interest in keeping the men indebted to him from running away; while, on the other hand, the laborer naturally feels less interest in working out wages that he has received and perhaps spent—working out a "dead horse," as it is said—and his temptations to desert are increased; and so the legal machinery of enforcing contracts must be put in motion the more frequently. The planters would be glad to do away with the advances, but the custom is deeply rooted.

There have been some laborers also—not many—who have felt themselves aggrieved, not by abuses of masters, but from not understanding the kind of work to which they had come. Some white men, who have never loved to work anywhere, have not found the cane-field a paradise. Hawaiians generally are satisfied with the work. The Chinese have few complaints to make: for work, wages, and fare are better for them than they had at home. To some of the first South Sea Islanders that the Government introduced, certain agents made unauthorized representations, and disappointment resulted. These Islanders the Government is returning to their homes as their time expires—all who wish to go, though not many of them choose to go.

Then, also, there will always be some managers who are not good managers of men, and then matters will not run any more smoothly than they do elsewhere where men are employed in large numbers. But such abuses as cruelties, violences, and oppressions have not crept into the system. The plantation owners and managers of the Hawaiian Islands, whether sons of missionaries or not, as a general thing are men of character. They are gentlemen, not of the old Southern style, but according to the best standards of the North. They are themselves hard-working, as well as humane and generous. And from an intimate acquaintance, extending over all the Islands, I do not hesitate to say that no laws of the kingdom are better observed and enforced than those which protect the rights of men and women laboring under contract. Both the law and its workings are such, that I do not think that any citizen of the United States, however anti-slavery he might be in sentiment, if living on the Islands, would hesitate to employ labor in that way, should he have occasion to do so.

In this connection, it may be well to say, also, that no laws are enacted by the Legislative Assembly which are supposed to be detrimental to the welfare of the common Hawaiian people. In this Assembly, which is mostly an elective body, the Hawaiians are in the large majority. It should be remembered, also, that when the labor laws were enacted, the laborers were mostly Hawaiians. Thus the labor laws were made by Hawaiians, and in reference to Hawaiians. It is not probable that they intended to enslave themselves.

An estimate placing the number of laborers now employed on plantations on the Islands at about ten thousand would not be far out of the way. Of these, probably between two thousand and three thousand are Hawaiians; and between five thousand and six thousand are Chinamen. Of the South Sea Islanders, probably between five hundred and six hundred are employed on plantations. Then about seven hundred Scandinavians, and two thousand Portuguese have been brought to the Islands, of whom probably about six hundred of the former and fifteen hundred of the latter are now on plantations. Of these different classes, the Hawaiians find no fault with the labor system. The Chinese quickly learn all their rights and privileges under the law, and are sufficiently independent and saucy in demanding them. Most of them, as soon as their brief time is up, get into some occupation for themselves. And it is coming more and more to be felt that they are not a desirable class of people out of which to make up population.

The South Sea Islanders are the lowest and most helpless of all the laborers introduced. And for this very reason the Government has appointed their very best friend,

who has their welfare thoroughly at heart, and who speaks their language, to look after their interests, and to see that they understand and are protected in their rights. This protector, as he is officially called, visits the plantations, and if he finds that they are not properly housed or fed or cared for, or if their children are not sent to school, he calls the planter to account. In a few cases in Honolulu, where they have been taken by Hawaiians or others, he has had their contracts annulled for want of proper care. The Portuguese are so well pleased with their situation, that their home friends to whom they have written are anxious to join them in large numbers.

This is, at least, designed to be a correct and impartial presentation of the labor laws, and their practical workings, on those fair Islands of the Pacific in which so many of the people of the United States have an interest that reaches far deeper than commercial considerations, and where they would painfully regret so see anything like a system of peonage, or slavery of any kind.

WALTER FREAR.

MY ALTARS.

My best beloved is upon the hills—
  The brown hills with their tender slopes;
And I, afar, look up from human ills
  To them which are a rest for all my hopes.

What time the skies are fair, their glory grows
  With day's bright splendor or calm light of stars;
With evening's violet or morning's rose,
  And then sweet peace my better self unbars.

But other days there are when darkness shrouds
  The land. My heart, my hills no longer seen,
Beats low. Behold! love cometh in the clouds,
  And all my hills are clad in living green.

So, though the heavens smile or shadows lie,
  A sweet contentment all my being fills—
A sweet content to suffer pain till I
  Go up to my beloved on the hills.

B. P. WALL.

FRIDAY'S CHILD.

The train from San Francisco made its brief six-o'clock pause at Berkeley station, barely granting time for half a dozen figures to step out from the semi-darkness of the cars to the total darkness of the rainy platform. There were among these none but regular passengers, on this particular evening of December 24th, for mud and drizzle, and all the disagreeables of which a December evening is capable, discouraged casual travel.

There was but one woman: an indistinguishable figure, in all the shapelessness of a "gossamer" waterproof. This was Faith Armstrong, a young woman employed in a semi-subordinate capacity on one of the large dailies in San Francisco. One of the gentlemen in the group detached himself from another, and came toward her; but before he could speak to her another waterproofed figure was close in front of her, followed at a little distance by a man with a lantern; a hand was laid on each shoulder, and a girl's voice cried warmly:

"Here she is!"

"Why, Pearl, did you come to meet me?"

There was, even in these few words, a marked difference in the voices: the first was of especial sweetness, sympathetic, and so finely modulated that the little sentence was related to singing as closely as Emerson's prose to poetry; the second, though just as refined in quality and accent, was monotonous, and had that note of earnest inflexibility peculiar to the voices of people who take life seriously, and who, with strong and concentrated emotion, have little facility of expression for it.

"Did I come to meet her!" cried the sweet voice, caressingly; "and did she really suppose she was going to walk up to her room alone in the dark and mud, on Christmas Eve? Come, Faithie, the carriage is here, and it's home with me you're going, to stay over Christmas."

Miss Armstrong hesitated an instant.

"O, but Pearl!" she said, remonstrantly; "you're very kind; but you don't want anybody but your own people, Christmas."

The answer was an arm round the wet waterproofed waist, and a kiss on the cold cheek; then a coaxing—

"O, come—*do* come, Faithie—won't you?"

"I shall like to very much," said Miss Armstrong, her manner stiffening a little with feeling, "if I shan't be an intruder."

As they seated themselves in the carriage, the gentleman who had approached Miss Armstrong, and who had still lingered, came up and spoke. The carriage was one of those semi-open, two-seated affairs, known as "double buggies," so that he spoke easily to them as they sat on the back seat.

"Miss Armstrong," he said, "(Good evening, Miss Ledyard,) I wanted to speak with you as you walked up; since you are going away with your friend, I will call in to-morrow morning and see you—may I?"

"Certainly, I will be at home," Miss Armstrong answered, leaning past Miss Ledyard toward the voice in the darkness.

There was a silence between the two girls as they drove away; then Miss Ledyard said:

"Mr. Hazen meant to walk up with you. I hope he or some one does it every night. It's dreadful for you to walk up alone, now six o'clock comes so late."

"O, there's no danger," Miss Armstrong answered, with a certain dreariness of manner; "there are two or three on the train regularly that go right past my boarding-place, and I tag them up near enough for perfect safety."

Her voice showed itself capable of a humorous inflection in the last words, yet it seemed never to lose an undertone of dreariness.

Nothing was farther from her habit than to

keep anything from Miss Ledyard's knowledge; yet she had, out of a certain shy reluctance, omitted to say that the "tagging" had been made unnecessary for weeks by Mr. Hazen's company.

"I thought you told me you didn't know Mr. Hazen, by the way," Miss Ledyard went on, after a little pause.

"O, I didn't then: that was eight months ago, when I first went there. I know all the editors now; and him especially, because of crossing on the same trains."

She was secretly wondering why Pearl should have answered Mr. Hazen's good evening so icily: or why, for that matter, he should have given her so icy a one to answer. She should have supposed he would have been just the sort of man Pearl would like; and as for Pearl, who could but like her?

The horse here was brought to a stop in front of a house that could be characterized only as one of the number that cluster where the village is thickest.

"Do you want to get anything from your room, Faith?" Miss Ledyard said.

"Yes, I'll get another dress; I'll be quick."

Her foot was off the step before she ended.

"You didn't need to bring another dress, Faith," Miss Ledyard said, as she sat down again beside her. "It doesn't matter, you know, what you have on at our house."

"*The* other dress, you mean. O, I thought it would 'chord' better with your furniture. And who should I wear my best clothes for, if not you?"

"For Mr. Hazen," responded a secret semi-consciousness. Nevertheless, her own sense and taste, prescribing working-dresses for working-days, had forbidden that she should wear her best clothes for Mr. Hazen.

They drove rapidly now to one of the pleasant, well-to-do houses sprinkled through the outskirts of the village. The carriage passed round by a driveway to the back door, allowing the two to take off their wet waterproofs and overshoes in uncarpeted regions. As they turned to go up-stairs, Miss Ledyard made no motion to lead the way, which was evidently about as familiar to her guest as to herself; for Faith Armstrong was on "run-in-without-knocking" terms in this house.

The two girls, in the lighted room up-stairs, now became visible. It was evident that they were not young girls, for both must have passed the twentieth birthday. Margaret—or, more commonly, Madge—Ledyard was, in fact, twenty-two, and Faith Armstrong twenty-one. They looked younger, with that kind of youthfulness that indicates innocence of fashionable society, simple tastes, and quiet life; they looked older, with that kind of maturity that indicates familiarity with thought and feeling, the habit of judging and acting for one's self, and living in knowledge of the more serious aspects of life. Faith's face and manner bore, in addition, such oldness as work and desolateness stamp quickly upon a young and sensitive woman. In all the world there was no one upon whom she had a nearer claim for affection and companionship than upon this school friend, Madge Ledyard.

The two were as different in appearance as in voice. Madge, as she stood brushing her hair, while Faith changed her gray dress for a black one, faced the sweetest reflection imaginable—a white-rose face, with sweet mouth, clear, bright brown eyes, and hair that exactly matched the eyes, and waved back lightly over a beautiful curve of head, to be knotted loosely at the back of a slender neck; lashes long and silky enough, and faintly curved; level brows, perfectly enough defined to have made any eyes whatever beautiful; and that type of slender yet rounded figure, with flowing curves, that artists choose for pictures of angels.

Faith Armstrong was not pretty, nor even sweet-faced. Without a shade of unamiability, there was a background of joylessness, and of a certain unmalevolent bitterness in her expression; her mouth was set in lines rather of endurance than patience. Nevertheless, she was by no means unprepossessing; for by that subtle quality of manners and appearance that is mysteriously compatible with ordinary features, stiff motions, and

awkward shyness, she was a lady to the tips of her thin and delicate fingers.

"A plain, inconspicuous girl, with earnest eyes and an intelligent look"—that was a fair summary of her. So inconspicuous was the plainness, and so evident the ladyhood, that she produced no effect of incongruity when she was with Madge; she only became a little more inconspicuous than ever.

"Here, Faithie, let me put these roses in your dress—there." Madge put her arm round the black-clad figure, and drew it close to her with a quick little loving motion. "Now let us go down to dinner."

They entered the dining-room with their arms round each other, like school-girls; Madge's ready initiative had long ago lessened Faith's undemonstrativeness, which was, after all, more a matter of shyness than choice. This was evidently no unusual thing, for the group in the room took it as a matter of course. They made Faith very welcome: Mr. Ledyard and Madge's two tall brothers came quickly to meet her, took her hand warmly, and said, "How are you, Faith? Glad to see you." Mrs. Ledyard and the school-girl sister, Frank, kissed her. They *were* glad to see her; they liked her, were sorry for her, and acquiesced in Margaret's introduction of her into the family as its most intimate friend: nevertheless, of themselves, they would not have chosen her for that relation; there were others who might have held it with more pleasure to them. And Faith knew it: knew it without resentment, but with a deepening of her grateful sense that it was to Madge she owed all the priceless comfort and affection that she received in this home circle.

It was a genial, homelike table to sit down at. Faith's sense of physical well-being in the contrast between it and the dark drizzle outside was not stronger than her sense of social well-being in the contrast between it and her boarding-house table. They were what is called "a delightful family"—genial even to jollity, clever, well bred, and openly affectionate.

The elder of the two brothers, Fred, who was now an A. B. of very few years' standing, and a law student, had received letters that day from two of his classmates, and was telling the news with much glee.

"Jim wrote for the class-cup; his baby was born last Sunday, and he thought he had a sure thing; and I had a letter by the same mail announcing Smith's baby—born *Saturday!*"

His enjoyment was infectious, and they all laughed.

"At all events," Mrs. Ledyard said, "the defeated baby starts into life with better omens. What is it about 'Sunday's bairn'?"

> "'But the child that is born on a Sabbath day
> Is wise and witty, and good and gay,'"

quoted Frank, promptly.

"I never heard that," said Bert, the sophomore brother. "What's the rest of it?"

"Bert Ledyard! You'd better know a little of the classics of your own language, before you waste any more time on the ancients!" The family sweetness of voice made Frank's contempt very pretty. Indeed, everything the Ledyards said sounded both cleverer and prettier than it really was; while the opposite was true of Faith's speeches.

"All right. Coach me on it, Baby," replied Bert, indulgently; and Frank repeated:

> "'Monday's child is born to health,
> Tuesday's child is born to wealth,
> Wednesday's child is born to woe,
> Thursday's child has far to go,
> Friday's child is loving and giving,
> And Saturday's child must work for its living,
> But the child that is born on a Sabbath day
> Is wise and witty, and good and gay.'"

"I wonder when we were all born?" said Fred. "Father, as a man of travel, on Thursday, of course; and I on Sunday—no, I on Wednesday; and the mother here, on Sunday."

"I've no doubt I was born to wealth, on Tuesday," Bert observed; "and the first sign of it is my being elected class-treasurer."

"You're planning a defalcation, I infer?" his father asked.

"Where's that century almanac?" said Fred. "That gives the days of the week as

far back as 1800: that is far enough for any of us—except the Baby."

He left the table, and returned with the almanac.

"Now guess first," he said. "What day must Baby here, *a posteriori*, owe her fate to?"

"O, I know all about that," said Frank, with much scorn. "I had that very almanac at school, and we girls spent a whole noon-time over it. I'm only born to health; I wanted it to be Thursday. Guess for Madge; I know what hers is already."

"Madge was born on a Sabbath day, I think," her father said, tenderly.

"Say the oracle over again, Baby," demanded Bert. Then, as Frank repeated it, he assented. "I don't want to spoil you, Meg, but I don't see any other horoscope that comes as near hitting you off."

Fred had his note-book out. "Wait, and I'll record the bets, and then refer to authority. Unanimous on Sunday for Meg?"

"No," said Faith, abruptly. She spoke, as she was apt to, with an air that was a little too earnest for the occasion. "There's one thing in that that doesn't fit Madge."

"Four!" said Madge.

"Madge isn't really witty," remarked her mother, with critical candor. "She's bright enough for all ordinary purposes, but nothing more."

"I think she's witty. I didn't mean that. But it's Friday Madge was born on, and I was born on Saturday.

"'Friday's child is loving and giving,
But Saturday's child must work for its living.'"

"Well, Faith, most of the world has the same birthday as you, if that's your day."

They were altogether too well bred to treat her working as anything to be glossed over, so they let Saturday's rhyme go down as her horoscope.

"Wednesday, Thursday, Friday," counted Fred, turning the leaves; "Meg, your day *is* Friday! Faith is the only astrologer here. Now for your own."

"O, it can't help being Saturday," Faith said, composedly. "Or Wednesday," she added to herself; but she did not say it aloud: the calamity of her orphanhood was not a thing to be brought into dinner-table conversation.

"Saturday the—no! Why, Faith, it's *Friday!*"

"Impossible," said Faith, laughing a little; "no couplet could hit off Madge and me so well, unless it was meant for us."

"O, Faithie!" cried Madge, reproachfully.

"Friday it is," insisted Fred; "if you're bound to work for your living, you must manage to make the two compatible somehow."

After dinner they gathered into the library, where a fire was blazing in a fireplace with ancestral andirons. Outside, what with a whimpering wind and dripping eaves that made the most of the scanty drizzle, the night was like an ill-natured child, that cannot squeeze out many tears, but makes as much noise as possible over a few; a night could hardly have been more purely dismal.

Fred put his arm round Madge's waist, and drew her to the organ. There was a good organ in the library, and Madge played it well; and all the Ledyards sang well. Faith could neither sing nor play; so, as the rest stood round the organ, she threw herself down on a cozy lounge to listen. The lounge stood in a bay-window, and by pushing back the curtain that made a niche of the window, Faith could watch Madge's face. They were singing Christmas carols; and Faith, half listening, half letting the tide of sweet voices flow vaguely through her consciousness, quickening it subtly to a keener pitch of emotion, lay and watched the white rose face, the sweetness of lip and brow, and quivered in response to the same sweetness in the clear voice, till, in her safe obscurity, tears filled her eyes.

"O, my Pearl, my Pearl," she cried, passionately in her heart, "I love you—O Pearl, I *love* you!"

The wind whimpered outside, dashing the scanty rain against the windows; the eaves dripped forlornly. Inside the fire blazed, and Madge's slender fingers wandered over the keys. She was singing alone now, words of Miss Coolbrith's, and music of her own.

"O, all sad hearts that be,
On land or on the sea,
God's peace with you rest light,
This Christmas night!

"And with the souls that stand
In that dear land
Where pain and all tears cease,
Most perfect peace!"

Faith's tears came thicker; there was a memory that she never dared to turn to, but that started out overpoweringly when the spring was touched: that ghastly morning, three years ago, when a pitiless splendor of December sunshine poured over a new grave —the last of three—and into the upper room where she lay on the floor, and wondered if death or madness would not in mercy break this iron pressure on heart and brain.

They were singing a Christmas hymn now:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid."

Faith's brain, full of its own thoughts, did not take in the words, or follow their familiar allusion. They only changed subtly the current of her emotion, carried on the memory half an hour later: a quick step at the door of that upper room; a soft rustle; some one kneeling beside her, two arms around her, and a tender voice close to her face.

"My poor Faithie! I came to you as soon as I could. Look up, darling! O, Faithie, don't, please don't feel all alone. I know I don't count for much beside what is gone; but indeed, indeed I can be more to you than you realize now. I can stand between you and utter loneliness. Faithie, Faithie, please let me! After a while you will be glad to have even me."

Ah! she dared not let her memory stay in that time: there were months that were a blackness of horror to look back on. And yet, in all the blackness, there was always that one white figure, shedding a faint light around it.

They had been friends—even affectionate friends—before. Each had said of the other, "I love her next after my own people"; but they meant, as girls do, next with a long interval; the "loving" is of a totally different and lower quality. Since then, the interval had at least shortened greatly to Madge; and to Faith—what had not Madge been to her? It seemed to her that there had been nothing in her life since then but Madge, standing white and benignant, like a single perfect statue in its shrine. Of late, there had been a new feeling—a feeling that made it seem the vital matter in the day's experience whether Mr. Hazen talked with her or with some one else on the boat; a feeling that was sounding a deeper chord than usual in her sense of desolation, because he had said "Miss Armstrong" to-night, instead of "Miss Faith." But that feeling had no conflict with her love for Madge; indeed, the ache that it gave her to-night quickened her gratitude for Madge's invariableness.

The music changed, the voices that had just joined in an anthem stopped, and Madge's voice rose alone again—her own music and Jean Ingelow's words this time:

"And deign, O watcher, with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning—deign reply:
Is there, O, is there aught that such as thou
Wouldst take from such as I?

"Are there no briers across thy pathway thrust,
Are there no thorns that compass it about?
Nor any stones that thou wilt deign to trust
My hands to gather out?"

It floated through Faith's brain dimly, as a half-comprehended accompaniment to her thoughts.

"O, Pearl, if I could only *do* something for you—if I could only *do* something for you! It is all receiving and no giving. You have everything already; there is no lack anywhere for me to fill. Even my love fills no need; you have plenty without it. If I only knew of any lack in your life—and yet, what have *I* to supply a lack from?

"What flowers grow in *my* fields wherewith to bless thee?
Alas, I can but love thee!
May God bless thee, my beloved, may God bless thee!"

The Ledyards exchanged presents on the day, and not the eve, of Christmas; so there was no such ceremony to break up the quiet evening. After the group at the organ had

broken up, Frank deposited herself on the hearth-rug, with her bright hair shining in a heavy braid across her dark blue dress, and one of the "boys" sat down on the arm of his mother's chair, stroking the white hand she laid on his knee; Madge came over and sat down by Faith; but Faith slipped to an ottoman at Madge's knee, and put her head in her lap. They all enjoyed each other's company enough, and had subjects enough of common interest to sit thus and talk quietly and happily for the rest of the evening.

That night, after the lights were out, and the two girls had lain long enough in the darkness to grow confidential, Faith said:

"It takes all our understanding of each other to avoid embarrassment in my position when it comes to Christmas presents, doesn't it, Pearl?"

"You mean—"

"I mean because I cannot return gifts; and it puts me in a mortifying position either to be noticeably left out, or to receive without returning."

"Dear child!" said Madge, with all her sweetness. "That is just the reason the rest of us never send you anything but cards and greetings. But between *you and me* surely— Besides, I never give you anything expensive; I know that wouldn't be quite pleasant."

"Not expensive in money; but the time and cultivated taste, or the ability to make things, I can no more return than I can money. Now that statuette you gave me on my birthday—"

"Soapstone—cost one dollar."

"And you searched San Francisco two hours for it, and then when you saw it you knew its artistic value. And two hours is what I have to spare on the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving and Christmas, and no other time; and I don't so much as know whether a Christmas card is high art or not. If I were posted, and had time, I know I shouldn't need much money to make presents. But you keep track of whatever there is good that comes to San Francisco; and whether it's a book of theology, or a hand-screen, or a heliotype, or a piece of music, you know it before I do, and get it if you want it, or somebody else sends it to you."

"What difference does it make, Faithie? Lack of time and lack of art-education are only—what is it that sophomore brother of mine gets off?—'allotropic forms' of lack of money."

"It isn't just presents: that's a trifle. It's everything." Faith was launched now on one of her rare expressions of emotion; she spoke quietly, but with even uncomfortable intensity. "It's comfort and cheerfulness, and all the good times I have at all. It's only with you and your people that my life is anything but a squalid grind, and that my sense of desolation ceases to frighten me; it's only in your house that anything is pretty or comfortable or happy around me!"

She had not forgotten Mr. Hazen, and those talks on the ferry-boat; it was the misgiving of their meaninglessness that deepened the feeling she expressed. After a pause, she went on, in a more matter-of-fact way:

"I'm going to be away when you exchange presents to-morrow morning: you know, yourself, Madge, that is the only sensible thing to do; and you know I told Mr. Hazen I would be at home. But I haven't any *feeling* about it, Pearl: it's only that I wish, out of love and gratitude, that I could ever give you something that really filled some need of yours."

Faith's inflexible voice had grown strained in the last sentence with the weight of feeling it was not buoyant enough to bear up musically. It was a little painful.

"Wait," Madge said, lightly. "Your turn will come."

"Ah, no! It will always be the same. It's Fate you know—

> "'Friday's child is loving and giving,
> But Saturday's child must work for its living.'"

"Faith, *you* are Friday's child: you garble the facts!"

"It's the almanac that garbles them," Faith said, dryly.

The night had cried out its tears; the eaves were dripping more and more slowly,

but the wind was louder than ever; the wood-fire in Madge's pretty grate had ceased to fill the room with wavering shadows, and even the embers were turning gray.

"Faith," said Madge, through the deepening darkness, and the sound of her voice showed that she had turned her face more completely toward Faith, "what was it you thought didn't apply to me in the line about 'Sunday's child?'"

"There is only one thing I could mean. I think you are wise and witty, and I know you are good."

"I don't think I am melancholy."

"No, indeed! But you are not gay, Pearl, as Frank is, and as you used to be. You have changed somehow. It was while I was so stunned with my own trouble that I didn't notice."

The last ember disappeared under a coating of ashes.

"I think I am really a Wednesday's child!" said Madge, suddenly, under her breath.

Faith's silence for a few moments contained surprise, sympathy, question, and comment. Then she said, carefully:

"I cannot conceive but one thing that could make you call yourself born to woe." She waited for a check, and then, as Madge lay silent, went on: "And knowing, as I do, of all your acquaintance and your relations to each, I cannot understand what—" she waited again—"what man there could have been to make you unhappy."

"There was a time—all the months your mother was ill—that you knew almost nothing about my doings and acquaintances," said Madge, very low.

A silence followed, eloquent enough on both sides. Then Faith said, very low too:

"They do not know it at home?"

"No. It was a narrow escape. Mamma was away. I held a letter in my hand, telling her I was engaged, while I broke open one I took from the box at the post-office. I tore my letter to mamma into little pieces as I walked home. It was a month before your mother died."

"You were ill, I remember. Of course the boys and Frank and your father wouldn't understand; and you had collected yourself when your mother came home. And you were really engaged, Pearl!"

"For twenty-four hours," said Pearl, bitterly.

Faith moved her face on the pillow closer to Madge.

"Won't you tell me, Pearl?" she murmured. Her tone had the sort of reverent sympathy with which one says, "Will you come and look at him once more before we close the coffin?"

Madge was still for a moment. Then she said:

"It was more than grief, Faith: it was abject humiliation. But perhaps if I tell you, you can help me to despise him. This was the letter:

DEAR FRIEND: I realize, after a night's reflection, that I was rash yesterday, and I think I must ask you to release me from our engagement. I yielded to a strong inclination in entering into it, but I am sure it would not be a good thing for me; and I believe you will feel, on further thought, that it would not be for you. I am very sorry for any trouble it may cause you. The engagement is of so brief standing that I suppose you have not mentioned it yet; so there need be no annoyance on that score. I fear you will be displeased by this note, but I write in haste, and will call and explain more fully.

"That, and his signature, Faith."

The bald brutality of it, the incomprehensibility of any man's disprizing Pearl, kept Faith eloquently silent again. At last she said:

"Did he call?"

"Yes: I refused to see him."

"I should think you would have no difficulty in despising him."

There was a silence. Then Madge's voice broke into the darkness with such a cry that Faith started.

"Faith, I can't unlove him!"

It haunted Faith all night, while the wind blew outside, and the tall clock on the stairs (the Ledyards possessed an ancestral tall clock on the stairs, as well as andirons) hammered away, and the two girls lay, each pretending to think the other asleep; it haunted her when the wind went down to-

ward morning, and she dozed restlessly; when she and Madge dressed and chatted, tacitly agreeing to treat last night's conversation as if it had not been; while the cheerful breakfast, with its "Merry Christmases," went on. It only retreated to the background of her consciousness when Mr. Hazen, standing at her landlady's door, said:

"A very merry Christmas, Miss Faith. Won't you, instead of asking me in, put on your overshoes and walk with me? There was very little rain, after all, and a night-full of wind; and I think we may venture the cañon road."

The sky had not cleared; it takes more than a drizzle to declare a December rain over, and leave land and sea bathed in luminous clearness from Grizzly Peak to Tamalpais, and beyond to the specks of Farallones on the ocean rim. The sky was lowering, but there was clearly no intention of rain before afternoon; the cañon road was muddy, but not annoyingly so; the damp, warm air was full of a faint woodsy smell—laurel, and fern, and yerba buena, and many another ingredient. Faith pulled up long trails of yerba buena, whose leaves, according to their wont in December, were bright purple, brittle, and more fragrant than usual.

"It is our prettiest walk," she said.

"I suppose the young people walk here a good deal?"

> "'Seeking the bubble flirtation,
> Even in the cañon's mouth,'"

quoted Faith, laughing, from some student parody of Fred Ledyard's teaching. Last night was retreating farther into the background.

"It's not flirtation in this case," said Mr. Hazen, with deliberate earnestness.

And then, in about sixty seconds, Faith knew what the talks on the ferry meant. Her wishing and fearing and misgiving had been vague enough, after all—almost outside of her own consciousness; but now that he had spoken, she realized the hold they had taken on her. Pearl loved her only "next to her own people," and she had loved Pearl best of all the world; she knew now that inside of the shrine that Pearl's white presence filled, she, too, kept a Holy of Holies standing vacant for the "own people" that she had not. Vacant?—even before she knew it was there the tenant had entered in and taken possession.

He saw the purple trails of yerba buena, and the white snow-berries she had just added to them, tremble in her hand. He could not read her silence.

"I have taken you by surprise," he said, gently. "You cannot be sure of your feelings all in a moment. Take your time, my child; I will not press you. Tell me to-morrow."

"But I do not understand," she said, naively enough. "I cannot see how such a girl as I can please you. I am not pretty, nor winning, nor entertaining; nor educated, according to your standard."

"I will tell you why you please me," Mr. Hazen said, with a grave tenderness, in which there was an undertone of sternness that did not seem meant for her. "It is fair enough that you should know about it. I have learned what a veil for heartlessness lovely eyes and sweet lips and voice can be. They are a mask: there may be a soul under them, but who can tell! I engaged myself to such a woman once. That is why your honest eyes and voice and manner are so lovable to me, Faith."

Faith's intent look was, if not a question, at least a suggestion that she was desirous to listen to anything he might choose to add. He hesitated; then, as if there was a compulsion in the grave gaze, went on:

"The morning after she gave me her promise, my name came out in the papers in unpleasant connection with some scandal—an absurd enough blunder, retracted and apologized for the next day; but before the next day she had written to cancel the engagement. Whether she believed the trumpery story, or whether it was only the very breath of blame she scorned—O, she was white and fine as a piece of Sévres—makes no difference. I had written to her at once—I thought it might fret her—and she said she had received my letter; our engagement

was, of course, at an end; she had been entirely mistaken in me. It happened that I had written that letter in a copying-book that lay on my desk, intending to destroy the tissue copy left in the book; but when her answer came, I threw the book into a drawer, turned the key, and never turned it again till this morning, when I took it out to burn." He took the book from his pocket; he wished to impress on her his indifference. "You may read it if you care to," he said.

Faith by no means cared to: she strongly preferred not to read it; but a shyness kept her silent. She turned over the leaves aimlessly:

"DEAR FRIEND: I realize, after a night's reflection, that I was rash yesterday, and I think I must ask you to release me—"

The tissue leaf fluttered over, slipping from her numb fingers, and another page lay open, headed with the same date—November 23rd—three years ago:

"My darling, I hope you have not been disturbed by—"

No need of reading another word. Faith was no fool, and it was impossible not to see—in spite of whirling brain and sense of suffocation—what it was that had happened three years ago. They had turned some time since, and were walking homeward. Well for Faith then that her voice was inflexible and her manner unimpulsive.

When, a minute later, her breath came freely enough to permit her to say:

"What is this business letter of the same date?" he thought she was talking at random, to tide over the awkwardness of the time.

"I don't know," he said, willing to help her; "let me see. O, yes—a college friend I had foolishly consented to go into an editorial enterprise with. An attractive scheme it was, but unsound. Bush was his name—Israel Bush. I was afraid, after I had sent the letter, that it was bald and abrupt; my mind was on the other all the time I was writing. I might have spared my regrets, for he hadn't received the letter when I called, later in the day; and the matter was settled pleasantly enough in conversation.

She slipped the book into the wide pocket of her ulster.

"Supposing," she said, "that you were mistaken about that lady; that she was really true to you—should you love her still?"

His dark eyes smiled down into hers.

"Dear child! You need not feel that that affair takes anything from you; I never loved *her*—only a creation of my own imagination that I gave her name to."

"But suppose it had been real?"

"Ah, well! if it had—but it was not. It is you who are real, to the bottom of your loyal heart."

Faith dropped her eyes, and walked on in silence. She had regained her faculties enough to know exactly where she stood. She knew that she held the whole matter in her own hands; Madge and Mr. Hazen would never compare notes on the broken engagement; their estrangement would remain. Nor would they allow that estrangement to interfere with her happiness with each other; she knew them both, and she was sure of her ground.

"O, my Pearl, if I could only *do* something for you! Where is there any lack in your life that I could supply? What have I to supply a lack from?" echoed mockingly through her brain.

They were passing the leafless wild-rose bushes that edge the laurel grove at the mouth of the cañon.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Hazen," she cried, mechanically; "I want to get these rose-hips for—" she stopped.

The stems of those small deep-colored roses that grow by that grove are very porcupines for thorns; she added the thorny-stemmed hips, however, to the purple vines and white berries in her ungloved hand.

Mr. Hazen lingered at Faith's door, holding her hand.

"Faith," he said, wistfully, "try to think of me as favorably as you can. I won't pretend to feel what I did that other time; one can't—*I* can't go through that twice; but I do care greatly about this. I am lonely, dear girl, and so are you. And you may trust me to make you happy."

"I will tell you to-morrow," she said, indistinctly.

Safely in her own room at last! It was a shabby little room, at bottom; but the traces of Madge's hand all over made it almost pretty: the statuette in its black velvet shrine; the draping of the curtains; a bright fan here; a sketch in color or a photograph there. Faith saw it all before she dropped on her knees and hid her face in the pillow.

"It is too much!" she sobbed. "He is more to me than she; he is all I can ever have for my own. All I said last night was true; but to give her the only thing I have to supply the only thing she wants—"

An hour later, Bert Ledyard knocked at his sister's door. Madge, unable to shake off last night's agitation, had slipped away from the happy group. She had to hastily bathe her eyes before she could open the door. He had a cluster of red rose-hips, white berries, and fragrant purple vines in one hand, and a fat envelope in the other.

"That freshman at Faith's place brought them over," he said.

"From Faith? Why it is time she appeared herself; it will soon be lunch-time. Thank you, Bert."

Inside the envelope was another, and a folded tissue leaf from a copying-book, across which Faith's hand had written:

"Copy of letter addressed to Israel Bush."

The enclosed envelope was directed in Mr. Hazen's hand to Israel Bush; it had never been through the office, and across one end Faith had written:

"Found between the leaves of a copying-book, never opened since the date within."

"If Pearl can't see through the affair with those data," Faith had said, laying down the pencil, "then she doesn't deserve to know."

For inside the envelope addressed to Israel Bush lay the letter Madge had never received.

There was one thing more in the envelope—a Christmas card; and on the back of it was written:

"A merry, merry Christmas, my dear Pearl! I send with this a Christmas present that I hope will please you; and I send with it, I cannot tell you how much love and good wishes. A merry Christmas, my Pearl, and a happy New-Year!"

There were some little red flecks along the lines; Madge would not have known what they were if she had noticed them. They were only records of the traces left on Faith's fingers by the wild-rose stems, while she was bringing them home for a Christmas token to Pearl.

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

IMMIGRATION, AND HOW TO PROMOTE IT.

Spasmodically, the people of California are possessed with a desire to promote immigration. Meetings are called, committees appointed, officers elected, some money contributed, pamphlets of glittering generalities printed and distributed, and the fever subsides.

A part of the public press iterates and reiterates the evils arising from the competition in California of Chinese labor, until the people of our own race in other States and counties are led to believe that the small farmer and farm-laborer cannot succeed in this State. Another portion of the press appears to find pleasure in repeating the fact, that the fairest portions of California were granted by Spain and Mexico, in vast tracts for cattle-ranges, to private individuals, and are now in the possession of capitalists, who refuse to sell except at exorbitant prices. It is also frequently stated and published, that, if there remained any valuable land in California,

after deducting the Spanish and Mexican grants, it had been given by the United States Government to railroad companies, or been "gobbled" by land speculators.

A few winters since, the tide of immigration commenced to flow west, and San Francisco received a temporary influx of population, some of whose members had to receive slight assistance until they could be directed where to find work in the country. The fact was immediately published at home, and copied far and wide, that laboring men in California could not find work, and that the benevolent people of San Francisco had been compelled to establish public soup-houses, to keep them alive. Of course the tide of immigration was immediately stayed. When an immigrant bureau is established, it receives no public, and but little private, support. There immediately arises a suspicion that somebody is to make some money out of it, or that it is to be used to "work off" some Mexican grant, or the lands of some speculator; and it is left to cold neglect, and dies of inanition. When the bureau is composed, as I believe nearly all have been, of honest, earnest men, it has failed for other reasons. The immigrant who comes simply to labor, or the mechanic who desires to pursue his trade, needs but little assistance or direction; but the man who comes to find a piece of public land for a farm, that he can pre-empt or homestead, wants definite information. He is not satisfied with being told—valuable as the information is—that strawberries in California are in the market during every month of the year; or that Mr. Rose makes annually so many million gallons of wine; or that Mr. Blower raises and sells so many tons of raisins; or that Mr. Glenn, from his own land, loads so many ships with wheat. The immigrant wants to know where he can find, at first cost, a piece of land of eighty or one hundred and sixty acres, upon which he can raise wheat, grapes, or other crops, and thereby support himself and family. Any bureau of immigration that fails to furnish this information has no reason for living: is not worthy of support, and should die. It is popularly supposed that this kind of information can be obtained at the United States or State land offices. This is only true in a general sense. The basis of the information is to be found there; but it is distributed through perhaps fifty volumes of four hundred pages each; and the United States does not find clerks to collate and classify this information. It surveys the land, furnishes a record of the quality of so much of it as is passed over by the surveyor—whether level, timbered, or rocky—and opens these books to public inspection, and says, *caveat emptor*. If the immigrant goes to the land office, and says he desires to pre-empt a piece of land, the clerk immediately answers, where? It is not the clerk's business to find him the land, or to direct him to land he, the clerk, has never seen. The clerk will show him the books and maps, and allow him to make a selection; but, unless more than ordinarily intelligent, can only answer generally as to the climate, rainfall, or productions of the region in which the immigrant proposes to make a selection. If California was similar to Kansas and Nebraska, with thousands of square miles of prairie of almost uniform character and climate, the clerk could hardly direct the immigrant amiss; but California is peculiar. Generally, the most valuable agricultural portion of it may be described as a series of large valleys, running north-west and south-east, between two ranges of mountains. Some places at the north end receive nearly one hundred inches of rain annually; other places in the same valley, not to exceed five inches. There is also a great difference in the rainfall between the east and west sides of the valleys, at the same elevation. There are also local differences; as for illustration: There are vacant Government lands in the San Francisco land district, in township four south, of ranges three and five east. If the immigrant selected his pre-emption in four south, three east, his land would receive an annual average of eighteen inches of rain. If he selected it fifteen miles farther east, in four south, and five east, his farm would receive not to exceed eight inches, and his crops of wheat would be failures four years out of five. He would find, by practical ex-

perience, that the Mount Diablo range of hills, lying west of his farm, stripped the moisture from the clouds before they passed over his land. It is not the business of the clerks in the Government land offices to devote their evenings to the study of the meteorology of the State; nor to expend their salaries of one hundred dollars a month in examining lands, and estimating their agricultural possibilities, for the benefit of immigrants or the public. This is the work of the State, through a geological survey; and is not, in new States, usually undertaken and completed until public schools and universities have not only been planted, but have grown and borne fruit.

All the information necessary for the immigrant or settler can be procured, and can be exhibited to him, with such certainty and clearness, that, if he has positive ideas as to the kind of agriculture in which he proposes to engage, he can be directed to particular townships, containing public lands from which to make his selection. The business of obtaining and collating this class of information is in the hands of men who, from natural aptitude and opportunity, have been compelled to make the subject a study. A very excellent clerk or book-keeper might make a very poor searcher of records.

The gathering and publication of this information, as the only practical means of promoting a healthy immigration of agriculturists, should be under the direction of a bureau created by the State. This bureau should act under authority of law, not because the State, as a rule, does work as well or as economically as individuals; but because what is published by the State goes out as official, and has a weight and unquestioned influence in the countries from whence our immigrants come that are not accorded to the publications of individuals or corporations. But the State moves slowly; crops have been good, and sold for fair prices; every man who desires to labor can find work; some classes of mechanics are demanding and receiving increased wages; public soup-houses are closed; and there is a general call for immigrants who are willing to go into the country, "take up land," and cultivate the soil. There is always a surplus of men who stay in the cities and towns, living precariously, or predaceously, within the shadow of the places where alcohol is sold. Of these, California has her full quota, and desires no increase. But we have the land and room for many thousands more of farmers, and of those farm-laborers who have "the Saxon hunger for land," and who look forward to the day when they may cultivate one hundred and sixty acres owned by themselves, "in fee-simple absolute." To direct and aid this class of immigrants, the Board of Trade of San Francisco has appointed a committee of gentlemen, who, without doubt, are unselfish, sincere, and earnest. It is very desirable that the work of this committee should result in fruition. Many of the members have possibly no more than a general knowledge of the laws of the United States, and the rules and regulations of the United States Land Department, governing the survey and disposal of the public lands. It is not, therefore, improper to show plainly what is necessary or requisite before this or any other committee or bureau could do effective and practical work in directing the farmer immigrant where he may find desirable public land on which to make a home. It may also be added, that the system here proposed is not theoretical, but founded upon practical experience during the past eighteen years.

The public lands of the United States are first surveyed into blocks six miles square: these are called townships. These townships are numbered north, south, east, and west, from some prominent central point. In the northern part of the State this point is the summit of Mt. Diablo. The city of Sacramento is in township eight north, of range four east; therefore, it is in that particular township which is forty-eight miles north, and twenty-four miles east, of Mt. Diablo. These townships are subdivided into thirty-six sections, each a mile square, and systematically numbered. Each section again into quarter-sections of one hundred and sixty acres each; and theoretically, these again

into forty-acre tracts, which is practically the smallest subdivision with which the Government deals. This system is definite, and avoids any confusion. It enables the intending settler to find a given piece of land, and assures positiveness and clearness of description in patents and deeds. A conveyance of the south-east quarter of the north-east quarter of section seventeen, township ten north, of range eight east, Mt. Diablo base and meridian, gives a clear and positive description of a certain and particular forty acres of the earth's surface, which cannot be made to apply to any other forty acres on this planet.

When a township is surveyed and subdivided, a map of it is made, and filed in the local United States land office. Any settler who may be living on the land in this township has now the preferred right, for ninety days, to file, in this land office, his claims of pre-emption or homestead for one hundred and sixty acres, which must embrace the land where his house and other improvements are situated. The cost of filing a pre-emption claim is three dollars. The Government requires the settler to occupy and improve the land, and gives him a credit of two years and nine months within which to make his payment. He should, before the expiration of this period, appear at the land office, with two witnesses, and prove to the officers that he has lived on and cultivated the land, when he is allowed to pay for it, at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, if outside of the limits of the grant of odd-numbered sections made by the Government to aid in building a railroad; or two dollars and fifty cents per acre, if within those limits. After this is done, the Government issues to him a patent for the land. If the settler so elects, he may file a homestead for one hundred and sixty acres. The fees in this case, if without the limits of a grant to a railroad company, are sixteen dollars; or twenty-two dollars, if within such limits. The settler in this case is required to reside upon and cultivate the land for at least five years, after which he can appear, at any time within two years thereafter, with two witnesses, before the land office, and prove the facts of his residence and cultivation, when the United States Government will give him a patent without further cost, except an additional fee of six dollars, if the land is beyond railroad limits; or twelve dollars, if within such limits. There are other means of obtaining lands from the Government, such as State selections, university locations, etc.; but these do not interest the immigrant bureau, or the intending settler.

All of the land in the township not thus appropriated by the settlers who were living upon it at the time of the survey is subject to pre-emption and homestead, in one hundred and sixty acre tracts, by the first settler who will occupy it, file upon it in the land office, and put it to use. If the township is within the limits of a grant to a railroad company, then only the vacant quarter-sections of even-numbered sections are thus subject to pre-emption and homestead. The odd-numbered sections can only be obtained by purchase from the railroad company.

The practical business of a bureau or committee on immigration is: First, to obtain the information where, in this State, may be found public land of the Government, of average quality, that is subject to pre-emption and homestead. Second, to have this information put upon maps, and kept in charge of an intelligent clerk, who has a sufficient knowledge of the State, its climate, and productions, to enable him to explain to an immigrant how it may be found and examined; and generally, the productions, climate, rainfall, and market facilities of each particular region. Third, the publication and distribution of a pamphlet, giving the obtainable statistics of the productions of the State, and its exports; the character of the country; its peculiarities of climate; its rivers and railroad system; its common school system; and generally, such other facts as would give a stranger a correct view of California and its people. This publication should also state that there remained, of public lands, on the day of the publication of the pamphlet, as many millions of acres as may be found;

that these lands are unappropriated, and are subject to pre-emption and homestead, in tracts of one hundred and sixty acres, by any immigrant who desires them. It should further state that the immigrant bureau will have on exhibition maps showing these lands, and a person in daily attendance to explain to the immigrant how they may be found; and further, that no fee will be charged for giving this information. If possible, the correctness of the facts stated in the pamphlet should be indorsed by the British, German, Swedish, Norwegian, and other Consuls, as well as by the Governor of the State. If these three things were done, in a very short time the question of immigration would be solved. We need but show the members of the desirable classes of the East and Europe where they can obtain fair lands, at Government prices, or practically without cost, and they will find the way to come and take them.

The obtaining of the important and necessary information of all of the public lands subject to pre-emption and homestead, and the plotting of these tracts on land maps, are not more complicated or difficult than for a merchant to take an account of stock. It is simply detail work, which any careful clerk can perform; as, for illustration, there are probably hundreds of thousands of acres of land subject to pre-emption and homestead in the San Francisco land district. The books of the land office, when not in use, are open to public inspection. A clerk of the bureau could visit the office, and examine the record of any township in the district that has been surveyed and is on file. Commencing with one township, he would make a note of all filings and reservations, and plot these on a township map. When this was done, it would show that on the day he made the examination, all of the land exhibited in this township map that remained blank was subject to be taken by pre-emption and homestead. A map of the State would show him in what county this vacant land was situated, and how it could be most cheaply reached from San Francisco. This could be noted on the back of the township map. He could next visit the United States Surveyor-General's office, and ask for the field notes of the deputy surveyor who surveyed this township. The reading of these would give him the opinion of the surveyor as to the character of the land; also a record of its hills, brooks, streams, trees, and other natural vegetation, etc. A condensed statement of the substance of these field notes should also be recorded on the back of the township plat. He would thus proceed with each township, until all the several hundred townships in the San Francisco land district had thus been examined and recorded. When completed, the bureau, the public, and the immigrant would be astonished to know that there are large bodies of public land still unappropriated, and subject to homestead and pre-emption, within a few hours' ride of the city of San Francisco.

Similar work could be done by a clerk of the bureau of immigration in the land offices of Sacramento, Marysville, Shasta, Los Angeles, etc., until the information had been collated of all the surveyed lands in the State. When completed, it would be a mass of practically useful information, such as is only found collected together in one other place; that is, in the Interior Department at Washington.

When the committee or bureau had gathered the information of the vacant and unappropriated land in, say, one hundred or two hundred townships, it would be ready to open an office. If the funds donated to aid the bureau are found insufficient to continue or complete the work of obtaining this information, wealthy people in those counties where population is most needed might aid the bureau by agreeing to pay the clerk-hire necessary to furnish the information, so far as relates to the public land in the county in which they reside or are interested.

The people of those counties most desiring an increase of population could also aid the immigrant and the bureau by employing the county surveyor, or some other competent person, to show the foreign immigrant the particular lands in a given township which, on the map supplied by the bureau,

were shown to be open to pre-emption and homestead.

As rapidly as lands were taken, the general map of the bureau would require correction; these corrections could be made from copies of the monthly reports made to the commissioner of the general land office by the registers and receivers of the local land offices; so that, immediately after the first of every month, the general map of the bureau would be a correct exhibit of all the public lands in the State subject to pre-emption and homestead. If the bureau thought it desirable, also, to make an exhibit of all the surveyed, patented, and graded lands in any given number of townships for sale by the railroad companies, these, also, could be obtained without cost, and be copied on the general maps of the bureau.

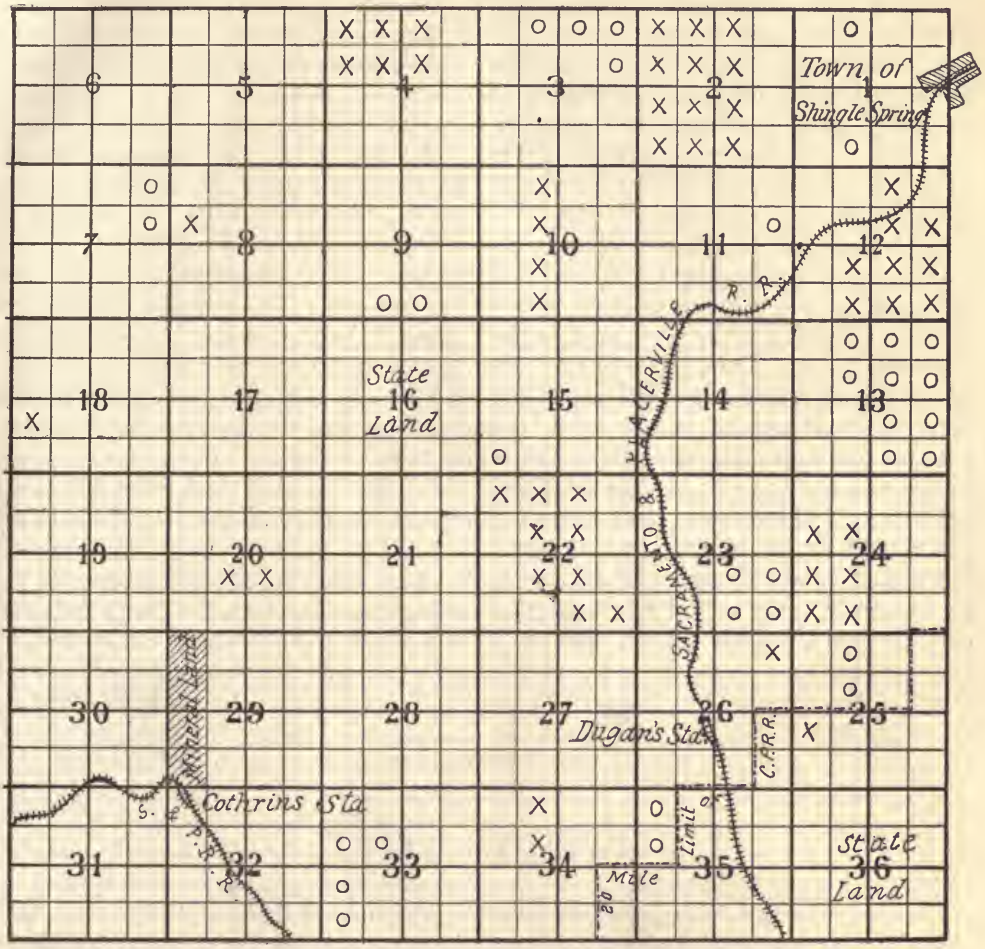
If the bureau obtains this information, as has been indicated, and simply gives public notice that it will, without cost, direct agricultural immigrants where they may find public land suitable for cultivation, and supply skeleton maps, showing these lands in a given township in detail, it may, in my opinion, cease further work or expenditure. The various transportation companies will, in their own interest, take the necessary measures to bring people to the State. To illustrate how simply and easily this information can be gathered by the bureau, and with what clearness and directness it can be exhibited to the immigrant, I have selected a township at random—township 9 north, of range 9 east, Mt. Diablo base and meridian; that is, that township which is fifty-four miles north and fifty-four miles east of Mt. Diablo. A map of the State shows it to be in the Sacramento United States land district, a part within and a part without the limits of the grant to the Central Pacific Railroad Company; and that all of it is in the "foothills" of the Sierra, and within the county of El Dorado. The State map also shows that the Sacramento and Placerville railroad passes through it. A letter to the land office at Sacramento, asking what lands had been filed on by settlers, or disposed of by the United States in this township, and an inquiry at the railroad land office as to the patented and unsold lands belonging to the company in the same township, were both promptly answered. From these answers, the accompanying map has been constructed, showing all of the land in this township subject to homestead and pre-emption on the 14th of November, 1881; and also showing the lands which the railroad company, in the same township, had for sale on the same day.

This map shows that there are, to-day, in this township two thousand one hundred and twenty acres of United States land undisposed of, and subject to pre-emption and homestead; and also, thirteen hundred and twenty acres belonging to the railroad company, and for sale. To ascertain the general quality of this land, the office of the United States Surveyor-General was visited, and from the field notes of the United States deputy surveyor I made the following extract:

"The land in this township is generally hilly; it is intersected by several streams, towards the heads of which are fertile valleys. There are several vineyards in different parts of the township, which produce a good quality of wine. Towards the northern part are hills, destitute of timber and covered with chemisal and manzanita brush, which are capable of being converted into good vineyards. This township formerly contained rich deposits of gold; and the numerous creeks and ravines have been thoroughly mined. At present, there are, with few exceptions, no mines which are remunerative to white labor. Copper has been sought after in different parts of this township, but with no encouraging results. The Boston Copper Mining Company has worked for three years, and has sunk several shafts in the center of the township, but without much success. In the south-west quarter of section eight, and north-west quarter of section seventeen, are limekilns and marble quarries, from which a good quality of lime and marble are procured. The timber is generally white and live oak, and pine, with undergrowth of chaparal, chemisal, live-oak, manzanita, and buckeye. The township is well watered, and has good facilities for communication afforded by the different toll roads and the Sacramento and Placerville railroad."

The survey of the Sacramento and Placerville railroad shows that the land in this township has an elevation above the sea of an average of nine hundred feet. The lowest portion of the township, over which the rail-

TOWNSHIP No. 9 NORTH RANGE No. 9 EAST MT DIABLO MERIDIAN.



X LANDS SUBJECT TO PREEMPTION & HOMESTEAD NOV. 14. 1881. O LANDS FOR SALE BY THE R.R. CO. NOV 14. 1881. MINERAL LANDS

road passes, is four hundred and fifty-three feet; and the highest, one thousand four hundred and twenty-five feet. It is, therefore, within what is known as the warm belt of the "foothills." The meteorological records kept by the Central Pacific Railroad Company show, that for the past seven years this township has received an annual average rainfall of thirty-two and sixty-one one hundredths inches.

With a copy of this map, and the information here detailed, an immigrant could have no trouble in visiting this township, and making an examination of the vacant lands. He would, without doubt, find many tracts within the inclosure of people who, having exhausted their own free pre-emption and homestead rights, are desirous of retaining the use of adjoining valuable public land as long as possible; but they will generally yield possession

when a filing is made in the United States land office.

In taking this township to use for the purpose of illustrating how the vacant lands are to be found and exhibited to the immigrant, I happened upon one quite thickly settled, where there are schools and places of worship, wheat farms, orchards, and vineyards—in fact, one of the most noted vineyards in the State is in this township. If I had taken, for purpose of illustration, a township farther away from a railroad, it would have disclosed larger bodies of public land.

From personal knowledge and cursory examination of the records, I am convinced there are, on the plains east of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and in the "foothills" of the Sierra, below an elevation of two thousand feet, more than two million acres of wheat, orchard, and vineyard land subject to pre-emption and homestead. How many more millions of acres are subject to pre-emption and homestead in other parts of the State, I am not so well prepared to say.

Unless specific information is obtained as to the public lands subject to pre-emption and homestead, and this information is made easily accessible to the immigrant, we will only invite the most desirable people to come here to be disappointed. I have shown how easily this information can be obtained and made available. So long as a bureau of immigration neglects these details, and depends upon vague generalities, it will be practically useless; or, what is worse, act as an obstruction to the immigration of the most desirable class of people.

Civilization had dawned, and the progress of the race was assured, when the first man planted seed in the confident hope of, in peace, gathering the crop. We advance in civilization, and accelerate progress, when we fasten men, by ownership, to the land they cultivate. This ownership converts the "tramp" into an industrious citizen; the agrarian and communist into conservative and law-abiding members of society; and the indifferent and thriftless into habits of prudence and economy. Every man who goes on the public land to make a home, not only adds to the wealth of the nation, and to the permanence and security of civilized society, but he becomes an additional surety for the enactment of just laws, for honesty and economy in public expenditures, and for the perpetuity of a good government.

B. B. Redding.

WEE WI PING.

Over San Francisco the fog hangs like a magician's smoke, and, to the pioneer of 1849, the city's crowded thoroughfare may well seem a spell, that will vanish, leaving him, lantern in hand, to plod through adobe mud, or over sand banks. But the pavement is firm beneath our feet, and an evening walk shows Market and Kearney streets at their best; for the poverty of the architecture is hidden by the night, and the electric lights, brilliant as they are, do not expose the dingy paint. It is only the beautiful shops, the many-colored lights, and the pleasant throng we see, with now and then a glimpse into a dark side-street.

From one of these a young man joined the crowd on Kearney street, one evening a few years ago; apparently, however, not from a desire for companionship. He scarcely glanced at the group of loiterers looking at a bit of funny mechanism in the window of a cigar-shop. Nor did his footsteps fall in with the gay music coming from a beer-saloon below the pavement, as he passed the next corner. Farther on, a cellar dance-house suddenly disgorged its rabble. Something had been stolen, and there was much angry expostulation. But he quickly skirted the gathering crowd, and soon after reached the Plaza. Beyond it, the shops were smaller

and dimmer at every block, and walkers were beginning to retrace their steps. But the young man passed the Plaza, with its line of shabby cabs, and a few blocks farther on went into the Chinese quarter. The house before which he stopped had a window and door on the first floor. This window had on its small middle pane a piece of red paper, which bore the motto, in Chinese, "*Chai Lung Shing*," meaning "abundant relief." The motto appeared again on a vertical sign beside the door. Over the door was written in English:

WEE WI PING,
DOCTOR.

Behind the window the old doctor sat reading at a desk, with his legs drawn up as close to his body as the uppermost rung of the stool allowed, his rounded shoulders seeming doubly broad from the fur cloak he wore.

The stranger had seen him in passing the window, and shoved open the door without the ado of knocking. The room he entered was fragrant with the odor of orange-peel and bamboo, and perhaps there was a trace of opium smoke. The walls were brightened here and there with red paper mottoes, calculated to flatter the hopes of patients; and the room was further garnished by the physician's well-worn books, and by some bits of richly carved wood, fitted to the doorway at the back of the shop. A patient waiting to claim the physician's attention would have also become idly conscious of sitting in an elaborately carved chair. But the stranger had no need to-night to while away a half-hour with the various details of the room. The only occupant besides the doctor was the young boy Foo, whom the visitor had often seen here before. He turned towards the American with a flushed, happy face, as if well pleased at an addition to the audience that should listen to his Chinese flute; which, indeed, beneath his eager fingers, gave forth a faint music to mingle with the uncouth tones. At a motion from the old doctor, however, he left the room, and his music was soon heard overhead. The physician listened with apparent satisfaction, as he motioned his visitor to a seat. Taking the offered chair, the young man sought to speak quietly.

"As you promised me four months ago, I no longer freeze and burn with ague. But I could almost think," he continued, laughing nervously, "that, instead of being of the fair Saxon race, I have come to have the blood of the dark Tartar tribe in my veins. Else a skin that becomes more sallow every day can scarcely be consistent with returning health."

Wee Wi Ping remained silent, as if expecting his patient to proceed. After a brief hesitancy, the young man said, with an expression of extreme repugnance:

"I think you will not be at a loss to tell me why my limbs are beginning to bristle with these long dusky hairs."

Uncurling his legs from beneath the stool on which he has until now sat motionless, the Chinaman came with a quick, peculiar gait, to see the arm which his patient bared. There was something exceedingly sinister in his appearance—an undefinable something which permeated his whole figure, and, to the young man's fancy, extended itself to his clothing, till the red ivory button on his skull-cap seemed a bit of that brilliant coloring which Nature so often gives to her most venomous creatures. What was it that the old Chinaman suggested to his mind, and which yet so eluded his grasp? The physician turned back his own sleeve, and showed an arm still more hairy than that of his patient. The young man looked at it, and, with a quick glance of comprehension at his figure, cried:

"A spider!"

"Yes, a spider," returned the doctor, coldly.

The young man drew down his sleeve with a shiver of disgust. His face became haggard, and his thoughts were so urgent that it is doubtful if he heard fully what it was the mood of the usually taciturn old Chinaman to relate.

"For many generations," said the physician, "the eldest son of our family has been a doctor; and through this long line of physicians, a bottle of poison has descended, accompanied by the tradition which says that

its original owner escaped beyond the Chinese wall. He had it announced that he had died; and his funeral was celebrated with great punctiliousness that his flight might not be discovered to the ruin of his family. In the mean time, while bands of hired mourners were filling the air with lamentations, the physician was making his way to India, and thence, in time, he visited all the cities of the then known world; till at last, fearing that old age would surprise him in a foreign land, he began his journey home. But he had staid too long. The old age that he dreaded, as something in the future, was already upon him. He fell sick. In his helplessness, his home seemed the only beautiful place in the world, and he cursed himself that he had ever left it. As he was bewailing his misfortune, and railing against the world outside the Chinese wall, he happened to remember a vial of poison which had been given him in Italy. Yes, surely he had been told that it gave longevity; though, in truth, the weight of old Benvolio's discourse had been of its baleful qualities. But my ancestor's only thought was to get home; and he eagerly sought among his treasures for the bottle. It was soon found. A small lead bottle, with a stopper of onyx, cemented in its place by brown clay; the richly wrought sides having the direction for the minute dose. A month later he was a wiry old man, and in time he reached home.

"The poison had now become a necessity to him. Its first effect was to assimilate him physically, as near as possible, to a tarantula; but he perceived that this change was not detected by others. The second change was not noted by himself, but was painfully evident to his family; for he became malignant, and was so crafty in finding ways of killing his relatives, that the family was in danger of becoming extinct. They sought vainly to rid themselves of the alert old man. But, one after another, he disposed of most of the living members of the family, and then employed himself in desecrating the funereal urns of his ancestors, compelling his few surviving relatives to assist him in his work. He had, one afternoon, nearly reached the bottom of the urn of a respected ancestor, and was leaning far down into it for a bit of bone, when his nephew, Shun Wo, seized him by the feet and pitched him into the jar, and, by great agility, succeeded in fastening the cover down.

"The old fellow stormed and coaxed, without avail. The family could hear him crawl up the side of his improvised prison, then losing his footing, fall to the bottom. Resolved never to be troubled with him again, living or dead, they carried the urn to a distant part of the empire, and buried it. Horror of him was so great that several generations passed away before the urn in which he had been immured was sought out. Then an old physician, who had delighted from his childhood in reading the accounts which his ancestor had left of his travels, determined, even at the risk of bringing an evil spirit into the family, to make sure that the tales were not myths, by unearthing the remains, and finding, if possible, the vial which his progenitor claimed to have received in Italy. He found a skeleton in a wadded blouse. The pocket of the blouse was turned inside out, showing that the prisoner had sought for the bottle of poison, as a means of prolonging his life; but the vial had escaped through a hole, and buried itself in the wadding of the garment. The old physician seems to have rested content with the discovery of the bottle; and from his time to mine, no one seems to have clung so fiercely to life as to put to trial the potency of the medicine. In my case, a love of my art, an investigating spirit, have led me to test the truth of the family legend. I have watched its action on myself, know its physical effects to be a darkened skin, a growth of hair on the limbs, and venomous finger nails. Its moral effects, which might escape my observation in my own person, I intend to demonstrate on you."

The young man had gradually become conscious of the import of the physician's words, and turned upon him with a white face and flashing eyes. He perceived a small lead bottle in the physician's hands. Wee Wi Ping saw that it was seen, and ut-

tered a threatening cry as he sought convulsively to hide the bottle in his bosom. But his long-nailed fingers clutched it in vain. In an instant the young man wrenched it from him, and the Chinaman clung to his patient by tooth and nail, endeavoring to drag him to the floor. With one of those sudden outlays of strength, however, of which excitable natures are capable, the young man flung the physician from him, almost as if he were a hideous insect. Very malignant the old fellow seemed, as, having gathered himself up from the floor, he stood observant of his patient's movements.

"What are you going to do with this medicine?"

"Destroy it. Put it where you will never do any mischief with it again," replied the young man.

"Humph!" said Wee Wi Ping. "You claim to be a chemist. There may be some antidote for this poison. But, if you make way with the contents of this bottle, you will have only a month in which to try experiments."

"I tell you," answered the young man, "that I shall destroy the stuff."

"Very well," grimly responded the physician; "but if, at the end of this month you conclude to live another month, I shall demand of you another month's life for myself."

An hour later the young man reached his lodgings. A letter, directed to Mr. James Sheldon, had been slipped beneath his door. His hand trembled as he looked at the familiar handwriting. But only the first of it was from his mother. Good neighbor Elsie has written the remainder to tell him of his mother's sudden death.

"Mother, mother! would you have seen the change that is coming over me?"

Bitter tears sprung to his eyes; but, as he thought of his mother, tender memories of her soothed him to gentle sorrow. For her sake, the evil that has come upon him shall be conquered.

It was on the eighth of May, eight months after the events we have related, and Sheldon was thinking of Wee Wi Ping as he hastened to his lodgings. If the old fellow came this afternoon, he would receive for the eighth time a dose of poison. Reaching his room, Sheldon found that he had left his key in the door. On entering, he perceived the Chinaman standing by the window. His more than usual sullenness made Sheldon wonder if he had been making an unprofitable search of the room; but he could see no trace of his fingers.

"Good day," said Sheldon; "sit down; I want to talk with you."

"I hear," returned the Chinaman.

Sheldon took from his pocket-book a quill which had been dipped in the tarantula poison, and placed it on the table beside a bottle containing a red fluid. He looked at the old physician, who had not moved from his position beside the window, or so much as turned his eyes from the direction of the brick wall across the street.

"For eight months," said Sheldon, steadily, "my life has depended on this poison. But now I think I have found the means whereby I may rid myself of its tyranny. Every month I shall take less poison, and in its place use a draught I have prepared. You may do the same. If you will not—" he paused, and then added, emphatically, "Do not deceive yourself. When I stop taking this poison, I shall no longer feed it to you!"

The Chinaman's face remained as impassive as if he had been addressed in a language unknown to him, and Sheldon was at a loss how to reach him. Calling to mind the young Chinaman he had often seen in the doctor's office, and remembering the old fellow's seeming liking for him, he said:

"May you not sometime hurt Foo?"

Wee Wi Ping turned his face slowly on his questioner. His rage had none of that ebullition by which anger escapes in gestures. Its threat was in his face.

"Dead, eight months ago!"

Sheldon sprang to his feet. Had the physician killed Foo in his first rage at losing the poison? If the young man had arisen with the intention of going to the Chinaman, he was stopped by hearing an uncertain

fumbling at his door. It opened, and an old man came in. An ejaculation escaped Sheldon, and for an instant his eyes were on the physician. He had thought his father safe with Elsie in the country. Where can he hope to hide this childish old man for the future, that the malice of Wee Wi Ping will not find him out? A beetle crept from a box of herbs on the window-sill, and came towards the physician. He spat on the creature, and Sheldon saw that it writhed and died. The perspiration started to the young man's brow as he turned to his father. It was best for the old man that his son should seem his enemy.

"Jimmy, I want to live with you!" cried old Caleb, grasping his son's coat.

"Go away!" cried Sheldon, freeing himself from the old man's hands; "go away—go where you belong!"

The old man whimpered, then his face brightened.

"Jimmy, Jimmy boy, I have money to take care of us," pleaded old Caleb, drawing a yarn stocking from his pocket to show a treasure of a few dimes. In doing so, a steel thimble rolled from the stocking.

"Oh!" cried Caleb, piteously, "I saved it."

Sheldon recognized his mother's thimble, and seizing his father by the arm, he hurried him to the door.

"You hurt me," cried the old man.

The hand that held him grew gentle, but its purpose not less determined; and in a moment, the door was closed behind him. Within the room, muttering to himself, Sheldon stalked to and fro in such a manner as to keep between the Chinaman and the door. Once, pausing involuntarily when the old man stumbled on the stairs, his seeming anger increased. Chairs were kicked out of the way, and soon half the contents of the table came to the floor, to the terror of a cat which for a week he had been trying to coax down from the eaves to his room. He checked himself suddenly. Can it be possible, he asked himself, that I may not even simulate anger lest a real rage should seize me? He had watched himself vigilantly for months, and until now had thought that he had escaped any moral taint from the poison. The sternness of his expression relaxed somewhat as he saw on the table the bottle of medicine he had prepared. Reflecting that his father must have had time to go some distance, he seated himself and looked at Wee Wi Ping, who still looked out at the window without any apparant interest in Sheldon's movements. He now, however, came to the table where Sheldon sat, and having first carefully secured the quill of poison in his clothing, he took the bottle of medicine in his hand.

"You are not afraid to taste your own mixture," he demanded, eying the young man keenly.

"No, certainly not; see!"

Apparently satisfied, the Chinaman took the bottle and left the room. Sheldon was at the pains to know that he went directly to Chinatown.

Poor old Caleb! When his son had shut the door on him, he stood before it dazed and tremulous, and then began the descent of the steep stairs. Surely, whoever had built them had not thought of old age or sickness. His lips quivered with the helplessness of second childhood, as he thought of Elsie, from whom he had run away. Caleb lived with Elsie and her husband, Joe, in a little village to which the railroad had just been completed. When the trial was made over the road, Joe came to the city, returning a few days later, brimming over with tales of the sights he had seen. Caleb listened eagerly, especially when the talk was of Sheldon; and Joe, well pleased with his attention, laid himself out to please him.

"Why," said Joe, "in the city there are so many people that they do not know one another's names. You see, if I were to say, 'Please, sir, where does Mr. Sheldon live, no one could tell me. But I knew better than that. I knew I must say, 'Please, sir, where is No. 10 Blank street.' I must be sure not to forget that; so I had it written on a piece of paper which I carried in my pocket," and Joe, thrusting his hand into his pocket and finding that it still contained the identical

piece of paper, proceeded once more to peruse its contents.

"There," he said, "there it is, No. 10 Blank street."

"Yes," said Caleb; and that night he lay awake thinking of the wonderful city, and teaching himself to say, "Please, sir, where is No. 10 Blank street."

Now that he had seen his son, he wandered off down the street, his palsied head giving sad answer to his troubled heart. It was one of San Francisco's disagreeable afternoons. The sky was bright, but the wind often hid him in dust, leaving him weary and breathless when the gust had subsided. He walked a distance that afternoon which might have wearied younger feet. Where was he going? Did he know? He came into a little side-street, where stood a small white house, with the sign, "John Rea, Florist." The earth before the house had been banked up with boards, affording a space where grew a climbing rose and a honeysuckle; a bunch of marigolds also grew on the bank, probably emigrants from the side garden. But Caleb looked neither at the delicate rose, nor at the honeysuckle which was filling the air with perfume; but only at the old-fashioned marigolds. A girl was sitting by the window; and he stretched out his hands towards them with trembling eagerness. Poor, weary old Caleb! Were the flowers fairy gold, that they danced away from his fingers? The house, too, became a white blank; and the girl—

Poor old Caleb! If his strength had to fail, it was well that it should be at John Rea's door. A little later, he sat by the kitchen fire, his grateful eyes watching Mrs. Rea and Judith, as they busied themselves for his comfort. He had finished his third ample slice of bread before he settled back in his chair and gave himself up to the sense of warmth which the fire was imparting to his chilled body; and his happiness was complete when Judith thought to give him her father's pipe. As the glow in the bowl of the pipe sunk lower and lower, the soothing smoke filled the old man's heart with Indian summer; and he sat watching the sunshine that streamed into the room, with thoughts as vague and floating as the atoms in the sunbeams.

In the mean time the police were searching the city for him; but for several days his son failed to find any trace of him. Rest was impossible to Sheldon. Night and day he haunted the streets, the purpose in his white face seeming so apart from every-day concerns as to be almost startling. Not only was he harassed by the anxieties of the present, but, in spite of himself, he went over again and again, in a sort of mental treadmill, the scenes which had taken place in his room. Once, at the summons of a detective, he stood in the morgue, and saw an old man lying there with cruel finger-marks on his throat. Not Caleb! Yet just such a possibility had been dogging the young man's thought. Where was Wee Wi Ping? He had given up his practice, and Sheldon knew nothing of his whereabouts. To find him, he peered into Chinese warehouses and restaurants; showed his haggard face in their gambling-dens; and, under the guidance of the police, left not a noisome tenement whose huddled wretches he did not see. But the sunset of the third day found him without any clew by which to find either his father or the Chinaman. He was gloomily considering what should be done next, as he stood waiting for a car which would carry him to the police office; but, being depressed and absent-minded, he allowed it to slip past him.

With a sigh he looked after the receding car, then roused himself to look at the crowd. There was the balloon-man, with his cluster of floating worlds. A blind woman sat near the curbstone with a hand-organ. Its bits of love and sorrow from the operas had long ago grown monotonous, and she no longer listened to them; but the occasional dropping of a small coin in her cup sings to her of a fire in her small grate, a jolly kettle, and a spluttering of meat in the pan.

Sheldon had looked into so many faces during the past few days, that his heart ached at the sight of strangers. If he could only find Caleb! His glance wandered to the other side of the street, where the people

were just coming out from a matinee. There stood Caleb. Sheldon stretched out a hand to steady himself, and hastily brushed the mist from his eyes. How happy the old man seemed! He was selling flowers, and his face shone with simple good-will on the passers-by. Evidently he was enjoying the crowd. Sheldon drew near, and stood watching him as he offered his bouquets, now to a pretty girl or pleasant-faced woman, now to some business man who hurried unheeding past the out-stretched hand. There were gorgeous dames that now and then sailed past Caleb, delighting him with their glittering beads and satin gowns. He would have taken a child's pleasure in touching their glossy dresses. As he held out his flowers to them, he bestowed on these fair ones the most honest admiration which, perhaps, they had ever received. He was, himself, so comical a figure, with his brindled old beaver, his baggy coat tails, and the smutches of dirt on his face—for his hands had been on some dusty railing—that even Sheldon's tenderness was surprised into a smile.

A wig-maker's window near Sheldon suggested a new course of action to him. He longed to speak to his father, but dreaded to bring a shadow across his face, even for a moment. Disguised, he should not bring a grievous memory back to the old man; and for the future, he could be able to befriend him with less fear of arousing the physician's animosity.

In the next quarter of an hour, an old gentleman emerged from the wig-maker's establishment, and was quickly spied by Caleb, for the street was now fast thinning of its crowd. He proved a good customer, buying, not one bouquet only, but all that were in the basket. Five nosegays at once!—such an armful that Caleb was obliged to show him more than once that he was crushing one or another of them. He was so helpful that it was no wonder that the other old fellow's face grew tender to him. Indeed, they were such friends by the time the bouquets were arranged, that the new-comer offered to walk home with Caleb. But the latter did not know the way home, and must wait for a boy who was coming to meet him. The two old men, therefore, began to look at the shop-windows; and, if the stranger was a little restless when Caleb passed before the wig-maker's, his embarrassment was relieved by the speedy appearance of Peter Rea.

Peter Rea was a shy lad, the stranger thought; but, long before they reached their destination, the mention of a common friend, Robinson Crusoe, had made them friends. Caleb, Peter, and their new friend were chatting merrily when they came in sight of the Rea cottage; and, as the gentleman had said that he would like to see Mr. Rea, it seemed quite natural to Caleb and Peter to take him around to the back door with them. The stranger, however, paused here, an appetizing odor warning him that the family were about to sit down to supper. Through the half glass door he could see a fair-haired girl kneeling before the stove, toasting a last piece of bread, and an older woman holding a teapot to the light, to see how much water would fill it. As he bade Caleb and Peter good by, saying he would come another time, the stranger looked pleased; for the room into which he had been looking was filled with the din of merry children, and he had watched them scramble over a large man, and scream with delight when he shook himself, or suddenly let down a leg.

"Father," said Peter, putting his body half in at the door, "isn't the gentleman to come in this way?"

John, hearing himself appealed to, came to the door, making a hasty attempt to smooth his soft flaxen hair.

"If you please, sir, I should like to speak to you," said the stranger.

As they stood alone, John saw by the light from the kitchen windows that the stranger was an elderly man.

"May I talk with you about Caleb Sheldon? I have gathered something of his story, and am interested in him," said the man.

John took a second look at the stranger, but, noting his white hair, corrected some momentary impression.

"Yes," he said; "I suppose he has told

you of his undutiful son, who has turned him out of doors."

If the light had been brighter, John would have seen that his speech made the old gentleman wince.

"I infer," he replied, "that he is dependent on you. May I ask what you are going to do with—with this old man?"

"Well," said John, with perplexed good-nature, "I do not know. Judith thinks he can sell flowers," and John stopped to pick up the cat that was caressingly rubbing herself against his leg. The stranger shook his head.

"One so old may too readily suffer harm on the crowded streets. I notice," he said, "that you have a room for rent. Will you let me have it for this old man?"

Seeing John's surprise, he added hastily:

"Surely one old fellow may help another. I will gladly pay his expenses, to know that he is sheltered from the turmoil of the city."

"Well, well," said John, good-humoredly, "come in and talk the matter over."

The old gentleman seemed shy of coming into the house; and was, in fact, so bashful an old man, that he stammered very much when John paused for his name, in presenting him to Mrs. Rea. But he was a pleasant old man, when he became more at his ease; and before the supper was finished, the family had lost the feeling that he was a newcomer.

"Peter," said Mrs. Rea, "see how straight Mr. James is! You will never be like that, if you do not hold your shoulders back."

The old gentleman, indeed, had the advantage of Peter in various ways. His eyes were bright and clear, while Peter's near-sighted eyes brought his nose between the covers of his book. Then Peter often had the toothache; but the stranger's white teeth seemed yet strong for many years' service. John's eyes were often on his guest's handsome face, especially if the stranger was doing some kind office for Caleb, which was often, for he seemed to find a thousand wants of which Caleb himself was not conscious until the kind hand offered to supply them. Good John, as he looked on, gained an impression which led him next morning to question Caleb about his son's appearance when he saw him last.

"Is his skin light or dark?" suggested John.

As is common with old people, Caleb's mind turned back a number of years. He had a distinct remembrance of the half-grown boy, and answered confidently:

"He is fair, as I am."

"Humph!" said John, slowly; and, much puzzled, he picked up his hat, and went into the garden, where he whistled softly over his work, as was his fashion when thoughtful. After this, Mr. James's visits always left John thoughtful. Watching the stranger's almost yearning tenderness toward Caleb, it was impossible to doubt that a good intention brought him to the old man's side. But who was he? and why did he come disguised? With a patient kindness possible to his nature, John waited for an answer.

Sheldon at first felt only joy at being with his father; but as his heart warmed toward the people who were so kind to his father, he felt troubled that he should seem to them to be what he was not. Every day he wished more and more to reveal himself to John; but the secret behind his disguise was so hard to tell that his courage failed. Sometimes he spent a pleasant evening among them; but oftener he passed the house without entering. Shadows came on the curtains, and Sheldon knew them all, and knew Judith's best. Turning away, he would tell himself that it was best he should stay away until he had conquered the craving which still beset him for the poison. In these dreary moments, he had at least the comfort of believing that he was surely gaining this victory.

To Wee Wi Ping he still gave small amounts of the poison; for he knew, by fearful experience, the appetite to be strong; and finding the old fellow seemingly docile in taking the antidote prepared for him, and apparently not disposed to trouble Caleb, Sheldon had gradually grown tolerant of him.

Sheldon's refuge, when he became too restless to settle himself to any employment, con-

sisted in slinging his botanist's case over his shoulder, and setting off on a walking-tour. Thus it happened that the latter days of September found him miles away from San Francisco. It had been a beautiful day, and Sheldon was returning across fields to his inn, agreeably ready to do justice to a good supper and bed, when he saw, a little beyond him, a man sitting on the ground, watching some object intently. So absorbed was he that he did not hear Sheldon, who left the path and came across the stubble to see what he was about. The man seemed a laborer, by his overalls. No: coming nearer, Sheldon saw that he was a Chinaman. It was Wee Wi Ping, and he watched a tarantula hole. Would the creature come out for the prey he had spread? Something stirred in the hole; then a huge spider raised itself above the surface and darted at a grasshopper, but was itself darted upon by the physician. An exclamation made him aware of Sheldon's presence, and he sprang to his feet with a snarling cry, the foam gathering in his mouth, and his angry, sparkling eyes gaining a strange keenness from the strongly contracted pupils—a sign, oftentimes, that an acute attack of insanity is near. He crouched for a moment as if about to spring. He would not be robbed of his treasure. Flight was possible. He turned and fled. Having seen him disappear, the young man went towards his inn.

"So," he said, "this little lead bottleful of poison, which I have in my keeping, is a hostage for my father's safety. The physician chooses to keep the peace for the sake of the poison he is able to obtain each month. In the mean time, he is trying a substitute in the manner I have just seen."

The more Sheldon thought of his discovery, the more uneasy he became, and he resolved to go to the city by the first morning train, and take counsel with John Rea. Too perturbed to care to go to bed, he sat by his window, thinking of the wretched circumstances in which he was meshed. Once, twice he seemed to sleep; but no sooner did his head sink forward than he started up, seeing the Chinaman's crouching figure about to spring on him. Then, waking and finding himself alone in his bedroom, he looked out into the still night, hearing only the dropping of water into a horse-trough, and now and then a sudden racing of the house dog around the porch below. Then, a moment later, Sheldon would hear him fling himself down in his old place with a sigh, giving himself up to sleep. But sleep comes not so easily to human beings; and as Sheldon's memory brought every detail of the physician's appearance before him, the idea asserted itself more and more that the old fellow was mad.

At last, the first light of morning appeared in the sky. The train would pass the station at five o'clock; and Sheldon, having made his way down-stairs and out at the bar-room door, was soon on his way thither He reached the city early in the evening, and, dressing himself in the disguise he had come to dislike so much, he hastened to John Rea's house. Caleb was first to hear his footstep; and with a glad cry, he hastened to open the door, clinging fast to the guest's hand when he stood in their midst. Every one seemed to have a pleasant greeting for Sheldon; and as he looked at John he felt that no one ever had a kinder friend to whom to tell a hard story.

"O, Mr. James, we are so glad you have come," cried Peter, plucking him by the sleeve. "Judith and I want so much to go to the Chinese theater. My! you just ought to see what they are doing! Men walking up ladders of knives, and everything! Father has his lameness again to-night, but he would trust us with you." There was a certain self-reproach in old Mr. James's face, which decided John in his favor.

"Yes, they can go," he said, with the kindly little laugh characteristic of him.

There were few places which Sheldon would have avoided more than the Chinese theater; but he consented, seeing Judith's eager face. The young people hurried into their wraps, and Caleb, finding that they were going somewhere with his friend, insisted on going too.

"O, you cannot go," said Peter; "you would fall asleep."

"No," said Sheldon, gently; "not to-night. See, here are fifty cents. You shall keep it, and we will see the seals at the Cliff —eh?"

Caleb put up his lip, not at all persuaded; but Peter called that the car was coming, and Sheldon was obliged to hasten from the house. The car paused a little longer than usual, but Sheldon was not aware that his party was augmented until he passed in at the door of the theater, when he heard Caleb struggling to pass the doorkeeper. There was nothing for it but to take him along.

Everything about the dingy little theater delighted Sheldon's three companions; but the young man would have been better pleased if the gallery in which they sat had seemed less rickety whenever a Chinaman stepped from seat to seat—a method of coming and going which they seemed to prefer to walking along the aisles.

"Every Chinaman here is smoking a cigar, and the place looks as if it would catch like tinder," was his comment.

But he partly forgot his anxiety as he watched Judith's happy face. Besides, he was eyes to the near-sighted Peter, and before long a pillow to Caleb. Weary from the loss of sleep the night before, he several times caught himself nodding. To keep awake, he began to examine the crowd below, when his eyes were caught by an unmistakable figure. Wee Wi Ping crouched near the stage, and between him and it arose a blue smoke. He was tearing small strips from his clothing, and a flame shot up as he placed these on the spot from which the smoke ascended.

"Judith! Peter!" But he had hardly time to tell them of their danger before the whole audience was in commotion.

In a panic-stricken crowd of our countrymen, we at least know, at every cry, the impulse that moves the throng. But the clamor around Sheldon and his friends gave them no explanation of the undulations of the crowd. Unable to understand the language, they became as foreign substances to the mass, to be crushed back or rushed forward without a share in the common volition. Once, when Sheldon's eyes met Judith's, he knew that her foot, too, had touched the prostrate form over which he had just been hurried. How brave she seemed! and how heedful of her brother's safety! Sheldon tried to help her; but she shook her head and looked at Caleb, who was lying in Sheldon's arms, almost paralyzed with fear. When they were near enough to see the choked stairway, Sheldon noticed that between the stairs and the wall there was a small space partitioned off by a railing. The crowd, in its anxiety to keep near the opening of the stairs, had not availed itself of the space, and Sheldon determined, if possible, to bring his party into this place, where they would at least have standing-room. After a hard struggle, he brought his charge into the inclosure; and as he stood resting, noticed again that the gallery was unsteady. In a moment more, one side of it parted from the wall, falling in such a manner as to bring a corner of the down-stairs doorway above the edge of the gallery, at the place where Sheldon stood. It was only a small space, but his heart leaped as he saw it.

"Peter! Peter, come! this place is large enough for you and Judith to pass through; and when you are out, you must bring help to Caleb and me," said Sheldon.

The boy obeyed, but Judith could in no way be induced to follow him. In answer to Sheldon's earnest remonstrances, she flung her arms around Caleb, and kissed him tenderly. Then, coming to Sheldon's side, she said, earnestly:

"I shall not leave you when you are in trouble."

Sheldon looked at her up-turned face, and bent down and kissed her gravely on the forehead. They were silent for a time, and then Sheldon spoke:

"Judith, if we are saved to-night, you may sometime know me to be a different sort of man from what I seem to-night. When you know my history, will you try to think that any fault I have committed has been an error of judgment, and not the result of a bad heart?"

She looked in his face, and, satisfied with its record, answered simply:

"Yes, I am sure you have not a bad heart."

Again they were silent.

"Listen!" said Judith, laying her hand on Sheldon's arm. He heard the blows of hatchets, and the ripping of boards from the side of the house. The crowd, too, heard the sounds, and pressed frantically in on them, breaking down the slight railing behind which Sheldon, Judith, and Caleb were standing.

But, desperate as the crowd was, there seemed to break out in different parts of it some other terror than that caused by the advancing flames. Sheldon had been unable to discover the cause of these perturbations, but he now percieved Wee Wi Ping near at hand. A chill swept over him as he saw the old fellow fasten himself on his victims, for he knew with what deadly effect he drove his long finger nails into their flesh.

"Mad! mad!" said Sheldon, looking at his distorted face.

As Sheldon watched him, he saw that he continually clutched the pocket of his blouse; never, in his most violent moments, losing his anxiety for the safety of some object it contained.

"It is here that he keeps the hoard of poison he has collected," thought Sheldon.

By the direction he was taking, Sheldon saw that he would have an encounter with him.

"May be—" he said to himself; but the thought changed to action. Wee Wi Ping perceived Caleb, and with an evil look of recognition, made towards him. For a moment Sheldon struggled with him, then seizing the pocket of the blouse, he wrenched it from the garment. Something fell to the floor, and with a cry of rage, the physician tore himself away, and flung himself down on his hands and knees to hunt for the lost object. Probably at this moment the side of the house was opened. Sheldon was conscious that the crowd rushed forward; and then he knew nothing more until he found himself lying in a warehouse, with a number of his countrymen gathered about him. He staggered to his feet, yet a little stunned.

"Were these people with you?" asked a fireman, kindly steadying Sheldon; and he added, "the boy says there is an old man, Mr. James, we have not found yet."

But Sheldon did not answer him, for before the man had finished speaking, he was bending over his father.

"You cannot help him," said the doctor. "The wound on the temple was fatal." Then, pitying Sheldon's distress, he said: "Is this your sister? I think she is only stunned."

"Judith!" said Sheldon, kneeling beside her—"Judith!"

She opened her eyes. A young man had called her name; but his voice was that of old Mr. James!

The next morning the whole population of Chinatown stood gathered around the scene of the night's disaster; there being in the swarthy crowd many Americans. John Rea and Sheldon silently watched the workmen who were bringing the bodies, more crushed than scorched, out of the ruins. At last Sheldon tightened his hand on John's arm. The figure that was borne past them had a blouse which was torn in the left breast. They followed the litter, and saw the body placed in a wagon where there were already a number more. Stepping to the wagon, they looked at the dead Chinaman's face. It was marred past recognition. Sheldon noticed that the right hand was clenched, and, turning it over, he found that it held a small bottle.

"Wee Wi Ping," he said; "I think that the crowd rushed over him, trampling him to death, when the side of the theater was opened."

ELLEN CLARK SARGENT.

AT PASADENA.

To lie among my orange trees
That bloom by far Los Angeles;—
To watch the lemon blossoms blow,
From out some fragrant, shaded spot
Where, dreaming with Boccaccio,
The drowsy world is half forgot;—
To note some busy, garrulous bird
Planning within the dense lime hedge,
Knowing her nest will be unstirred
By care's intruding sacrilege;—
To hear the far-off summer sea,
To scent the odorous southern breeze,
To catch the murmuring minstrelsy
Of idly droning, gaudy bees;—
To feel though heaven is very near
That earth is fairer and more dear—
Ah, this is life's supremest gift!
And gazing through the purple haze
One reads this legend in some rift:
God's poems are such perfect days.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

RESTORATION OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

The traditional ambition of England has for centuries been the dominion over the seas. Dependent, from her insular position, upon foreign commerce for food for her crowded millions, the raw materials for her manufactures, her vast export trade, and communication with her colonies, not only her wealth and power, but her very existence, is staked upon the omnipresence and perfection of her shipping. The foremost nation of the world in all the instincts and appliances of the highest enlightenment, the intelligence and knowledge that inspire every department of her strong centralized government cannot be excelled, if equaled, by any other nation; and this intelligence has been uniformly exercised upon the great subject of shipping. Over this she *never* sleeps. Though once surpassed for a while by the Dutch in the seventeenth century, and nearly overtaken by us prior to 1860, she has always recovered her prestige in the long run. It is the old story of the tortoise winning the race from the hare.

She has, to this end, like a powerful lens concentrating the national light upon this subject, a permanent department in her ministry known as the Board of Trade, composed of able and intelligent men, holding their offices for life or during good behavior. The president of this Board is a cabinet minister. It is the business of the Board to execute all laws relating to transportation at home and abroad, to watch foreign events,

especially foreign maritime legislation, and to prepare bills for parliamentary action whenever the exigencies of commerce require it. Hence a steady watchfulness over all circumstances affecting maritime affairs, and many an opportune change for the benefit of British interests. Hence the present Merchants' Shipping Act, an almost perfect codification of the experience of centuries, under which the Board of Trade regulates the local marine Boards for the surveys of vessels, the shipping and payment of crews, and the examinations of masters and mates. The Board of Trade provides savings banks for the deposit of seamen's wages, and manages a pension fund for the relief of disabled and superannuated sailors, and the support of their families. It controls pilotage and pilots under uniform laws, investigates wrecks, collisions, and casualties, punishing incompetence, negligence, and fraud. It superintends the accommodations for emigrant and other passengers, controls the lighthouses and beacons, and enforces all the maritime laws of the kingdom.

But the United States has no Board of Trade, no local marine boards, no Merchants' Shipping Act or other commercial code, nor any institutions or legislation at all analogous thereto, with the slight exception of the Shipping Commissioners' Act of 1872. We have, therefore, no political machinery for concentrating the power of the Government upon this interest, which is therefore either wholly neglected, or attended to only by fits and starts, in a partial, unsystematic, and therefore an incompetent, manner. The results are now before us. We have in the Treasury Department a well-managed Bureau of Statistics. We have our Agricultural Bureau, our Indian Bureau, our Land Office, etc., all well supported by suitable and consistent legislation, though their objects are not liable to any of the sudden disturbances and opposing influences that continually hinder our foreign trade. We can easily manage our internal affairs in our own way. But on the ocean we are compelled to play a game of chess against the champions of the world. How can we expect to win it, unless our side be defended by shrewd, skillful, wide-awake players, at least as vigilant as their antagonists in watching the moves, and as familiar with the rules of the game?

The United States, owing to her isolated position and her military power, is hardly likely to be again invaded by land. But should she become involved in a foreign war, it would necessarily be carried on by sea. Our enormous extent of sea-coast on both oceans offers almost everywhere points of attack by the navies of an enemy. Wealthy cities, fortified only by obsolete defenses, are everywhere liable to blockade or bombardment. With a constantly diminishing mercantile marine, we shall soon have no ships suitable for even transport service. Without an apprentice system, or school-ships, we shall speedily have no really American sailors wherewith to man a navy. Without either ships of war, or national seamen to man them, we shall be defenseless against attacks by sea, as we already are against aggression abroad. But this is not all the danger. "Our products are now carried almost entirely by foreign bottoms, and are therefore liable at any time to be endangered by foreign complication. Suppose the three nations which are doing the principal part of our carrying, England, France, and Germany, should become involved in war; the first thing would be to attack each other's ships, and in destroying those ships, destroy or detain our goods. What danger should we then be in, through pursuing a policy of dependence upon foreign carriers? Would we for a moment allow our system of railroad transportation to be subject to such risks and chances? Yet is not the steamship line simply a continuation of the trunk-line road to market? We cannot be safe unless the whole road is equally under our control at all times. What would be the effect of a war involving any of those nations, though we might be neutrals in it, upon the delivery of the fifteen million tons of produce we are now sending abroad year by year, and on whose quick and safe delivery so largely de-

pend the prosperity and financial security of the country?" *

Again: there is an economic vice attending the loss of the large sums now annually withdrawn from our production in freights paid to foreign ship-owners. These hundreds of millions, now devoted to strengthening our rivals, should be added to *our* national wealth. *Ours* should be the sailors they pay, the steamers they build larger and faster every year, and the revenues they derive from the net profits of the business, which are now constantly increasing. It is largely from the profits of our trade that the growth of foreign tonnage has lately been gaining so rapidly upon our own.

All this damage to American interests in peace, and danger in war, results from all hands going below, and turning in to sleep over our former triumphs; while our rivals have stood watch and watch, the officers on deck, a bright lookout forward, and steady hands at the wheel—steering small at that. It is the consequence of a serious defect in the organization of our Executive Department, which cannot be supplemented by the spasmodic action of Congress, a body that never acts except when excited by the momentary and irregular pressure of public opinion. Under the now almost traditional apathy of Congress on this subject, we are likely to drift still further down the Lethean stream, until our lamentable weakness on the seas shall tempt some smaller but stronger power to claim as *rights* what we have so long allowed them by *sufferance*. Even little Chili, with her 3,000,000 of population, is, in the opinion of the London "Times," well able to encounter the navy of our great nation of 50,000,000, with the certainty of success. Is it not high time that the people should arise in their might, and *compel* our legislators to attend to their long-forgotton duties in the premises?

AMERICAN WOODEN SAILERS *vs.* BRITISH IRON SHIPS AND STEAMERS.

Says a recent writer in the "Bulletin," quoting from the "Contemporary Review":

"If ships were measured by tonnage, the ships of Great Britian would only have but one-third of the world's total; but steamers have multiplied carrying-power in a remarkable degree. The carrying-power of a steamer was for some time estimated as threefold more than a sailing vessel. It is now estimated as fivefold. Of course, the element of time comes into this calculation. A steamer, therefore, is set down as worth five times the tonnage of a sailing vessel, which fact serves to explain the rapid decline of sailing vessels.

Indeed, if this decline go on for twenty years, as heretofore, a vessel of this kind will be as rare as a mail-coach at the close of the nineteenth century. Steam traffic has grown by leaps and bounds, as shown in the following table of the proportion of merchandise carried in the last three decades, on either kind of shipping:

	By Steamer.	By Sail.
1850, per cent	14	86
1860	29	71
1870	43	57
1880	61	39

Now, though we of the Pacific coast can build and epuip wooden sailing vessels cheaper, and perhaps better, than can be done at any Eastern American port, this alone will not induce our capitalists to own them. The difficulty occurs in their employment. We have, indeed, an enormous export trade, which is generally remunerative. But it is open to universal, especially English, competition; and so long as it is more remunerative to the English than to the American vessel; so long as the prospects of the former are *plus*, and those of the latter *minus*—so long will the latter be a second-class proposition. English merchants—wealthy and educated business men—are everywhere, and everywhere exert a controlling influence in trade. These give the preference to the British iron ship. So do other shippers: even American railroad companies, largely subsidized by our Government, invariably employ British ships in preference to American, because they are both more seviceable and more profitable in the foreign trade. So the British iron ship receives a higher freight,

* John Roach, in "North American Review" for August, 1881.

and the omnipresent British insurer takes her risks at a lower premium. She carries a home crew, at two pounds ten shillings per month; the American must pay thirty dollars per month, out and home. She can discharge a seaman at a foreign port, with his consent and the consul's, paying him only what he has earned. The American must always pay three months' extra wages for so doing. The British owner pays two and one-half per cent. income tax on the net earnings only of his ships; the American is taxed about the same per cent. on her value, whether she earns any profit or not. The iron ship costs little or nothing for repairs; the wooden vessel is frequently under the hands of the mechanics. The iron vessel carries more cargo in proportion to her displacement. The charges payable to the British consuls are few and moderate; the American is worried everywhere by the demand for fees from consular politicians sent abroad to prey upon our shipping, as a reward for party services at home.

The iron ship seldom damages cargo, except by sweat, for which the owner is not responsible; the wooden ship must always note her protest, and frequently calls upon the port warden to survey damaged cargo. The English ship, at her home port, pays no advance wages—nor "blood money"; can ship a crew for a term of years at uniform and low wages; and employs more or less apprentices, thus keeping up the supply of British seamen. The American ship must pay a large advance, besides occasionally a bonus for the benefit of sailor landlords. She can only ship a crew for the voyage out and home; cannot or does not take any apprentices, cannot ship a crew on time, or take advantage of lower rates of wages at foreign ports, except she pays three months' extra wages to each discharged seaman, or her outward men desert. Yet three-fourths of her crew, though shipped at an American port, are invariably foreigners, to whom the laws requiring the master to return them to an American port are of no use whatever. In fact, so few native Americans now go to sea in the foreign service, that it is not uncommon for the master, and perhaps the colored cook, to be the only born Americans on board. In the Nautical School at San Francisco, out of seventy-three graduates in the last three years, fifty-one were of foreign birth; and nearly all employed in the Pacific coasting trade are likewise American only by adoption.

When the disadvantages of the employment of our wooden ships, in competition with British iron vessels, are thus pronounced, it is useless to urge the investment of money in continuing to build wooden ships for the foreign trade under our flag. In the coastwise trade it is different. This trade has not suffered by foreign competition, nor *will* it suffer so long as our present wise law on that subject remains unrepealed. But when the American wooden sailing vessel comes in competition with the British iron steamer, her occupation is gone forever. Our wooden sailing ships no longer find employment between the ports where the iron steamer now holds sway. They could not do it against British wooden sailers, when freights are low and competition sharp, because our laws are so much more exacting than theirs. They can the less do it against the British iron sailer: still less against the British iron steamer; and the attempt by either sail or steam becomes an utterly forlorn hope, *where the latter is paid by her Government a heavy mileage for carrying the mails*, much of the postage whereon comes out of our own people.

The original policy of our Government failed to draw any distinction between the ship-builder and ship-owner. No vessel could be entitled to American registry unless she were American-built as well as American-owned, and unless all her officers, and until recently three-fourths of her crew, were American citizens. Once sold to foreigners, she was irrecoverably lost to the flag. The system worked well for a while, but does so no longer. Until we adopt in all things the principles of the Cobden Club, and proclaim free trade in lieu of our protective system, thereby reducing the prices of labor, as well as commodities and the cost of living, to the

English standard; or unless we can substitute machinery for labor in ship-building to a greater extent than has yet been found possible—we shall never be able to build iron ships or steamers in competition with England. For ninety per cent. of the cost of an iron ship is in the labor, if we include the labor of preparing materials as well as in putting them together. The law of 1872 admits free of duty everything required to build or repair a vessel in the foreign trade *except iron*, unless in rods or bolts. We cannot remove the duty on *all* iron for the sake of building iron ships; for the revulsion this would cause in the whole of that varied and enormous interest, with its tens of thousands of employees, would be too disastrous to be thought of. Neither would it be wise to admit English *ship* iron duty free for that purpose, because this would prevent the manufacture of that description of American iron, in favor of an inferior article. Evidently, then, we cannot build iron ships in competition with England. Shall we therefore go on forever, confounding the interests of builder and owner, and sacrificing the one that might be saved, because the other is apparently ruined?

Yet, which of the two interests is most valuable?

To build a vessel is perhaps a year's work. Say she would cost $100,000. She employs one hundred men for one year only. She realizes a builder's profit of perhaps ten per cent. She distributes that one sum of $100,000 among mechanics, laborers, and dealers. So far so good. We wish a thousand of them could confer these benefits on our laboring classes yearly. And in the coasting trade they do it, and will do it, and so enormous is that interest that a good deal of the talk raised about our losing the art of ship-building for want of practice is exaggeration. Ship-building is ship-building, whether the ship sail to one port or another; and we shall always have a large class of skilled mechanics, with all their appliances, building—even iron ships, like Roach and Cramp—for the coasting trade, until we admit foreigners to take that also away from us. *But building for the foreign trade has almost stopped.* The interest no longer exists. We cannot get it back. Why not reconcile ourselves to the inevitable?

But how is it with ship-owning? That same ship, costing $100,000, will last an average of fifteen years. During each year she will earn, in *gross* freight, perhaps $30,000, or $450,000 for the fifteen years. If that is too much, call it $300,000. Now the bulk of these earnings must be expended in the United States, whether the owners realize a large profit or a small one; and be the profit what it may, it is surely to be vastly in excess, during fifteen years, of the builder's profit on his one year's work. Why ignore this great disparity in the value of the two separate interests? Why not settle the difficulty on the principles of general average, by sacrificing part—the least valuable part—to save the far more valuable portion? Why not at least try the experiment, say for seven years, of admitting to American registry, for the foreign trade only, foreign-built iron or steel sailing vessels, not less than 1,000 tons register, nor more than ten years old, when owned wholly by American citizens, and free from any mortgage due to foreign creditors.

But public opinion among ship owners and builders is divided on the grave question of breaking down, even in the smallest degree, the traditional policy of our Government in excluding all foreign-built vessels from the benefits of our flag. Both sides of this question were ably discussed at the ship-owners' convention, held at Boston in October last—so ably, in fact, that no conclusion was arrived at by that body. There is great danger that Congress also will fail to come to any decision. Free trade is as yet only a nascent idea in our country. It may prove impossible to procure any concession in that direction from the representatives of a people never so prosperous as now in all departments except shipping, even in favor of an interest that is sacrificed under existing laws to the good of all interior industries. That is, the high prices of labor and material, consequent upon a protective tariff, make the country prosperous, but prevent the manu-

facture of ships, whose market is competed for by the cheaper labor and materials of England and other countries on the broad, free ocean. We may perhaps compromise the difficulty by placing the ship-builder as far as possible in the position he would occupy if there were no tariff. That is, *offer to all who will build iron or steel vessels, of American metal, a bounty from the United States equal to the duties on an equivalent weight of imported metal, and let the navigation laws stand.* This arrangement, which would effect a reduction of $25 to $30 per ton of metal used, or about $18,000 on an iron ship of 1,000 tons, would much more than overcome the ten per cent. which Mr. John Roach has repeatedly declared is all the difference that now exists between the cost of building iron vessels on the Delaware and on the Clyde or Mersey. It would at once set the machinery in motion (provided the laws relating to the navigation and taxing of American vessels be amended, as suggested hereinafter and in all the recent literature on this question) for building iron ships and steamers at many points on both oceans. It would stimulate the production of ship iron at American rolling-mills, and enable us immediately to enter successfully, and on the largest scale, into the construction of the kind of vessel the world wants. And it would be a measure far more likely to meet the approval of Congress than the system of continuous bounties proposed by the Boston Convention; for the initiative has already been taken in this direction by rebating the duties on all imported material except iron used in building and repairing vessels in the foreign trade.

Either of the above propositions, if enacted into law, would furnish us at once with iron sailing-tonnage for the foreign trade. But where are we to get our iron steamers, now the preferred style of vessels on all the crowded highways of commerce? And here again, we see no better way than to utilize the experience of the mother country—an experience we have always availed of in every law we have ever passed relating to navigation. It is utter nonsense to expect our citizens to invest the large sums necessary to float first-class iron steamers in competition with the paid mail carriers of other nations, unless we also pay our mail carriers. The idea so forcibly advocated by Henry Hall, W. H. Webb, and John Roach, is heartily approved on the Pacific coast. Let Congress appropriate $5,000,000, for twenty years, to be expended by the Postmaster-General in payments to first-class American built and owned iron steamers of not less than two thousand tons gross register, and a speed of at least fifteen knots, all to be built new for the purpose. Let the routes be designated by that office, and an upset price be named in the advertisements for bids for the performance of the service, the same to be let by public competition, as in the case of inland postal routes. Let the money now paid indirectly to foreign steamers for the carriage of American mails be saved, and turned into this fund. Let the balance be economized from the extravagant outlay now annually wasted in the repairs of our obsolete navy of rotten wooden hulks. Let navy officers who desire active service in time of peace, and whose salaries are now a tax upon the nation, be furloughed, to accept employment on the mail steamers at the cost of their owners. And if, in the opinion of the Navy Department, any plan of building such steamers can be devised whereby they could be made available as cruisers or ships of war, without impairing their usefulness as merchantmen, by all means let them be constructed on such plan, thereby securing an effective navy at short notice in case of a sudden war. Such a use of the public money would *not* be subsidizing one industry at the expense of all others, any more than every railroad, stage, and steamboat is now subsidized for carrying the inland mails. "Subsidy" is the wrong word to use in this connection. *The money would all be earned*—doubly earned; for not only would the mail service be performed, but new markets for our produce would be found, our revenue from tariff on imports increased, our national reputation mended, our power better respected, our number of seamen increased, a large part of the one hun-

dred million dollars freights now paid abroad be saved to our nation's wealth, our mechanics perfected in building iron ships and machinery, our navy officers practically trained and made to earn their living, and our country be always prepared for a naval war. Save the money from the navy waste-basket, and no additional taxation would result. But if not so saved, its burden would not be felt, while the indirect increase in our wealth and public revenues would many times recoup the cost to the nation.

Commercial bodies, the press, the guilds of ship-owning and ship-building, cannot be expected to administer the laws, nor to inspire every change of laws that may appear to some to be necessary in the complicated machinery affecting the position of this great nation as a maritime power. All such action must be fitful, tardy, incompetent, and uncertain. The management of our enormous foreign commerce, now employing 35,000 vessels per annum, and shortly to vastly exceed the heaviest freight movements the world ever witnessed, can be no management at all, when left, as now, to the law of *laissez faire*. The ocean is the free trader's paradise. We cannot protect by tariff or police regulation, as at home, our merchants who venture into the arena of universal free competition on the great deep. The best brain, the most persevering watchfulness, the most thorough knowledge and unflinching patriotism, must be *always* and *systematically* devoted by us, as by England, to administering and improving our maritime legislation, or we must always be laggards in the race. By all means, therefore, establish on a strong and liberal scale a Bureau of Navigation in the executive branch of the Government. Create a Secretary of Commerce, who shall be a member of the Cabinet, and let the principles of the civil service reform regulate the appointment and tenure of all his subordinates. When we have this machinery put into vigorous operation, and not till then, will we be able to contend with our old and now dominant rival for the empire of the seas, and have an audible voice in the control of our own trade. Why shall this not be done? What possible objection can be made to it?

When the machinery for an efficient Bureau of Navigation shall have been established, let Congress direct that office to prepare for Congressional enactment a full and complete shipping and commercial code, on the basis of the British Merchants' Shipping Act, or French Code de Commerce, embracing legislation on every topic connected with this intricate business. The Bureau should contain at least one each of our representative merchants, mechanics, navigators, engineers, and admiralty and international lawyers. To it should be submitted for criticism every proposed commercial treaty, so as to make all treaties consistent with our commercial interests. The whole business of shipping seamen should be controlled by the Bureau. Likewise the pilotage of all United States ports, now left to the diverse and often oppressive legislation of the States, and not infrequently made the football of local politics. According to repeated decisions of the United States Supreme Court, Congress has the constitutional right to legislate over this interest; the States only exercising it by sufferance meanwhile. (See *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, 9 Wheat. 569; *Cooley* v. *Board of Wardens*, 12 How. 312; *Pensacola Tel. Co.* v. *Western Union Tel. Co.* 96 U. S. Reports, 9.) The new code should also prescribe rules and machinery for the examination, certificating, and discipline of officers of merchant vessels, and should transfer to the Bureau the control of steamship inspection, now an isolated department of the public service.

To present in one view the points thus far advanced, and all others requiring Congressional action, the following schedule is suggested:

1st. Either admit foreign-built iron sailing vessels, when American-owned, and not less than 1,000 tons burden, or more than ten years old, to American registry for the foreign trade only, for a limited period, as an experiment; or offer a bounty to all American-built iron and steel vessels, constructed of American metal, equal to what the duties

would amount to on the quantity of metal used, if imported.

2nd. Expend five million dollars annually in ocean mail service, to be performed by American iron or steel steamers, under contract with the Post-office Department, the steamers all to be built new for that purpose, and to be of large size, great speed, and, if practicable, adapted to use also as vessels of war.

3rd. Establish a Bureau of Navigation, as a permanent department in the executive branch of the Government, and let its presiding officer be a member of the Cabinet, under the title of Secretary of Commerce.

4th. Enact a full and complete maritime code, for the government and regulation of every detail relative to American shipping.

5th Repeal all laws and parts of laws which compel American vessels to pay three months' or one month's extra wages when discharged in a foreign port, and all laws that oblige the master to give bonds for the return of the crew to the United States, and substitute therefor the British statutes on that subject.

6th. Repeal the law allowing only ten dollars for bringing home an American seaman, and substitute therefor the sum of fifty cents per day occupied on the voyage.

7th. Repeal the law requiring all officers to be American citizens.

8th. Allow American vessels to ship their crews anywhere, either for a voyage or voyages, or for a term not exceeding three years, and provide for the arrest of deserters, by statute in home ports, and by treaty in foreign ports.

9th. Greatly reduce or entirely abolish the fees collected from vessels by American consuls in foreign ports, and pay consular officers by salaries only.

10th. Extend the act, passed in 1872, allowing a rebate of duties on materials used in ship-building, so as to allow vessels built or repaired with such materials to engage in the coasting trade as well as foreign.

11th. Compel all registered vessels to take apprentices, at the rate of one for every three hundred tons register measurement. Such apprentices to be American-born, not less than fifteen years of age, and bound for three to five years to the vessel or her owners. Severe penalties to be enacted for enticing such apprentices to desert; and as a compensation to the owners for the care and trouble of maintenance and instruction, rebate the tonnage tax of thirty cents per ton on each three hundred tons of the vessel's measurement, for which an apprentice shall have been carried during the year previous to the payment of the tax.

12th. Prohibit the payment of advance wages, or "blood money," in every American port, and make all payments of advance wages void in law, in final settlements with seamen.

13th. Make masters civilly and criminally liable for charging any seaman, as profit on any article furnished from the ship's slop-chest, more than twenty-five per cent. on the wholesale price of such article at the port of sailing; but compel all vessels in the foreign trade, nevertheless, to carry a slop-chest supplied with certain specified articles, as is now the case with the medicine-chest.

Thus much in relation to such Federal legislation as is required to place the American ship-owner on a level with the British, and thus give him once more an equal chance in the competition that seeks to forestall him in every corner of the world. One other notable idea was advanced in the Boston Convention above referred to, to wit: that Congress should be asked to pass a general law (presumably under the clause giving it the exclusive right to regulate commerce with foreign nations and between the several States), declaring shipping on the high seas exempt from all State municipal taxation. It is hardly doubtful that Congress has no power to pass such an act. If it has, then most imperatively is the act demanded. For shipping-property is at sea, not on land. It is regulated by Federal, not State, law, except in a few matters, such as pilotage, liens, mortgages, etc., all of which should be controlled by the United States only, through a general maritime code, as above suggested. It has no interest in the expenses for which State

and city taxes are levied; such as schools, streets, public buildings, and the interior administration of the State Government. For the support of the harbor, it pays dockage dues; for pilots' towage, etc., it is separately and often heavily amerced. It depends for all the protection it receives abroad upon the Federal Government, and is taxed to pay for that protection. Why then should ocean shipping pay *any* State or city tax?

But unless Congress can constitutionally pass a general law exempting it from State municipal taxation, the advantage which the English ship-owner has in this respect can only be neutralized by the separate action of the States. In California, the situation is peculiar. Our Constitution says, "All property *in the State*, not exempt under the laws of the United States, shall be taxed in proportion to its value." The same article, xii., of the Constitution, section eight, fixes the first Monday in March as the time to which all assessments must relate. Now, what ship-owner whose ship was at sea on the first Monday in March will have the public spirit to ask the courts to decide whether property then perhaps thousands of miles outside the State is to be deemed, by a legal fiction, *within the State* for the purposes of taxation?

If the point cannot be gained by litigation under existing laws, would it be constitutional for the legislature to pass an act, declaring ocean shipping *not* to be *property within the State* in the purview of article xii. of the Constitution, and then, under the last clause in said article, proceeding to levy an income tax on the *net profits* from ship-owning in lieu of the present *ad-valorem* tax on the ships themselves?

If an amendment of the Constitution be necessary, it is to be hoped such amendment will be broad enough to free, not only shipping, but *all* personal property from taxation.

Let our law makers reflect, that the few thousands of tax now collected from ships registered in San Francisco (the bulk of them are registered elsewhere, to escape taxation) is in lieu of what our people might receive out of some twelve to fifteen millions of freight money on exports now paid annually to vessels not owned here, a large part of which would be paid to San Francisco owners but for this and similar foolish legislation. At present, the loss of revenue by exempting shipping would be only nominal. By and by, when Congress shall have acted on the subject, and the Panama canal shall enable steamers to compete with railroads in our business, the item of $6,000 to $10,000, annual State and city taxes on each of the valuable steamers that ought to be built and owned in this city for that trade, will be a consideration sufficient to defeat the investment of millions, just as it now is in preventing the establishment of manufactories in Oakland or San Francisco.

Our State, in the continued absence of Federal legislation on the subject, should also break up the present monopoly of pilotage at San Francisco, by throwing the business open to all competent applicants, by examination and licensing of masters competent to stand their own pilots, by a large reduction in the rates, and by the abolition of compulsory half-pilotage, at least to licensed masters.

It should, also, either expressly include the regulation of the rates of towage as being within the powers of the Board of Railroad Commissioners (about which lawyers now differ), or it should fix those rates by law in some such manner as to prevent the disgrace and outrage of such a monopoly in the tug business as prevails in this port at present. When $1,200 to $1,500 towage bills are chargeable, as now, to a ship of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred tons, as the penalty for visiting this port—when every service rendered by a tug is rated at four times its value in New York—there is small inducement to invest money in building or owning vessels at San Francisco. Efforts should be made in all directions to reduce the charges upon shipping, and to facilitate the investment of our own capital in a business now in the course of speedy extinction, yet without which all our national interests are impaired in peace through foreign control, and imperiled in war through foreign complication.

C. T. Hopkins.

SIX WEEKS ON WHEELS.

It is the commonplace things, after all, which interest one most while traveling. One goes a great distance to see a celebrated waterfall, or a beetling cliff, or a mountain towering above timber-line into the cold atmosphere of barren grandeur, and, long after the trip is over, persuades himself that the waterfall, or cliff, or mountain interested him most while on his pilgrimage.

And he really believes it. But, nine chances out of ten, he gave more thought and attention to the man who sat opposite him in the stage, managing to take up all the spare room with his obtrusive feet and knees; to the hysterical female in the car who was sure of a collision just impending; or to the omnipresent baby, whose protests against the discomforts of travel made sleep a matter of physical impossibility. I have even known a man who refused to cross the car when the train was passing through the grandest scenery of the Sierra, because he held a handful of trumps, and to get up might ruin his luck.

Now, for one, I am not ashamed of being interested in details. When one has been jolting around for six weeks on railroad cars, he cannot escape giving his attention to the very matters which are always ignored after the trip is over. To be sure, the journey East and back is an every-day trip: that is, some one is taking it every day; though to most of us, it is more of a luxury than we really like to acknowledge. In Boston, they speak much in the same way about going to Europe as if it were a sort of afternoon recreation; though when you come to pin them down, not one in ten has ever been as far oceanward as Cape Cod.

I believe the first excitement about the Eastern trip was the discussion of routes. The Head of the Family was very set in his ideas; but then he knew, as well as the rest, that when it came to the final decision, he would not be consulted. The Wife had one opinion, rather deprecatingly advanced, but none the less firm; the Young Lady Daughter had another, a little more aggressively maintained; and between these two, the Twins divided, with clamorous and incessant debate.

Every night, the Head of the Family came home with a pocketful of railroad maps. Now if there is any one thing that is absolutely satisfactory, it is a railroad map—so long as you stick to one map. The road of the particular company whose map you may chance to have leads in a straight and undeviating line to New York or Chicago, as the case may be. Other roads may be seen pursuing tortuous and roundabout routes of various degrees of indirectness. Take up another map, and your geographical knowledge is violently out of accord. Another road has the straight line. The first route meanders crookedly in the most maudlin manner. New towns have moved along up, and are toeing a straight line made by the second road. Now when you come to multiply this indefinitely, you have a factor which ought to be considered by those who are collecting statistics on insanity. It is simply maddening. If you want to get to a given town, you must be satisfied with one map. If you pursue your researches farther, the town will skip fifty or a hundred miles at a jump, in every direction; until finally, bewildered, you give up in despair, and stay at home.

After much discussion, the plan proposed by the Young Lady Daughter, and seconded by one Twin, was adopted. Experience proved that the route chosen *did* lead to the points desired, rival maps to the contrary notwithstanding; and as it is important that the world should know just what it can depend upon in this respect, this chronicle is written.

It was the Southern route, so called. Getting on the trains of the Southern Pacific at Oakland, one is soon speeding through the long low valley of the San Joaquin. At Los Angeles, the road turns eastward; and at Colton, the last bit of vegetation is left behind. Before is the awful desolation of the desert. After Tucson, vegetation commences again, in strange and distorted varieties, such as the cacti, mesquite, candle-wood, and the "cats-claw" accacia—all of which Mr. Lemmon has so graphically described in a late number of THE CALIFORNIAN. At Deming, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road turns to the north, through New Mexico, passing, like the Southern Pacific, through a section of country rapidly becoming famous as the foremost mineral region of the world. New towns are springing up beside the older settlements that date back a century or more, like Albuquerque and Santa Fé. Bustling America and sleeping Spain are side by side in these places. From Kansas City, the Chicago and Alton road runs by direct route to St. Louis and Chicago, with a comfortable novelty in the way of reclining-chairs in their cars. The great States of Missouri and Illinois are traversed by this line, the Missouri and Mississippi rivers are crossed, and a prosperous land greets one's eyes, as he leans at ease and looks out upon the fleeting landscape. From St. Louis and Chicago, the Pennsylvania railroad takes one by the most direct route to his Eastern destination, whether it be in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, or New York. The scenery in the Alleghanies is of the finest in America. Going back to details, one cannot help noticing that the entire road-bed is ballasted with rock. And, by the way, what a comfort it is to sit at one's ease at breakfast or dinner in a palatial car, instead of bolting a few mouthfuls at an "eating-house," while the switching of the locomotive keeps one in constant fear of being left. "Five minutes for dinner!" shouted the porters on a side line. "Dear me!" exclaimed a lady; "isn't that very little time?" "You'll find it plenty, madam," replied the obsequious attendant, "for all you're likely to get."

Yes: the Young Lady Daughter was certainly right. The Head of the Family was heard afterwards to confess, that, having been both ways, it was his opinion that the Southern route possessed more novelty and more objects of interest, if one had the time to stop over from point to point and see them.

The first great difficulty was with the bundles. They lay in a huge pile in the middle of the car. By the time the Head of the Family, somewhat red in the face from his exertion, deposited the last package with its mates, there wasn't room on any of the seats to sit down. And yet, counting each of the Twins as one—though in good right each should be counted as half a dozen in a bundle census—there were five persons in all, and each piece of luggage was declared in turn to be absolutely indispensable. The porter protested that such an amount of baggage in the car was strictly contrary to the statute in such case made and provided. Just at this juncture, however, the Head of the Family slipped a coin into his ebonized hand; and lo! the statute was instantly repealed, without even being passed to a second reading. The car immediately developed innumerable crannies and cupboards, into which the packages disappeared, as if by magic.

The "tip" is the subject of much abuse at the hands of travelers; yet I stand here today, as the stump orators say, a defender of that much-maligned custom. It is a signal blessing to humanity, that fifty cents will purchase so much politeness. It is a great pity that the custom is confined to porters. Watching the effect of half a dollar in softening one of these latter, one can easily call to mind acquaintances to whom he would cheerfully contribute a twenty. The tip, of course, would have to be increased in proportion to the incivility to be thawed out.

There was a great package of books, of course, selected with a commendable resolve to read something instructive and "improving" while on the way. As a matter of fact, the only work really read was a French novel, bought of the train-boy. The Young Lady Daughter toyed a little with Taine's English Literature; and one would have imagined,

by the way in which she quoted a sentence or two which she had picked out furtively, in turning the leaves, that she was deeply absorbed. It was noticed that Taine always made his appearance when the Young Englishman was seen coming from the other car. Now the Young Lady Daughter is not more of a hypocrite than the rest of her sex; but she certainly left the impression upon the mind of the Young Englishman that she was "awfully clever" in literary matters. If he had been at the pains of analyzing their conversations, he would have seen that she simply drew out his opinions, and then most charmingly coincided, or demurred just enough to stimulate him to defend his positions, which, in the end convinced by his arguments, she usually admitted were well taken. But then it is safe to say, he did not analyze the conversation. No young man ever did analyze a conversation had under such circumstances; and it is probably just as well that the attempt is never made.

But the conversation was not by any means confined to literature. By the time the train arrived at Tucson, several incipient friendships had been formed, which it seemed unfair in Fate to break off. But nothing is so soon made and so soon forgotten as a train acquaintance. You shall see two meeting on Broadway with a stony look of unrecognition, who but yesterday chatted by the hour in the intimacy of a parlor car.

Tucson was the wrenching point of the first series of acquaintances. The Head of the Family, the Wife, the Young Lady Daughter, the Twins, and, last but not least, the innumerable bundles, were deposited upon the platform; and after a short tarry, the train and the Young Englishman hurried on into the dim obscurity of that distance into which all trains and all Young Englishmen eventually vanish. It is a way they both have. The Young Lady Daughter gave unobserved utterance to one sigh, and then, like Alexander, turned to the new worlds which awaited her conquest.

Tucson is made of adobe, both its houses and its streets. Ten or twelve miles away, the royal Santa Catalina lifts its purple front into a purer air. All day long the lights and shadows play hide-and-seek in its impenetrable cañons. It is the Diana of mountains: beautiful, chaste, and unapproachable.

Tucson itself is hardly the Diana of cities. When night falls, the population turn out. The narrow muddy street is crowded. Buffalo Bill jostles against Captain Jack. The hurdy-gurdy sends its music out on the evening air. The Eagle Bird is king for the hour. Faro, roulette, keno, and other gambling games are conducted openly, and, it is said, by license from the city. Mexicans, Italians, Portuguese, Americans, and Chinese woo the Goddess of Fortune. One would hardly imagine, that in this same city there is also a law-abiding, order-loving, intellectual society; that Paris dresses are common at evening receptions; and that ladies of elegance and grace preside over homes of refinement and culture. Tucson is a place of extremes. It is a municipal antithesis.

Not less strange in its contrasts is Albuquerque. This is one of the most interesting points on the line, and the memory loves to linger over it.

There are two Albuquerques, you must know—the parent and child—umbilically connected by a horse-railroad. The younger stripling is not much more than twelve months old, but has already got upon its feet, and proposes to stand for itself. The houses are not yet sun-browned. Everything is new and frontier-like.

The "old town," as it is called, with a a population of three thousand, is a contrast. It is situated about a mile and a quarter away. Horse-cars run every ten minutes, and conduct one into a past century, and a different civilization. Everything is quiet and dreamy. The morning-glories clamber up and cover the fronts of the houses. The latter are all of adobe. The fences, too, are adobe, and the walls and the ovens. So is the church; and so, as far as one can judge by appearances, are the inhabitants, as they sit listlessly, and dream away the day in the soft New Mexican air. And such delicious air it is!—fragrant and pure, like the atmosphere of Paradise. The population is almost entirely

Mexican. In the daytime, they repose languidly indoors, or in the courts around which the low adobe houses are built. But at evening, as of old, the soft air resounds to the music of the Castilian tongue, or bears lazily away the strains of the guitar, accompanying the tender song of love.

Water is conducted in ditches from the Rio Grande, a distance of three miles. Mission grapes are grown in profusion, and reach great perfection. Pears and apples rival their Californian *confreres*. Chicory once planted can with difficulty be exterminated. It bears a beautiful purple flower, like those which are often seen in the Piedmont hills. Strung over the wall to dry are long strings of red peppers, the *chile colorado*, of which the Mexicans are so fond, and which, as the good father remarked, destroys all their stomachs, and makes them unfit for work.

Whether it is the *chile colorado*, or whether it is the law of heredity, which has worked this result, after generations of accumulated inertness, certain it is, that the Mexicans won't work. The drudgery of life is left to the Indians and the donkeys. The latter appear to be in high favor. They are the common-carriers of Albuquerque. On every street they may be seen staggering under the loads which are strapped onto the pack-saddles. Following closely behind is the Mexican boy, who urges them now and then with Spanish expletives. The donkey is an ubiquitous and valuable citizen. Were it not for his services, the world might keep its bundles, for all of old Albuquerque.

In speaking of the Indians, it must not be forgotten that both in ancient and modern times the Indians of New Mexico and its immediate neighborhood have shown themselves to be much superior to the wandering nomads of the American continent. Some of the most ancient records of civilization are found in this Territory. Relics have been discovered which show not only ingenuity, but a considerable advance in the arts of agriculture and architecture. One writer says that before Thebes, the Indians of New Mexico builded their cities upon these plains. The ruins of their ancient structures are still found, half buried in the drifting sands of centuries. Beneath the streets of the ancient and forgotten pueblo of Zuñi are found the walls of a still more ancient city. Near a sacred spring, Lieutenant Whipple found vases "curiously painted to represent frogs, tadpoles, tortoises, butterflies, rattlesnakes." Not only has painted ware been discovered, but pottery, with raised designs, elaborately and beautifully carved. Inscriptions have been left on the rocks, as puzzling as the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia. Hundreds of feet up perpendicular cliffs, dwellings have been found on narrow ledges, accessible only by steps cut in the face of the rock. Watch-towers and fortresses of great antiquity are still in existence. Houses were built five or six stories high, and measuring between three hundred and four hundred feet in length, by one hundred and fifty feet in width. Most of these houses were built without windows or doors on the first story, being accessible to the top by means of a ladder, and then down into the house through a hole in the roof. In time of war, or at night, the ladder was drawn up. The Indians who built and inhabited these dwellings had an elevated form of religion. They believed in one Supreme Being, whose name was too sacred to be pronounced. John T. Short gives a very interesting account of their faith. Montezuma was their Mediator, born of a mortal mother, by the Supreme Spirit. When he created the Apaches, they were so wild that they ran away.

But whatever the ancient Indian of New Mexico may have been, it is certain that the Pueblo Indians of the present day are far in advance of their North American brethren in general; they live in towns, and are peaceful and industrious. A large proportion of the fruit around Albuquerque is of their raising. They occupy some eighteen different pueblos, or towns. The little village of Isleta, about ten miles south of Albuquerque, is a fair sample of their pueblos. Under the Mexican *régime*, these Indians voted, and had all the privileges of citizens. They not only raise fruit, corn, wheat, and vegetables,

but they manufacture curious Indian pottery, which is sold to travelers, and sent East in quantities. On the streets of Albuquerque, the Indian women vend their fruit, carrying it from point to point in baskets nicely balanced on their heads.

Albuquerque is the center of a very considerable mining excitement. Chief Justice Prince declares that New Mexico has more gold than California, and more silver than Colorado. Prospectors are out in every direction, and a large number of mines have been opened with good results. Mica is said to exist in large quantities, and the deposits are soon to be worked. Sixty-eight miles from San Marcial, on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé line, is the Black Range, in which very promising veins of high-grade ore are found. Copper has also been discovered in rich deposits in the Territory. In fact, the mineral richness of New Mexico is just beginning to be known, and the prophecy of Humboldt, that the mineral wealth of the world lay in Arizona and New Mexico, is just about to be realized.

Just back of Albuquerque, rises abruptly from the plain, to a great hight, one of the most beautiful mountains the eye of man ever rested upon—one of the San Dia Range. It is like the mountains of Gustave Doré. All day long, through the serene New Mexican sky, it has lifted its purple brow into "an ampler ether, a diviner air." One is fascinated, and cannot turn away. It is the first thing you see, and you cannot forget it. Depositing his valise immediately on arriving at the hotel, the Head of the Family hurried out to look at it again. The first resident was accosted as to its name.

"I dunno, sir. I've been here only 'bout two year, and I hain't never inquired."

At sunrise, the air was positively delicious. Great purple clouds hung over San Dia, covering its face from profanation. Soon, however, the sun came on resistlessly. The clouds were tinged with his glow, and turned finally into a deep bronze, and then into the veritable color of gold. Pretty soon small pendants dropped, one by one, from the main body of the cloud. And gazing upon beautiful San Dia, just beneath, one could not help thinking of Danäe panting for the golden embrace of Jove.

From Kansas City, the route is due east. It is not proposed to rehearse the familiar scenes along the lines of the Eastern roads, although one may see novelties in a beaten track. One may leave the Pennsylvania road at Pittsburgh, and go down to Washington, which is always full of interest. From New York to Boston, it is a pleasant change to go by steamer. The floating palaces of the Fall River line, as it is called, connect at Fall River, in Rhode Island, with cars for the metropolis around which the world is popularly supposed to revolve.

One may spend time no where more pleasantly than in New England. The late Dr. Holland has immortalized the beauties of the valley of the Connecticut, where Mt. Holyoke keeps eternal watch over the serpentine stream. This lovely region is reached by the Hoosac Tunnel route from Boston to Greenfield, and then down the valley to Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom, by the local road. From the top of the former mountain may be seen one of the most peaceful and beautiful landscapes that ever eluded the pen and pencil of poet and painter.

Hoosac Tunnel, a triumph of American engineering, lies between Greenfield and Albany. If one is wise in his day and generation, he will take the day line of boats at the latter place, and float down the imperial Hudson. No description can do justice to this oft-described river. Like the rivers of Paradise, it flows through a region of entrancing beauty.

Now, it is worth while that the lesson should be pressed home to busy, overworked persons, that the trip faintly outlined above can be made in six weeks, and that the family—Twins and all—can be safely back in their accustomed places within that time. This will allow a week or ten days in New York, as much more in Boston, two or three days in Washington, and a number of shorter stops in places of less importance.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

VOLCANOES, WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY TEACH. By John W. Judd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White & Co.

The international scientific series has justly acquired a very high reputation. The end originally proposed by its projector, Prof. E. L. Youmans, was the publication of a series of monographs, which should be both scientific and popular; which should be entertaining and instructive, not only to the intelligent general reader, but also to the scientist, and even to specialists in the department treated. It is evident that no mere smatterers, such as have heretofore monopolized the manufacture of popular scientific literature, can write such books; but it is also evident that neither can the mere specialist, in the narrow sense of that term, succeed. Contrary to the usual belief, to write a really good popular scientific treatise, i. e., one which shall fulfill the conditions above mentioned, requires not only profound knowledge in the special department, but also comprehensiveness of mind, and a really high order of talent. Hence, nearly all the volumes of this series have been written by men of highest ability. Such names as Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Lockyer, among the English; Van Beneden, Marey, Quatrefages, among continental Europeans; and Draper, Whitney, Cooke, Rood, and Young among Americans—are sufficient to justify our statement.

The appearance of a new volume in this admirable series naturally raises the question, Does it come up to the high standard previously set? Our very decided opinion is, that it does. We have read the work with the greatest avidity. The subject is one of great and universal interest, and it has been treated by the hand of a master. Mr. Judd was a pupil of the veteran vulcanologist Poulett Scrope, to whom belongs the credit of having first studied volcanoes in a true scientific spirit. Since the death of his master, the pupil has continued his favorite study, by observations in many parts of the world, and in the light of new methods, and now stands in the very first rank of living vulcanologists. His knowledge is therefore undeniable; his mode of treatment is also admirable. The work is therefore not only entertaining, but really instructive, even to the geologist.

In the early chapters, the author discusses the *nature* of volcanic action, the *products* of eruption, the *structure* of volcanic cones, and the *order* in which different products appear. These subjects are profusely illustrated by figures, most of which are entirely original. The next chapters are devoted to the distribution of volcanoes on the earth's surface, and in geological times. On this last subject, he insists upon the identity of eruptions in all geological times with those now occurring in volcanoes, in opposition to those geologists who think that there are two kinds of eruptions; viz., *fissure-eruptions* and *crater-eruptions*. In this we think he is wrong. The examination of the great lava-field covering northern California and Nevada, middle Oregon, and Washington and Idaho—about one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand square miles—would, we think, have changed his views. The last chapters of the work are devoted to certain general questions of the highest interest; such as, the *constitution* of the *interior of the earth*, the *cause* of volcanic action, the *origin* of lavas, the *connection of volcanoes* with other forms of earth activities, such as earthquakes, formation of mountains, and formation of continents.

As to the question of the origin of lavas, i. e., whether they are evidences of a fluid condition of the earth's interior, and specimens of that fluid, or whether they are formed by re-fusion of stratified rocks, he, as we think rightly, adopts the latter view. Lavas are probably formed by re-fusion of stratified rocks. We say re-fusion, because of course stratified rocks have themselves been formed from the *debris* of previous igneous rocks, and therefore have been in a fused condition. We have here, then, an admirable illustration of the universal law of circulation of all things material; an example of a perpetually recurring cycle of changes which affects alike every department of Nature. Primeval igneous rocks rotted down to soils, soils were carried and deposited as sediments, sediments were consolidated into stratified rocks, stratified rocks were re-fused and ejected as igneous rocks, which again passed through the same cycle of changes, and so on, perpetually. Thus, all soils have been at some time rocks; but also, all rocks that we ever see have been at some time soil. Also, all stratified rocks have been at some time igneous rock; but also, conversely, all igneous rocks that we ever see have been at some time stratified rock. The whole surface of the earth has been worked over and over again in the geological history of the earth, passing through all these stages perhaps many times; and we seek in vain for any specimens of the *primal* fused material.

Again: as to the origin and mode of formation of mountain ranges, Mr. Judd adopts what has been called *the American theory*, because first fully expounded by American geologists. According to this theory, mountain ranges, before they were elevated, were lines of thick off-shore deposits, which, becoming lines of weakness, and therefore yielding to the

immense horizontal pressure to which the earth's crust is subjected, were crushed together with complex foldings, and swelled up along the line of yielding into a mountain range.

In his last chapter, he draws attention to a probable analogy between volcanic eruptions and the enormous gaseous eruptions which occur in the sun. In this connection, he omits to give due credit to Rev. O. Fisher, of Cambridge, England, who first brought out this idea, and to Tschermak, who afterwards elaborated it.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

"You wanted to look at life for yourself, but you were not allowed; you were punished for your wish. You were ground in the very mill of the conventional." These words, in which the experience of the heroine of Mr. James's novel is summed up for her by her dying cousin, express what the wearied reader of this most skillful book is ever and anon inclined in his wrath to say to the author. There would be justice and injustice in the application. There is certainly real life in these characters; and in the heroine herself there is a great deal of life. But convention is throughout the book wearisomely prominent. "What went we forth into the wilderness for to see?" readers might ask themselves. Reeds shaken by the wind? or half-breed Americans, wearing away an utterly "sterile" and impotent existence in a foreign land? And of the conventions of the most of these sad people, or of their lack of "the conventional," of their sickly, cowardly, deservedly wretched, wholly pitiable existences, wherefore should we learn so much? Still, the hand of the artist can do wonders. We have become accustomed to the thought that great fiction may take for its subject very humble lives. Perhaps the lives of these banished Americans, in the insufferable dullness of their dark ancient houses, of their moral isolation, of their purposeless and meaningless leisure, may be not too humble for the talents of a successful writer of fiction. Surely, more unpropitious subjects could not well be chosen. If a national or tribal life is at the basis of a fiction, the humblest lives and the weakest characters may much more easily be exalted by the medium in which we find them moving. Even the coarseness and the degeneracy of frontier life can be made interesting by the significance always attending the struggle of civilization with brute force. But the contact of the American with the old civilization of Europe—how much less promising is such a subject! For to make good art of what has in itself a very matter-of-fact and mainly didactic interest, is very hard. Europe is to the American of to-day not a mysterious nor a romantic land. It is simply the great original source of his light and knowledge on all non-political questions of very great importance. To Europe we look for instruction. It is our great school-house. We import its fashions, steal its books, follow its thought, imitate its art; and we need all that we get from it. The American visiting Europe is therefore normally in the position of learner. He wants information that he cannot get at home. He finds his way abroad. Perhaps he is very raw. Then, if young enough, he perhaps improves; if too old, he is disappointed; if incurably Philistine, he is fiercely critical, and is made even rawer than ever. In all such cases, however, he is a somewhat grotesque person, when viewed in European surroundings. Or perhaps years of training make him indistinguishable from the European except by the fact that he has the spirit and feelings of an exile. In such a case, the man is commonly either the dull learner that must remain forever at school, or the worse than dull man that has no aim in being clever, or the unfortunate creature—the wounded bird that flutters away to hide in a foreign thicket. All such characters, save only the last (and he is apt to be a sickly parody of a character), are for fiction unpromising. The novels that deal with learners or with dullards that cannot learn: we know how apt they all are to be poor statements of an obvious moral, unless, indeed, the learner is to be taught by experiences more romantic than are seasons in foreign boarding-houses, or visits to foreign picture galleries. On the other hand, the novels that deal with voluntary exiles have it against them, that the position of the voluntary exile is apt to be essentially a false position—one suggesting, at least, if not actually resulting from, wasted fortune, responsibilities shirked, unhealthy solitude courted, or general incapacity to meet life in the front. Such characters have not the interest of strength.

All these considerations are against the success of Mr. James in his favorite field. If it was his intention in some of his earlier novels, as many seem to hold, to point out to Americans the poverty and provincialism of their national life, then his intention was well founded in our needs, and was very benevolent, but of course could by itself have written no good novels. But if his intention was to write good novels, then the field chosen was a very hard one. M. Turgeneff has indeed succeeded in a field that much resembles this one; but who shall dare compete with a great genius like M. Turgeneff? The old-fashioned novel of foreign adventure was once very successful; but who does not know that its success depended on the romantic character of its incidents? The romantic is just what Mr. James carefully avoids.

Nevertheless, with all these difficulties before him, Mr. James has been in his previous books very successful. And as to the present novel, it is, as a whole, a highly remarkable and moving tale, while in many of its parts it is marvelously dull, and while it is everywhere injured by the essential barrenness of the life depicted.

It is not our intention to spoil the story by any

condensed report of it in this place. After saying that every reader of contemporary fiction ought to find time for this book, in spite of its faults, we shall content ourselves with adding a few comments on the characters for the sake of any one who, having taken our advice, and having lived through the book, shall have patience enough to read anything of ours.

Isabel, the "Lady," is remarkable for the strength and worth that in her case seem built upon such a slight foundation. At first she is merely a bright American girl, such as one may often meet; willing to read a great deal, curious to learn about odd things and new people, with an honest interest in the world;—on the whole, innocent and good, but without any definite moral *credo*. She is not definitely selfish, as George Eliot's Gwendolen was. Yet she is confident that she is not destined to be miserable. She is no coquette; yet she has many lovers. With time, a purpose comes into her mind. Here, she holds, is a very noble and lonely man; he is too good for the world; else why should he sit apart from it? He is noble enough for her; and she will be devoted to him. Happiness and duty are in perfect accord. She wishes to make no one miserable. She has done no willing harm to those sad lovers. But now she can please herself, and a lover too. It is a simple theory. But the conflict of duty and happiness comes at last, long after she has been thoroughly disillusioned. In this conflict there is little question of a struggle with a reflective conscience. There is no such religious resolve as George Eliot's heroines make. There is needed no Savonarola to send Isabel back to her husband. Her acceptance of duty and misery, when the two are inseparably bound together, is a choice resulting from a single moment of a vision. Here are good and evil. She sees and passionately desires the evil, and then flies like an arrow towards the hated and dreaded duty. One knows not whether to call it childish worship of convention, or womanly fear of rebellion against what had been fixed principles, or true moral insight. In the result, these come, in such a case, to much the same thing.

The contrast between this perfect submission to the guidance of the right in the case of the heroine, and the perfect if only momentary overthrow of the principles of a resolute and reflective man such as Caspar Goodwood, gives occasion for one of the finest scenes of the book—a scene much better in itself than the oft-cited catastrophe of the "Mill on the Floss." This young Goodwood, with his square jaw, is a very tiresome figure all through the early part of the book, and the outcome shows him to be merely one example of Mr. James's facility for making, in the beginning, a nuisance of what in time is seen to be a very respectable minor character, or even a character of the first importance.

Warburton and Ralph Touchett are introduced as disagreeably as possible; but we grow to think very highly of them. The venerable banker shall receive our honor. But as for the other characters (excepting poor Pansey), it is with difficulty that one can speak politely of them. They are of various degrees of wearisomeness. Since they are rational animals, they in some sort keep our attention whenever we read of them. But they are of a miserable, puny, pigmy race; it really concerns us little to know what newspaper letters they write when they are well-meaning, or what dirt they eat when they are vicious.

JAMES T. FIELDS. Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches; with Unpublished Fragments and Tributes from Men and Women of Letters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

This rather heterogeneous volume of "dropped stitches" in the knowledge of Mr. Fields's life hitherto given us is published without any author's name on the title-page; and we notice that the publishers' own advertisements identify the author only as "one who knew Mr. Fields most intimately." This reticence is evidently due only to a certain delicacy about advertising the author's name, and not to any intention of making it a secret; for the book itself, while it nowhere expressly states its authorship, assumes, in a decidedly *naive* and confidential manner, the reader's full knowledge of that point. We will, therefore, remark only that the authorship is perfectly evident to the most casual reader.

The confidential attitude assumed toward the reader in this taking for granted that he knows, as a matter of course, who she is, is only an instance of this same trait showed throughout the book. The very heterogeneousness of it; the constant assumption that the reader knows all the main facts about Mr. Fields already, has read his books, and is prepared to take the interest of a personal friend in all concerning him; the consequent informal and rambling stringing together of memories, letters, journals, and the like—all give the book a tone of singular friendliness and confidence, in the full appreciation and sympathy of the reader. It is as if the author wrote either with a mind occupied by the group of literary people, all personal friends, to whom Mr. Fields was indeed a dear and near friend; or with such a sense of the cordial relation that always existed between Mr. Fields and the whole reading public, that she writes to all readers as to personal friends; or else with so entire an absorption in the memory of her subject, that she writes to no one, but simply and very openly commits to paper her memories, as one might in writing a private journal. Yet even in this last case, it requires a great confidence in the friendliness of the public to be so unconscious toward it. The narrative, if such it can be called, is strung loosely on a thread of biography, following Mr. Fields's life from boyhood to death, regularly enough, as regards order of time, but wandering constantly from the facts and incidents of his life to linger over the description of

a sunset, or anecdotes of acquaintances of Mr. Fields, all without obvious connection with him, except that, in the author's mind, his personality is evidently closely associated with the memory.

All this has its value, not so much in adding to our store of facts regarding this most helpful and lovable life that has of late left the world poorer; but the very artlessness of it acts as a finer art in giving us a vivider realization of the man James T. Fields. There is probably not one of the many who felt a sense of personal loss when the telegram of his death went over the country that will not lay down the book with that sense increased. The helpfulness of the man, the genial optimism and good-will that was yet compatible with an immense amount of business shrewdness and keen Yankee common sense; the all but incredible extent to which his time was at the beck and call of every one, for every one's private need, even when he was in the thick of the overwhelming business of a great publishing house; the flawless purity and rectitude of his life;—all this it is the aim of the book to impress still more deeply on a public that has long been learning to reverence James T. Fields for just these traits. We might quote hundreds of extracts, all illustrating this; one wee anecdote we will insert here:

"When Ole Bull's son was quite a child, he said to Mr. Fields one day, in broken language, stopping short as they walked across the common, 'Mr. Fields, you must thank God for your disposition.'"

There is something millennial in the glimpse everything about Mr. Fields's life gives us of the possible relations of literary people: the mutual confidence, helpfulness, even affection, that may exist among them. How far the existence, in the center of a group, of such an editor, publisher, and friend as Mr. Fields was the efficient cause of the very unusual personal intimacy among New England writers, we shall never be able to judge; certainly, it has been an important element.

A memorial poem from Mr. Whittier is prefixed, and one from Mr. Longfellow affixed, to the volume. Both have been widely read in the "Atlantic." We quote, however, a few lines from Mr. Whittier's:

"Warm of heart, and clear of brain,
Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane
Thou hast spared us all the pain.

"What is there to gloss or shun?
Save with kindly voices none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

"Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demand is satisfied.

"Over manly strength and worth,
At thy desk of toil or hearth
Played the lambent light of mirth.
. . . . . .

"Keep the human heart of thee;
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality.

"And when fall our feet, as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well."

WASHINGTON IRVING. By Charles Dudley Warner. (American Men of Letters Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

It is good news that we are to have this series, as companions to the admirable volumes of English Men of Letters, and that the editorship has been intrusted to so competent a hand as that of Mr. Warner. There is something encouraging in its very title, as challenging the incipient skepticism (which seems to have been growing up in reaction from a certain national conceit of aforetimes) as to our having had any "American Men of Letters"; "great inventors," (some seem to be thinking) "great men of affairs, writers of skill, and in various fields: but men distinctively of letters, whose lives were wholly given to literature—" Not a great number, certainly; but a few, we need not hesitate to claim, and of the very first excellence. It may be questioned, however, whether those who have written on our American literature have not felt obliged to begin rather too far back. Is not Professor Tyler's history, for example, overweighed with an amount of historical ballast calculated to sink any really valuable literary cargo his work is likely to carry? It is natural, however, that for this opening volume of the series there should have been chosen the life and writings of Washington Irving. He was our earliest purely literary man, if he comes so far short of being our greatest. It is fortunate that this volume was written by the editor himself. For while Mr. Warner is careful not to echo the old note of overpraise of Irving, as if he had been a man of great genius, he succeeds in setting before us clearly whatever he had of pleasant and elegant talent. If anything could avail to relieve Irving's reputation from that state into which it has for some time now fallen, of being alluded to with perfunctory admiration as the "genial" Irving, and recommended to the young, and read by nobody, it would be Mr. Warner's delightful account of him and his writings. Although he candidly admits "that the total impression left upon the mind by the man and his works is not that of the greatest intellectual force," yet he predicts, and no doubt safely, that "the calm work of Irving will stand, when much of the more startling, and perhaps more brilliant, intellectual achievements of this age has passed away." And it is pleasant to think that what he says of this first one of our American Men of Letters has been true of them all, almost without an exception; and is especially true of the work of this present generation, as illustrated in

such writings as those of the editor himself: "Irving's literature—walk round it, measure it by whatever critical instruments you will—is a beneficent literature. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain."

FLORIDA. FOR TOURISTS, INVALIDS, AND SETTLERS. By George W. Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White & Co.

The author of this very pleasing and instructive book states that he first saw Florida as correspondent of the Chicago "Times," while accompaning General Grant on his tour through that State in January, 1880. He was so well pleased with what he saw, that he resolved to return and make it his permanent home. The wonderful capabilities of this Southern State, its natural features, soil, climate, and productions, are well set forth; and a most attractive picture is drawn of semi-tropic forests, wide grassy lakes, and rich frostless lands, where all the fruits of the South may be raised with profit; and unequaled attractions are offered for pleasant, healthful homes. To the three classes especially addressed by Mr. Barbour—viz., tourists, invalids, and settlers—his book will prove of interest and value; and as the accuracy of the work is vouched for by the present Governor of the State, and the acting Commissioner of Immigration, there can be no doubt that it is the most complete and reliable description of Florida so far published. That it is not written in the interest of any corporation or particular individuals, is attested by the fairness and candor of its tone, the frank admission of faults where they exist, and the general scope of the work, covering as it does all portions of the State. The illustrations, with which the book is plentifully supplied, are good; but they are mostly old, having originally appeared in other publications.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. By Walter Besant and James Rice. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The general impression regarding Whittington, derived from the legend of Whittington and his cat, places him outside the rank of historical personages. Few data exist from which to construct a biography, but the talented authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," etc., working as usual in collaboration, have collected, in pleasing form, the ascertainable facts of his life; and upon this basis, have presented us with an extremely valuable monograph upon the state and condition of the city of London in the fourteenth century. Certain it is, that Whittington rose from a prentice lad, under Sir John Fitz Warren, to be a powerful and opulent merchant, and three times Lord Mayor of London. As a contribution to the history of the guilds and great merchant companies to which the city of London owes its prosperity, and incidentally to the history of the city itself, the book under consideration is well worth perusal. This volume is No. VIII. of the New Plutarch Series, and maintains the reputation attained by the previous numbers.

POINTS OF HISTORY. For Schools and Colleges. By John Lord. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. Roman.

Dr. Lord has certainly written history upon a unique plan. His "points" are brought out in some nineteen hundred questions and answers, covering a period of history that begins with the creation of Adam, and ends with the administration of Hayes. As a book of ready reference, it is perhaps the most "handy" thing that has yet appeared. The important facts in the world's history, with names, dates, etc., are all given. It is manifestly impossible in a work of this kind to do more. Perhaps an extract, taken at random, best illustrates the scope of the book.

"761. What powerful league was formed to arrest the conquest of Louis XIV., in 1672?
"That of Germany, Brandenburg, and Spain.
"762. Why did not England join also?
"Because England was then ruled by Charles II., and he was a pensioner of Louis XIV.
"763. What was the great battle of this war?
"That of Senef, between Conde and the stadtholder, William (1674).
"764. For what was the war memorable?
"The desolation of the Palitinate and Rhine provinces by Turenne, killed 1675. At the close of the campaign, Conde retired from active service.
"765. What treaty closed the war?
"That of Nimenguen, 1678, which left Louis XIV. with no accession of territory, except Franche Comte, and some fortresses in Flanders."

THE DOUBLE-RUNNER CLUB. By B. P. Shillaber. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. ($1.25.)

Our old friend Mrs. Partington is occupying her later and more mature years in writing the "Ike Partington" series for the rising generation. She is to be congratulated on having improved, in the last twenty years, in her knowledge of English. The present volume is a chronicle of the doings of a club of the Rivertown boys, bearing the rather appalling title of the "Double-Runner Club and Creek Literary Sodality." The boys might be real boys; and while Captain Bob, their guide, philosopher, and friend, is almost an impossible personage, he is none the less interesting.

Sir John Franklin is the title of the latest of the New Plutarch series, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and consists in an interesting description by the author, Mr. A. H. Busby, of the inception, object, and result of the Franklin expedition.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Never have there been such brightness in coloring, taste in ornamentation, and lavishness of illustration in Christmas books for children, as are this year displayed.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have received the bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1881, full of beautiful engravings, and overflowing with the class of stories, sketches, and tales that are so dear to all childish hearts; also, *Three Wise Old Couples*, a comic jingle, gaudily bound in five different colors; the bound volume of *Little Folks* for still smaller readers; and *Bessie Bradford's Secret*, a long story, more especially for girls.

Billings, Harbourne & Co. send us *Recollections of Auton House*, a comical autobiography of one of twelve Auton babies; and Mrs. Whitney's *Boys at Chequasset*, another of the charming stories that have made her reputation as an entertainer of older boys and girls.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

For sale by Bancroft & Co.: *Thomas De Quincey*, by David Masson, the latest of the English Men of Letters series; *Life of John Wesley*, by Rev. R. Green; numbers of the Franklin Square Library, from 211 to 216, inclusive, being *The Braes of Yarrow*, *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke*, *Christowell*, *The Comet of a Season*, *A Laodicean*, and *A Grape from a Thorn*. Bancroft & Co. have also for sale a *Primer of Logical Analysis*, by Josiah Royce. The pamphlet is intended for the use of composition students, and is already in use among the Freshman class at the University.

For sale by James T. White & Co.: A popularized edition of the marvels of animate and inanimate nature, called *A World of Wonders; The Verbalist*, a handy little manual on the right and wrong uses of words; and *Home Decorations*, and *Home Amusements*, the seventh and eighth volumes of Appleton's Home books.

For sale by Doxey & Co.: *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep*, a beautifully illustrated holiday edition of Mrs. Browning's poem; also, in paper, *How's Your Man*, and Cherbuliez's *Saints and Sinners*.

We have received also: *Our French Visitors*, a pamphlet of Cartoons, published by Moses King, Cambridge, and *Smiles and Tears*, a trashy volume of verse by a local author.

For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.: The latest numbers of Putnam's Son's *Trans-Atlantic Series* are *The Vicar's People*, by Geo. Manville Fenn; *John Barlow's Ward*, published anonymously; and *The Golden Trees*, a translation from the French of *Fortune du Boisgobey*. Also, *A Home Idyl and other Poems*, by J. T. Trowbridge.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

Postal-Cards.

The public knows that the postal-card at present in use is not the same, in color and otherwise, as the one that was first issued; but do not know how the change was brought about.

The old postal-card was of the color of a faded apple-peeling. Red apple-peeling. And there grew on it a heavy crop of fuzz every year, or oftener. Writing on it was something like writing on a peach, only the peach was more round-like than the card; or writing on a mouse, and holding the mouse still while you wrote. Or, what is a better illustration, writing on a gosling fresh from its little egg-dungeon. The fuzz would gather into a ball on the end of the pen. But the generation of people for whom the cards were made was not accustomed to writing with a ball of fuzz, wet up with ink, on the end of the pen. It came awkward. The pen could not be properly guided with a rollicking ball of fuzz to contend with. One might start his line of writing, with the intention of running it due east, to find in a moment that he was going south-easterly, and would probably run off the card going due south. Then, when the penman attempted to make any particular letter of the alphabet, it might turn out to be any other letter, or none at all, or a picture of a mashed tomato.

Such being the state of the case, I wrote to Postmaster-General Key, proposing a remedy. I suppose General Key has no objection now, he having gone out of the postal-card business, to our correspondence being made public. I have none.

My first letter was of the following tenor:

San Francisco, Feb. 5th, 1879.

Hon. David M. Key, Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: What will the government pay per card to have all its postal-cards shaved? Cards that are out of the hands of the government and unused can be returned to be shaved.

Very respectfully yours,

Lock Melone.

In due course of mail, I received this reply:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14th, 1879.
LOCK MELONE, ESQ., San Francisco, Cal.

Sir: In reply to yours of the 5th instant, making inquiry as to what the government will pay per card to have its postal-cards shaved, I have to communicate to you, after consultation with persons of experience in my department, that I am of the opinion that the lather would injure the cards; and consequently I decline entering into a contract to have them shaved.

Respectfully,
DAVID M. KEY, Postmaster-General.

Another proposition was made by me. Having received one letter from him, I felt that we were not entire strangers. It was this:

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Feb. 25th, 1879.

Dear General: Will the government entertain a proposition to shear its postal-cards? If so, what will it pay per fleece? The objection to lather does not hold good against sheep-shears. Write soon and often.

Yours truly,
LOCK MELONE.

Before a great while, the following answer reached me:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 7th, 1879.
LOCK MELONE, ESQ., Sacramento, Cal.

Sir: Yours of the 25th ultimo, asking if the government will entertain a proposition to have its postal-cards shorn, and if so, what it will pay per fleece for shearing, has been received at this office. In reply to your letter, I have to state, after consultation with the Honorable Attorney-General, that the proposition will not be entertained, on the ground that, in case the shearing was let, a question might arise as to whom the title of the removed fleeces was in—the contractor or the government—and lead to vexatious litigations.

Respectfully,
DAVID M. KEY, Postmaster-General.

I wrote again. It will be seen from the dating of my letters that I was not stationary. No: I was peddling chromos. The Postmaster-General having written me a second time, I felt drawn to him. I wrote thus:

TRUCKEE, CAL., March 17th, 1879.

Friend Key: My last proposition not having received favorable consideration, I write to ask if you think the government would let a contract to have its postal-cards singed. Singed slick. This leaves me in middling good health. With best wishes,

LOCK MELONE.

Receipt of my letter was thus acknowledged:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 26th, 1879.
LOCK MELONE, ESQ., Truckee, Cal.

Sir: Yours of the 17th instant, wherein you make a proposition to singe the government postal-cards has been received, and your proposition duly weighed. The proposal is not accepted, for the reason that the process is hazardous, in this: in the operation of singeing, the cards might be destroyed by fire, and the business of the country would thus be greatly interfered with.

Respectfully,
DAVID M. KEY, Postmaster-General.

Knowing that I would be doing the country a service if I could succeed in getting a postal-card that was slicker, I wrote a fourth time. In this language:

RENO, NEV., April 17th, 1879.

Dear Dave: There is not the same objection to mowing that you find to singeing. Can I get a job of mowing the spring crop of fuzz off the government postal? How's all? So long,

LOCK MELONE.

To this I received no respond. That is, no letter. But my efforts in behalf of a long-suffering public were rewarded. My letters set the Postmaster-General to thinking. And in July, at Cheyenne, I received, forwarded from Reno, a package of smooth, flowing postal-cards.

They were from my friend Dave.

FIFTY MILLIONS.

"Fifty millions of people were watching him." "Fifty millions of hearts were beating as one." "The verdict of a jury of fifty millions." And so on. These expressions have been in use for several years and some months.

The number expressing our population is like the bridge on one's nose. Remains at the same place.

By natural increase, or by immigration, we ought now to have another soul. And, if our population will admit of it, we should change the worn expression to "fifty millions and another fellow."

The expression will have to be changed one million of times before we can begin to say, "The hopes of fifty-one millions of people." And such. But we must keep pace with our population. We must speak the truth, though the heavens fall. And the price of canned salmon. When the time arrives, we should promptly say, "Fifty millions of people, and two other gentlemen"; or, "Fifty millions of people, two other citizens, a woman, and a bootblack"; or "There pulsated the hearts of fifty millions of people, several inhabitants, a dun-colored mule, and a whisky drummer"; or, "As the can was carefully and firmly attached to the anxious dog's tail, there was on him, to see how he would bear himself when turned loose, the straining eyes of fifty millions of people, and a considerable party of men who had gone a-fishing down on Goose Creek."

Washington, the Father of his Country but of nothing else, went through a weary, cheerless, and uninviting war, watched by only three millions of people. And Martha. God led him to victory. But Martha kept him straight.

Poor Adam had to go out of the garden with only one to watch him. But she, doubtless, brave woman that she was, cheered him, sympathized with him, and told him what a jackass he had made of himself. Repeatedly.

Worse. Many a fellow has had to close in a terrible, desperate, bloody grapple with a grizzly bear, with no one to watch him. If only fifty millions of people could have looked on and hollered for him! It would have encouraged him to go for the bear more fully.

When our population reaches one hundred millions, the people should be careful about aggregately throwing their eyes upon, or directing their attention to, a man who is making an effort. It might cause him to break off a button. LOCK MELONE.

UNCERTAINTY.

As one who reads a subtly woven romance,
Where kindred lives, though scattered far and wide,
Are drawn within the sweep of one great tide,
By the wise Master's soul-discerning glance;
Where joy and pain each other's power enhance;
And slowly, surely, all things join to guide
The tale unto its ending, where abide
The perfect reasons of the seeming chance—
I read my life. Its mysteries are sweet;
For through the past one fair design I find,
And toward the future look with kindling eyes.
Yea, skies may lower, clouds gather, tempests beat—
But what are they? New methods of God's mind,
Whereby he sends some crown of blest surprise.

MARION L. PELTON.

MAJOR BLUEBOTTLE.

As illustrative of the precocious tendency of the Californian youth, we give the following, which was related to us by an eye-witness:

Major Bluebottle stood at the registry window of the San Francisco post-office a few days since, looking loftily down upon the small boy from a newspaper office, who was hurriedly signing a handful of registry receipts. The Major is a portly gentleman of the old Kentucky school, dignified, brass-buttoned—a type of the fast-disappearing crook-caned aristocracy of *ante-bellum* days. The boy finished, and slipped away; but having forgotten his bundle, came suddenly back, and forced himself between the Falstaffian stomach of his lordly fellow-citizen and the window.

"How dare you thrust yourself upon me in this way?" thundered the Major, stepping hastily backwards, to the great consternation of the waiting crowd behind him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the boy replied, with a mock courtesy; "*but really, I did not know you were in town!*"

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

The Christmas bells in sweet chimes still
Ring, "Peace on earth; to men, good-will."

May His peace rest on thee, and keep
For thee the blessed, happy sleep
He giveth His beloved; and bless
Thee with abiding happiness!

The Christmas bells ring sweet and clear,
The loving thoughts of all the year.

Dear heart, at "Merry Christmas" time,
This wish for thee comes in the chime
Of Christmas bells, which bring to me
Such sweet and tender thoughts of thee.

Ring out, ring out, O happy bells,
The circling love His birth foretells.

And waft to her the chimes, that well
From every belfry tower, and tell
Her how my heart with love now swells,
To hear again these Christmas bells.

Ring out, sweet bells, the Peace that dwells
Above, and love in us compels.

Tell her my thoughts can ne'er abide
Apart from her at Christmas tide;
But, like the love the season tells,
Enfold her in the Christmas bells.

JAMES T. WHITE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Send your back numbers to the magazine office, and for seventy-five cents per volume they will be neatly bound. Send twenty-five cents extra for return postage on each volume, if you live out of San Francisco. Name, in gilt letters on back, ten cents. Do not forget to inclose your name and address.

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ILLUSTRATIONS NEXT MONTH.

THE CALIFORNIAN for February will contain an illustrated article, describing one of the most beautiful sections of California; and a dialectic poem, by J. Russell Fisher, also accompanied by an illustration.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CHAS. H. PHELPS.

VOL. V.—FEBRUARY, 1882.—NO. 26.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN.—I.

On the morning of May 22nd, 1881, having completed all our arrangements, we sailed from Ounalaska, and proceeding north, on the following morning touched at St. George and St. Paul, the noted seal islands rented by the Alaska Commercial Company from the United States Government, and whence are taken the larger part of all the fur seal skins so much prized by the fair sex of all nations.

St. Paul, the larger and more important of the two islands, lies in latitude 57° 5′, longitude 170°. It is of volcanic formation; and its shore-line, which is composed of blocks of basalt in a great variety of shapes and sizes, presents an exceedingly rugged outline; whilst its top, although composed of the same material, shows a succession of smoothly rounded hills of moderate hight covered with verdure. Some of these hills still show clearly defined craters. This fact is peculiar to all islands of volcanic origin. The lava contracts during the cooling process, and the result is, that cracks and fissures run through it in every direction; these increase in size when exposed to the action of the sea, until the lava presents the appearance of innumerable loose blocks thrown together indiscriminately; while on the higher portions, where the weathering only goes on, the effect is just the contrary: all irregularities of the surface are smoothed down, and a coating of vegetable growth gives, at a little distance, the appearance of a carefully tended lawn.

Seals make these islands their summer home, on account of the humidity of the atmosphere, which, I believe, is greater there than at any other point on the coast.

The Government receives over a quarter of a million dollars yearly, in taxes from the Alaska Commercial Company, for the use of this small part of a territory, the whole of which cost only seven million dollars, and was paid for partly in old iron-clads that would have cost more to keep in repairs than the amount expended by the present very meager and inadequate government of Alaska.

The Company is allowed to kill one hundred thousand seals per annum, and the revenue from this source is very great. The

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natives who kill the seals are well paid, well fed, and cared for when sick; their children are educated, and, above all, they enjoy the privilege, inestimable to a savage, of getting drunk as often as they please, in spite of all the stringent anti-liquor laws in Alaska.

They have acquired the knowledge of fermenting a liquor from flour and sugar that will produce the desired effect at short notice. There is no law prohibiting the unlimited introduction of these articles, no general or local law to prevent the fermenting of the intoxicant, no penalty for getting drunk or wife-beating—so these sports are indulged in without restraint, and the natives are happy.

Having secured our ice-breaker to the bows, rigged the crow's-nest at the mast-head, and made all ready for encountering ice, we got under way from St. Paul Island, and shaped a course for St. Matthew, an island about thirty miles in length, lying just north of the 60th parallel of latitude, and noted for the great number of polar bears by which it is said to be inhabited.

Their numbers are variously estimated from "a few stray ones," to many hundred. It is said that the Russians once attempted to colonize this island, but were driven off by the bears. I do not vouch for the story, however: arctic as well as other travelers have been known to exaggerate, and it is possible that the number and ferocity of these boreal monsters may have been overstated. It was our intention to spend a day there, if the ice would admit of our reaching the island, for the purpose of giving all who might feel so disposed an opportunity of trying their nerve with a bear. Fortunately for the bears, on the morning of the 24th, in latitude 58.43, longitude 171.26, the temperature of the water fell to thirty-two degrees, and a few hours later, ice was seen from the mast-head, and soon after from the deck, ahead and on the starboard bow. Finding the ice so far south on the American side of Behring's Sea, we determined to cross over to the Siberian side, and follow up that coast as fast as ice would permit.

Accordingly we proceeded under steam and sail, at times with the ice in sight, and at others losing it entirely. Much of the time thick snow-storms and fogs prevailed, rendering it necessary to proceed with great caution. On the 26th, while steaming through drift ice, during a thick snow-storm, I shot two seals—a small hair seal (*Phoca Vitulina*), and a saddle-back (*Phoca Hystricus*). The meat of these seals was dark, but not tough, and not particularly unpleasant to the taste; we ate it from a sense of duty, having determined to try all the articles of food found in our travels. Unfortunately for the perfect success of the experiment in the cabin mess, the sea was quite rough at the time, which interfered very materially with the appetite, and warped the judgment of our best authority on matters gastronomic, so that he could not make an unbiased report.

However, we all succeeded in eating seal; and though no enthusiasm was shown, it was pronounced "not bad," and it was resolved to try polar bear the first opportunity.

On the 28th, we reached St. Lawrence Island, and came to anchor off the settlement on the north-west end. The island was still white with snow, and nearly surrounded by ice—the latter, however, was well broken up, and rapidly moving to the north. Our arrival was hailed with demonstration of joy by the natives, firing guns, shouting, etc.; and from the top of one of the houses was displayed an American flag, the property of the wrecked schooner Loleta. St. Lawrence Island lies between the 63rd and 64th parallels of latitude, and 169th and 172nd degrees of west longitude. It is directly in the track of the whisky-sellers who visit the Arctic Ocean each year, and in consequence, the former population of over fourteen hundred souls is reduced to about four hundred. Fully one thousand have died within the last four years, from causes which may be traced directly to the sale of whisky. In justice to the whalers, I must say that but few of them now trade in liquor. It is done by small schooners commanded by wretches in human form, for whom no punishment is too severe.

The few remaining people on this island are in a truly pitiable condition; and unless

some active measures are taken to prevent it, their total destruction is but a question of a few years. They realize this, but freely acknowledge their inability to resist the temp-

THE CORWIN IN A "NIP." (FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. C. L. HOOPER.)

tation to buy and drink liquor when offered. Formerly, there were six settlements on the island: the inhabitants of four of them are all dead; at the fifth, the one at which we stopped, between three and four hundred are living; and at a small

settlement on the south-west end, there are fourteen.

In the vicinity of these villages, the ground was strewn with unburied corpses, bleached and ghastly, presenting a sickening sight; from the top of a small hill near one of the villages, I counted over fifty, and in one of the houses, thirty dead bodies were found in a heap. The immediate cause of the terrible mortality among these people seems to have been starvation, brought on by their neglect to provide food for winter use. Plenty of walrus pass the island each spring and fall; but instead of laying in a store of meat, the natives take only what they require for use from day to day, and save the tusks, with which they buy whisky, and keep drunk as long as it lasts. An unusually severe spell of weather which prevents their hunting, or freezes the ice solid a long distance from the shore, so that they cannot reach the edge where the seals and walrus are to be found, necessarily causes great suffering; and if these conditions remain long enough, starvation is sure to follow. The survivors have become so accustomed to this most terrible state of affairs, that it seems to have lost all of its terrors for them, and they speak of it as a very commonplace matter. When asked what has become of all of the people who formerly lived here, they answer, with the utmost nonchalance, and with a wave of the hand in the direction of the dead bodies, "O, all muckie" (all dead).

After spending several hours at St. Lawrence Island, we got under way for Plover Bay (on the Siberian coast), for the double purpose of taking in a supply of coal, and communicating with the natives, to learn if anything had been heard from the objects of our search. We were unable to enter Plover Bay, as the ice was still unbroken there, and for several miles outside. But during the afternoon, we spoke the whaling bark Rainbow, Captain Lapham, and from him learned that a report had reached the whaling vessels (several of which had already passed through the straits), to the effect, that, sometime during the previous autumn, a wreck had been seen and boarded by some natives near Cape Serdze, Siberia, which was supposed to be one of the missing whalers. Captain Lapham stated, that, although the accounts received from the different natives varied somewhat, it was the general belief of the masters of the whaling vessels that there was some foundation of truth for it; so we determined to fit out a sledge party, to travel along the coast of Siberia and investigate this report, as well as to make inquiries for the Jeannette, or any parties of white men that might have been seen traveling along the shore. At Marcus Bay, a small Tchooktchee settlement a few miles north of Plover Bay, we engaged the services of an interpreter named Joe. On anchoring at this place, a party of natives came alongside in a skin boat, and, as usual, clambered on board without ceremony. It was asked if any of them could speak English, and one, pointing to Joe, said, "He speak too much." I immediately made him acquainted with the nature of our business, and asked if he would accompany us with his dog team. At first he was in some doubt, and said he was afraid; but we assured him that he would be in no danger, and that he would be well paid, upon which he consented to go with us. I went on shore with him, to see that he did not change his mind; and as soon as we landed, he shot away like a deer, saying he would soon be ready. While waiting for Joe, I tried my hand for the first time at dog-driving; but it resulted in a decided failure, with the usual accompaniments of being run away with, and rolled over in. the snow, greatly to the amusement of the female and juvenile portion of the settlement.

In a short time, Joe emerged from his house, completely changed in appearance, having doffed his fur clothing, and donned a less comfortable but more showy suit of blue flannel, ornamented with red shoulder-straps, etc. The effect of this sudden change was very ludicrous, and created a hearty laugh, in which Joe joined. His wife accompanied him on board, and remained until we got under way, when she took her leave, sobbing and looking very unhappy, while Joe looked glum, and smoked hard. He soon recovered

his spirits, however, and proved a valuable acquisition. He was a good interpreter, and an energetic driver, and in every way thoroughly reliable. On the 29th, we reached St. Lawrence Bay (the wintering place of the Rodgers), and rode out a north-west gale and snow-storm in the outer bay, the ice being still unbroken in the harbor. We tried to buy some dogs and sleds from the natives, who came on board in large numbers, but they did not care to part with them. On the following day, however, we landed at the west Diomede, the largest of the three islands in Behring's Strait, where we obtained nineteen good working-dogs and three sleds, paying for all, twenty-two sacks of flour.

As soon as it became known to the natives that we would buy dogs, a raid was made on all the aged, female, and useless dogs of every description in the settlement; and boat load after boat load arrived, until we were almost compelled to use force to stop them from bringing the animals on board. With Joe's assistance, we passed judgment on them, by saying, "That dog no good," or "This good"; the required number of the best were selected, and the natives were informed that no more were wanted, and the rejected ones must be taken out of the ship. This last order Joe proceeded to carry out, by picking them up by the back, and dropping them into the boats, without regard to the howls and snarls of the dogs, or the expostulations of their owners.

Having now twenty-five good dogs and four sleds, it only remained to fit out our party, and land them as far to the northward as practicable, along the Siberian coast.

On the 31st of May, we reached Cape Serdze, latitude 67.05°, longitude 171.4°, near the wintering place of Prof. Nordenskjold, in the Vega, 1878–79, having literally felt our way in through heavy drift ice and thick fog.

Following the coast to the westward, we came to a settlement of Tchooktchees, behind an island called by the natives Tapkan, which is about one mile long, one-fourth of a mile wide, and one hundred and fifty feet high; it lies a mile off shore. Along this coast we found a rim of ice from five to thirty feet high, and extending from two to ten miles off shore. At our landing place it was quite narrow, but so rough and hummocky, that it seemed to us impassable; and we were about to give up the attempt, and return to the ship, when we saw some natives going in the direction of the vessel, about a mile farther north. Taking our boat, we rowed to a point opposite them, and getting out on the ice, we waited for them to approach, which they did with some caution, as if they were not quite sure what our intentions might be.

However, a few words from Joe, and a present of some tobacco, soon quieted their fears, and established friendly relations between us. At first, they denied all knowledge of the report in regard to the wrecks; but subsequently, having acknowledged that they had heard it, they told so many wonderful tales, that we were inclined to doubt them all.

They were a rollicking, good-natured, careless lot, and when told of the object of our visit, and asked if one of their number would go with us, laughed heartily, and said, "What is the use of looking for them? if they have been there so long"—pointing to the north—"they must be all dead." After some persuasion, and promises of liberal rewards, two of them consented to accompany us if we would shoot walrus for their families to subsist upon during their absence. This we readily promised, provided we could find the walrus; but as none were in sight, and we could not spare the time to hunt for them, we compromised by giving them a few pounds of tobacco. One of them proved to be such a great talker, that Joe, who was a man of very few words, said, after listening to him a while, "I think it's more better we don't take this fellow: too much talk"; and in deference to Joe's wishes, the loquacious Tapkan was left behind. The other, a large, quiet, good-natured fellow, accompanied us, and was found useful, although given to romancing. He seemed to think we were in search of information, which it was his special province to

supply; and some of the flights of imagination he indulged in were truly surprising, considering that he had never received any of the advantages of a civilized education.

Having signified a desire to visit the settlement, we were invited to ride there upon the dog-sleds, about a dozen of which, with from five to eight dogs attached to each, we saw after climbing over the rough, hummocky ice for half a mile or so. At first, this proposition seemed to me either a huge joke or a diabolical plan to break all our bones, and I was in some doubt how to treat it; but seeing that they were evidently in earnest, and kindly disposed, we determined to venture; and taking our seats, grasping the sides of the sled with each hand, we succeeded, either in holding on, or falling in such a way as to save our bones when thrown off, until we came to the village, where we were received kindly. Deer skins were spread on the ground for us to rest upon, and each one of us presented with a pair of deer-skin mittens of peculiar make.

In one of the houses we found them enjoying a meal of seal's entrails, boiled and smoking hot. They are cooked and eaten just as taken from the animal. I have observed this peculiarity in the domestic economy both of the Tchooktchees of Siberia and the Innuits of northern Alaska. No part of any animal is wasted.

To the coast people, the seal furnishes everything. From the skin they make boat and house covering, boots, pants, and all articles of wearing apparel, except the fur shirt, or *parkie*, which is made of reindeer skins. They also make, of the seal skins, pokes in which they store the oil for winter use, both for food and fuel. I have never seen them drink the oil, as some travelers say they are in the habit of doing; but dried fish or meat, well soaked in seal or whale oil, is one of their principal dishes, and the blubber, raw, is a luxury. The flesh, blood, and entrails are all eaten with equal relish. Like more civilized epicureans, they think meat improves with age; but, unfortunately, they know no limit to the rule, and the further its advancement toward a state of decomposition, the better it is relished by them. The odors exhaled by a party of natives after a feast of this kind cannot be described.

We were often invited to partake of their meals with them, but declined.

During our visit here, we were shown a silver fork and spoon, which had been presented to one of the old men by Professor Nordenskjold, whom they called "Captain Enshall," and for whom they seemed to entertain a very friendly feeling.

After our visit to Tapkan, we returned to the vessel by the same rugged path, and, thanks to the skillful management of the native driver, we had no accident. It is really astonishing over what rough ice these people can travel with their loaded sleds. Before making this trip, I had seen a rather spirited engraving, representing a party, under command of Lieutenant Pim, R. N., crossing very rough ice in Melville Sound, going from Deally Island to Mercy Bay, Bank's Land, in search of Captain McClure. But after our experience over the shore ice at Tapkan, I feel sure the artist had not indulged in a flight of imagination, as I had at first supposed.

Finding a lead of open water between the shore ice and the floe, we entered it, and steamed to the north-west, being anxious to get as far as possible before landing our sledge party, in order to reduce their land travel, as the snow was rapidly disappearing, and the sledging growing poorer every day. About four, P. M., June 1st, in latitude 68° 28′ north, longitude 175° 10′ west, we came to the end of the lead. It was snowing hard, and blowing a gale from north-west; and as we had not seen the land since leaving Cape Serdze, the previous evening, and could not tell how far off shore we were, or what might be the condition of the ice between us and the coast, it was decided not to land our party until a sight of the coast could be obtained. The north-west gale was bringing down the pack, and rapidly closing the lead, necessitating a very close watch upon its movements.

We hove to in the lead under sail, thinking

the vessel would drift fast enough to keep her in clear water; but about midnight it was discovered that she was surrounded by heavy ice, and in trying to extricate her, the rudder

HERALD ISLAND. (FROM A SKETCH BY DR. I. C. ROSSE.)

was broken and unshipped. The situation was now anything but pleasant: caught in the pack at the end of a lead, one hundred and twenty miles from open water, in one of the worst snow-storms I ever experienced, a gale of wind blowing, and the rudder gone.

HEAD OF FUR SEAL.

The howling of twenty-five Esquimaux dogs helped to swell the din.

Of course, the first consideration was to get into the lead and rig a temporary rudder. This we had succeeded in doing by six o'clock in the morning; and following the shore in to the south and east, a sharp look-out was kept, hoping to get a glimpse of the coast, which we did about four, P. M. It stopped snowing for a few minutes, and Kolutchin Island was seen right abeam, and apparently not more than five miles distant, although it proved much farther.

I asked the natives if they considered the ice passable. Joe referred the matter to the Tapkan native, whose face brightened up as he grunted out something, which Joe interpreted to mean, "He thinks it pretty good." So the order was passed for the sledge party to embark, and half an hour later they were on the ice. The party was composed of two officers, one seaman, and the two natives. Their outfit consisted of a tent and coal-oil stove, twenty-five dogs, four sleds, a skin boat for crossing rivers or leads of open water in the ice, arms and ammunition, deer-skin *parkies*, seal-skin pants and boots, and rations for two months, of bread, pemmican, dried potatoes, coffee, and sugar. Instructions were given the party to proceed along the coast to the westward, communicating with the natives at every settlement, to ascertain the amount of truth in the reported discovery of the wreck, and, if possible, to find the parties with whom the report originated, and gather all facts in connection with it that could in any way throw light on the fate of the missing whalers or the Jeannette. They were also given definite instructions in regard to rejoining the vessel when their task had been completed.

This done, we made the best of our way toward Behring's Strait, intending to return to Plover Bay, and repair the broken rudder. We arrived at the strait on the evening of June 3rd, and found it filled with large fields of ice, so we were compelled to wait until the following morning before passing through. During the night we observed the current, and found it setting to the northward about one knot per hour. Behring's Strait, which separates Asia from America, is about forty-five miles wide, and has an average depth of twenty-six fathoms of water; the bottom is hard, and very regular. Nearly in the center of the strait are two islands; the larger and western is about three miles long, by one wide, and probably eight hundred feet high, with nearly perpendicular cliffs. It was named by Captain Beechy, R. N., Ratmanoff. The native name is Noo-nar-book.

The eastern island is nearly the same hight, but has only about one-third the area. It was named by Beechy, after Admiral Krusenstern, and is called by the natives Ignalook; about ten miles south of Krusenstern is a high, square-looking rock, to which Captain Beechy gave the name of Fairway Rock. Its native name is Ooghe-e-ak. Between the two larger, or Diomede Islands, as they are generally called, is a good, clear channel two miles wide, and with twenty fathoms of water. The boundary line between Asia and America passes between these two islands, each of which contains a settlement of natives, who, except those who are too old or too lazy to travel, cross over in their skin boats to the main land in the summer, to trade, pick berries, etc. They kill walrus and seal, and occasionally a whale. They partake of the characteristics of both Tchooktchees and Esquimaux, but their language is that of the latter. It is probable that these islands were settled from the American side. The passage across the strait is made many times each summer, by trading parties of natives, in their *oomiaks*, or skin boats; but, so far as I could learn, is not made over the ice during the winter. The natives say the ice in the strait is always broken, and subject to great and sudden changes, rendering any attempt to cross extremely hazardous. The passage by water is not considered by them as at all difficult; the greatest distance from land to land, in crossing, is only a little over twenty miles; while from Plover Bay to St. Lawrence Island, a trip which they make several times each summer, the distance between the nearest points of land is forty-seven miles—which may be considered

something remarkable, considering the style of boat used by them, the fact that they have no compasses, the strong currents, the sudden changes in the weather, together with the thick fogs, which are likely to occur at any time. The ordinary *oomiak*, or skin boat, is about twenty-four feet long, by six feet wide and two feet deep, sharp at each end, and flat-bottomed. The frame is composed of such drift sticks as they can pick up, lashed together with seal-skin thongs, and the outside covering is of walrus or seal hide, sewed together.

The covering, as well as fastenings, when water-soaked, stretch a great deal; and it is no unusual thing, after a boat has been in

FULL-GROWN FUR SEAL.

water several days, for the joints to work loose, and allow the boat to flatten out on the water. When traveling along shore, they stop every day, pitch their tents, haul up the boats, and turn them over on the beach to dry. The men use paddles, and the women oars; if the wind is fair, a square sail is used, made of drilling, if they are fortunate enough to have it; if not, of deer skin. Sometimes they attach the dogs to the boat by means of a long line, and one of the boys or young men is put on shore for a driver.

On the 7th of June, we arrived off Plover Bay, but found it still blocked with ice, and returned to St. Lawrence Island, where we repaired our rudder as best we could, and hung it. Before getting it ready, however, we had a narrow escape from being driven ashore by the ice. About four, A. M., June 10th, during a thick snow-storm, we were at

anchor off the north-west end of the island, when the ice came in, like a wall; owing to the thick weather, it could not be seen until it was within half a cable's length of the vessel, and by the time our anchor was up, it was close alongside. The island at this point presents a perpendicular cliff of several hundred feet in hight, and the shore is lined with enormous bowlders—one of the worst places imaginable for a vessel to go ashore. The ice was rapidly setting towards the land, and our only hope of escaping a squeeze, that would have terminated the cruise of the Corwin, was to find a hole in the ice into which we could force the vessel far enough to allow the ice to strike the shore first, and take the chances of the nip which was sure to follow.

Owing to the slow, imperfect action of the jury rudder, and the limited space we had to work in between the ice and shore, we had some difficulty in getting into the pack; and it was not until we were within the length of the vessel from the rocks, that, by tricing the jury rudder up and backing strong, we succeeded in forcing her into the pack, stern first, sufficiently to keep off the rocks. After several hours, the ice set off shore again, and allowed us to escape.

On the 11th, we reached Plover Bay, and succeeded in getting into the outer harbor, the ice inside being still unbroken. We made fast to the edge of the ice with ice anchors, and on the following morning commenced coaling ship; but, as we were compelled to draw our coal a distance of a mile and a half on sleds, it took several days to fill our bunkers.

The whaling bark Tom Pope, Captain Millard, came in on the evening of the 13th, and made fast to the ice near us. She had already taken a full cargo of bone and oil, and was bound to San Francisco. On the afternoon of the 15th, a slight roll of the sea was noticed. Soon after, the ice commenced to crack in all directions, and half an hour later the entire bay was broken up. The change occurred so suddenly, that we had barely time to get our ice anchors in, and take the Tom Pope in tow, before it was all broken and driving out of the bay. Picking our way in through the broken ice, both vessels came to an anchor near the shore in clear water, where one hour before it had been solid ice. The water in Plover Bay is very deep, and it is only near the shore that anchorage can be obtained at all. A low sand spit on the east side, near the mouth, forms the harbor, and affords protection in all kinds of weather. It was named after H. B. M. ship Plover, which wintered here, under command of Lieutenant Moore, in 1848–49, while in search of Sir John Franklin's expedition.

On the 29th of June, we returned to Tapkan, where we found our sledge party waiting for us. The wind was blowing hard at the time, from north-west, and a heavy sea running, which made the operation of embarking both difficult and dangerous. Fortunately, it was accomplished without accident although with the loss of our dogs and sleds, tent, and the remaining provisions, which they were compelled to leave on shore, in charge of the natives. I had hoped to be able to reach this place again and recover those things, but was unable to do it, as each time we were in the vicinity the weather was too rough to admit of our making a landing. It appears from the letters recently received from those on board of the relief steamer Rodgers, that they visited this place on their way north, and mistook it for Kolutchin Island, which lies on the west side of the bay of that name. Our party had been absent twenty-eight days, and had been kindly treated by the natives, who not only furnished them with food for their dogs, but assisted them in carrying their loads, which, owing to the lateness of the season and consequent poor traveling, were found to be much too heavy. They had been along the Asiatic coast to a place called Cape Vankarem, in latitude 67° 52′, longitude 175° 30′, where they found the parties who had boarded the wreck, and obtained from them a number of articles taken from it, which have since been identified as belonging to the missing whaling bark Vigilant, and others to Captain Nye of the Mt. Wollaston, which would seem to

indicate that both crews had been on board the Vigilant. I can only account for the wreck being seen on the coast of Asia at this time, by supposing, that in attempting to get south in 1879 she encountered the ice which filled the southern part of the ocean, and that in attempting to pass to the westward of it was caught and crushed, and that during the season of 1880 the ice did not break sufficiently far west to release the wreck.

It is probable that the Mt. Wollaston was abandoned to the northward of Herald Island, which accounts for only one wreck being seen. It is not unlikely, that, both vessels being caught, it was decided by their captains, who were both skillful sailors and men of great courage and energy, to unite their forces on the best vessel, and that a subsequent break-up of the ice released and enabled them to reach some point near where the wreck was discovered before again becoming embayed. The statement made by the natives was, that they were out sealing on the ice, when seeing a dark object, they approached it, and it was found to be

MALE AND FEMALE WALRUS.

the hull of a vessel, with masts, bulwarks, and boats gone, and the hold partly filled with water. In the cabin were four corpses, three on the floor, and one in a berth.

After taking what they could carry home, night coming on, they left the wreck, with the intention of returning in the morning; but during the night the wind, which had been from the northward, changed to south-west, and the wreck was not seen again.

This discovery destroys any lingering hope for the safety of either vessel, and the possibility of the escape of any number of the crews seems equally doubtful. What horrible fate befell them—whether they attempted to reach the land and perished from exposure on the way, fell victims to that horrible scourge, the scurvy, or died a lingering death from starvation—may never be known: and perhaps it is as well, as it could only give their friends additional pain. Had any of them succeeded in reaching the coast of Asia, I feel confident they would have been kindly cared for by the natives, and tidings of them have reached us at some time during the past two seasons. Whatever their fate, we may be assured that they met it like brave men. Probably no business in which men engage for a livelihood is attended with more danger than the arctic whale-fishery; and no class of men face danger more coolly, or possess more resources for overcoming it, than the men who go yearly to the Arctic Ocean in whale-ships.

C. L. HOOPER.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THAT CITY CHAP

Why, how de do, Miss Stebbins? I'm mortal glad you're here,
Fer things are in a muddle, now, with nothin' straight or clear.
Jest walk into the chamber there, an' lay your things away;
I felt, somehow, this mornin', thet perhaps you'd come to-day.
I'm e'en a'most demented, too, from worriment and fear;
My limbs are weak an' tremblin', an' my head feels wondrous queer;
While father—well, he's clean broke down, an' waitin' in the barn
Till neighbor Jones comes back from town, where he had gone to l'arn
If any news can be obtained, by waitin' round a spell,
An' watchin' for a word or sign of her we loved so well.

But take a seat, Miss Stebbins—fer I know you've come to stay—
An' you can help this achin' heart to bear its load to-day.
You see it's sort o' comfortin', when one is old an' queer,
To know the sunny bloom o' youth is shinin' somewhere near.
There's not a soul about the place but father, now, an' me;
Though we *hed* al'ays hoped to hold a gran'child on our knee;
But she who was our joy an' pride in selfishness has flown,
An' we are left at even-tide to travel on alone.
But then—I beg your pardon, fer I s'pose you hardly know
How all a parent's life an' blood will fer her children flow;
So I will tell the story—fer I know you've time to wait—
An' if my narves will rest a bit, I'll try an' tell it straight.

It's all about our Susie: fer you see she's run away
Along o' thet young city chap thet came down here last May,
A-bringin' piles o' artist things, an' wanderin' all about—
Though why on 'arth *he* acted so, I never could make out.
He'd climb thet hill in Jones's lot beneath a bilin' sun,
An', squattin' down among the rocks, jest paint 'em, one by one;
An' then he'd wade among the mire deep down in Boggs's glen,
A-paintin' daubs o' this an' that, like any child o' ten.
I s'pose he got them pictures up to take away an' sell,
Though who would buy a pile o' rocks, I'm sure *I* couldn't tell;
So, after watchin' him a spell, I jest made up *my* mind
That he was queer about the head—like many of his kind.

An' Susie—well, she hed some ways we couldn't quite make out;
Though of her love, an' faith in us, we never had a doubt;
But from the time when, as a child, she played about my knee,
On many p'ints her mind an' mine could never jest agree.
She didn't take to farmin' life, with all its toil an' care;
But then I s'pose *'twa'n't* jest the thing for one so frail an' fair;
An' then she read a pile o' books, o' poetry an' sich,
An' talked o' lovers, fond an' true, who made their sweethearts rich.

Fer spellin'-schools an' quiltin'-bees she didn't seem to care;
But jest sot round an' read an' thought, each moment she could spare.
She might 'a' hed her pick o' beaux in all the country round;
Fer in beguilin', tender ways her match could not be found.

An' I—well, when 'twas late at night, an' everything was still,
I'd often kneel beside her couch an' seek the Master's will;
Fer I'd known nothin' of the world outside our little farm,
To guide a nature sech as her'n, and keep her safe from harm;
An' just because she hed some ways I couldn't understand,
I felt my duty, all the more, to lead her by the hand.
She'd often, on a summer's eve, sit by the open door,
An' tell us stories of the world we'd never dreamed before;
An' when the twilight round us fell, an' stars came in the sky,
I'd hide my face on father's arm, and hev a quiet cry.
Fer when she talked o' all them things, an' looked so sweet an' wise,
I felt, somehow, thet from the farm we'd one day lose our prize.

An' father—all his life an' soul was bound up in his child,
An' to the knowledge of our loss he can't be reconciled.
When she grew up, an' all her life set 'gainst this country rule,
He gathered up his little means, an' sent her off to school.
An' Heaven knows jest how he toiled from morn till late at night!
Fer keepin' her in city style it tuk an awful sight;
But all his toilin', toward the last, proved but of small avail;
Fer matters, somehow, would git mixed, an' crops begun to fail;
An' father's health was failin' fast, so nothin' else would do
But place a mortgage on the farm, to see his darlin' through.
Fer she was so bound up in books, we knew she'd fret an' grieve
Until her lovin' heart would break, if she was forced to leave.

Well, she came home amazin' smart, an' learned in many ways;
While all the country, far an' near, was ringin' with her praise.
I s'pose that all this fol-de-rol hed sort o' turned her brain,
An' tuk away all nat'ral taste for anything that's plain;
But all the time I never thought our Susie much to blame,
Fer—bless her heart!—right through it all she loved *us* just the same.
She sort o' wearied o' the life, an' grew quite thin an' weak,
While in her eyes a longin' look seemed tryin' fer to speak.

She didn't know, fer quite a spell, about what we had done
In mortgagin' the dear old farm, to make the money run;
An' when we told the story, with jest a show of pride
Thet she should know our love fer her, she broke right down an' cried.

But when she met this city chap, her whole life seemed to change,
While through her face a color ran that looked amazin' strange.
Her very soul seemed peepin' forth whenever he was round,
An' sich a happy, cheerful girl could nowhere else be found.

Well, me an' father watched it all in silence, fer a spell,
Until the meanin', clear an' plain, we realized too well;
Then father gently spoke to her, an' she, with blushin' cheeks,
Confessed she loved this painter chap, an' hed for many weeks

"SHE DIDN'T TAKE TO FARMIN' LIFE."

Thet he was noble, good, an' true, an' every inch a man;
An' in one mighty stream of love their lives together ran.
An' then she told us many things thet filled us with surprise,
Her face aglow with happiness, an' brightly shinin' eyes.

She said thet he was rich an' great, and hed a noble name
Thet he, by all these paintin' whims, hed covered o'er with fame;
An' he would take her to his home, an' make a lady grand
Of our poor little country girl, who once was rough an' tanned.

Then father, with a tremblin' voice—poor man! his heart was sore—
Jest told her, in a kindly tone, this man must come no more.
He'd only fool our darlin' one, an' lure her from her home,
Then cast her forth upon the world, in friendlessness to roam.
She never said another word, but turned as cold as stone,
Then glided swiftly from the room, an' we sat there alone.
An' then this mornin' she was gone, with but this note to tell
She'd gone to meet this city chap, an' bid us both farewell!

An' now you have the story, 'cept jest a word or two:
Of how we hev no means to pay the mortgage, which is due;
We, in a few short weeks at most, must leave the dear old home,
With breakin' hearts an' wasted strength, in wretchedness to roam.
While she for whom the debt was made has gone, we know not where;
Although I fear her load of shame will be no less to bear.
But we will al'ays pray fer her, an' love her jest the same;
Fer she was all we ever hed to bear our good old name.
'Tis but a little while, at most, thet we must journey here,
Before we gain that heavenly land whose skies are *always* clear;
An' then she'll know, when safe with us beyond all earthly harm,
Jest how we prayed an' mourned fer her upon the dear old farm!
* * * * * *
What's thet you say, Miss Stebbins? *Our Susie's safe and well?*
An' thet is jest the bit o' news you came around to tell?
An' married, too—all *safe* and *right*—to one who loves her dear?—
Jest give me time to breathe a bit, an' then I'll git it clear!
But what was that you said besides? I didn't seem to hear—
The mortgage is paid off at last? The dear old farm is clear?
Thet city chap has done it all, an' sent you on before
To break the news, ere he shall bring *our Susie home once more?*
Ah! here they are a-comin' now, with *father* by their side,
A-gazin' up in Susie's face with happiness an' pride—
This life is full of crooks an' turns, an' many cruel snares;
But then, sometimes we entertain an angel unawares!

J. Russell Fisher.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

Chapter XIII.

Upon this, the Court adjourned; and the spectators poured forth in a little dense crowd, each member of which, without doubt, then intended to betake himself at once to his ordinary vocations for the day: thinking, perhaps, that he was really about to do so, and with more diligent labor than usual, to make up for lost time; but easily persuaded, nevertheless, to linger on the way, and assist in the formation of little groups, which, spontaneously gathering here and there as though by some process of crystallization, collected about awning-posts, or took lodgment upon stray boxes, or formed in long line upon the counter of the village store, or—as in the case of a score or two—betook themselves to Cobweb & Crusty's bar-room, in open defiance of any pretense of labor for the remainder of the day. Whereby it happened, that in the end, each inhabitant, observing the reckless indifference of others to their accustomed duties, soon encouraged himself, as well, to throw off all manner of restraint, and ardently give himself up for the rest of the afternoon to purposes of gossip and disputation. For a real murder is not every day unearthed, even in large communities; and it must be that there are villages more populous than Windward which can scarcely claim a murder oftener than once a century; and there seemed, therefore, every reason why the present transaction should be signalized with abstinence from labor, and a general indulgence in social discussion.

Along with the rest of the crowd, Sergeant Kit came limping forth into the open air. He had happened to arrive late upon the scene of the examination; and crushed into a back corner, had thence looked anxiously upon the proceedings, seeking, from that distant nook, to catch the Colonel's eye: only to let him know, thereby, as the best thing that could then be done, that a friend was near; merely to insure him of present sympathy, and give him indirect notice, as it were, that there was one, at least, who would omit nothing that could possibly be attempted in his behalf. Of course the Colonel had not detected him among that sea of staring faces; and now the Sergeant, as he gained the open air, and became aware how futile had been that small effort of his, paused for a moment, and cast about within himself what further there might be for him to do. He might at once, perhaps, visit the Colonel in his prison quarters, and with a hearty grasp of the hand, assure him of sympathy and co-operation, standing thus shoulder to shoulder with him until the very end, whatever the end might turn out to be; but, on the other hand, was it an assured thing that he would be allowed to make that visit? Possibly the authorities might prove very chary about permitting strangers to see their prisoner; and apart from that, would it not be better to postpone an interview until he could bring with him the more valuable sympathy of practical aid? The truer plan now would be to exert himself as actively as possible in the Colonel's assistance; and for the present, it seemed to him that in the immediate lack of any determinate and well-digested plan of action, there could be no better method of procedure than to lurk about the little crowds already formed, and seek suggestion from chance remark. Among so many persons, most of whom knew the Colonel, and all of whom must necessarily feel very indignant about the outrage of an arrest upon such frivolous ground, and would be racking their brains for his relief, it could scarcely be possible but that some one should happen to make random observation of value as matter of inference, and therefrom capable of being worked up into the form of practical benefit.

And as his first essay in that belief, Kit approached the front of the grocery-store, where a group of very respectable dimensions had already formed about the village sexton. The sexton had also, in past time, been for three terms the crier of a county court, and hence was believed to have imbibed much legal knowledge of such a character as could scarcely fail to throw a strong light upon the present mystery; and now, placing his fingers between the two upper buttons of his coat, and waving one hand in the air, he exhibited himself as not reluctant to respond to the urgent demand for legal enlightenment. He must not neglect, however, to premise—he said—that at this stage of the proceedings no one should venture to offer any opinion respecting the possible guilt or innocence of the accused. That matter it must be for the Court to decide; and in advance of their verdict, it would be a grievous wrong to do anything which might tend to bias public sentiment or control popular opinion. Still, in the present case, he must be permitted to observe, that he could not see any reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt. The mere fact that the Colonel's pocket-knife had been found sticking in the wound in the dead man's heart was of itself a most suspicious circumstance; added to which, it must be held, that the Colonel's confession of having been on the spot at the time could admit of no reasonable hypothesis other than of a deliberate and intentional murder. And was the prisoner secure—it was further asked—thus merely locked up in the hotel? Why, yes; it was often done so during an examination; and being in charge of the constables, who would be personally responsible if they did not maintain a careful watch, there could scarcely be any real danger of an escape. If the people thought otherwise, it would be easy to enroll a popular guard, who could take turns in watching the outside of the hotel, and thereby prevent an evasion by letting down with blankets. After the formal commitment, of course the prisoner would be transferred to the county jail at Midship, there to remain until—well, until after the execution. Would there be any danger of executive interference, you ask? Well, scarcely. The governor might, to be sure, issue a *supersedeas;* but he would hardly venture to do so, in view of the election pending next fall, and the highly excited state of public feeling in Windward. No: upon the whole, the sexton could not see any hope of escape for Colonel Grayling.

Not very reassuring all this, indeed, as far as regarded the popular tone, Kit reflected; and with an additional shade of anxiety upon his face, he slipped across to the outside of the tavern. There was a long horse-trough between two posts, and in this trough sat a row of some twenty men, listening to the editor of the "Coast County Beacon." Before beginning, the editor wished it distinctly understood, that in this matter of public debate he should not suffer himself to take any side, either for or against the accused. To act otherwise would be to commit a grievous wrong, not only against the prisoner himself, but also against our constitutional palladium. Just as in his weekly paper he would maintain strict impartiality, being exceedingly careful lest by even a slip of the pen he might prejudge public opinion on a subject which belongs so exclusively to the courts; so in private life he must observe a course of utter silence upon such a momentous issue. And yet, it could scarcely escape the mind of any one, that, with respect to this case, there were many things that bore very severely against the prisoner. That matter of the knife, and the Colonel's lame forgetfulness about it, might possibly be explained; but what could be said of the fact that the Colonel professed to have never even heard of the murder? This of itself was certainly suspicious—an improbable evasion—a fabrication upon the the very face of it. Had not all the facts—the finding of the body, the examination, the inquest, every circumstance relating to the affair, indeed—been published at the time in the "Beacon"? Had not copies of the "Beacon" been sent regularly to the three volunteers from Windward—one in the Army of the Cumberland, one in the Army of Virginia, and one in the Army before Vicks-

burg? Did not newspapers pass from hand to hand, traveling sometimes from one wing of an army to another, and being always eagerly devoured along the whole line? Was not the intelligence found in them always freely discussed at camp-fires? It being here suggested that Colonel Grayling might have been off on a scout, the editor remarked, that in such cases newspapers were always carefully folded and put away, he had been told, until any scouting parties interested might return. Therefore, under no hypothesis could Colonel Grayling have failed to know all about the murder; and it must surely be deemed a very damning circumstance against him that he had denied it.

Worse and worse, thought poor Kit; and the dark shade upon his brow momentarily became darker. It was evident, indeed, not merely from the remarks of the speakers, but also from the assent of the listeners, that public sentiment was rapidly forming in the Colonel's disfavor. To be sure, Grayling had been a very pleasant fellow in the past —so all seemed to admit—yet pleasant fellows have often been known to commit murders; and it was well known that war, at its best, is a very demoralizing profession, and is almost certain to lead to an undue carelessness about human life. In fact, among all these groups, Kit could now find no excuse for lingering longer upon the chance of overhearing valuable chance suggestions in the Colonel's behalf. So he stole silently away, and at a little distance remained apart in sore perplexity. And standing there almost motionless, except as his glance wandered from the tavern step up and down the street, all at once he beheld a light attractive figure tripping along in rapid approach—the figure of a graceful girl in voluminous curls, and a broad straw flat with brown ribbons.

"Minnie wants me to take a walk with her along the beach, I suppose," he muttered to himself. "I can't do so now, of course; and she will be angry enough. There is never any such a thing as satisfying a girl when she has her humor set in one direction; and I take it that there never has been one of them who could comprehend that business must be attended to before pleasure. No: I must first see to Grayling's interests, in some shape or other. But after all, perhaps, in this case, Minnie will not mind the loss of her walk so much, when I tell her what is the matter; for she can scarcely have heard of it as yet, living away off at the other end of the village."

But as it happened, Minnie was thinking about anything else than a stroll along the sands. At the very first glance, as she drew near enough to distinguish her features, it became evident to Kit that this time she had come exclusively upon business. With impetuous earnestness, she took Kit by the arm and walked him a little way off the road, so as to avoid all chance of being overheard; then began to open her mind.

"Kit, you must do something about this matter of Colonel Grayling. Stella will grow half crazy, else."

"And does she know about it, then?"

"Not yet, Kit. But of course any minute she may chance to hear about it. And it stands to reason, that when a young girl's lover is accused—"

"Then you would go half crazy for me, in a similar trouble, would you not, Minnie? I declare I have half a mind—"

"It is not a supposable case, Kit. I am supposing a case where the lover would have the pluck to kill a man, if—"

"O, indeed! Then you believe that Grayling—"

"I don't intend to believe either yes or no about it, Kit. Perhaps it is none of my business. If he did, I suppose he must have had good reason for it," she replied, in obstinate determination not to yield a hair-breadth. "But all that is neither here or there. You must at once—"

"Do you know, Minnie, I was thinking about going to the Colonel this very minute?"

"And that is the very thing you must not do, Kit Archer. What good will seeing him do, when you ought to be working? Do you think that Colonel Grayling is the kind of man to want you to come and sit down beside him and talk sympathy, and tell him

how sorry you are, and hold his hand, and all that? That is merely a woman's business, and any woman can sit and hold his hand better than you can. His mother, if he has any, or Stella, or Aunt Pris, or myself—"

"No, not you, Minnie," interrupted Kit, with some earnestness, and perhaps a trifle of alarm. "Of course you can't mean that, for it wouldn't be proper, you know."

"Proper or not, Kit, I could do it a great deal better than you can; and I will do it, too, if you do not at once think of some way to get the Colonel out of this trouble."

"I am sure, Minnie, that I am ready and willing to do all that any man could do in this—"

"That is not enough, Kit; and I really dislike to have you talk so. Anybody can do all he can about anything. There is never any merit in that. What I want, and most insist upon, is this, that you should first do all you can; and after that, go further and do all you can't," continued that exceedingly illogical young lady. "What do you suppose men are made for, except that, when occasion arises, they may be stronger than circumstances? And therefore, I tell you this, Kit," she continued, "that if you do not go to work at once, and think of some way to get the Colonel out of his trouble, I will never take another walk with you on the beach; will never speak to you again; will never look at you any more; and will spend all to-morrow morning holding the Colonel by the hand, and sympathizing with him."

With this pronounced ultimatum, Minnie turned squarely around and hurried away, as though there was nothing more to be said. For the moment, Kit endeavored to gather speech for mild expostulation, even if it were merely to beg for a little longer time, so that Minnie's purposed display of sympathy for the Colonel might be postponed for another day; but it seemed as though his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and all his articulation palsied, so utterly was he taken aback by the force and abruptness of the attack. When at length he recovered his faculties, Minnie was already a long way off in the distance, and the interview was evidently impossible of present renewal.

"I wonder if she really means it?" he muttered to himself, rather disconsolately. "It's hard lines, if she does. Of course I must do my best; and what man, whoever he may be, can do more? She should at least have given me credit for so much as that, from the first."

He gazed longingly and inquiringly at Minnie's receding figure, struggling to gain some spark of comfort from his contemplation of it. But as far as he could discern, there was not the slightest symptom of relenting from her fell purpose: rigid determination and inflexible hardening of the heart, rather, in every footfall, every motion and inclination of her body, even in the backward swing and flutter of the long brown hat-ribbons. With a deep-drawn sigh, Kit turned away, and slowly pursued his route—not being at all particular in which direction he wandered, so long as he might avoid interruption from passing groups, and be able to stimulate his own reflections with bodily motion; so sauntering on, until seeing a great white body with rounded surface looming up before him, he found that unconsciously he had pursued his accustomed route, and wandered off to the lighthouse.

Seating himself upon the outer bench, and watching the heaving and sparkling of the illimitable expanse before him—how here and there a sail specked the horizon, each vessel going on its way with its own favoring breeze; how the gulls and porpoises disported themselves, each in their own element; how, throwing up their spray to glitter for an instant in the bright sunshine, the crested waves hurried onward to the shore in ever-repeated ranks—Kit endeavored to review the situation, and if possible, to strike out some happy inspiration, which, while aiding the Colonel, might entitle himself to Minnie's approbation. But at the best, it was an unpleasant retrospect: public sentiment rapidly forming itself against the Colonel; those who spoke all arguing for his guilt, and those who were silent plainly by their countenances acquiescing; Minnie Burton illog-

ically endeavoring to spur her lover on to impossible exploits;—what was there that poor Kit could do? For the moment, he wondered whether he might not gain some assistance from the old lighthouse-keeper. Ben was not in present sight, indeed, but could be heard far up the lighthouse steps, following out the routine of his duty. It was about the time when usually the lanterns and reflectors received their final polishing for the evening; and for the past two hours, Ben had been aloft, oblivious of any other matter than that especial field of occupation. In fact, perched so far above the ordinary zone of human conversation and interests, Ben was perhaps the only male of mature age in the whole village who had not yet heard the story of Grayling's arrest. Now, gazing up at the winding flight of steps, Kit could not see the lighthouse-keeper, but could plainly hear him singing in a deep bass voice, the sound rolling down as to the bottom of a well, broken at times into desultory fragments as the nature of the old man's occupation seemed to impede connected melody; and at no time wafted gently earthward as any song should be, but always, in its rasped harshness, rattling down the stairway like loose shot. Kit knew the tune—an old favorite of the lighthouse-keeper, descriptive of the mutual attachment of an Andalusian maiden and a Barnstable fisher boy, struck with sudden violent affection for each other upon their chance meeting in Liverpool. They were supposed to sing alternate verses, indicative of devouring passion; and whether it was the Andalusian maiden or the Barnstable fisher boy who sang, the verse always ended with a rousing "storm along stormy." At one time, it happened that the Andalusian maiden finished an impassioned appeal with such a rousing chorus, that old Ben, though still working away on the top landing among his brazen reflectors, glass chimneys, powders, and chamois-skin rubbers, seemed actually close at hand; and Kit began to wonder whether it would be altogether out of the way to seek even his rough counsel. It was surely an emergency in which appeal should be made to every possible suggestion of relief. Old Ben, considered in the light of an intelligent reference, was not, in all respects, that friend who, with logical sequence of thought, could satisfactorily argue out the diverse aspects of a vexed problem, and from them all deduce a settled and unanswerable conclusion. And yet, there was a sort of natural shrewdness in the mind of the old sailor, through which he often unconsciously stumbled upon good results; and Kit believed that he had read about cases—though at the moment he could not recollect any—wherein from such untutored brains sparks of good sense had been struck out in the instant settlement of great dilemmas, towards the solution of which more gifted brains had been enlisted without success. And after all, to whom else in all the village could Kit look for any sympathy or advice at all?

So for a moment, in his temporary bewilderment, and exaggerated impulse to seek for any possible counsel. Then with more deliberate reflection, Kit's mind returned to a state of more reasonable equipoise. There were certain rough creatures in the world whose hard heads had logical inspirations, it might be, but old Ben was none of these. Kit remembered many detailed adventures in Ben's past life, redolent of dilemma; and he also remembered that the only relief from them had come through the violence of associates. To get the boys around him, and make a sudden display of force—this was the sum of Ben's philosophy in the most urgent difficulties. A valuable philosophy in some circumstances, it might be, and with its proper element of generous feeling; but not always capable of being put into successful practice. It was easy, at least, to understand that, in the present emergency, any such counsel from the old sailor would prove of little value; while Ben would be sure to look upon Kit, in future, as a faint-hearted fellow, who, after seeking for advice, had neglected his whole duty, in not at once acting upon it, and grappling manfully with the crisis. To call the boys together for the rescue of the Colonel? Truly, even if Grayling were willing to be delivered in such a summary manner, there could be no reason

in the plan. A few centuries ago, indeed, but not now. Times had very much changed, alas!—and for the moment, Kit regretted that the good old days could not return. In his pocket, at that very time, he held a heroic novel, which of late had afforded him no little satisfaction. It rehearsed the adventures of a man at arms, who, becoming incarcerated—and rather rightfully, indeed, even if his own side of the story were to be believed—had been rescued by other men at arms, who, killing six or eight guards in the operation, had borne him away triumphantly to a neighboring hostelry, where the whole party then proceeded to spend the night in much joyous revelry. There seemed to have been no attempt among the authorities to retake the prisoner: nothing to prevent the man at arms from returning to his post after a few days, when all would be forgiven; nothing in the nature of a coroner's inquest, or any inquiry whatsoever over the slain guards. Those were happy days, indeed; and, if they could only be restored to existence, might prove admirably suitable for the prosecution of old Ben Brattles's primitive ideas. But now, as it was, it must be admitted that Ben Brattles was a few centuries behind the age. And therefore the original question still remained unanswered, What was Kit to do? and how best could he do it?

Chapter XIV.

For nearly an hour the Sergeant sat upon the lighthouse bench, listlessly gazing out upon the ocean, revolving over and over again the same sequence of troubled thought. He must certainly do something for the relief of the Colonel; if he did not, apart from his own sorrow and anxiety for his friend, he might never dare to look upon Minnie again. But still the same unsettled question loomed up, What was there that he could do? And pending the moment of inspiration—even if any inspiration were to come at all—was it proper that he should longer stay away from his friend? Well enough, indeed, to say that visiting him would amount to merely a purposeless holding of the hand, and which any woman could better be trusted to do; and yet, all this while, Grayling must be expecting him, and wondering at his delay in coming. Yes; whether he brought with him pleasant tidings or not, there was before him the plain duty at once to visit his friend, who must all the while have been awaiting his coming, and perhaps imputing his absence to a new exemplification of the selfishness of human nature in deserting the unfortunate. Yes; he must fly to Grayling at once. And yet, how much better would it be, if he could only first obtain something of cheering import!

Therefore, he still lingered, moment after moment, beside the lighthouse, desiring to hasten away in some new direction or other, yet continually restrained from action by his uncertainty. Gradually the sun went down behind the low sand hills at the west; shadows began to fall, darkling over the water; distant sails that had for hours been in sight, slowly plodding along under their light breeze, faded away into the gathering gloom; the gulls went lazily screaming to their nests;—everywhere, nature was entering into its night's repose.

A scuffling tramp on the steps above, and old Ben Brattles could be heard, slowly working downward. His progress towards the bottom of the stairs could be gauged by the increasing volume of the sea song, as he descended: the joyous love confession of the Andalusian maiden swelling into a perfect hurricane of sound, when finally he emerged. Inclined as Kit had been at the first to conversation with him, he was now as greatly disposed the other way, having so well weighed the uselessness of a consultation; and as the old sailor passed by, intent only on business, the Sergeant drew himself a little away to one side, so as to avoid observation: the beginning of a movement, in fact, that aided further action; so that, in the end, Kit slowly gathered up his length, arose from his bench, and prepared to saunter on.

For the instant, he gazed steadily from one side to the other, in passing dread lest Min-

nie, loitering near, might observe him, and, in her lack of comprehension that his tarrying there so long had been due to his desire for inspiration, might rebuke him, as for willful idleness, at a moment when idleness could be imputed to him for a sin. Then, finding himself relieved from that apprehension, he glanced for a minute listlessly about him, from sea to shore, confused with the struggle between that half determining wish to repair at once to his friend, and the restraining impulse to avoid doing so unless with practical ability to be of service. Yet how and in what direction should he now move? There was first the idea that he might mingle among men, who must everywhere be talking over the event of the day; and with cunning speech, thrown in here and there at precisely the right time, might profitably influence public sentiment into the proper direction. Or, if not with artful suggestion, what might not be done with gift of eloquence, could he only possess it? And he recalled another heroic novel, in which, at a certain critical crisis of public affairs, a small, plain man, in no manner superior to himself in outward appearance, had suddenly manifested an exceeding power of eloquence, in no way hitherto suspected to belong to him, through which he had at once excited a vast throng of people into the utmost transport of delirious enthusiasm, and so carried them with him into the commission of a great act of deliverance. But in a moment, sober reflection told him that even this procedure would be impracticable, and as far removed from the present ways of the world as the exploits of men at arms: this matter having already advanced beyond the point where public sentiment could be of much avail, or could be directed by human gifts or agency in any available channel. Apart from this, however, was the certainty, that to sit there irresolute and inactive was not the way to help his friend; that no suggestion of service would be apt to come to him while thus loitering; that though he might not know in which direction to move, yet there was a better chance of striking upon the right path, even if he advanced at random, than if he remained irresolute and silent, and sought no path at all; that, contrary to his first impression, inspirations were not flying thickly around, to be grasped and utilized at will.

Therefore, turning to the right, he slowly wandered off; for a moment gazing furtively in each direction, with some apprehension lest Minnie might be lingering near, in close watchfulness, and would refuse to accept his tardy inaction as having been especially designed for close study of the situation. Then, relieved of this fear, he strolled on, gazing downward in deep reflection at the sand, as though help might come from that barren quarter; then, gaining the wharf, stood pondering for an instant or two against the corner spile; then facing inland, as slowly passed along the length of the wharf, and found himself in the main street of the village. In front was Cobweb & Crusty's. There was a bright light in the bar-room, gleaming out through the windows and open doorway; and as he glanced inward, Kit could see that the place was well filled with people. It could be told, indeed, from the loud swell of many voices, each endeavoring to obtain especial hearing above the others, and now and then a ringing laugh from all in recognition of their appreciation of some jest of sufficient stupidity to enter into the popular comprehension. For the moment, Kit thought of turning into the bar-room himself. Yet if he did so, it must only be with the intent or hope to be of service; and almost at once he realized the impracticability of that vague impulse to move among men with any expectation of being able, by a display of rude eloquence, to influence their opinions. What hope could he, feeble of voice and totally unadapted by nature to entering into the spirit of others, now have of obtaining a patient hearing among that roaring crowd of tavern loungers? Rather did the sound of their rough merriment grate unpleasantly upon his ears; and hastening his steps, he passed along up the street, at a quicker pace, until the boisterous conviviality and discussion no longer smote upon his hearing.

Slowly, and in something of the desultory

spirit with which Grayling had passed along the same route two evenings before, he wandered down the street: like Grayling, listlessly touching the wooden posts, and softly whistling to himself a tune, not so much in vacuity of thought, as in the effort to compel intelligible ideas. To find out some method by which he might help Grayling—that was now his sole desire; but without any present clew to lead him, it appeared a purpose wholly unattainable; and in his prostration of spirit, it seemed to him that if the looked-for opportunity were to present itself, he would somehow fail to grasp it. To meet some one who might have the power to aid him—that would be something; and yet, whenever any one appeared, going in the opposite direction, such was Kit's irresolution or vacillation of mind, that he found himself loitering off one side, with his back to the path, so that the person approaching, be he friend or stranger, might not recognize or detain him.

Darker and darker grew the evening, star after star coming out, and as yet no indication of the moon. At length, in the course of that random and purposeless stroll before the town, Kit found himself at last, even as had happened with Grayling, in front of the gate of Stella's house. The path thither was by no means an unaccustomed one to him, indeed. At least twice a week, of late, he had passed over it; for Minnie Burton's intimacy with Stella had led to frequent evening conferences, and Kit had been wont to serve as escort thither, leaving Minnie to go alone into the house, while he, in his rough costume, so unsuitable for social calling, modestly remained outside, and in enforced obscurity awaited her reappearance. He had therefore passed over the ground much more often than ever had been Grayling's custom, and it might be that instinct or force of habit, rather than chance, had now led him thither. But if so, it was without any self-perception of the fact; and as he saw the little lattice gate barring the way before him, he started as though with the recognition of having been led thither under mysterious guidance.

There was no Stella in front now, leaning listlessly over the pickets; but the old negro was at his place, as heretofore, his head merely showing above the post, like a fixture to a traitor's gate. And as Kit paused and gazed through into the courtyard, the negro bent all his attention upon him with watchful scrutiny. The old servitor had gleaned enough from common report to be aware that some peculiar crisis had occurred, affecting the happiness of his mistress, and demanding all his care for her protection; and now, not to be swerved for a moment from his faithful guardanship, he did not suffer his eyes to wander a hair's breadth from this rough, uncouth new-comer in the hickory shirt and slouched sou'wester.

"Your mistress—and is she well?" asked Kit, in a pleasant attempt to open friendly communication. To which the only response was a demand that Kit should quit out of that, and be off about his business, no prowlers being wanted there. Upon which rebuff, and feeling too uneasy in his mind to resent the affront, Kit turned away, and carried his hickory shirt and slouched sou'wester off into the surrounding darkness.

But not for far. Hardly had he gone a hundred steps away, than there came upon him the passing humor to look upon Minnie Burton, himself remaining unseen. It was no new thing for him, but what he had often done before. It could never have been expected, indeed, that while waiting for her outside, during her frequent visits to the place, he would have been content to remain for so many minutes with no company except his brier-wood pipe, and all the while indulge in no stealthy glance at Minnie's winsome face. It had become, therefore, the most natural thing in the world for him to creep up under the shadow of the trees, and from some secluded corner to peep in upon her as she sat with Stella, and to enjoy the picture as one in which, though for a moment excluded, he had his rightful part. And at this very moment, doubtless, Minnie was with Stella: it was scarcely to be supposed, that in this time of trial the two girls should long remain separate. Once again,

therefore, Kit would look in upon her, taking more than the ordinary care himself to remain unseen. For if Minnie were now to detect him, and imagine, as too surely she would, that he was wasting in idle contemplation the precious hours that should be devoted to the Colonel's service, would it not bring swift condemnation and reproach upon him, the faltering excuse that he had been tempted astray by her charms not in the least being allowed in even partial extenuation. And yet, looking upon it from his own different point of view, would the delay be time wasted, seeing that he might thereby be able to carry back to Grayling a comforting report of Stella's love, gleaning it from his own personal observation of her troubled spirit—making himself welcome to the Colonel, in lack of more practical service, as the one who had last looked upon her, and could bring back to him an assured testimony of her sympathy and distress?

Therefore, as soon as the intervening shrubbery had hidden him sufficiently from the old negro's observation, Kit abandoned the main path, and climbed the adjoining fence. This led to a meadow, across which he was familiar with the route to a gap in another fence. Thence to the little locust grove around the house, and so on to a clump of lilac-bushes just outside the south window of the parlor. Here was the spot where he had been accustomed to linger in concealment; far, indeed, from thought of intrusive espionage, but simply caring to gaze for a few moments upon Minnie's pleasing features and attitude of grace.

To Kit's disappointment, Minnie did not now happen to be there. For the instant, a suspicion came across him that she might really be putting her threat into practice, and was holding the Colonel's hand with sympathetic consolation. But at once he drove away the thought, as one of those diabolical suggestions which, in our more disordered states of mind, so often insinuate themselves for the aggravation of our uneasiness. Doubtless Minnie would soon come—had so far been accidentally delayed, that was all—he would await her. Meanwhile, he saw that Stella was sitting in her usual place, and not entirely alone. Beside her stood her little work-stand; a worsted frame was in her lap, a threaded needle in her hand. At a little distance, and by a larger table, Aunt Priscilla, toiling away at her knitting with steady energy, now running a foot or two of stitches smoothly and undeviatingly along their allotted course; then as a knot ensued, peering closely into her work through her shining spectacles, every needle clinking tatoo nervously against the glass lamp-shade. It was evident, from Aunt Priscilla's undisturbed industry, that, being out of the world more than any body else, she had not yet heard any whisper of the social turmoil that was overwhelming the village. Not so with Stella, to whom work of any kind was now a mere pretense. The worsted frame lay idle in her lap; her fingers remained poised and motionless, with the needle slipping unregarded from between them; her head was bent forward; and oh! the steady gaze of unutterable, blinding misery in every feature! It was very evident, indeed, that at last she must somehow have heard the dreadful news.

For a little while thus; and then, with a sudden movement as though she must compel herself into something like action or else go mad, she pushed the frame from off her lap, and arose. The old lady at the other side seemed to make no response to the look thrown towards her, as though in entreaty for anything else than such silent companionship, but knitted away serenely, having come to a portion of her work where she could go on smoothly, even with her eyes closed. Then Stella moved forward, gained the open window, and looked out—for fresh air, for the excitement of outward sounds, for anything, rather than the dead silence of utter seclusion, with its inevitable nursery of terrible thought. Seeing her now so close to him, Kit bent further back among the lilac-bushes. Could he remain quiescent for a moment, and then escape unseen? But at the sight of her face, thrown forward from the window within three feet of him, there came to him another thought. He

would speak with her—was it not apparently meant, indeed, that he should have the opportunity?

"Miss Stella?" he whispered.

She heard him, and partially drew back. At another time, she might have uttered a cry of alarm, and fled into the center of the room, perhaps violently closing the window behind her. That manifestation, however, would have been for a different and more careless state of mind than her present one. Now she was aroused and stimulated into bearing a greater strain upon her mind than ever before—the trifles that might have discomposed her had no longer power over her—everything seemed naturally to connect itself with the great tragedy of her life; she felt that, having suffered much, she must suffer more; trouble must continually be coming to her in newer forms, and she must always be nerved to meet it. Certainly the whisper of her name by an unknown voice, at night, and from among the thick shrubbery, should not be sufficient greatly to frighten her. Therefore, after that first instinctive start, she recovered her full composure, and once more bent forward.

"Who speaks?" she whispered in reply.

"A friend," said Kit; and leaving the shelter of the bushes, he brought his face nearer to her own. For an instant, she gazed at him, with little change of countenance, so set was her face in its resolution to be prepared for anything. If there was any new expression, it lay in a certain almost indecipherable wistfulness, as of one pleading for something that could offer a change from the completeness of the miseries that encompassed her. That, too, died away in the depths of the utter resoluteness, as she looked and saw only an unknown face, set into its border of check shirt and tattered sou'wester. What sympathy or relief, indeed, could she expect from such as that?

A moment more, and she would have turned again to the center of the room. But it happened that Kit, beginning to despair of obtaining speech with her, as he saw her hardened and fixed expression of countenance, almost lost hope; and in his agitation he passed his hand nervously across his fevered forehead, thereby accidentally pushing his hat off behind. This single motion revealed his whole face in another aspect. And when Stella, while beginning her retreat from the window, chanced to glance at him again, she seemed to see a different person than before. One with a boyish, smooth, and not altogether unrefined face—a face beaming with kindly interest, and thoroughly instinct with a generous desire to serve her. More than this: she now recognized Kit as the person of whom she had heard Minnie so often speak, and whom Minnie had once or twice pointed out to her from a little distance. Therefore, knowing that, though half a stranger to her, he was a friend, she tarried; and perhaps, for the instant, a softer impress appeared upon her own face; and with one hand upon the frame of the window, she waited for him to speak.

A moment during which Kit stood silently observing her in return. It was for him to speak—he felt: to tell why he had ventured thither—to say something about Minnie, in explanation of his coming. Yet, naturally, he found himself at last breaking the silence with what was now the most salient feature of his thoughts.

"Miss Stella," he cried, with sudden impulse, reaching thus at once the main and vital point, "he is not—Allan Grayling is not—never could be—guilty!"

For an instant, Stella seemed to recoil with the unexpectedness of the advocacy; then came an added pallor to her face; then, recovering herself, she reached forth her finger, as though about to touch Kit warningly upon the lip.

"Hush!" she said; "perhaps you may be speaking knowingly—perhaps only from your belief. It may be that— But leave this place now, and pass on to the next window. I will join you there in a moment, and hear all that you have to say."

As she spoke, she glanced timorously around at her Aunt Priscilla, still at the table counting her stitches, but liable at any moment to become aroused to the perception that a conversation with a strange man was

being carried on at the open window. Obeying Stella's direction, Kit slipped along to the adjoining window, at which she almost immediately appeared. It was the window of a little pantry adjoining the parlor. There Stella could be free from observation, and could quietly listen to him.

Even in that moment of passing from one room to the other, she had found time to recover herself; and excepting that there were still some remains of her late increased pallor, and that her gaze bore the impress of nervous apprehension and expectancy, seeming to be strained with a looking forward to new developments, her appearance was unchanged. Fortified, perhaps, with coldness, so that as Kit once more gazed at her, he experienced, still more decidedly than before, something of a feeling of disappointment beginning to steal over him. He had never hitherto stood thus, face to face, with her. He had watched her from a little distance, in her passing to and from church, and had gazed at her in the evening obscurity across the room; but never before had he seen her so closely. No diminution of beauty, indeed, upon this nearer view: that was undeniable. Wavy hair, and bright eyes, and sweetly modeled lips—all these as he had ever seen them. But yet, from his close quiet scrutiny of her whole face, Kit's mind began to be overclouded with the impression that there was something wanting in her. Did this feeling spring from his preception of that apparent coldness in her demeanor, when he had spoken about the peril of the one whom she loved?

Doubtless so; for it was the misfortune of Kit's mind that all his power of observation ran upon the surface, and could not penetrate the lower depths of feeling. To him, all true and earnest emotion should exhibit itself in impassioned action, and would not seek for self-control. It seemed to him no more than natural and proper, that when he spoke about Grayling, Stella should have burst into wild sobs, or wrung her hands, or torn her hair, and called upon the woods and waters to attest her sense of his innocence, and upon Heaven to hasten vengeance for his wrongs. That is to say, if Stella loved the Colonel from her whole heart. If she did not really love him, of course it was natural that she should stand as now—dry-eyed and composed, with only that slight pallor, and with lips fixed and unquivering. It was not in Kit's nature to examine further, and see what torture that rigid self-restraint caused her, how her heart was torn with a tempest of doubt and apprehension, but how she now made it her pride to stand firm before those inquiring eyes, and abandoning none of her self-imposed fortitude, let not the stranger become a participant in her grief or despair. With such careless lack of observation, Kit saw, not how the rigid fixedness of his gaze and the constant pressure of her lips betokened a fierce inward struggle: to him, she now seemed merely a cold, unsympathetic woman, who could carefully balance the probabilities of guilt or innocence, and, until she had determined her own course, could hold herself cautiously aloof.

"You tell me that Colonel Grayling is innocent," she said. "My own heart whispers to me the same. But impulse is not always reason; and how can we make the world coincide with us? Who, after all, are you, that come to me in my distress with these assurances? And what evidence of them can you have to set before other people, and make them believe the truth? Have you any proof at all? Or do you merely speak as I would—from the mere yearning of the heart?"

"I speak—I hardly know how or why it is that I speak, Miss Stella, excepting that I know and love Colonel Grayling so well. It is not in him to do anything that the world could call wrong. I have known him for years—have stood at his side for months, and in all that time—"

"Yes, yes," she said; and in his blindness, poor Kit did not see how her fixed, constrained expression was composed only with the most determined effort: could not see, indeed, how, though she stood erect and unwavering, yet beneath the line of the window-sill, her hands were clasped in fierce conflict, her fingers wringing with the energy of

convulsive despair. Nor did he decipher in her apparently set rigidity of feature the underlining of helplessness that crept across her face, and blotted out the dawning flicker of the expectation with which, at the first, she had listened to him, and endeavored to believe, that at last, relief from trouble was at hand. "Yes, yes," she repeated; "but what of all that? Though you may have so well known and loved him, will all that avail to soften the hearts of the men yonder? Will it prove sufficient to bring about his release?"

"His release, Miss Stella?" responded Kit, in a kind of troubled bewilderment. "I do not know—that is, I— If it is legal evidence you speak of—evidence that would acquit him before all the world—God help me! I have none. But it seemed to me, that it might not be out of the way—that at least it would go some little towards comforting you—to have a friend of his, one who has known and tried him, come and tell you that, though all the rest of the world may desert him, at least he— And I can tell this, if ever man was able to do so. We fought together nearly a year, as I have said; we helped each other when down—three times he saved my life, at one time carrying me out almost from under the guns; once, only once, indeed, I was able to help him. And, Miss Stella, if months of brave and gallant action on his part— "

"Bravery—gallantry—the test and record of friendship!" she interrupted, almost bitterly. "And what can these avail, either, when the life is at stake?"

He would have responded—what, he knew not; but would have said something, if it were only in recapitulation of what had gone before, to mark his faith and trust in Grayling—to stimulate, if possible, her faith in him. But as she spoke, there came from the other room the dreaded rustle of a bombazine dress. It was evident that Aunt Priscilla had at last missed her, and perhaps was coming in search of her.

"Go—go at once," said Stella, hurriedly. "It may be that I can see you again; but no longer at present, though."

She held out her hand to him in farewell. He grasped it, perhaps only too readily, though with his faith in her so greatly lessened; then, as she stepped back into the deeper shadow of the closet, fell away himself into the concealment of the environing lilac-bushes. There tarrying a moment, with his eyes fixed upon the window, he saw how, with startled gaze towards the other room, whence after all Aunt Priscilla did not appear, she seemed to resume her composure; and how, again approaching the window and leaning out, she softly and methodically closed the blinds before her.

Watching her in that seemingly deliberate action, poor Kit felt his heart chilled with disappointment. Was this the girl whom the Colonel had so well loved for years, in silence and yet assurance of return—speaking not of her to others, treating thus even his memory of her with reverence, yet all the while longingly watching over from a distance? This closing of an interview so calmly and composedly, as though it were the termination of a business engagement—why, if she had followed Kit's conception of what was right and proper, how should she not have acted? It seemed to him as though, in that utter darkness of circumstance, she should have done no less than leap with joy at the mere sound of a sympathizing voice; that at the tones of one who came speaking to her with belief and trust in Grayling, her eye should have brightened with pleasure, and her whole manner have become elate with a passionate outburst of thankfulness.

"Grayling said that she was not demonstrative," Kit muttered, as he walked slowly away. "Not demonstrative—that is, unless aroused; though what is there that should arouse her more than this? He seemed, too, to like her the better for being so. Well, each one to his taste, I suppose. But for my part—"

It was in some spirit of sadness that he spoke. He would have spoken differently, perhaps, if, at that instant, he could have gazed into the little closet, and watched what there transpired. For he would have seen Stella, relieved of instant apprehension of

discovery, prostrated upon her knees, and wildly sobbing in all the cruel despair of heart-breaking misery. He would then have known how forced had been her composure; how terrible had been the constraint upon her, not to betray her emotion before one coming to her as a stranger; how intense had been the reaction with which her heart had been cast down from that hope of practical relief which his first words had stimulated in her, to discover that he was merely speaking with the sentimental bias of friendship.

But at that moment, hat in hand, he was slowly passing down the gravel walk, and behind the veil of the clustering trees, seeking the spot where he had entered, so as to take his departure as yet undisturbed by prying eyes. And while moodily reflecting upon the coldness of the world, he was startled by the click of the latch of the outer gate.

"Minnie at last," he said to himself; and arresting his step where he then stood, in mortal fear of detection and instant arraignment by her for some imagined fault, he stood on guard and peered out from between the trees. And he saw a figure, which was not Minnie's, standing at the gate. It was Doctor Gretchley. The Doctor had not opened the gate, but was leaning against it, in seemingly indeterminate attitude; and it was this pressure of his body that had caused the warning click.

Thus standing, the Doctor had the appearance of being a little uncertain whether he should pass through and enter the house, or turn around and continue his stroll. At one moment, he bent forward as though on the point of yielding to an impulse scarcely to be resisted; then he drew back, as becoming sensible that at such a time, his visit could not fail to be looked upon as an intrusion. His hands were clasped behind him, and his head bent down; and each moment he seemed to become yet more irresolute than before. Once he glanced up at the house, as though about to yield to an impulse to enter impossible to counteract; then his gaze again falling low, swept, for an instant, across the darkened horizon, along the lilac-bushes, through the clump of locust trees, so descending to the path. And as the Sergeant looked out from his temporary place of concealment, it seemed as though there was something strangely peculiar in the Doctor's expression—an impress of startled apprehension, as it were, and which, moreover, was somehow singularly familiar to the Sergeant, as though he had previously seen it depicted upon the Doctor's face. When and where it might have been, the Sergeant could not for the moment recollect; but with more acute and persevering reflection, the matter began, little by little, to break upon him more clearly. Then suddenly bringing his hand down upon his knee, with the vehemence of one at last making a great discovery, he precipitately left his place of concealment, climbed the fence into the high-road, and quickly gaining the center of the village, hurried off to Cobweb & Crusty's.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

HOW BELIEFS ARE MADE.

A person for whose opinions I have much respect once said to me, that he disclaimed all responsibility for the beliefs that he held on certain very important matters.

"I try," said he, "to conquer prejudice; but having done this, I can do no more. My belief, whatever it is, forms itself in me. I look on. My will has nothing to do with the matter. I can will to walk or eat; but I cannot will to believe. I might as well will that my blood should circulate."

Now, as I admire not a little some of the beliefs of the person mentioned, I was disappointed to find him not reponsible for them. It seemed a pity to regard his faith as no more creditable to him than the strong boughs are creditable to the oak that they adorn. But upon this matter I did not agree with my friend. Despite his disclaimer, I thought, and yet think, that he has made his beliefs very much for himself, and that these beliefs do him honor, as the statue does honor to the artist that chiseled it. To be sure, my friend did not hew out his beliefs from a wholly passive material, as the sculptor hews from marble. But his beliefs, as I think, resulted from a sort of struggle between him and the surrounding world. The world tried sometimes to check his thought, and to confine it to one channel; sometimes to confuse his thought, and to scatter it into spray before the quick heavy blows of innumerable disconnected sense apparitions. But my friend was a man of energy, and controlled the current of his thought. He fought hard, now for freedom from oppressive narrowness of thought, now for wholeness and unity of thought; and he has in so far conquered as to be the master of a very manly and many-sided system of doctrine. I think him responsible for this system; and I think that neither he nor any other person having the least influence with younger truth-seekers ought to think or speak slightingly of the personal factor that has so large a power in forming every man's creed. As a man is, so he thinks. The only absolute truth of which we mortals seem to have any clear notion would be found in a perfect agreement of all rational beings with one another; and this agreement would simply express the fact that we were all in perfect moral harmony. Our beliefs are therefore in part the expression of our own will; and nobody can justly disclaim responsibility for his creed. He must be judged by the earnestness, the aim, the success of the efforts that he has made in struggling with his own experience to produce this creed.

Setting out with such a notion about the nature of belief, one is forthwith confronted by the objector that calls for the "facts." Are our beliefs actually formed through our interference? Does our will, our personal activity, have any large share in building our faith? And is such interference, where it exists, justified?

May the reader pardon our boldness in asking him to consider with us these matters, until we have shown him some of the ways in which our own personal activity is constantly interfering to form or to modify our simplest as well as our most complicated beliefs. The importance of the matter may excuse us for troubling the reader just now, and we promise to confine our attention to simple illustrations, saying in this article as little as possible about the deeper metaphysical aspect of our problem. Our purpose is a practical one. We wish to suggest the responsibility that a man has for his creed as well as for his conduct. We shall do this by pointing out that the formation of a creed is a part of conduct. And this we shall show by illustrating the way in which, whether one directs the process or not, one is at all times reacting upon what experience puts into his mind, so as to build for himself what mere

experience could never give. If this is true, then it follows that we are in duty bound to direct this natural process in the way that seems to us morally best.

Every one recognizes that at least our more abstract knowledge depends largely upon our own mental activity. Knowing is not mere passive reception of facts or of truths. Learning is not solely an affair of the memory. The man that without reflection commits things to memory is justly compared to a parrot, and might yet more justly be compared to the sponge of Hamlet's figure: "It is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again." No knowledge, then, without active hospitality in the mind that receives the knowledge. But as soon as we recognize in mental life this our power to modify our knowledge by means of our own activity, just so soon do all the old comparisons of the mind to a wax tablet, to a sheet of paper, or to other like passive subjects of impression lose for us their meaning. Mental life becomes for us, in view of these facts, a field of constant activity. The commonest processes of knowledge acquire a new significance.

Let us begin our study of this activity with a distinction. Two kinds of activity are concerned in the attainment of knowledge. One kind consists in simply receiving impressions from without, such as sensations, or, on a higher plane, statements of truth; the other consists in modifying and in organizing these impressions. First, then, the receptive activity is partly a physical activity, since the one who receives information must use his eyes and ears, must keep awake, must at times move about; and this receptive activity is also partly made up of the mechanical processes of the memory. Association by contiguity, or learning by rote, is in the main a receptive process, though this process of reception requires some active effort on the part of the receiver. Committing words and sentences to memory is often hard labor, as we all of us learned when we first were tortured with ill-wrought geographies and grammars, or with merciless Latin declensions and conjugations. But of the whole of this receptive activity I shall make no further mention in this essay. Simply receiving, keeping your mind in a submissive attitude, directing your eyes in the proper direction, using your ears, writing down your notes, memorizing whatever needs memorizing—all this is essential to knowledge, but has no reactive effect, does not modify the form or the matter of your knowledge. Secondly, however, knowledge is determined for each of us by his own reaction upon what he receives; and this second mentioned kind of mental activity, that which forms the subject of the present paper, consists in a modification as well as in an organization of what we have received from without. All processes of reasoning, and so all original discoveries in science and in philosophy, all speculations, theories, dogmas, controversies, and not only these complex processes, but, as we shall see, even simple judgments, commonplace beliefs, momentary acts of attention—involve such independent reaction upon the material furnished to us from without. The nature of this reaction we are to examine.

Let us begin with simpler forms of knowledge. Sense-impressions constantly suggest to us thoughts; in fact, we have few thoughts that are not either immediately suggested by sense-impressions, or else sustained in their course by a continuous stream of suitable sense-impressions.

To carry on a train of even the most abstract reasoning, I must keep my eye on some diagram, or on a formula; or, perhaps closing my eyes, I must look steadfastly with the mental eye at imaginary forms and colors, or must listen to imagined words. Thus either the present sense-impression, or the memory of a sense-impression, is something essential to the keeping up of a train of thought. But now, how does the sense-impression go to form knowledge? What transforms it into knowledge?

The answer is, First of all, attention, an active mental process. The sense-impression is itself not yet knowledge. A sense-impression to which we give no attention slips through consciousness as a man's hand through water. Nothing grasps and retains

it. No effect is produced by it. It is unknown. You cannot even tell what it is. For to know what such an unnoticed impression is, would be to pay attention to it. But let us now consider some familiar examples of the working of attention. A simple instance will bring home to us how the boundaries of our consciousness are crowded with unknown impressions—unknown, because not attended to; but yet in some inexplicable way a part of our consciousness, since an effort of attention serves to bring them, any one of them, clearly into mental vision. At this instant you are looking at something. Now without moving your eyes, try, by merely attending to your visual impressions, to say what is now in the field of vision, and where is the boundary line of the field of vision. The experiment is a little hard, because our eyes, condensed embodiments as they are of tireless curiosity, are always restless, and rebel when you try to hold them fast. But conquer them for an instant, and watch the result. As your attention roams about the artificially fixed visual field, you will at first, indeed, be confused by the vagueness of all but the center; but soon you will find, to your surprise, that there are more different impressions in the field than you at first can distinguish. One after another, many various impressions will appear. But notice: you can keep your attention fixed on only a portion of the field at a time. The rest of the field is always lost in a dim haze. You must be receiving impressions all the time from all points of the field. But all of these, except the few to which you pay attention, nearly or quite disappear in the dim thickets that seem to surround the little forest-clearing made by our attentive consciousness. A like experiment can be tried with the sense of hearing, when you are in a large room full of people who are talking all around you in many independent groups. A mass of sound comes to your ear. Consciousness interferes to make you pick out one or another of the series of sounds, an act which is indeed made possible by the natural analytic tendency of the human auditory sense, but which does not take place without a noticeable effort of attention. When you are learning a foreign language, and are for a while much among those who speak it, there comes a time when your ear and mind are well enough trained to follow and understand ordinary speakers with only a little effort of attention; but yet, at this stage, you are able, by simply withdrawing your attention a mere trifle, to let very common phrases run through your sense without your understanding them one whit. You can thus, by a slight change of attention, convert the foreign language from a jargon into a familiar speech, and back again into a jargon; just as, in the fixed visual field, you can make yourself see an object pretty plainly, or lose it altogether by ceasing to give attention.

All these instances, which could be indefinitely multiplied, prove, first, that what we call attention modifies the knowledge that we at any moment get; and secondly, that this modification, through attention, may take place without any change in the impressions that at any moment come from without. The first stage in getting knowledge from bare sense-impressions is therefore the modification of sense by attention—a process belonging wholly to the subjective side; i. e., to our own minds.

But what is attention? and how does it modify sensation? Apparently, attention in the previous instances has been merely a power to increase or to diminish the intensity of impressions. But is this all that attention does? No: there are many cases in which attention directly affects the quality, at least of our complex impressions. This direct modification is commonly attended by some alteration of our emotional state. It is a familiar fact, that in listening to a series of regular and even beats, such as the strokes of an engine, or of a pendulum, or the ticking of a watch, we have a tendency to modify the impressions by introducing into their series the more elaborate regularity of rhythm. In paying attention to them, we increase, at our pleasure, the intensity of every third or fourth beat as heard, and so make a rhythm, or series of measures, out of the actually monotonous impressions. Now attention,

which here first acts by modifying the intensity of impressions, soon produces the effect of qualitatively modifying our total impression of the whole series. If I have taken the fancy to listen to the even strokes in quadruple time, intensifying by my own act every fourth stroke, the character of the series is changed for me. The impressions are less monotonous, and they arouse new associations. They seem to be caused by some force that rhythmically increases and decreases. Perhaps a melody, or some phrase of a few words, arises in my mind, and persists in associating itself with the strokes. Probably some vague feeling, as of rhythmic motion through the air, or of pleasure or of displeasure in the presence of some rhythmically moving living being, is awakened. Qualitatively, my consciousness is thus altered through my attention. I seem to be experiencing something that, as an objective reality, I do not experience. More striking becomes this qualitative alteration of experience through attention, in case you bring together two watches of different beat, or a watch and a clock, and listen to both at once at the distance of a few inches, first, perhaps, stopping one ear to avoid confusion. Here, by attention, you make or try to make a compound rhythm, and this effort alters a good deal the total impression that you derive from the sound. If the two series are such that a simple small multiple of the interval of one gives you a simple small multiple of the other's interval, you can combine the two series into one rhythm, and then there is an immediate impression as if the two series were really but the complex ticking of one source of sound. But if the series will not agree, there is an odd sense of something wrong, a disappointed effort to combine, joined, as I think I have noticed, with a tendency to hasten one of the series, so as to make it agree with the other. Another case where attention alters the quality of total impressions, and not merely the intensity of any part, appears in certain psychological laboratory experiments, described by Wundt in his *Physiologische Psychologie*. Here, for the sake of determining the actual time taken by an act of attention, an observer is to make an electric signal as soon as he becomes conscious of a certain impression, while the impression itself is produced by an assistant at a time exactly determined. The source of the impression is the ringing of a bell, the flash of an electric spark, or something of the kind, agreed upon at the outset. To distinguish from one another the various causes of the delay of the signal, the conditions of experiment are variously modified. In one set of experiments, the observer does not know beforehand whether he is to experience a flash of light, or a sound, or some sensation of touch, nor how intense the sensation will be, nor when it will come; but he knows that he is to be on the lookout for one of the three kinds of sensation. He waits, with attention all aroused. In this case, it always takes him longer to signal than if he knew beforehand the kind and the strength of the coming sensation. Moreover, his attention now makes him uneasy; the coming sensation is expected, with signs of excitement, and is often received with a start. Here the feeling of effort that accompanies attention affects by its strength the character of the impression received.

Moreover, in many of these experiments there appear phenomena that show that attention alters our perception of time, not merely as to length, but also as to sequence; so that, under circumstances, an impression that really precedes another can appear in consciousness as succeeding it. Yet more: attention sometimes serves to combine two sets of simultaneous impressions, and to make them seem as if proceeding from one source. So much for the influence of attention alone. But what is attention? We reply, evidently an active process. When impressions are modified by attention, they are actively modified. And if you ask about the nature of this active process, the reply is, attention, in its most elementary forms, is the same activity that, in a more developed shape, we commonly call will. We attend to one thing rather than to another, because we will to do so, and our will is here the

elementary impulse to know. Our attention leads us at times into error. But this error is merely an accompaniment, the result of our will activity. We want to intensify an impression, to bring it within the sphere of knowledge. But in carrying out our impulse, we do more than we meant. We not only bring something into clearer consciousness that was before out of clear consciousness, but we qualitatively modify this thing in attending to it. I want to observe a series of beats, and in observing it, I make one beat in three or four seem heavier than the others, or I even alter the apparent length of one interval in three or four, by making it seem longer than the others. I observe a series of visual impressions, and at the same time a series of auditory impressions; if there is a certain agreement between them, I irresistibly unite these two series by my act of attention into one series, and refer them to a common cause. In this way, for example, part of the laughable illusion in the sport known as dumb orator is produced, where the two series of impressions must have some sort of agreement in order to produce the illusion. And so in the other cases. Attention seems to defeat, in part, its own object. Bringing something into the field of knowledge seems to be a modifying, if not a transforming, process.

We all know how this same law works on a higher plane. Giving our whole attention for a time to a particular subject seems necessary for the growth of our knowledge. Yet such attention, if long kept up, always modifies our power to know, affects our whole mental condition, and thus injures our power to appreciate the relations between the subject of our study and the other things in the world. Constant attention to one thing narrows our minds, until we fail to see the very thing we are looking at. Our lives are thus really passed in a constant flitting from one more or less partial and distorted view of things to another, from this one-sided judgment to that. Change the book you are reading, and your whole notion of the universe suffers some momentary change also. Think this week in the fashion of Carlyle, attending to things as he brings them to your attention, and human life—in fact, the whole world of being as you thought of it last week, when you were following some other guide—becomes momentarily clouded. This truth seems out of relation to that. Your change of attention qualitatively alters your apprehension of truth. Attending now even to the same things, you view them in new lights. The alteration of mental attitude becomes confusing to yourself. But refuse to make any such changes, settle down steadfastly to some one way of regarding all things, and your world becomes yet more misty. You see only a few things, and those in such a bad light that you are in danger of utter darkness. Frequent change of mental view (I of course do not mean constant change of creed or of occupation, but only frequent alteration of the direction of our thought) is essential to mental health. Yet this alteration implies at least some temporary change in our knowing powers, and so some change in our appreciation of truth.

Before going on to speak of the effect of our own activity upon our knowledge, when attention is combined with active recognition of impressions, I want to formulate the law that governs this action upon sense-impressions of attention when viewed alone. This law seems pretty well established by experience, and is, at all events, quite simple. It is this: Any act of attention tends, first, to strengthen the particular set of impressions to which it is at the moment adapted; and secondly, to modify those impressions in such a way as shall make the total impression derived from them all as simple an impression as possible. These two statements could be reduced to one, thus: Attention constantly tends to make our consciousness more definite and less complex; that is, less confused and more united. More definite, less confused, attention tends to make consciousness; since, out of many vague impressions, attention fixes upon one or a few, and helps them to crowd out the others. Less complex and more united or integrated attention makes the impressions attended to; as when, for the indefinite multiplicity of the

successive even beats of a watch or of an engine, attention substitutes the simpler form of a rising and falling rhythm of more and less emphatic beats; or, as when two parallel series of impressions are reduced to one, by combination. If impressions are so complex and so imperative in their demands as to impede greatly the simplifying and clarifying efforts of attention, the result is a disagreeable feeling of confusion, that may increase to violent pain.

This law, that our consciousness constantly tends to the minumum of complexity and to the maximum of definiteness, is of great importance for all our knowledge. Here we have a limitation that cannot be overleaped. Whatever we come to know, whatever opinions we come to hold, our attention it is that makes all our knowing and all our believing possible; and the laws followed by this, our own activity of attention will thus determine what we are to know and what we are to believe. If things have more than a certain complexity, not only will our limited powers of attention forbid us to unravel this complexity, but we shall strongly desire to believe the things actually much simpler than they are. For our thoughts about them will have a constant tendency to become as simple and definite as possible. Put a man into a perfect chaos of phenomena, sights, sounds, feelings; and if the man continued to exist, and to be rational at all, his attention would doubtless soon find for him a way to make up some kind of rhythmic regularity, which he would impute to the things about him, so as to imagine that he had discovered some law of sequence in this mad new world. And thus, in every case where we fancy ourselves sure of a simple law of Nature, we must remember that a good deal of the fancied simplicity may be due, not to Nature, but to the ineradicable prejudice of our own minds in favor of regularity and simplicity. All our thought is determined, in great measure, by this law of least effort, as it is found exemplified in our activity of attention.

But attention is not the only influence that goes to transform sense-impressions into knowledge. Attention never works alone, but always in company with the active process of recognizing the present as in some way familiar, and of constructing in the present ideas of what is not present. At these two other active processes we must very briefly glance.

Recognition is involved in all knowledge. Recognition does not always mean a definite memory of a particular past experience that resembles a present one. On the contrary, recognition is essentially only a sense of familiarity with something now present, coupled with a more or less distinct applying of some predicate to this present thing. I recognize a horse, a landscape, a star, a friend, a piece of music, a book, when I feel more or less familiar with the impression of the object in question, and when, at the same time, I predicate more or less distinctly something of it. This, I say, is my friend, or the north star, or Webster's Dictionary, or Smith's horse. Or, perhaps, in recognizing, I recognize, not merely the whole object, but one of its qualities, or of its relation to other things. Then I say, this is large or small, good or bad, equal or unequal to another thing, and so on. In all these cases, recognition involves a lively reaction of my mind upon external impressions. Recognition is not found apart from attention, though attention may exist more or less completely without recognition. Recognition completes what attention begins. The attentive man wants to know, the recognizing man knows, or thinks he knows. Recognition implies accompanying attention. Attention without recognition implies wonder, curiosity, perplexity, perhaps terror. But what is the law of this process of recognition? Does the process affect the impressions themselves that are the basis of the recognition? The answer is: Very distinctly, recognition does affect the impressions. The activity involved in recognition alters the data of sense, and that in almost every case. Two of the ways in which this alteration occurs are these: (1) In recognizing, we complete present data by remembered past data, and so seem to experience more than is actually given to our

senses. Thus, then, in reading, we read over misprints (even against our own will), thinking that we see words when we do not see them, or when we see only parts of them. Again: in listening to an indistinct speaker we often supply what is lacking in the sounds he makes, and seem to hear whole words when we really hear but fragments of words. Or, merely whistling a few notes, we recall to ourselves, and seem to have present, the complex instrumental harmony of some music that we have heard played. Or, in dim twilight, we imagine the form of a man, and seem to see it plainly in detail, when, in fact, a mass of shrubbery, or a coat on a chair, is the one source of our impressions. In all these cases, the activity of recognition alters the data of sense, by adding to them, by filling out the sketch made by them. (2) However, even the qualities of sense-impressions are altered according to the way in which we recognize their objects. The colors of a landscape are dimmer, and less significant as colors, so long as we recognize the objects in the landscape. Look under your arm, with head inverted, and the colors flash out with unwonted brilliancy. For when you so look, you lose sight of the objects as such, and give your attention solely to the colors. Mistake a few brown leaves in some dark corner of a garden for some little animal, and the leaves take on for the moment the distinctive familiar color of the animal; and when you discover your blunder, you can catch the colors in the very act of fading into their dull, dry-leaf insignificance. Many facts of this sort are recorded by psychologists and by artists, and can be observed by any of us if we choose. To separate a sensation from its modifications that are produced by recognition is not a little difficult.

Now, in both these kinds of alteration a law is observed, very similar to the one previously noted. The alteration of the data of sense in the moment of recognition are alterations in the direction of simplicity and definiteness of consciousness. The present is assimilated to the past; the new is made to seem as familiar as possible. This reaction of the mind upon new impressions is easily seen in our thoughts and words in the first moment of great surprise or fright. When Macbeth turns from his door to the table, and sees the ghost of Banquo in his chair, his first words are not the "*Avaunt, and quit my sight!*" wherewith he greets the second appearance of the ghost, nor yet even the "*Which of you have done this?*" that he utters as soon as he recovers himself. No: his first conscious reaction, in presence of the horrible impression, is a quiet remark, "*The table's full.*" And when they tell him that there is a place reserved, he persists with a "*Where?*" In this scene, Shakspere's instinct is perfectly accurate. Our effort always is to make the new as familiar as possible, even when this new is inconceivably strange. It takes us some time to realize, as we say, a great change of any sort. Recognition, however, is yet further modified by the interest with which we at any moment attend to things. But when we speak of interest, we are led to the third kind of active modification by which our minds determine for us what we know.

At every moment we are not merely receiving, attending, and recognizing, but we are constructing. Out of what from moment to moment comes to us, we are building up our ideas of past and future, and of the world of reality. Mere dead impressions are given. We turn them by our own act into symbols of a real universe. We thus constantly react upon what is given, and not only modify it, but even give it whatever significance it comes to possess. Now this reaction takes a multitude of forms, and cannot be fully discussed without far more than our present space. But we can name one or two prominent modes of reaction of mind upon sense-data in this province of mental life.

1. Definite memory is possible only through present active construction from the data of feeling. Nothing can come to us certifying for itself that it formed a part of our previous experience. When we know a thing as past, we actively project our idea of it into a conceived past time. Without this active interference of our own minds, everything would be but a present, and

there would be no time for us, only fleeting life from moment to moment.

2. Definite belief in external reality is possible only through this active addition of something of our own to the impressions that are actually given to us. No external reality is given to us in the mere sense-impressions. What is outside of us cannot be at the same time within us. But out of what is in us, we construct an idea of an external world; and we ourselves give to this idea all the validity that for us it can ever have.

3. All abstract ideas, all general truths, all knowledge of necessary laws, all acceptance of doctrines, is, in like fashion, an active process coming from within. Change the fashions of our mental activity, and nobody can tell how radically you would change our whole conception of the universe.

4. All this active construction from sense-impressions expresses certain fundamental interests that our human spirit takes in reality. We want to have a world of a particular character; and so, from sense-impressions, we are constantly trying to build up such a world. We are prejudiced in favor of regularity, necessity, and simplicity in the world; and so we continually manipulate the data of sense for the sake of building up a notion of a regular, necessary, and simple universe. And so, though it is true that our knowledge of the world is determined by what is given to our senses, it is equally true that our idea of the world is determined quite as much by our own active combination, completion, anticipation of sense experience. Thus all knowing is, in a very deep sense, acting: it is, in fact, reacting and creation. The most insignificant knowledge is in some sense an original product of the man who knows. In it is expressed his disposition, his power of attention, his skill in recognition, his interest in reality, his creative might. Exact knowledge is, in fact, only possible in cases where we ourselves make what we know. So only is mathematical knowledge possible; for mathematical ideas are all products of a constructive imagination. And so it is in all other thought-life. Mentally produce, and thou shalt know thy product. But remember, for what we produce, we are in some sense morally responsible; and thus, as we said at the outset, in discussing the nature of knowledge, we are trespassing on the borderland of ethics.

We said, at the beginning of our study, that our purpose is a practical one. We wish to point out the importance of the active personal factor in the formation of belief, and to draw from the facts a moral lesson. And what is this lesson? Plainly, since active inner processes are forever modifying and building our ideas; since our interest in what we wish to find does so much to determine what we do find; since we could not if we would reduce ourselves to mere registering machines, but remain always builders of our own little worlds—it becomes us to consider well, and to choose the spirit in which we shall examine our experience. Every one is certain to be prejudiced, simply because he does not merely receive experience, but himself acts, himself makes experience. The great question for every truth-seeker is, In what sense, to what degree, with what motive, for what end, may I and should I be prejudiced? Most of us get our prejudices wholly from the fashions of other men. This is cowardly. We are responsible for our own creed, and must make it by our own hard work. Therefore, the deepest and most important of all questions is the one, "*For what art thou at work?*" It is useless to reply, "*I am merely noting down what I find in the world. I am not responsible for the facts.*" The answer is, "A mere note-book thou art not, but a man. These are never simply notes; thy thoughts are always transformed reality, never mere copies of reality. For thy transforming activity, as well as for thy skill in copying, thou art answerable."

JOSIAH ROYCE.

ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

CHAPTER VII.

PURE GOLD.

What though on peril's front you stand?
What though through lone and lonely ways,
With dusty feet, with horny hand,
You trudge unfriended all the days,
And die at last of man's dispraise?

Would you have chosen ease, and so
Have shunned the fight? God honored you
With trust of weighty work. And oh!
The Captain of the Heavens knew
His trusted soldier would prove true.

The Vigilantes make short work of what they take in hand. A few hours for prayer, farewells, and that is all they allow to those whom they condemn to death.

But an old and able advocate was, by good fortune, on the ground now. Young Devine, and indeed all save his mother, who knew nothing of the terrible precision and swiftness of the court that had condemned her son, had no faith in his efforts. But for all that, the man went to work in terrible earnest to save the boy's life. He sat in the cabin in irons, under sentence of death, while the guard at the door paraded solemnly up and down. The young man arose and walked to and fro, and talked to himself.

"And so I must die! Poor mother! Poor broken-hearted mother! She dressed me up, as if she would have me go decently into the presence of my Maker; and now she has taken her farewell. It will kill her. The Vigilantes gave me my choice of death; and so I am to be shot. Some one has sent me that black cloak and hat in which to be shot—shot to death at dawn," said the man, bitterly, as he stood before the black habiliments of death.

The Vigilantes had turned this old cabin into a prison. They had taken up the dead man from before the door, and laid it in a grave. They had, indeed, dug two graves: one for the dead, one for the living.

There was a parley at the cabin door; and then the old miner, Forty-nine, bowed, trembling, almost crushed, came tottering in.

"My boy, my poor lone boy," he began; "you must not die now. We have struck it in the tunnel! Gold! Gold! Heaps of gold! Enough for your poor mother! Enough for us all! Enough for the world!"

"Poor old man! I knew that tunnel would turn his head at last. Now when I am laid below the sod, he, the last of the grand old men of the Sierra, will wander about the land a tramp, a homeless, helpless old tramp, still talking of that tunnel," said the man, as to himself.

"If anything happens to me, and if you—if you do get out of this, promise me that you will go back to the tunnel once more," pleaded the old man. "Promise me that you will go back there yourself, though it be years and years. For there, in the right-hand corner—in the right hand corner of the tunnel—"

"Please, my dear old partner, be calm. My dear old friend, this trouble has shaken your mind. But be calm, in these my last moments. To-morrow—to-morrow you can talk of your tunnel. Ah! as our old song ran, 'We will all reform to-morrow!'" Then turning aside, he said to himself: "To-morrow, that ever runs before. And where will I be to-morrow?"

"But I tell you we have struck it! It's no time to die now, when we have struck it!" cried the old man, bitterly.

But the boy was not thinking of gold as he said: "And Carrie? Where is Carrie? I am to die in less than an hour. I am to be shot to death at dawn. Why could she not have come to me? She, of *all*, to stay away at such a time as this!"

"I gathered them in the dark, and in the moonlight on the mountains," said the poor child, handing him a heap of flowers. "I

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thought you would like to have some. You, who love flowers so. Why, you look awful nice, don't you, Dandy? I wouldn't have put them on; I should have died ragged and wretched, like—like your poor, ragged, wretched little Carrie."

Taking her apron from her eyes, she saw the black cloak and hat.

"Why, Dandy, what are these for?" she cried.

"To die in," answered the young man, bitterly.

"To die in? O, here in these pure white mountains! What is so hard on man as man?" and she bowed her head, and wept bitterly.

It was already growing gray in the east. The hour of execution had come. There was a tramping of feet and a sound of voices at the door. Then some men with guns entered, and told the prisoner that the last moments had arrived. The captain of the party turned to the girl, and said:

"You must come away. We are ordered to bring you away at once. I will give you one minute only," said the guard, sternly. The girl still refused to go. She threw herself in the young man's arms, and cried: "You shall not die! Forty-nine, save him! save him! I will not go if you do not promise to save him! Promise me! Say you will save him! Say you will—you will! Say you will save him or die!"

"I—I—I will save him—or die," said the old man, solemnly.

"You have promised."

"I have promised."

"You will keep that promise?"

"I will keep that promise, so help me God, or die."

"Come, come," urged the guard, dragging her away.

"Ah, my dear old partner! They made you promise, but think no more about it. You are absolved from a promise made as that was made," said Devine.

"If ever you do get out of this, go back to the tunnel; in the right-hand corner of the main drift—"

"My dear old friend, forget that tunnel for a moment. Do you know that I am to die in less than half an hour? Let us talk a little of the other world, my friend. For I am now done, utterly done, with this."

"But there in the right-hand corner—"

Young Devine took the old man's hand tenderly, as he sat on the edge of the bed, and looking in his face, said: "My friend, stand by my side but a few moments more. I feel the sands crumbling from under my feet as I walk by the ocean of eternity. No, no, my friend, do not feel so sadly, do not weep. 'Tis but a puff of smoke, and all is over. The sun will rise to-morrow just the same. The world will take its daily round of rest or strife, just as before. But I—but I will take no part or place in anything that is. For I—I shall rest—rest—rest."

"Oh, that I could die for you! You! So young! So full of life and health and heart, hope and humanity!"

"Nay: but, my friend, consider what I shall escape. I shall escape all the ills and heart-aches that lie between this and old age. And it will not be long before you all will follow me. In a little time, one by one, you will seek some quiet resting place where other poor weary mortals rest; and there, grouped together on some hilltop, you will rest, caravans of the dead, waiting the great awakening. See, my friend, we are all—all under a sentence of death. I am to be shot at daylight; but you have a few days of reprieve."

The old man began once more: "But it's hard to have to die now when we've struck it. In the fartherest right-hand corner of the tunnel, Charley—"

"Poor old man! Twenty-five years of disappointment, and then this trouble! His head is turned at last. When I am dead, he will wander around California, talking of his tunnel. They will set dogs on him—the new, rich people. They will set dogs on this grand old relic of '49. But it won't last long." Then seating himself on some skins, he turned to Forty-nine, and said suddenly: "You have often talked to me, in the old cabin by the pine-log fire at night, about the other world. Now can you prove to me that I will live hereafter?"

Very close and very tenderly came the old man to his side, and in a low voice, said:

"I cannot prove the hereafter to you. Nor can I prove to you that the sun will rise to-morrow. But I surely believe it will. And I as surely *know*, *man* will rise again."

"Well, I do hope. And there is consolation in your words and your calm face, old friend. But I am standing on the edge of a new-made grave. Tell me why I—I, a poor mortal man, one man in millions and millions of men—tell me why I should hope to see the resurrection?"

"I cannot tell you why; but I can tell you, that if you blow a little thistle seed, a little thing no bigger than a pin's point, and let it fall in the dark earth, even though it be in the farthest corner of the world, it will in the spring come forth a lovely flower, perfect in its kind. And—and—and a man is surely as much to God as a little thistle down."

"Dear, dear old man, I am satisfied. I shall not die, but sleep. I am so weary. I would it were all over! Yes, I shall sleep. I already feel the calm and tranquil touch of eternal rest. I could sleep now," and his head began to droop on his breast. "Please keep watch, and tell me when they come, if I should sleep. Ah! in a little while I shall sleep, indeed!"

"Sleep, my boy. Sleep, and I will keep watch. But promise me, that if you live you will go to the right-hand corner of the tunnel—"

The boy looked at Forty-nine, and he stopped; then said: "Yes, sleep! Sleep if you can."

"I shall sleep at the door of death. I remember reading in some book of a grand old character—Brutus, it was, I think"—and the head and the voice gradually sank together—"who slept, waiting the shock of battle; and as he slept, his sword's hilt in his hand, a ghost stalked by, and told of fated Philippi. Yet the old hero only gathered his mantle more closely about him, said, 'I will meet thee, then, at Philippi'; and so slept even there, down at the door of death. How grand and noble a nature like to that! I have often thought of that scene. I can see the battle-tents, the stacked arms, the shields and spears, the fluttering eagles of almighty Rome; I can see the sleeping man—the sleep—the sleep—ing—man."

And the condemned man was fast asleep, as the captain of the Vigilantes entered.

"Gently, please, he is asleep," said Forty-nine, lifting his hand.

"Poor doomed man! I will let him still have a moment of peace with his old friend. It is now just upon daylight"; and drawing the curtain, he stepped aside, and left the two together.

Suddenly old Forty-nine sprang up, as if a great thought had flashed across his feeble mind. He looked about, looked at his son asleep before him, thought a moment, and then turned and caught up the black cloak and folded it hastily about his form. He drew the hat over his face, and stood inside the cabin door, waiting the captain. Then, looking back over his shoulder, he turned and tenderly kissed his boy as he slept, and then stepped back to his post.

Notwithstanding all the bloodthirstiness and brutality of the Vigilantes—for I am not one of those who deify mobs under this name or any other—they always had a sort of dignity and decorum about them in all they did. For example, they always wanted a man's real name. They were savagely in earnest. No nonsense, no nicknames, now. They always wanted to hang a man under his real name. They had asked for and had the name of this young man, Charles Devine. They had written it down, and when the guard came to take him to the place of execution, he took the book from his pocket, opened it, held it up and out towards the feeble gray dawn, and with some effort, read it aloud. Then arranging his men on either side of the open cabin door, he again called out the name. It would seem as if this captain of the guard was glad to find any kind of excuse for delay.

He looked in at the door which he had pushed open. It was still very dark inside. He saw a figure standing ready. It was muffled in the black cloak, with a black hat drawn low over the face.

The little calico curtains back in the corner were closed. The dog had been taken away by the Vigilantes, for fear, at the last moment, he might put in some sort of protest; and there was nothing to be heard or seen in the dark little cabin save this one silent figure standing there ready to die.

"Charles Devine!"

"Here!"

And with a firm step the muffled figure marched forth, took its place between the lines of Vigilantes, and in the dim gray dawn, all moved hastily and silently away to the place of execution.

A fresh-dug grave among the green pines on the hillside. A rude coffin beside the grave. The crowd is held back, and will be held back by the Vigilantes till all is over. Then they may come, or pass by and look upon the dead man's face. You can hear the shrill, harsh voice of that monstrous woman now and then, calling for Dosson in the gray dawn. Then you can hear her laugh that wicked laugh of hers, as she gloats over her revenge, and talks to the mob that is waiting for the crack of the rifles before they can pass the guard, and see the dead man in the coffin. The far peaks are tipped with gold. It is dawn in the valley, and yet not daylight. There is light, but it is as if a sheet of silver shone in your eyes. Nature is not yet wide awake, and you see but uncertainly.

The guard enter, a man in black between them. The man falls by the coffin, on his knees. Then, with an old Spartan's spirit, he stands up, takes a seat on the coffin, folds his arms above his heart, and signals that he is ready to die.

There is a line of men armed with rifles drawn up before him. The captain of the Vigilantes stands at the head of the line. There is not even the chirp of a bird. Nature holds her breath in horror. The silence is awful. It is something like that fearful silence that is said to precede earthquakes.

At last the captain of the Vigilantes takes out the book, and reads the sentence and the name. Then arranging his men in line, he steps back behind, and says:

"Gentlemen of the Vigilantes, you are now to enforce the sentence of death. You will aim directly at the heart. All of your guns are blanks except one. One only is loaded with ball; but no man knows which one that is. You will make ready."

All these executioners are masked in black, and are all silent as death. The captain turns to the prisoner. "Charles Devine, you were arrested for murder, convicted of murder, and are now about to die for that crime. Invoke your God."

The man on the coffin only bows his head, while the Vigilantes all uncover.

"Make ready, my men!"

The men cover their heads, lift their guns, and there is an ugly click.

"Hold, one moment! Blindfold the prisoner!"

A man advances with handkerchief, and bending over a second, he springs back with an exclamation, "It is not Charles Devine!"

"Not Charles Devine?"

"No: it is Forty-nine!"

The man on the coffin springs up, and cries:

"It *is* Devine! I tell you it is Devine! Fire! I tell you I am Charles Devine! I've been here since '49, and I guess I ought to know."

Here Snowe hastily came forward, and threw up his hands. "Saved! Saved! And by that gypsy girl and that honest old miner!"

"Tricked! Tricked!" growled the captain.

"In the right-hand corner of the tunnel there is gold, gold, heaps of gold!" and the old man dropped the cloak, and came forward, saying this eagerly to Snowe.

"And who are you, sir? Have you had a hand in this?" asked the captain, angrily, of Snowe.

"Captain, I am the lawyer, Snowe. I have just arrived on important business, and just in time to defend an innocent man. As a lawyer, sir, I must tell you, you cannot execute your prisoner now, no matter what evidence you may have against him. His death would be against the law."

"The Vigilantes of California care not for law, but for justice. The man is guilty, and must die! You lawyers are tricksters."

"Stop! But for the lawyers, the world would relapse again into barbarism, and all disputes would be settled by the sword. The lawyer is your counselor in peace, your general in war, and your gentleman always."

"The man tried by the Vigilantes, and found guilty by the Vigilantes, must die." Then turning to the guard, he said:

"You will bring the real prisoner at once to execution!" and the guard hastened to obey. They found the young man sleeping calmly, as if no trouble had ever come to him. He did not know what had happened, but rose up and went with the guard to death, as if they had now come for him for the first time.

Colonel Billy had been forgotten. And what was there about him worth remembering? Then the rougher element of the camp had missed their leader, and they kept wondering what had become of Dosson, now that he had struck a fortune. Had he fled, for fear that this desperate stranger would murder him too?

The bar-keeper, like all good bar-keepers, had kept busy at his post. In the mines, the saloon is the wheel-house. The bar-keeper is the captain at the wheel.

Just before dawn, this bar-keeper was startled from his sleep between two blankets behind the counter by cries that came from back in the dark corner among the barrels.

"O, O, O, such a dream! O, my head! my head! my head! O, such a dream! such a dream! such a dream!"

The bar-keeper sprang up, and holding a candle under the red nose of the man, as he tried to sit up between the barrels, shook him by the shoulder till his old teeth rattled in their sockets.

"Billy, Billy, Billy! You —— old idiot!"

"O, such a bloody dream! Gov Dosson shoots Emmens, and gits the gold, and scoots across and hides in the old tunnel, and I gits a five with blood on it, and—"

"Gov Dosson shoots Emmens? Get up! You fool, a man will be shot for your drunkenness! Get up, or I'll brain you with the candlestick."

The bar-keeper loved Belle. Therefore, if for no other reason, he hated Dosson, to the death. And now, for the first time, he would leave his post. He poured a pint of rum down the hoarse, raw throat of Colonel Billy, and throwing on his clothes, and clutching a pistol, he dragged the old drunkard after him.

In a few moments they reached the mouth of the old tunnel. All was dark and silent. But by the dim dawn they could see broken weeds underfoot. Some one had entered it. Old Colonel Billy was made wide awake by the rum, and now, comprehending the situation, was a host. The two entered the tunnel, one holding a candle, the other two cocked pistols. This was a dangerous and a silly thing to do. They should have laid siege at the mouth of the tunnel, and waited. But there was now no time to wait.

Turning around a big bowlder that lay near the entrance, there sat the man asleep against the warm granite wall. The man was helpless as the dead man that had been lying down yonder at the door of the doomed man's cabin.

Sleep! That dark, still river that flows between the shores of this world and the next. That strange, sweet, and refreshing river on which we voyage nightly, making shore at morn at the very port we started. And who guides us in these far voyagings?

This murderer opened his eyes, and looked into the ugly muzzles of two lifted pistols. He, even in his sleep, clutched and held a pistol with its one empty chamber, as he waited for the last man to disappear from the trail before he ventured to escape. Now all was over.

He begged for his life. He told of the gold. He would give them each one-quarter, and they would be the three richest men in the Sierra.

His captors shook their heads. He would give them two-thirds—all.

The two men marched this strong and desperate man between them at a run toward

the place of execution. With lifted pistols, they pushed in upon the Vigilantes just as young Devine was brought up from the cabin where he slept. The Vigilantes were furious. They had themselves almost been murderers. They were tender, as if he had been a child, to young Devine now. But against the real murderer, now before them, their smothered rage was fearful. They glanced at each other. Then the captain looked at the coffin, the open grave; and the strong man's knees began to knock together, as he saw them, like a yawning hell, waiting to receive him. The Vigilantes exchanged glances. They understood each other's thoughts. And Dosson understood them also. He took his place on the coffin. Clear, sharp, and deadly the rifles rang out. The crowd came pressing on a moment after. The mother to receive the dead body of her boy; the monster to look down upon his dead face, and gloat over her revenge and the agony of the girl. This miserable creature came on ahead of all. She bowed and leered at the Vigilantes. She did not hesitate a moment, but rushed up, and looked down into the coffin still reeking with warm blood. The woman looked down into the face of her lover.

The mother held her boy to her heart once more. And every man uncovered his head. Some turned aside, and pretended that the new-risen sun hurt their old eyes and made them water.

Old Forty-nine, still wild and half crazed, held up his hands full of gold. "Here! look at this! I tell you, we have struck it! Rich! In the right-hand corner of the tunnel! You should see it! You should see it! Heaps of gold! Ha, ha! Gold enough to pave the streets of a city!"

"Dear old friend, I am saved! Do not be so wild now! Be calm, my friend."

"I tell you we have struck it! See there! And there! And there! And there! In the furtherest right-hand corner of the tunnel there are tons of it! Tons of it! Ha, ha! Tons of it, as rich as that! What did I tell you? I knew it was there—I knew it was there for twenty-five years. That is your dream, my boy. Twenty-five years, and now Forty-nine is a millionaire."

"It is—it is gold! Pure gold! They have struck it, indeed!" said the captain, as he took the rich rock in his hand.

"Tons of it—tons of it, just like that!" shouted Forty-nine.

"Pure gold! Pure gold! And I have tons of pure gold! Tons of pure gold, mother!" cried the boy, embracing her.

"My son! My son! It is like a dream! But you are the same to me as yesterday—no more, no less, Charley, to your poor old mother."

"No, mother; our mothers are as constant as the sun in heaven."

All at once the old man seemed to begin to understand something besides his heaps of gold. He passed his hand across his brow, and seemed to see a new light. He approached close to his son. He was looking strangely in his face. Suddenly his eyes brightened up with intelligence and love. Leaning forward and grasping a hand of each in each of his, he cried, in a clear full voice:

> "Then sing the song we loved, love,
> When all life seemed one song;
> For life is none to long, love,
> And love is none to long."

"I am your father! I am your husband! Come!"

Surely, the new-risen sun was hurting the eyes of the Vigilantes, as the crowd moved away down the hill toward the cabin, with this united family in its midst; for they drew their sleeves across their eyes, and blinked and stumbled as they walked.

The unhappy and miserable old monster had stopped up on the hill with the dead. But poor little Belle came curiously along, and stood about in the crowd that paused at the cabin door. She and Carrie both seemed frightened and out of place.

And now Charley felt a little hand pulling at his coat, and he heard a little timid voice say, "Good by, Dandy."

"What do you say, Carrie?" and he turned to the child.

"I am so glad you are rich! and dear good

old Forty-nine, too. You are both all right now." And she turned to go. "And so good by! good by!" But her sleeve was at her eyes, and her heart was breaking.

"Good by, Forty-nine—father! Good by! I am as glad—yes, I am as glad that you have struck it at last as if I had made it all myself. Good by! Good by!"

"Why, Carrie! Carrie, where are you going?" asked the boy.

"I'm going away—I'm going over the mountain."

"What are you thinking of?—you are not going away now. Why, if you leave me, there will be no sunlight in the mountains any more," said Charley.

"I'm afraid of your mother, and him, and all of them; what can I be to you now?"

"You can be my wife! you, Carrie—you, and you only."

"Struck it! Struck it, Charley! You have struck pure gold!" said old Forty-nine, cheerily.

"Ah! that I have, father."

Tenderly the mother took the sun-browned little waif of the mountain by the hand, and pressed her to her heart. But all seemed so wretched in their surroundings, that she wanted to hasten away to a more civilized land.

"Stay yet one moment," said the lawyer: "*your* work may be done; but *my* work is only now begun. The heiress? Charley, you must assist me here."

"Well, there's little to be said or done. There is your heiress," and he pointed to Belle.

"Gently, gently! I must now prove to myself, to the law, to the world, that this is really she. But I know instinctively that it is. I never made a mistake, and never lost a case. That is the reputation of the law firm of Snowe & Snowe. Yes, that must be she. How aristocratic is her appearance! Call black Sam; let him approach slowly, and sing his old cradle-song as he comes near."

"Come here," said the lawyer to Belle. "Please stand here. Now you shall hear a little song—a far, sweet melody, that will remind you of better days."

Carrie stood at one side with Charley. As the old black man's song began, she started, listened, stepped forward, and was in an ecstasy of still delight. Belle stood by Snowe.

"She doesn't notice it yet; but I never make a mistake," said the old lawyer, rubbing his hands.

"Sam, come a little nearer, where you can see her; there! Look at her; and now you shall sing the other old cradle-song—the song you sang together when she was a child."

"All right, Massa," said Sam, "here I is; but I don't like dose eyes! Can't help it, Massa: but I don't like dose eyes!"

"Shut up this instant! I tell you it is she. It is—it's got to be! Now, my little lady," said he to Belle, "listen. We are going to have a little song that you will like, I know—that you will like and remember."

Then turning to the witnesses, "Ah, now you shall all see! Now, Sam, the little song!"

Sam in the distance sang a line or two, and then paused.

"You do—you do like it? You do—you do remember it, don't you?"

"No, I don't. I don't remember it at all; and I don't like it a bit."

Again Sam sang, and Carrie leaned forward, and looked in his face, keeping still a distance off.

"That voice! that dusky face! It is—it is the dream of the desert!" cried she, clasping her hands.

Sam stopped, looked around, and began another verse. Carrie came nearer. Sam stopped. Carrie took up the song, and sang a verse. Carrie joined in, and began to sing. They approached, singing together, and as the song ended, she sprang into his arms.

"My chile! My chile! Dis is de chile! Dis is de chile!" He tore away her sleeve, and pointed to the scar on her thin, bony arm.

"Dah, dah! dat is de Mormon's bullet mark!"

"Eureka! Found! found!" shouted the old lawyer. "I have found my heiress! I told you so! I never make a mistake! This

is the heiress, at last!" and he led Carrie triumphantly forward.

"And am I really somebody in particular?" asked Carrie.

"You are what you have always been, a little princess in disguise," said Charley, tenderly.

"And now come, my dears," still urged the happy mother.

"One moment before we go, my friends," said Forty-nine, as he drew a piece of quartz from his pocket.

"You see this piece of black and ugly ore that my son brought to light in the mine; you can only here and there see a streak of gold. It lay for years in the dark deeps of the mountain; it is crude, coarse, and unlovely. But cast it in the mint, and it will come forth a handful of shining coin; because—"

"Because, like Carrie, it is pure gold," says Charley.

"Because," added the old man, "like our little heiress, it is pure, twenty-carat gold."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[THE END.]

THE SWEET CHESTNUT.

Not many days ago, I had occasion to taste a few samples of this year's new wines; and wishing to do it after the Old World fashion, I started in search of a pound or two of chestnuts. Among the retail dealers I found a few samples of poor, hard-looking nuts, at thirty-five cents per pound. On inquiring for Sicilian nuts, I was informed there were none; but on my describing some good-looking ones which I had casually noticed in passing by the fruit shops on former occasions, I was informed that they were grown either at San Lorenzo or at Santa Barbara; that there had that day been offered two small boxes, at thirty-five cents, wholesale, which would mean fifty cents, retail. Of course, the price of any article is just what it will bring in a fair market; and if goods are dear, most probably the supply is small; and no one has a right to complain. But thinking over this matter of price and supply of chestnuts, I made up my mind to put together some observations and reflections upon chestnut trees and their fruit.

The sweet chestnut, *Castanea vesca*, *Fagus Castanea* (natural order *Corylaceæ*), is said to have been brought into Italy by the Romans, who found it originally at Castanea, a town of Thessaly, near the mouth of the river Peneus; whence the fruit was called by them *Castanea nux*. By most authors, however, it is considered to be a native of countries bordering on the Mediterranean, but having power to adapt itself to climates as severe as the north of Scotland, where, in sheltered places, it matures its annual crop of chestnuts.

Regarding the tree itself, the chestnut is one of those which have to be raised from seed, as noted by Virgil long ago:

"Pars autem posito surgunt de semine: ut alta Castanea."

In time, it becomes a huge forest tree, larger than the oak. While comparatively young, it would, I think, take its place as an ornamental tree between the oak and the elm; less spreading, more erect, and of more rapid growth than the oak, and with less dense foliage than the elm, it has a deeper and softer green than either, with large lanceolate serrate leaves, long pendulous male catkins, with fewer inconspicuous female flowers, the fruit being a rough, prickly (*echinate*) capsule, containing from two to five nuts, of which rarely more than three attain maturity.

Raised from good large seed, it grows freely, and when not raised on the spot where it is to remain permanently (which is the best), it may be removed and transplanted at the

end of the second year. It needs moderately good deep soil, and moderately dry. In the rich, deep, black, basaltic soils of southern Australia, especially in Victoria, it, like the fig tree and the olive tree, shows a disposition to form bushes, rather than the upright stems of forest trees. I have known seedlings to bloom the fourth year in that kind of ground. It is capable of attaining an extreme old age. There is one now growing at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, England, which has been proved to have stood there since A. D. 1150, and even then it was so remarkable as to have been called "the great chestnut of Tortworth." It is mentioned in "doomsday-book," and fixes the boundary of the manor of that name, and is probably more than one thousand years old. It was old in the days of *Magna Charta;* it bore a crop of nuts in 1868, and probably also this very year.

Large and old as the one just mentioned is, it is not the largest, nor probably the oldest, known; for on the slope of Mount Etna stands the famous *Castagno di cento cavalli*, or the chestnut of a hundred horses, so called from a tradition that Joanna of Aragon once visited it, in company with all of the nobility of Castanea, and the whole party found shelter under it during a sudden storm. About one hundred years ago it was measured by Count Borch, and found to have a circumference of one hundred and ninety feet. This colossal tree was long thought to consist of a fusion of several trunks; but many specimens, not much smaller, are growing in the neighborhood; and by digging around it, it has been found that all the trunks end in one

JUST OPENING.

root. It is hollow, and a hut built in it affords shelter to shepherds.

How would this compare in girth with some of the big trees of California?

It abounds especially in France, also on the banks of the Rhine, in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany; on the slopes of the Jura, the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Appenines in Europe.

MARRON DE LYON. (California.)

There is probably no moderately elevated land, where the soil is deep and sandy, where the tree would not flourish. It never prospers on marshy land. Its foliage, I may remark, appears frequently in the magnificent landscapes of Salvator Rosa. In 1792, the *Castanea vesca* was introduced into Virginia by Jefferson.

The best variety known in France is called Marron. The Marron has been introduced into California by Mr. Felix Gillet of Nevada City. The accompanying cuts show how the two varieties have improved, since their introduction into this genial climate, both in size and bright appearance. For grafting on seedlings, no matter from what part of Europe, Mr. Gillet assures the public these two varieties are unequaled for uniformity in size and shape of the nuts, as well as for not splitting open as they ripen.

In North America, from the State of Maine to Michigan and Kentucky, we find an allied species, *Castanea Americana*, a most valuable timber for fencing and building, said to have smaller but sweeter nuts, and of finer relish, than those of *C. vesca*.

There is yet another American species (*C. pumila*), the chinquapin nut, found from Ohio to southern Pennsylvania, growing from six to twenty feet high, having its leaves whitened, downy underneath, and a solitary nut, not so large as the common chestnut, but very sweet and agreeable to eat. It is said this kind is to be found in California.

Among fruit-bearing trees, such as the bread-fruit tree of the islands of the Pacific, and the palms of Asia and Africa, which contribute essentially to the support of the population, the sweet chestnut holds a very high place all over the temperate portions of Europe. In not a few of those countries, it is to the poorer inhabitants all that cereals are to us, both for their simple luxuries and the requirements of every-day life.

Wherever its timber can be had, it is esteemed, next to oak, the best for useful purposes of all kinds except ornamental furniture. For wine-casks, it is deemed the very best, as it does not alter the color or taste of the wine or other liquids. In Portugal and Spain, it is always in demand for casks, and for cask heads especially. It is also considered the very best for door-posts, window-frames, flooring-boards, joists, rafters, etc., on account of its freedom from warping. It is, in fine, a truly useful tree.

In parts of Italy, not favorable to the growth of wheat, the chestnut well-nigh sup-

MARRON DE LYON. (France.)

plies the want of it, and hundreds of thousands have to look to it as the very staff of life. And such it proves itself to be. In the first week of October, the peasantry march forth, each family into its portion of the chestnut forest, and there, old and young, toil away, collecting what the storms have thrown down: for there is no way of gathering the nuts from the full-grown trees. Next

day, the same family will proceed to another portion of their few acres, to repeat their task; and so continue, from day to day, until they consider that no more will be thrown down worth the trouble of collecting; and then the very poor have their scanty gleanings.

According as the nuts are brought in, they are placed on an upper floor, in a room arranged on purpose, with open space between the material of the floor, so that a small fire kindled below will, in a few days, render them sufficiently dry, and the shells brittle enough to be broken and separated from the kernel with ease. This is done by a number of persons, each receiving a handful or two in a bag of suitable size, and beating them against a block of wood, and then delivering them to another person, to be winnowed from the shells; after which they are put into sacks, and sent to the mill to be ground into meal.

This meal, kept in a dry place, will go on improving in quality for years. The new is not nearly so highly esteemed as that two or three years old. For purposes of substantial food, in Italy, the meal is used in many ways; but chiefly in what is called *pollenta*—something like mush. It is also commonly made

MARRON COMBALE. (California.)

into small cakes, about the thickness of ordinary Scotch oat-cake. When they go to prepare it in the above way, a quantity of leaves of the chestnut tree is collected and dried. When the paste, or dough, is ready, which is done by simply mixing the meal with water, an iron plate is heated over the fire, and as many leaves are spread out upon it as will cover a space rather larger than the intended cake; the paste is then spread upon them, and they are covered with another layer of leaves, and on top of the whole is placed a heated iron plate, and between the two hot plates the cake is soon baked. It is said to be most agreeable to the taste, as well as nutritious.

Another valuable use of it, where milk is scarce and dear, deserves to be mentioned.

MARRON COMBALE. (France.)

When, as at times happen, a mother cannot suckle her baby, she has recourse to the chestnut meal. A little is mixed with the pure wine of the country, and water, and made into pap. Upon this pap, I am assured on the most undoubted authority, the babe will thrive wonderfully.

Every year, about the middle of October, I used to meet, in the vicinity of Lisbon, droves of miserable-looking pigs, and vast flocks of long-legged, bony turkeys, on their way to the chestnut forests beyond Valzebra, which had been collected by men who undertook to take them there, see them fed with chestnuts, and in due time returned to their owners for the Christmas festivities. On arrival at the forest, the pigs could help themselves to the abundance of nuts shed upon the ground; but the turkeys would keep their protectors employed in gathering and crushing them. Less than three months sufficed to fatten those creatures most completely. And that man must have a happy knack of forgetting things who can have ceased to remember a Christmas turkey at a gentleman's table at Lisbon—a bird not merely fattened to sweetness on chestnuts, but stuffed with them, among other matters, before being cooked: while no pork in the world can

surpass in delicacy that fed on the Castanea.

Chestnuts, it appears, impart to the skin of the hog the maximum of looseness, toughness, and ease of removal; hence its value for covering English hunting-saddles, and for other purposes, among which are the manufacture of leather bottles, and floats for deep-sea fishing-nets. For the latter purpose, the hair is only singed off, and the entire skin carefully taken off, and prepared, and sewed up, all but one leg, so as to admit of its being easily filled with air.

The city of Lisbon, Portugal, with about the numerical population of San Francisco, is probably, for its size, the best supplied with fish, in the greatest variety, of the finest quality, in the most ample abundance, and at the lowest prices, of any city of southern Europe.

One of the principal causes of this abundance and cheapness lies in the fact of the fishing fleets carrying on their work, not in bay-scraping, as is done here, but in the broad waters of the Atlantic, often as much as one hundred miles from the Tagus. The nets used are of prodigious size, and need floats equal to support the leads necessary to hold them down in the water-way. So right here, the best float for buoyancy and lightness, yet found, is a pig skin, especially that of one fed on chestnuts. One may ask, When will real deep-sea fishing be established on our coast?

Michaelmas, 29th September, is the high-day and holiday all over the vineyard countries of southern Europe, consecrated to proving and tasting the new wines; and then, as the indispensable accompaniment, roasted chestnuts come forth in no stinted quantities; and rich and poor, high and low, alike enjoy a simple feast, with music, merriment, and hearty enjoyment, without excess: for *enjoyment*, a feast hardly surpassed by the envied Symposia of Xenophon, or the myrtle-crowned suppers of Horace.

As long as it remains fresh, the chestnut is, for the most part, roasted in the shell; but afterwards, it is laid by, when shelled, in a dry place, for cooking, and it is used extensively. No *olla-podrida* would be quite complete without the chestnuts.

Unlike nuts of the hazel, the almond, and the walnut, the chestnut yields oil in very limited quantity, not much more than wheaten flour.

The chestnut tree may, not unjustly, be called the bread-fruit tree of Europe. The proportion of gluten, which, in fruits and cereals, constitutes the analogue of the albumen of eggs, and of the red, muscular flesh of cattle—the material which contributes essentially to the muscular strength of man—is found in the chestnuts in larger proportion than in an equal quantity of dried dates, figs, bananas, or potatoes.

How often have we heard of one person using another for a "cat's-paw"! Yet the origin of this often very apt expression is not universally known. Here it is: Once upon a time, chestnuts were in process of being roasted, when a monkey, looking on, remarked that the nuts were too far back behind the bars of the stove for him to reach without danger of being burned; so casting about, and using his wits, he coaxed a cat, and having secured him, made use of the poor brute's foot to hook them out. The moral is plain enough. It is a shame that we should have to pay in this city twenty cents for twelve chestnuts, to that old man who occasionally roasts a few in Washington street, near the post-office, or any other man, when we ought to have a quart of them for the money, well roasted in a charcoal stove, and supplied throughout the afternoon, when they are in season, smoking hot. Of course, a northern population does not learn southern ways of living all at once; but assuredly it will in time.

One word in conclusion. If this rapid-growing, beautiful, and commercially valuable tree be taken in hand by our nurserymen, agriculturists, and wealthy land owners, ten years need not have to pass away before both its beauty as an ornamental tree, and its produce as a cheap and wholesome luxury, will have amply rewarded the trifling care and attention shown to it during its two or three earliest years. JOHN I. BLEASDALE.

JANEY.

"The springs is mine! I bought 'em an' paid for 'em! Damn their titles! They're mine! Ye ain't bright, but ye know that, Janey! Why don't ye answer me, girl? Hev ye gone dumb?"

The dull face grew a little duller with fright, and shrunk away from the light of the candle that flared on the table between them.

"I always s'posed they was your'n, father—everybody said so. Ef they take 'em—"

"Ye *s'posed* it, did ye? Ef ye'd had yer wits, ye'd *knowed* it!"

The man's voice grew thick and hoarse with passion.

"Take 'em?—they're *mine!* Who said they'd take 'em? I heard their lingo in town, to-day: it's a lie! D'ye think I'll let 'em walk over me? D'ye think one fool in the family ain't enough?"

She cowered farther back into the shadow, and looked at him with her dull, affrighted gaze.

The man leaned forward until the light of the candle fell full upon his flushed, passionate face.

"I seen 'im in town to-day, and I'll see 'im ag'in—d'ye hear? Damn his white hands, an' his lies; he's comin' out here to-morrow—O, ye needn't turn white about the gills! I'm a-goin' to burn greasewood brush on the clearin'. I want ye to slam the door in his face—d'ye hear me?"

"Yes, father."

"Ef ye speak a civil word to him—d'ye see that?" he pointed to the low, open doorway; "them as stays about me don't parley with thieves—ye can take yer bundle an' go!"

The girl looked out into the night with a slow, terrified shudder.

"Why don't ye speak? Where's yer spunk? Hain't ye sperit enough to hate a man that wants to steal yer bread and butter?"

"I dunno 'im, father; how'll I know 'im—"

"Know 'im? ye don't know a thief when ye see 'im? Bring 'im over to me, an' I'll p'int 'im out to ye."

The man got up with a low, brutal laugh, and took a gun from the corner.

"Did ye fill the ca'tridges?"

"Most of 'em: the caps stuck in a few; they're in the can with the shot."

"Bring 'em here!"

She brought them, and then crossed the room with a heavy, listless step, and sat down in the doorway. "Not bright," her father said. Perhaps not. Dull enough to want a caress now and then, like a faithful dog; but not quite brute enough to cry out under a blow. The lights in the village below were the same to her as the stars above them. The wild immortelles on the mesa waved in the night air like the ghosts of spring blossoms, and sent their dry, honied fragrance all about her. The mountain breeze lifted her colorless hair, and blew soft against her coarse, red hands. Poor Janey! Did she sit there because the summer night was sweet to her? I do not know. The hound at her feet might have been indoors if he had chosen. A bat darted obliquely past her, and then back again, like a shadow. She got up, shivering, and went into the house. The man looked up from his work, with a gruff oath.

"There was a bat, an' I was afeard, so I came in. D'ye want me?"

"Want ye? what 'u'd I want ye fer? G'long to bed!"

Of course it is only an untamed brute that snaps at those nearest him, when he is hurt. You and I, my good neighbor, from the sublime hights of our philosophy, have doubtless learned to trace our ills back through endless complexities to their origin, and hoard our vengeance for the real offender. But this man, Luke Delmar, toiling the next day on the warm, odorous upland, soiling his

hard hands with half-burnt brush, and pausing, now and then, to wipe his brow, and add a sooty stain to its frown—this man was not of our kind.

"Damn 'im!" he muttered; "it's easy talking; where was he when I grubbed, an' ditched, an' brung the water out on the other clearin'? Ef the land's his'n, why ain't he out here burnin' brush? Curse his deeds, an' his flaws, an' his big words: a lie's a lie!"

The sun rose higher, and drew pungent, spicy odors from the growth on the mesa. Yellow butterflies floated in the still air, like stray flower petals, and the serene southern noon came on with its warm luxury of rest and languor. Still the man on the mountain-side toiled on, muttering his sullen curses, bearing his brand from one fragrant heap of brush to another, and watching the swift devouring flame with a fierce, half-envious ire. At last, he paused, wiping his forehead, and turning his dogged gaze toward the valley.

Somebody was walking up the wash into the little cañon. Somebody who walked, as you walk, my neighbor, erect, swinging his cane lightly, stopping now and then under the straggling sycamores, to lift his hat and look about him. Choosing his way among the bowlders, as the cañon narrowed, and noting the rich, sickening smell of the laurel, which he grasped to aid his ascent. A hard man? O, no; a man who wore a mountain blossom in his coat, and drank in the fresh highland air with keen enjoyment. One who glanced up at the poor man's cabin, with a shrug of pity for the unlucky fool who placed it there, and then smiled down at the frightened minnows darting wildly in the shallow pool at his feet. What did it matter to him, that his coming disturbed the quail in their noonday covert? or startled the rabbits and squirrels, and sent them scampering into the chapparal? Would you have him stay away, because these wild creatures were there before him? Certainly not. A man has a right to take his own, provided he gives it away afterward as you and I direct, my good neighbor; and this man gave large sums, every year, to make beggars more beggarly. A hard man? By no means.

Over on the hillside, a pair of angry eyes was watching him furtively.

"Damn his fine clothes!" hissed Luke, through his set teeth; "who give him leave to come onto my land? Ef he wants to see me, why don't he go to the house an' ask? What business has he got prowlin' around the springs?—they ain't his'n!"

A wounded animal looking up to confront one of his kind, and finding himself face to face with a polished weapon, feels perhaps as Luke Delmar felt before the law. But the man up the cañon, admiring the painted wood of the manzanita, and thrusting his cane into the lush, green moss beside the spring, felt no such bitterness. The little cavern was cool and shadowy, even in the noonday. High above the line of verdure, on either side the mountains rose bare and sun-burned in the white, transparent air. He stood still, and listened to the drip of the water into the brown pool.

"A man must have a stratum of granite in him to talk of a submerged dam here," he said to himself; "and yet this must be the place; I'll send Pemberton up next week. I'd like to have him spare this."

The day wore drowsily on. Great, sear spots thickened on the mesa, and the afternoon breeze blew the ashes in little clouds toward the cañon.

"He hain't come out yit," said Luke, nursing a brand behind his hard, blackened hand. "I reckon he's fell asleep, up by the falls; it's thieves as sleep while honest men's at work."

He laughed sneeringly, and knelt down, guarding the pale, mounting flame. The greasewood crackled, and gave out its sweet, oily smell. A burning leaf wavered to the ground, and a tongue of yellow flame shot through the dry grass, leaving its ashen trail. Luke stamped it out with his feet.

"It 'u'd be a bad job if the fire 'u'd git into the cañon, in this breeze; the underbrush's drier 'n tinder; it wouldn't stop short o' the falls, an'—"

He started suddenly, and looked over his shoulder. The flame mirrored itself in his eyes, and gave them a dull red glare. All

the sullen rage that was in him surged to his face, and hardened there. The brute grappled with the human, and prevailed.

The fire crept stealthily along the bridge of withered leaves, and caught the grasses that whispered on the cañon's edge. Pale autumn flowers nodded and beckoned to their new lover, and withered under his fervent kiss. The tufted clematis wreathed its graceful arms about him, and died in his embrace. A thousand mad sprites danced under the stunted elders, and shot over the tangled blackberry vines. Wild creatures looked about with startled eyes, and then fled in dismay before the hot, on-coming blast. The crackling deepened to a roar. Huge volumes of smoke arose and drifted away, to lie in long dun-colored bars against the mountain-side; and still the fire rushed on, licking up the dry leaves among the bowlders, shriveling the tall ferns in its hot, exultant breath, leaping in delirious frenzy to the topmost boughs of the sycamores, and holding out its hot, clamorous hands to the mountain-top.

Janey Delmar stood in the door, and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"The fire's got into the cañon, an' the timber's burnin' up; father'll be mad."

A great cloud of smoke rolled up, and shut out the sun. The girl's irresolute face quickened with a sudden terrifying thought.

"He hain't come out! I been a-watchin'. I hain't seen him! Ef he's up at the falls, he can't git out: father pulled the ladder up after 'im, Sunday."

She ran across the clearing, and looked down into the black, smoking ravine. Even at that hight, she could feel the scorching heat. The soft gray ashes settled on her hair, and clung to her coarse dress.

"The fire's goin' fast! Father said—but he didn't know it—I can't do it—I can't leave him stay up there!"

The fire in the cañon below panted and raged, and ran its mad race with her. The narrow path along which she flew was strewn with smoking cinders. Half-burnt twigs fell hissing into the flume beside her, and flocks of linnets darted hither and thither in the smoky air. Rabbits sprang from the sage, half dazed with fright, and stared at her with their soft, expressionless eyes. On she went, swifter than the flame itself. Leaving the path, at last, and clinging to the rough mountain-side, swinging from gnarled roots that loosened under her weight, bruising her arms against the sharp bayonets of the yucca; down, down, through banks of dead leaves, and tall dry stalks of sage, breathless with haste and terror, until her feet touched the ferns growing in the little stream above the falls. She could look below her now, and see him standing there, walled in by the pitiless rocks: a man with a white, hopeless, baffled face—a face that she remembered always.

She lifted one end of the ladder, and dragged it through the sedges. Was it strange that even then the sight of it brought up sickening memories of her father's threat. She had helped him make it, one day, and he had cursed her for being slow.

The prisoner turned his smitten face toward her. Poor Janey! no man before or ever since thought her an angel. She thrust the ladder through the gap in the rocks, and steadied it against the slippery ledge. Neither of them spoke. She only knew that he stood beside her, with a strangely transfigured face; that a strong hand put away the brambles, and helped her up the steep ascent. She could hear his firm step behind her, as she hurried along the narrow path beside the ditch. Out on the clearing the numb agony of fear settled down on her again.

"I reckon you kin find the way now—down there's the road."

She turned away, awkwardly conscious, all at once, of something new and strange. He seized both her hands eagerly. How white and shapely his own were! Janey remembered that, too—even to the pattern of the ring on his finger.

"Won't you let me thank you, my good girl? Won't you tell me your name? Do you know what you have done?"

She shivered, and drew herself away nervously.

"I'm Janey Delmar. Ye won't tell father? He said I mustn't speak to you; he didn't know how it 'u'd be. Ef you go down by the path, ye won't see 'im."

The man walked away a little, glancing toward the rude house on the clearing. Then he came back to where she stood.

"Do you know who I am?"

She raised her dull, patient eyes.

"I dunno yer name. Father said you was comin'. He thinks the springs is his'n. Maybe they ain't—I dunno."

The man looked down at the black desolation below them; on up the cañon he could hear the roar of the fire, and the crash of falling timber.

"Your father is right," he said; "the springs are his. I am going away now; good by."

She put out her hand, glancing anxiously toward the house. Then she stood quite still, watching him as he went down the path. Once he turned, and looked curiously at the strange, listless figure standing motionless where he had left her. There was something uncanny in the brown, smoky light. Down in the valley the sun was shining. He lifted his hat to her, and went rapidly down the walk, and out of sight.

* * * * *

The cañon was full of gaunt, blackened stems. Luke Delmar glanced at them sometimes with a look of sudden, restless terror; but he had not crossed the ravine since the day of the fire. Janey waited in a mute agony of dread for him to question her about her visitor, but she had almost ceased to expect it now. Perhaps he had forgotten it.

She wondered a little that he did not go down into the village. He was out of tobacco, she knew. It might be that that made him start and tremble, and then turn upon her with terrible oaths.

An early rain came on, and a faint whitish green sprang up under the seared stalks in the cañon. The soft, loose soil on the mesa broke into tiny hillocks with the struggling growth; Janey pushed them aside with her foot, and let the little bowed prisoners out into the sunlight. The California spring was in the air. The girl wondered if the cañon would ever be green again. She went down there one day, and gathered a handful of microphylla, gleaming in spots of vivid red among the scorched underbrush. They were lying on the table when her father came in. She saw him start back, and then stride across the room to where she stood.

"Where ye been? Where did ye git *them?*" he said, hoarsely, with a low, fearful oath. She shrank back in her old stupefied terror.

"Down in the cañon—they're thick down there, along the rocks, like—like drops o' blood."

He sprang toward her, with a fierce, questioning stare.

"What d'ye mean? Answer me! Curse ye, I'll—"

She could feel his hot breath on her face. She shut her eyes, and waited for him to strike her. When she opened them he had staggered back to the door, white and trembling, and was holding on by the casement.

"Did I scare ye, simpleton? Throw 'em out o' the winder; I hate the smell o' them."

He turned, with a coarse, unmeaning laugh, and sat down on the doorstep, wiping the heavy drops from his forehead.

The girl was vaguely conscious that some new misery had settled down upon her life. Perhaps it was the trouble about the springs; she struggled with the problem a little while, hopelessly, and then let it lapse into the inevitable. Very likely, with her dim intelligence, she could not have comprehended even if she had known the nameless horror that dogged her father's footsteps, that sat with him at meat, and stared at him from every clump of sage on the mountain-side. The dread, overshadowing terror that invested the cañon with a loathsome fascination, and made him hate the sunlight, and grow weak and terror-stricken as night came on. Janey knew he was changed; that he did not work, and wandered aimlessly in the mountains with his dog and gun. She heard him start and mutter in his sleep, and she learned to dread the eager restlessness of his eyes even more than his curses. He

had never been kind, but he used to jest with her roughly sometimes, and smoke his pipe at the kitchen door in a sort of rugged comfort, while she went about her evening work. There was little to do now. The store of provisions in the rude cupboard was growing very small. She met him at the door one night, with a blank, helpless face.

"I can't make any bread: there ain't no more flour."

Her voice had borrowed a more helpless monotone from uncertainty. She never knew now whether he would turn upon her in a sudden outburst of rage, or listen in sullen, angry silence. She watched him anxiously, as he walked across the floor to a box in the corner.

"If ye want anything at the store, why don't ye go an' git it!" he said, sullenly, keeping his back toward her: "there ain't nothing to hender; ye kin go to-morrer.

He laid some money on the table, and went out. Janey gazed after him in a half stupor of amazement.

Could he mean for her to go down and face the people in the valley *alone?* She had been there sometimes, sitting in the wagon while the horse was shod, or her father made his purchases and talked with the men about the blacksmith shop. But no one had ever spoken to her. She lay in her bed that night, with wide, sleepless eyes, and watched the stars through the holes in the cabin roof. Was it some awful, waking dream, that would vanish when morning came? She slipped her hand under her pillow, and felt the cold pieces of silver. They, at least, were real. Their chill certainty seemed to penetrate to her poor fluttering heart.

She looked from the window at daybreak, and saw that the wagon had been drawn out of the shed. Luke was sitting on the doorstep, mending the harness. To the very last, she thought he would relent, and go with her; but he let her climb up to the seat alone, and stood still, with one foot on the hub. He had kept his face averted in grim silence all through the morning, but he looked up now, and met her weak, terrified gaze.

"I'm a-goin' to prune the vineyard," he said, petulantly. "What ye scared about, girl?—nobody's goin' to hurt ye. I want ye to git me some tobacker, an'—an—" he lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper, he leaned forward until his haggard, threatening face was close to hers—"an' don't ye let 'em git nothin' out o' you—don't ye answer no questions!"

Perhaps it was the touch of appeal in his eyes, and in the hoarse, quavering voice, that kept her from crying out in the utterness of her misery and desolation. At least, he had not cursed her. She took up the lines, and drove slowly down the road, not daring to look back, lest her courage should fail her even then.

If you had been driving down the mesa that autumn morning, my friend, leaving the brown, shadowy mountain behind you, and looking out on the ocean of mist that lay over the valley, you might have amused yourself by imagining that the end of all things had come, and having turned your back on the known, you were venturing out into chaos.

Janey was not born to pretty fancies; and yet her thought was not unlike what yours might have been, except that it enveloped her—a chill and unrelenting certainty—just as the mist settled down upon the valley, and shut out the sun. The beauty of a fog is so much a matter of one's elevation.

Meadow larks slid through the stubble, as if ashamed of their tuneless throats. Drowsy grasshoppers began to stir, and chirp in the dusty weeds by the roadside. The sun rose higher, and the mist floated away in white, shifting clouds. She could see the houses in the valley now; a pyramid of blue smoke was curling up from the forge in the blacksmith shop. Janey kept her eyes on it, and shuddered as she drew nearer.

At the store, a group of men were standing, talking idly. They separated as she came up, and one of them helped her out of the wagon, with a smile and good-natured word. The floury merchant talked to her kindly, as he busied himself among his brown-paper bags. A woman came in, and set her baby on the counter; the tiny creature crept

along, and laid its pink, velvety hand on Janey's wrist. Some of the warm, confiding little life thrilled through her arm, and got into her sluggish blood. It might be that people were not all cruel. Two of the men sauntered in from the platform, and seated themselves behind her.

"They're wantin' girls over to the cannery, bad," said one of them, leisurely; "Swigart's packin' raisins this week; he's offerin' a dollar a day."

The merchant warmed up, and grew garrulous, with the sudden metropolitan rush of trade.

"There's a letter for your pa. Pemberton was up Saturday; he says them rascals have hauled off about the springs. I'm glad of it; it'll ease your pa up a good deal. It was a nasty job, anyway."

The girl looked up at him, wistful and dumb. He counted out the change to her carefully.

"I guess that's all right; there was three cents due on the letter; it's a good big one; you'll be careful not to lose it."

The man followed her out, to put the packages in the wagon.

"It's Luke Delmar's half-witted girl," he said, when he came back. "I'd a good deal sooner be his dog—poor thing!"

Safe in the wagon again, Janey drew a long, gasping breath of relief. Possibly she was nearer happiness than she had been before, in all her short, stagnant life. If she had known what she would probably never know, that her father had missed her, and longed for her return, with a blind, unreasoning sense of protection in her presence, a sense which vanished the instant she came in sight, the day might have passed into Janey's calendar as even more noteworthy than it was.

Luke had watched the wagon crawling homeward like a leisurely insect across the plain below, and the time dragged interminably, until the limp, faded sun-bonnet, with its encircling cloud of dust, appeared above the line of greasewood near the house.

"I thought you an' the mare had fell asleep; it's been more'n an hour sence ye got to the brush," he said, gruffly, as the creaking vehicle stopped before the door. Involuntarily Janey looked toward the vineyard. It lay there just as she had left it, a brown, irregular network on the hillside; the straggling summer's growth still untouched. Luke followed her glance with his restless, blood-shot eyes.

"What ye lookin' at the vineyard fer?" he said, angrily. "The knife was dull an' I couldn't find the whetstone. Gi' me the tobacker."

She gave him the package, and got down from the seat wearily. Beyond a vague wonder that he should think of accounting to her for his actions at all, the girl was conscious of nothing but the old deadening tyranny. The letter slipped from her shawl, and fell to the ground. It lay at Luke's feet, an imposing, official-looking document, covered with mysterious stamps and lettering.

There was no need for Janey to be afraid of him now. He clutched the wagon wheel, and turned toward her piteously.

"What is it? Where did you get it? I hain't done nothin'! Who told 'em? What do they want?"

He seemed to her suddenly a querulous, trembling old man.

Janey picked the letter up, and wiped the dust from it with her shawl.

"The man at the store give it to me. He said it was for you. I didn't ask nothin' about it—I thought you'd know."

He shrunk farther away from her, cowering and terror-stricken. The lines on his ashen face seemed to deepen, and grow plainer.

"It's nobody's business—the land an' everything's mine! Ef *you* told 'em anything—"

He had staggered against the horse, and was holding himself up by the shaft; his breath came in slow, labored grasps. Janey stared at him stupidly.

"I didn't tell 'em nothin'. I didn't know nothin' to tell. The man said the springs was your'n, an' he give me the letter—that's all."

It was the weak uncertainty of her voice more than her words that reassured Luke. He turned away, fumbling nervously with the harness.

"He reckoned you'd ben to boardin'-school, an' could read writin'," he said, with a low, sneering laugh. "I hain't no use for their letters. Ye kin kindle a fire with it. Burn it up—d'ye hear me?"

Yesterday, Janey would have obeyed him blindly. To-day, a very little friction with her own kind had stirred her blood. She slipped the letter under her shawl, and went into the house. When she heard the shafts fall, she came back to the door. Luke had stopped to fill his pipe, and the mare was dragging her halter, and nosing among the tender alfileria on her way to the shed.

"Here's the whetstone," said the girl, listlessly; "it was in the tool-box, where you left it."

It was the first time she had ever spoken to him in that way. Luke started, and looked at her with a muttered oath.

"D'ye want me to come out an' trim the cuttin's?" she asked, in her slow, meaningless monotone. "Ef you're goin' to set out the other clearin', I s'pose you'll want to heel 'em in over there."

The man's face took on a sudden dogged resolution. He came close to her side.

"D'ye think I'm a fool?" he said, in a cold, cruel undertone; "d'ye think I'm goin' to improve another man's forty? They kin plant their own vineyards. I'm a goin' to Arizony — I'd 'a' gone long ago, if ye hadn't 'a' been a-hangin' on to me, like a bur!"

He had nerved himself to meet her gaze. It was not much to do, after all. She parted her lips, and looked at him in white, speechless misery. His voice had a far-away sound to her, like an echo. She repeated the words after him, stupidly.

The mare had strayed into the young barley now, and Luke had gone after her. Janey was standing there alone. There must have been something chilling in her dull, colorless face. The hound came up and looked at her an instant, and then slunk away and rubbed himself against his master's legs. Inside the house she could hear the clock ticking lonesomely. She wondered if she would ever be able to wind it when he was gone. Arizona was a long way off. She had heard of it, though. Great stretches of desert, and hot, barren mountains, where men dug for silver. Women and children never went there. The hound might go, and possibly the horses; but she would have to stay here. Who would mow the barley, and get it in when it was ripe, and plow the vineyard?

Something darted into her dulled consciousness with a sharp, sudden pain. She put out her hands blindly, in the warm sunlight.

"It ain't his'n," she said, looking about her with a low, piteous moan; "the land ain't his'n; they've took it away from him, an' there's no place for me to stay."

Perhaps the first shock of grief or fear is worst to those whose perceptions are keenest. Everything came to Janey slowly. It is hard to imagine a murderous blow lengthening itself out through weary hours; and yet the girl went about until nightfall, with the same white, tortured face she had worn as she stood there in the warm, breathless noon, when the full meaning of her father's words dawned upon her. Luke was pruning the vineyard. He was glad of any pretext that kept him out of sight of the homely, awkward figure moving silently about the house. It did not occur to him to ask what she was doing. That any resolution was shaping itself in her dimly lighted brain, did not enter his thoughts.

He left his work at sunset, and smoked his pipe by the kitchen door in sullen silence. Janey was moving about inside with slow, listless steps. There was a new moon—a wet moon, Luke said to himself, noting its curve. The blackened branches of the sycamores rose out of the cañon in gaunt silhouettes against the sky. A fog drifted in presently, wrapping them about like a winding-sheet. The man got up, shuddering, and went into the house. Janey was standing by the bed, tying the corners of a rude bundle. She looked up at him with her dull, expressionless eyes.

"I'm goin' away," she said, slowly. "Ef you want to go to Arizony, I won't hang onto

you like—like a bur, no longer. They're wantin' girls over to the cannery, bad"; the words came mechanically, just as they had lain dormant in her brain since morning. "Mebbe they'll take me, an' you'll be shut o' me."

Luke stood with his back against the door, looking at her wildly. Perhaps, after all, he had not meant to desert her. It is only dumb, faithful creatures that men dare to torture.

"There's something I want to tell you afore I go," she went on, shrinking farther away from him, and grasping her bundle nervously: "you said I had to go ef I spoke to him; an' he didn't come here, but he went up to the falls, an' the fire got into the cañon, an' I knowed he was there, an' I went along by the flume an' helped him out; an' when we got to the house, he talked to me, an' I answered him, an' I shook hands with him when he went away—"

She stopped, with a frightened gasp, and waited for him to speak.

He held out his hands, groping his way toward her, like a blind man.

"Janey! Janey!"

He had clutched her dress, and was drawing her toward him. She felt his rough hands on her hair tenderly.

"Ye won't leave yer old father, Janey! No, no, ye won't leave him; he'll take care o' you, always. Poor Janey! Poor little girl!"

The fog drifted out of the cañon, and lay in a great shining sea at the foot of the mountain. Above it stretched the mesa, still and fragrant in the starlight. And all through the brooding night, a young girl asked herself why this sudden, unspeakable blessedness had come into her life.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

SOLITUDE.

In the deep midnight, where the sea-tides pour
Their bitter blood, to feast the insatiate shore,
  When mid the harsh wet weeds my lone feet stood,
Long sands behind, and level waves before,
  My heart was glad, and named it solitude.

I trod a foreign pavement, where the street
Thrilled with the hurry of a myriad feet,
  And eager voices willing ears pursued;
But while I felt the city's great heart beat,
  My own grew sad, and deemed it solitude.

I sat by one I loved, and strove to ope
The inmost temples of my pain and hope
  To her dear step. God! when I understood
This human silence, where no words may grope,
  My heart went mad, and knew it solitude.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

A WHITE MEDICINE-MAN.

Of the early life of the subject of this sketch, very little is known. It is only of his career in California that mention will be made. He was a pioneer of the Territory before the period of Statehood; and the vast region then included in the boundaries of Mariposa was his broad field of action. He was above medium stature, of Herculean frame, with a broad, square chest and sturdy limbs, and from his large and grandly supported head the thick suit of long and uncut yellowish-brown hair fell in a graceful wild mass about his Taurus-like neck, and upon his heavy-set shoulders. His face was of striking mold and expression, with broad forehead of fair front, strongly formed, projecting eyebrows, deep-set, large eyes of deep blue, tinged with gray, which changed in hue and luster with the humor of the man—ordinarily as placid as the motionless surface of the mountain lake, but in moments of passion, as flashing and penetrating as the fiery beams of the torrid sun; bold and high cheek-bones, large and finely formed nose, a strong, firm mouth, with lips thin and denoting great decision, a well-rounded and prominent chin, and heavy, powerful jaws—all betokening the indomitable will of this master of his kind: and his complexion was of that hearty bronze which robust health and constant exposure to the elements impart in course of time. At his home, overseeing his large force of working and dependent Indians, or going about the country, he always went without other covering for the head than its natural protection against storm and rain and sun; and likewise he covered his feet only with moccasins, but mostly wore nothing upon them. It was only when he visited San Francisco that he indulged in the civilized wear of hat and boots; and these always seemed distasteful to him, as though they imposed an uncomfortable restraint upon him, to satisfy the demands or to conform to the exactions of town life. And his walk and action were so apparently confirmed in Indian characteristics, that the ordinary observer would intuitively fancy that he was himself a native and to that wild life born and bred. But his visits were never for pleasure or curiosity, or without motive and purpose, business or otherwise. He was essentially a man of affairs, whether at home or abroad.

Where, or under what circumstances, Major James D. Savage became addicted to the life he adopted in California, is not known; but it remains an undisputed fact, that he had mastered every phase of Indian nature. There was nothing that the most active, the most expert, the fleetest, or the bravest, or the craftiest, of any tribe he ever encountered or dwelt among, could do or had done, that he would not excel them in. He made it a point always to be first in the chase, foremost and fiercest in the fight, last in the field, and most effective in the attack or defense. He surpassed the "medicine-man" of the tribe in his mysterious specialty, by working wonders more astounding and appalling, by the efficacy of his treatment and the skill of his cures, and in mystifying and terrifying the tribe by the marvels and mysteries he wrought by artful means, to them inexplicable, to confound, awe, sway, and rule them to his purpose and profit, by simulating the supernatural tokens they most dreaded, and imposing upon their untutored and superstitious minds the conviction that he possessed and could exercise at will the awful attributes and all-controlling powers of the Great Spirit which they feared and worshiped. And even in their barbarian sports and dances, their wild orgies, and in the celebration of their victories in battle, by the savagest of savage saturnalia, and most diabolical ceremonies, he led and surpassed them all. Uneducated in his mother language, incapable of reading or writing a line

of English, he was nevertheless as ready in the acquisition, and as facile in the use of the vernacular of all the various tribes he dwelt among, as was the famous Major Hopkins of the Florida Indian war campaign, in Jackson's time, or the celebrated Albert Pike of Choctaw and Creek and Cherokee renown. He could speak the peculiar dialect of each of the five great confederated tribes which then possessed the country from the Tuolumne to the Kern River Mountains, as glibly as their respective most fluent chiefs; and he had also mastered the key tongue of the head chiefs, in which they conversed among themselves, and which only themselves, of all their distinctive tribes, understood. It was their most important secret council "talk"; and by what means or strategy Savage acquired it, was unknown to the chiefs. These varied accomplishments and surprising powers caused the Indians, at the same time, to respect and fear him. By them he was more dreaded, and even more venerated, as well by their warriors and chiefs as by the tribes, than the aged and mighty Naiyakqua, the great head chief of the leagued Howechees, the Chookchanees, the Chowchillas, the Pohoneeches, and the Nookchoos; than Tomquit and Pasqual, head chiefs of the warlike and powerful Pitoachees, Capoos, Toomanahs, Tallinochees, Poskesas, Wacheetes, Itachees, Choonemnees, Chokimenas, Wewachees, and Notohotas. And while these three ranking chiefs were as the ministers of his cabinet, their several tribes regarded and obeyed him as the most devoted and most humbled of Asiatics regard and obey the despots who rule over them with the power of life and death.

But to maintain this extraordinary and arbitrary supremacy over the numerous Indians subjected to his mastery, illiterate and unlearned as he was in books and science, Savage found it necessary to have recourse to craft and strange devices, by which he was enabled to work what appeared to them as miracles, possible only to the power of the Great Spirit; and by these means he succeeded in impressing them with the belief and awe which only that invisible and incomprehensible power could command, to the effect that to himself was confided the authority to punish them for their misdeeds, and to exercise over them the dispensation of their destiny, whether to save or to destroy; and his cunning interpreted to them his disposition in either case, by his spells of feigned, unspeakable sorrow or of vehement anger, displayed solely in his looks and actions. Although uneducated, he was far above a state of ignorance. His intellect was naturally of high order, and his quick, apt, intuitive, and comprehensive mind was alert to grasp, and instantly to turn to good account, everything which learning, invention, and science had developed of practical nature. He had learned the Indian character well enough to know that, as with other savage, pagan, and simple-minded races, they were superstitious to the last degree, and therefore that they were moved and swayed more through their fears than their impulses or passions; that their awe of the mysterious, or that which they considered as beyond human agency, was greater than their dread of the most terrible of earthly or visible powers. And it was by invoking the mysterious, and to them incomprehensible, agency of electricity, in one of its simplest forms, that he imposed upon, awed, and governed them as he did.

At some period of his life, Savage had made himself fairly conversant with the powers and marvels of the galvanic battery, and in California he had obtained a battery of sufficient force to serve his crafty purpose among the Indians. He had measurably learned how to use it, and received instruction as to what were or were not conductors of the electric fluid. Thus equipped and instructed, he made effective use of his little machine in terrorizing and governing his unsophisticated and untutored subjects. He had watched and studied the arts and mysteries of their "medicine-men," in working their spells and cures, and he took crafty advantage of their trick of choosing the skins of wild beasts, or of serpents and reptiles, as essential agencies to their charms and incantations; and to better

adapt his scheme to their superstition in this respect, he chose for his chief charm the skin of a grizzly bear cub, as he knew that the Indians felt for the grizzly a fear and reverence above that with which they regarded any other animal or created thing. Indeed, to some of them, this huge and intractable monarch of the wilderness was held as sacred; and the proudest hope of the warrior was that, after death, his spirit might roam again in the substantial form of the mighty beast. Inside of the aptly prepared skin, Savage concealed his little battery, and from it extended his operating wires, easily regulating the charge, and directing the application as the wondering and obedient Indians formed the line or circle to receive it. Already he was their generally acknowledged best friend and trusted counselor, without a superior among even the highest chiefs; for he could outrun their fleetest of foot, excel their bravest warrior in battle, and from the strong Indian bow shoot the arrow with quicker aim and greater precision than the most expert in its use among them. He more tirelessly pursued the game, more undeviatingly tracked the fugitive foe, and when the hunt or the fight was over, could show less fatigue, dance longer, yell louder, leap higher, squirm and twist his body into more extraordinary contortions, and, under all circumstances, preserve a more imperturbable demeanor, and exhibit a severer stoicism, than the most conspicuous for any of these performances or qualities among all the tribes. Moreover, his skill and power as "Chesara," or "medicine-man," was immeasurably superior to that ever exercised by the most consummate of that rank and art they had ever known.

These various accomplishments and qualifications, of themselves, were ample and more than enough to recommend him to leadership in Indian life, and to win him respect and reverence as one superior even to their chiefs; but Savage had strengthened himself in this topmost rank, by taking to wife the daughter of one of the great chiefs of each of the five commanding tribes; thus securing, by such binding alliance, the stronger friendship of the chiefs and the firmer loyalty of the tribes.

Yet, above and beyond all this respect and reverence, and the influence he had thus acquired, by which to impress and to govern the Indians, it was upon his galvanic battery that Savage mainly depended to more thoroughly and strictly command them. He utilized it in various ways to accomplish his designs. Now, as Mahomet had recourse to his visions, to perfect his Koran and sway his devotees; or as Brigham Young fabricated his "revelations," to make his own will and desires the unquestionable faith of his infatuated Mormon believers; and then, as the all-compelling Jove, to inspire and move by fear the rebellious, who had continued stubborn against persuasion, or could not be otherwise wrought to obedience and submission. The flashing sparks and the tetanic shocks which they saw and felt, as Savage applied his duly charged battery, evoked their wonder and subdued their refractory or turbulent spirit; and they regarded him as the man-god, possessed of the dread power of the Great Spirit they alike reverenced and feared above all else in life and death. Only on one occasion did he ever find it necessary to prove to any of the Indians the deadly power of the battery. It was in the case of a powerful young chief, who had in his youth been taken by the Catholic fathers, at Santa Barbara Mission, to educate and rear. He had been schooled and disciplined at the Mission, two or three years, and then escaped to regain his tribe and return to the wild life more congenial to his nature; signalizing his flight by stealing the fleetest and most valuable horse at the Mission. His little learning was a dangerous thing at times, to himself and his tribe; and Savage found him intractable, headstrong beyond patient endurance, and capable of great mischief. His rank gave him a standing among the Indians, of which he was ever quick to take advantage upon every occasion when it served his purpose; and his life at the Mission had enabled him to nearer comprehend some of Savage's actions and marvels than any other of the tribe. He was the thorn

in the side of the crafty Savage, the lion in his path; and it at last came to the extremity, at a critical moment, when either the obstinate and defiant young chief or Savage must show himself the master. The electric battery was Savage's sole resource and sure agency. He chose his opportunity at a fresh act of open and perilous rebellion on the part of the young chief, and cunningly managed to apply the battery, with heavy charge. It came near proving too much for the stalwart brave. He fell prone to the ground, and for a while, Savage himself feared the shock was fatal. Above two hundred of the tribe were gathered around, many of them more or less impregnated with the defiant and rebellious spirit of their young chief. His certain death might possibly awe them into instant submission to Savage; or the impulse of the moment might be to serve him as they were wont to serve their "Chesara," in instances where death befell instead of cure—to fall upon him at once, and cruelly put him to death. Savage clearly comprehended the desperate situation, and felt that his life depended upon his tact, and nerve, and adroitness. A heaving of the chest of the prostrate and otherwise motionless chief satisfied him that the shock was not mortal, and his revival was only the question of a few minutes. His craft came immediately to enable him to turn the apparent catastrophe to the very best account. The Indians, with their squaws, were still standing a little distance away, awe-stricken and nonplussed. To a few, who had started to come up to the fallen chief, he had sternly motioned an instant halt, which was obeyed. He had shown to them his mysterious power to strike the stubborn warrior instantly dead—as they believed he was; he would now show to them that also he possessed the power to restore him to life. Then uttering his ceremonial incantation, as if communing with the Great Spirit, and with solemn imploration, he kneeled by the side of the young chief, breathed into his mouth, gently stroked his eyes, his forehead and cheeks, muttering all the while, in deep, guttural tone, the nonsensical gibberish he improvised for the strange scene, and at last rubbed the arms and legs, and lifted the now partly conscious wretch to a sitting position. As his senses returned to him, the chief felt apparent bewilderment at his situation. His face betokened the commingled emotions of fear and joy and amazement which possessed him. He seemed perplexed or irresolute whether to remain as he was, or to rise to his feet. Savage further availed himself of this quandary. The surrounding Indians were still held fixed in their places, gazing with intense curiosity, or glancing with awe or doubt. A motion, by Savage, stilled them all into a deeper silence, and another wave of his hand imposed upon the half-erect chief the maintenance of his awkward position. Savage then broke forth in a brief, low, earnest, impassioned invocation, and, suddenly turning to the young chief, bade him leap to his feet. The act followed the word, and as he stood erect, but visibly tremulous, Savage went to him, took him by the hand, and led him to the old chief, his father, and then to his squaw, who were alike recovering from the terror and stupefaction which the startling scene had occasioned. The event was made the more impressive by the craft of Savage in then hastening to his own tent without speaking another word. That night the tribe held a dance of uncommon order, to celebrate the restoration of their brave young chief to life. From and after that day, he was the most submissive and loyal of all the tribe to Savage, and never again had the wily leader to invoke the mysterious power of his battery to subdue the most rebellious and most defiant of his Indian subjects. Near and far, among neighboring and remote tribes, after the fashion of the marvelous communication of intelligence peculiar to the race, the word sped and spread, of how the strong young chief had been instantly struck dead, of his miraculous restoration to life and strength, and of the power of Savage thus to command both life and death; and it served him, as he shrewdly reasoned it would serve him, to such purpose, that wheresoever he went among the tribes, he was hailed as

chief over all, and dreaded quite as they dread the Great Spirit alone.

This tremendous power over the Indians was signally utilized by Savage during the first year of the gold-discovery rush to the southern mines in his extensive Mariposa district, where the placers were very rich. It would be unjust to say that he was avaricious, yet he knew the worth and potency of gold, and desired to accumulate large wealth; and the mines, which then proved so rich, afforded him great opportunity to amass it. He chose for his purpose a very large tract of rich gold region, and there not only worked his hundreds of Indians, who were ignorant of its value, and to whom he gave as pay the cheap trinkets, and the blankets and bright calicoes and gaudy handkerchiefs, knives, etc., which they cared most to have, besides their daily support of the commonest food, but also used them as a garrison to keep away intruders, as he taught them to regard all white men, and all who came to prospect for or locate claims or diggings. Hence he held this vast region exclusively to his own benefit, and it was worked only by his own Indians, according to his sole orders. It is no doubt true, that, in obeying his commands to them, the Indians went to the extremity, on two or three occasions, of taking life; at least, that was the story of that period, as told by parties who were themselves kept from the mines within Savage's boundaries by his Indians. But he never himself took life, nor had recourse to violence.

The product of his gold diggings was enormous, and beyond even approximate estimate. On his rare visits to San Francisco, he had been known to bring with him several hundred pounds of gold-dust, to purchase presents for his Indians and large stocks of supplies. He was not extravagant in his use of money, for his wants were few and his habits simple. He was generous to friends, and ready to pour out his gold to aid or serve them; and every charity, often when it was not meritorious, found in him a ready and a liberal giver. Yet he was an excellent judge of men, and rarely erred in his estimate or opinion of their character and worth; but he sometimes preferred to bestow money, in order that he should escape the tedious story of the applicant. There was neither the disposition to wild revel in his nature, nor the indication to boisterousness, even in moments of excitement, whether roused to passion or stirred to exhilaration; a natural stealthiness of demeanor, and a diffidence when among strangers, akin to bashfulness, were peculiar to him; although in the company he liked, wherever congeniality and conviviality ruled, he was a boon companion, not apt to be neglected or forgotten. Positive in his manner, without betokening aggressiveness, candid in speech, upright in his dealings, and usually more disposed to avoid an unpleasant scene than to provoke a difficulty, he did not readily form new acquaintances, and he clung with tenacity to strongly formed friendships. He had more disdain and contempt in his composition than hatred or revenge, and he despised rather than feared either foes or danger.

On one of his visits to San Francisco—his last, in fact—he visited Maguire's Jenny Lind Theater, in company with Mr. A. J. Moulder, and there witnessed James Stark, the favorite tragedian of that period, and his wife, formerly Mrs. Kirby, in some of their best acting. It was evidently a fresh and new treat to him, and gave token that he had been a stranger to city life before his advent to this coast. The performance delighted him, and he wanted to express his hearty appreciation of it in a more substantial form than the admission price, or words or applause. He seemed entirely unaware, too, that, as he sat in the theater box, he was himself the object of considerable interest to the audience: for, no sooner had the whisper passed throughout the theater that the strange-looking man was Major Jim Savage, than all eyes were directed toward him, while his were intent only upon the stage and the actors. He had already made his name famous as an Indian fighter, or, more properly, as one greatly skilled in subduing and governing Indians. And he certainly

was a remarkable man to look upon, as he sat there, with his thick long hair parted in the middle, after the manner of "mountain men," so grandly setting off his massive, square, strong, Cromwellian face, emotionless as a statue, in repose, but now and then lighting up, with the more exciting scenes of the play, into startling expression, which gave token of the latent mighty nature of the man when roused.

Among the many stories related of Savage's arts and means by which to manage or overcome intractable Indians, is one wherein he succeeded in ridding his region of a band of renegades from the different tribes, who disregarded all authority and defied every power. He planted, in due season, a large patch of watermelons, and just before they ripened, whilst in dangerous green state, he made a protracted visit to Stockton. In his absence, and not fearing the disciplined Indians he had left in charge of the place, the renegade band made a foray upon the patch, gorging themselves with the unripe and cholera-provoking melons. They glutted to their own destruction. In a few days barely a half-dozen of the whole band were alive, and these in such miserable, debilitated condition, as to be objects of pity more than of fear or anger. On Savage's return, he found, just as he had expected, that his melons and his rebellious subjects had together disappeared, and the manner of their death was their own misconduct. He had safely enough reckoned upon his clear knowledge of Indian character; and the obedient of his tribe felt that the victims had, by their rapacity and gluttony, deprived them of the luscious feast they had themselves so much craved.

The influx of gold-hunters in Mariposa district—which then comprised the whole country from the Merced to the Tulare lakes—was too great for Savage to withstand or guard against. The consequence was, the Indians came to learn the value of the gold-dust they dug from the rich earth, and a rebellious spirit pervaded all the tribes. Contact with the miners wrought its evils with the Indians, and in the course of time, an "Indian war" was precipitated. Savage had been the first to perceive the trouble, and was also the first to make preparation to meet and subdue it. He soon left his customary camping and mining grounds, made better acquaintance with the miners and whites generally, and abandoned his rule over the plotting tribes.

The war broke out in the winter of 1850–51. At that time Savage had a trading-post on Fresno River, at the point subsequently occupied for a similar purpose by Dr. Lewis Leach, then and still a prominent citizen of that region. Several white men were murdered by the Indians, and attacks from the savages were frequent. A volunteer company, fairly armed, was organized to pursue and capture the hostiles. Other similar organizations soon followed, and Savage, with the rank of major, was chosen to the command of the force, numbering about two hundred men, with Captains Bowling, Keykendall, and Dill, next in grade, and Dr. Leach as surgeon. The war ended, after a decisive defeat of the Indians, in hard-fought and desperately contested battle. On the head waters of the San Joaquin River a severe fight occurred; and in the Yosemite country, and at the head waters of the Chowchilla, other conflicts were had.

In one of these, upon a bold, jutting point, underneath the mountain range which extends from the Yosemite hights toward the Fresno, Savage's command was once nearly overcome by the Indians, under Bautista, a wild and wily savage, who had been educated and trained at one of the coast missions, but had tired of civilized life, and returned to his horse-stealing, marauding, and warlike tribe, so much the better prepared to prosecute implacable hostilities against the native Californians, and the whites then in the mining district. Savage succeeded in getting his men away in fair order; but Bautista dearly gained the victory. It brought him so much honor and importance, however, that when, in April, 1851, Indian Commissioners Wozencraft, McKee, and Barbour made a treaty of peace with the hostile tribes, the heroic Bautista was selected by Dr.

Wozencraft to serve the Commission—much after the purpose that President Jackson took the great Iowa chief Blackhawk to serve in 1832, in a tour of the United States, to convince him of the folly of further warring upon the whites, so overwhelmingly numerous and formidable—by taking him down to Stockton and San Francisco to show him the overpowering superiority of the American people then in California, and thus induce him to maintain the peace.

Bautista greatly enjoyed the free rides on stages, and traveling on river steamers—after he got well over his first scare and a keen run of four miles into the chapparel outside of Stockton, when the steam-whistle blew its ear-piercing blast just as he had put his foot on the gang-plank to step aboard the H. T. Clay—and his only fear of mortal peril whilst in San Francisco was at a daguerreotype gallery, when the artist leveled the camera tube at him, and threw the black velvet cloth over his own head, as he prepared to take the frightened warrior's picture. It required time and explanation, and much persuasion, after a keen personal inspection of the wonderful apparatus, besides the taking of a picture of Dr. Wozencraft himself, to satisfy Bautista that it was not a brass cannon loaded to the muzzle that was confronting him as he sat in the operating-chair. But all this agony of mind and terror were dispelled, and exuberant joy spread over his sullen, ferocious, dusky face, strong in its savage characteristics, as he viewed the marvelous taking off of his own form and front in counterfeit presentment. He felt himself, apparently, every inch, "Big Injun, me!" and he was certainly the wickedest in looks and nature. Nor did he ever afterwards neglect occasion to boast his victory over Savage.

So late as 1857, while the writer of this was on his way from Fresno Reservation to Yosemite Valley, with Agent Lewis and a party of four, accompanied by Bautista and five other Reservation Indians as guides and servants, the hero of that war led the party eight miles out of the way to gratify his own pride in bringing them to the scene of the battle, where, in his outburst of exultation, he stole from the writer's coat-pocket a bright red silk handkerchief of generous dimensions, which he deftly hid under his blanket-wrapper, and with his own dirty, red rag of a calico head-dress, energetically waved in the stiff breeze of the morning, pridefully announced, as he stamped his foot upon his native heath, like a badly fire-stained, copper-kettle-colored MacGregor, "Here me combattee Savage! Lick him all up!" He was now a peaceful, disciplined, thieving, vicious, Reservation Indian, the admirer and the suitor of the "Queen," who had been the last, the youngest, the handsomest, and the favorite of Savage's Mormon-like wives; but the "Queen" declined alike the suit of Bautista, and of all others who similarly wooed while she wouldn't.

After the war, Savage engaged again in trading and in cattle-ranching. Bad blood had sprung up between him and some of the settlers along King's River. He was fearless, and felt the security from danger, at the hands of those he disliked, which is expressed in seemingly careless but purposeful disdain and contempt. Among those toward whom he thus felt was Major Harvey, then the County Judge of Tulare. He had spoken foully of Harvey, and his language had been reported to that gentleman. August 16th, 1852, Savage visited King's River Reservation, where William Campbell, whom he also disliked, was agent. Judge Marvin of Tuolumne was there present with Major Harvey. The latter asked Savage if the reported language had been uttered by him, and, on Savage responding that it was correctly reported, Harvey demanded its retraction. Savage's only response was a slap in the face, and at the instant his pistol dropped from his loose shirt bosom. Harvey instantly drew his pistol and fired, with fatal effect. Savage fell dead. An examination before a neighboring justice of the peace ended in Major Harvey's immediate release, as it was held that he had acted in clear self-defense.

The remains of Major Savage were at the time buried near where he fell. In 1855,

they were removed by Dr. Leach, his firm friend, and at one time his business partner, and given permanent sepulture at the point on Fresno River known as "Leach's old store," which had also been Savage's trading-post. Dr. Leach erected over the spot a granite monument, ten feet high, square and massive and stern, typical of the robust form and the sturdy spirit of the strange and strong man whose memory it commemorates, and upon one of its sides is carved simply his name. He sleeps the everlasting sleep in the enduring, rock-bound bed in the middle of the stream on whose banks he last dwelt, and its gentle murmurings in placid flow, and its wild turbulence when lashed by angry winds, are alike as the calmness and the passionate moments of his lifetime, the lullaby of his peaceful rest, and the weird threnody of his violent end.

JAMES O'MEARA.

SHALL FOREIGNERS VOTE?

It has come to be an axiom in American politics, that a man must represent an idea. By persistent advocacy of the tenets of a political party, Mr. Jones procures himself to be nominated and chosen collector of taxes, with the duties of which office the tenets of political parties have nothing to do. Through the judicious denunciation of a railroad company or a water corporation, Mr. Smith comes to represent the idea of anti-monopoly, and is elected to Congress; although the remedy for the abuse which he has denounced falls within the purview of the domestic and not the Federal government. As every citizen is a possible collector of taxes or member of Congress, it may be admitted that this system, inconsequent though it be, may work for the general good, by keeping every one on the alert to relieve the public from some unsuspected burden, and to do a good turn for himself at one and the same time.

Not only is the value of an idea known to our "statesmen," but journalists, as well, comprehend and appreciate it. Said the proprietor of a struggling paper, not long since, to the writer: "If I could only get hold of a first-class issue, my fortune would be made."

It follows naturally, from this state of things, that anything in the nature of an issue is eagerly sought and tenderly nourished. Not a day passes, but, somewhere in this broad country, patriotism gets the better of a statesman or a journal, that forthwith breaks the silence, up to that point maintained, and speaks right out of some great wrong suffered by the people, or of some plan for the "betterment of man's estate." Once in a while, the issue "takes": the statesman is sent to Congress, and the paper doubles its circulation.

Issues have their fashions, too. They come in and go out. We debate fiercely the same questions that our grandfathers debated, but about which our fathers never troubled their heads. One of the most superficial and easily aroused of the prejudices of mankind is that of race against race, and we find it therefore rising, generation after generation, in a tiresome but untiring series of issues. It has been a political bonanza in the United States. On the question of immigration we have gone successively from one extreme to another. At one stage, our political shibboleth is, "America, the home for the oppressed of all nations"; at the next stage we are Know-Nothings, and "Americans must rule America."

Just of late, the issue factories are turning out mottoes to fit the latter sentiment. Several journals have raised the hue and cry, and are denouncing foreigners with variety and originality of expletive. A few timid gentlemen, here and there, have formed themselves into secret organizations, and

style themselves Patriotic Sons of this and that. The great mass of the population, to be sure, is impassive; but Burke's sentence about the grasshoppers is nevertheless applicable.

Now if these journals and these patriotic "sons" are correct in their prognostications, it is certainly desirable that we should know it. The pessimist has, somehow, an affectation of more acumen than the optimist. The man who tells us we are going to the bad manages to impress us more than he who weakly thinks we are in a prosperous condition. A nation whose bonds are above par; whose national debt is being paid with regularity and rapidity; whose manufactures are taking precedence in the market-overt of the world; and whose wealth, more evenly distributed than elsewhere, has increased for a century at a rate unparalleled in history—appears to the superficial observer to be free from constitutional taint. But just here the patriotic offspring say that we have progressed, not on account of, but in despite of, our elective system.

The question, whether foreigners shall be allowed to form a part of our body politic, and to participate in the privileges of American citizenship, is a broad one. Surface facts will not solve the problem. No proper judgment can be formed as to the desirability or undesirability of admitting foreigners to our common family, which does not take into consideration all the consequences which follow from such admission. The vote of the foreigner is simply one expression of his new citizenship—the outward token of his influence upon our social and political life.

But the proposition now presented is negative, not affirmative. Foreigners have been admitted to the privileges of American citizenship. For a hundred years they have been one with us. The question now pressed is that of exclusion and restriction, not of admission. It is broader than in its original form. It forces the consideration, not only of all that was first involved, but also of all that has been learned in a century of experience. It is, briefly stated, this: What has been the effect upon the republican experiment in America of the free absorption of foreigners? And is it desirable that the same should be interdicted or restricted?

It may be as well, at the outset, to admit some of the objections which are urged against foreigners. There can be no doubt that many of them are illiterate, although it has been the experience of the writer to meet more Americans than foreigners who could not read and write. There is no question that they are given to agitations more than Americans; that they predominated upon the sand-lot; that a larger proportion fills our prisons than among the native-born. When we think of the systems from which they came, and remember that for thousands of years they and their ancestors have been subject to those systems, the only cause for wonder is, that the law of heredity has left its malign impress upon them so lightly. Many of the objections, therefore, which are urged against foreigners must, in candor, be admitted. It is not a fair presentation of the case to overlook these, any more than to magnify them, and to suppress facts in their favor.

Starting from this point, one is first struck by the remarkable facility with which all foreigners, except the Chinese (who appear to be obstinately non-assimilating), become Americanized. They are almost immediately interested in our institutions. They take an active part in our politics. They read our newspapers with avidity. They adopt our modes of life and our styles of dress as soon as they can command the necessary means. As a class, they vote with a regularity that, surprising as it may seem, is held up as a reproach. They are apparently more interested in the country, and in the exercise of all the rights of citizenship which it confers, than the native-born citizen.

Not only mentally but physically is this remarkable process of assimilation going on. Dr. Beard, in his book, "American Nervousness," which the most eminent critical journal in England pronounces to be the foremost contribution this country has ever made to science, says:

"At the present time, it is observed that the process of Americanization among our recent foreigners goes on with great rapidity; the peculiarities of our climate being so decided, universal, and determinate, that even the second generation of stolid and plethoric Germans often acquires the sharpness of features, delicacy of skin, and dryness of hair that everywhere, and for a long period, have been rightly looked upon as American characteristics. I have seen highly nervous Englishmen and Irishmen, who early emigrated to this country, and engaged in severe mercantile or professional pursuits; such persons are sometimes so changed, even in half or quarter of a century, as to become, in their physique, thoroughly Americanized."

A propos of this extract from Dr. Beard, who are we that seek to proscribe foreigners? How long since we ourselves or our families landed? Upon what principle shall we debar the man whose family stayed in Europe when ours came to America? The writer reflects, with some pleasure, upon the fact that, both maternally and paternally, he inherits a blood that has coursed through American veins for nearly two hundred and fifty years. But he is unable to perceive that many are less American whose speech yet betrays the restrictions of their mother tongue. Let foreign children go through the primary and grammar schools, and by the day of graduation you cannot separate them in the class. Even the parents, full grown and mature when they arrive, are immediately influenced as Dr. Beard has described.

The Irish have had to bear the brunt of the onslaught. There is an assertiveness about the Hibernian that makes him peculiarly susceptible to attack. Even his aggressive interest in American affairs is irritating to native apathy. But when we consider the history of the Irish people—that for generations they have been landless in their own land; that father, dying, left to son a legacy of squalor and starvation; that hope offered no inducements to toil, and that forfeiture was the reward of all improvements—we shall wonder only at the remarkable physical and intellectual vigor which they have been able to preserve. No other nation similarly situated but has lost its thrift, its patriotism, and its mental elasticity. Not so the Irish. The law of slow development seems not to apply to them. Under all the circumstances, the proportion of ignorance and crime among them is less than one might expect. As a class, they are industrious, thrifty, progressive. The largest savings bank in San Francisco is an Irish bank, and receives the small savings of thousands of hard-working Irish men and women. The leading banking firm is a partnership of Irishmen. Among capitalists, they are still foremost. Among merchants, they maintain an honorable position. They own large tracts of real estate, and where they have the means, they improve it in a manner that is a credit to the city. The finest building now in process of construction in San Francisco is owned and projected by an Irishman. In public life and in letters, their achievements are not less noteworthy. They gave England her leading statesman, Edmund Burke, and her most graceful writer, Oliver Goldsmith. In our own country, Irishmen have occupied, with credit, public positions of all grades, up to that of United States senator. As a people, they are intensely patriotic. Their devotion to their mother country is sufficient evidence of this. These are all facts which show remarkable adaptability to American citizenship; and they should be borne in mind, when demagogic speakers or journals attempt to throw discredit on the whole race because a few hundred gather upon the sand-lot, and encourage the vaporings of an idle declaimer. It would be not less unfair to judge Americans by the Kuklux of the South or the cow-boys of New Mexico.

But it is charged against foreigners, that they are influenced by priests. As a matter of fact, instances are not wanting in which the so-called influence of priests has been one way, and the foreign vote directly the other way. Granting that such influence is occasionally attempted to be exerted, there can be no doubt that its power and frequency are much overstated. One may probably hear double the number of political sermons in a year from Protestant ministers as from Catholic priests. It is not infrequent that Protestant clergymen sit in conventions, and

even run for office. The writer does not recall a single instance of this among the Catholics. It is a matter of common observation, that among the second generation of Catholics in America, the influence of the church is at its minimum.

The impression may have gained ground among those who have heard and read the doleful diatribes against foreigners, that they were rapidly coming into ascendancy in the United States. Appleton's Annual has the statistics from the census just taken: Total population, 50,152,866; foreign-born, 6,677,360; native-born, 43,475,506.

These six millions, of course, are distributed among a large number of nationalities. When we deduct those who *cannot* vote, such as the Chinese, and the women and children, as well as those who, from choice, *do* not vote, such as the large body of resident unnaturalized foreigners, the total of six millions becomes reduced to a figure which, in the light of a menace to the prosperity of the remaining forty-three millions, is ludicrously insignificant. But even this must be reduced, by deducting those who are confessedly desirable citizens, and well worthy the privileges of the franchise; leaving, for a result, a number of undesirable, discontented, and illiterate citizens, smaller, probably, than in any nation upon earth.

And while touching upon the subject of illiteracy, it should be borne in mind that the last tabulated census (1870) gives, of those who cannot write, in the United States: Natives, 4,880,271; foreign, 777,873. A large number, of course, of those here classed as natives are colored persons. But deducting all these, the number of illiterates among natives exceeds that among foreigners.

As to religion—the Roman Church being the only one which appears to be dreaded—we find, by the same census, that, out of a total of 72,459 church organizations, the Roman Catholics have only 4,127, while the Baptists alone have 14,474, and the Methodists, 25,278.

As the ballot of the country is secret, there can be nothing accurately known as to their political complexion. This fact leads to much loose statement. But, in a general way, we know that the Germans incline to the Republican party, and the Irish to the Democratic. This, however, is far from being the universal rule. We know, also, that in the Solid South, which is the conservator of Democracy, the proportion of foreigners is less than in any other part of the Union; while Iowa, which is the banner State of the Republicans, has a larger percentage than most of her sisters.

As to the rapid Americanization of foreigners, I have already quoted the most eminent known authority. Speaking of the physical development of America, Dr. Beard also says:

"During the last two decades, the well-to-do classes in America have been visibly growing stronger, fuller, healthier. We weigh more than our fathers; the women in all our great centers of population are yearly becoming more plump and more beautiful; and in the leading brain-working occupations, our men also are acquiring robustness, amplitude, quantity of being. On all sides, there is a visible reversion to the better physical appearance of our English and German ancestors. A thousand girls and boys, a thousand men in the prime of years, taken by accident in any of our large cities, are heavier and more substantial than were the same number of the same age and walk of life twenty-five years ago."

This progress in physical well-being, spoken of by Dr. Beard, seems to be inevitable. It is the natural law of development which is now going on in the United States, for the first time in the history of the world. Heretofore, nations have always been breeding in-and-in. Occasional conquests or inundations have mixed two tribes. One has usually been crushed and humiliated, and the process of assimilation has been slow and incomplete. The peaceful commingling of all countries has not before been tried upon a large scale. For centuries, natural and artificial barriers have kept one people from another. The undesirable as well as the desirable qualities of each country have been perpetuated. National characteristics have been abnormally developed. Now, for the first time, Nature's law seems to have full play, and the conservatism of the German, the brilliancy of the Celt, and

the indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon may blend into the highest and most perfect type of Caucassian manhood.

No: the danger—if ever danger existed to American institutions from immigration—is now passed. There may have been a time, when the native population was five millions, or even ten millions, that a large accession of foreigners would have taken the control of the country out of native hands. But the population is now fifty millions, and is rapidly increasing. If immigration should continue at its present figure, or even grow larger, the *proportion* each year will become more insignificant. With a hundred millions of people, the yearly influx would be hardly more perceptible than the inpouring of even the largest river to the illimitable, shoreless ocean. Notwithstanding the extraordinary inducements, the proportion has not increased for thirty years. During the next fifty years, the *aggregate* may be even larger, but the *proportion* will diminish, day by day, as the republic grows stronger and more homogeneous.

There are two considerations which make it undesirable that the franchise should be further restricted or withheld from any portion of the residents of the United States who choose to avail themselves of it, excepting (without further detail) non-assimilating classes, like the Chinese.*

First, such restriction is *impolitic.* In times of popular discontent, there is usually a clamor for the withholding of the ballot from the proletarian elements. Their numbers are exaggerated to increase popular alarm, and their viciousness is demonstrated by reference to exceptional and pronounced types. A communistic declamation is an uprising, and an overt act is a revolution.

Foreigners or no foreigners, this question will always press for solution. There will be no time in the future when no poor or discontented classes are to be found. "The poor ye have always with you," is as true to-day, will be to-morrow, as it was by Galilee. In the day of adversity, in great financial stringencies, for all time, the hungry man will demand by what right his neighbor has taken the five loaves and two fishes. Wise statesmanship will foresee this evil, and guard against it.

* It is obviously impossible in the space at command to enumerate the reasons for excluding the Chinese. In general, it may be stated, first, that they do not assimilate *mentally*. Chinese who have resided in California a quarter of a century, in close relation as servants with our people, are as little Americanized as those who have been here less than a year. Secondly, the *physical* assimilation of the Chinese, even if possible, is undesirable. The weight of the authority is, that while different nationalities of the same general race may intermarry, the crossing of different races results in degeneration. I quote from a brochure of Professor Joseph Le Conte, entitled, "Effect of Mixture of Races on Human Progress":

"We have seen, then, the good effects of crossing varieties of man, in producing a more generalized type, a more plastic nature. But the question still remains, and presses for answer, *Is there any limit* to the good effects of crossing? It seems probable, from the principle already established, that there is. If, in the early history of man, organic evolution did proceed to the point of commencing species, and if the three or four primary races are of this nature, then the interdiction of nature against the crossing of species warns us of the danger of bad effects from mixing these races. It is certain that, within the limits of these primary races, the crossing of strong varieties produces good results; but it seems probable that beyond these limits the immediate result is below the mean of the mixing races. This conclusion, reached solely through general considerations, seems to be confirmed by the loose observations which we have on such crosses. Opportunities for the widest observations occur in the southern United States. These observations have not yet been sufficiently careful and scientific; but some facts are too obvious to be doubted. It seems certain that the mulatto has not the physical health and endurance of either the white or the negro race. It is certain that they are far more subject to hereditary diseases, especially various forms of scrofula. It seems certain, also, that when they marry among themselves, the next generation is even still feebler; and it is believed, though not certain, that in a few generations they die out, unless reinforced by the stronger blood of the original races, and are thus absorbed. In a word, the mulatto has, in some degree at least, the characters of a hybrid. The conclusions given above are very positively advanced by Morton, Nott, Gobineau, and Ferrier; but they have been contested by Quatrefages. The question is very complex. Moral influences may have much effect. We see Indians dying out without mixing.

"I regard the light-haired, blue-eyed Teutonic and the negro as the extreme types, and their mixture as producing the worst effects. The mixture of the Spanish and Indian, in Mexico and South America, has produced a physically hardy and prolific race; but I think it will be acknowledged, that the general result on social progress has not been encouraging. It seems probable, then, that mixture of extreme races produces an inferior result."

Now, no age has been so prolific of precedents upon this question as ours; and no induction seems plainer from all the examples than this: that restrictive measures do not restrict.

California, in common with several of the nations of Europe, has had a communistic agitation. Our sand-lot has become classic in agrarian history. Kearney has been our proletarian prophet, and the New Constitution is his Koran. But note the difference in the outcome. In Europe, under the strong governments for which some of our timid counselors sigh, there have been assassinations, arson, anarchy. The Czar of all the Russias eats his food in fear, and holds his life, he knows not for what tenure. When men are repressed, they become desperate. That one man should enjoy privileges which it is denied to another by any means to acquire, is not within the human reason to accede to, nor within the human spirit to tolerate. There is an inherent sense of right in the meanest natures. Men will endure poverty, suffering, death; but they will inevitably reward injustice with revenge. So long as they have a hope of bettering their condition, they will submit, with protests and mutterings perhaps, but with patient waiting. On the morrow, they will remedy the evil of to-day. But once destroy hope; hand their destinies over to a class elevated above them by education and wealth, that profits by their repression; let them have no voice in controlling the agencies that affect their lives in the present or in the future —and you establish a state of things which invites desperate deeds, and in a sense, justifies them. The great conservative element during the hard times and the sand-lot agitation in California was not the hand of the law —which, indeed, was nerveless and incapable—but the continual suggestion which the American system whispers in the ear of every man, Whatever your grievance is to-day, to-morrow is the ballot, and you may remedy it. The election is the safety-valve by which the hissing steam of discontent is allowed to escape in harmless vapor. Close this valve, and it will sullenly nurse itself into a mighty fury, which shall rend the iron bands that seek to inclose it. In the strong governments of Europe, communism is on the increase, and crimes of all kinds mark its onward march. In California, the wind whistles over a deserted sand-lot; the noisy drayman has returned to his truck; and the sometime agitation has worn itself out in idle talk.

But, secondly, not only is anything like restriction impolitic, it is *unjust*.

The tendency of all governments is towards representation. Nothing is more clearly established by history than that a government of intellect and wealth leads to oppression. The moment an intellectual or property test is established throughout the United States, the lines of caste will begin to assert themselves. Capital is aggressive; intellect is unrelenting. I do not recall an instance in history where the rights of the lower classes have been *granted* from above. They have had to be invariably *forced*—regained, in most instances, after conflicts of iron and blood. A class with privileges defends them obstinately, and hedges them about with every barrier. Each year serves only to confirm these privileges, and to keep the lower classes in a fixed position. This goes on until it becomes unbearable, when revolution brings about equal participation of privileges.

And no representation can be defended which denies this. That which is most valuable is not property or intelligence, but human life. The man is worth more to the State than his cattle. He is worth more to himself. Human life hangs more in the scale of human laws than acquired property; and above all other things, it should be represented. What does it profit me that my neighbor, who is versed in knowledge that I wot not of, or whose herds browse on broad acres, while I have but myself and those who look to me for their daily bread—what does it profit me, I say, that my neighbor may vote? I may know that he is a hard man, that he will vote for oppressive measures, that my labor will have no fair chance in his schedule, that my children will have no opportunities by the side of his. The criminal

laws may be framed with especial hardship for me and my class. They have always been so framed when we were not represented. My life is more valuable than his acres, and I have a right to be heard in the construction of the laws. The more incapable I am, the more do I need this protection.

It was the lot of the writer, at one time, to live for several years in a frontier community which contained a large number of persons who were probably numbered among the illiterates by the census taker. He has always been thankful that that experience taught him a broader democracy. Here is a type of the class: A large, well-formed man, with a massive, homely face; unable to read or write, or to construct sentences with grammatical precision; awkward and ungainly in the house, but splendidly graceful in the field; a trifle set in his opinions, but forming them with entire honesty of purpose. He was a man who fulfilled the three requisites of Blackstone: he lived honestly, he hurt nobody, and he rendered unto every one his due. His house was kept with open hospitality. No stranger ever went supperless to bed. An offer of payment was an insult for which only a profuse apology could atone. His knowledge of men was accurate; his wood-lore was simply marvelous. His judgment was rarely at fault. The aggregate of practical facts at his disposal would outbalance that of any college graduate I have ever met. He was a tender and considerate husband and father. In character he was strong and self-reliant, courteous in demeanor, and entertaining in conversation. The census gatherer classed him as an illiterate; but growing up where I saw him almost daily, I came to know him better. He was an educated man from the great school of Nature. He was a gentleman of God's knighting.

Now, this is not an exceptional type. The writer has known many such, both American and foreign. Such men are valuable citizens. No educational test can be satisfactory which does not embrace their education. The knowledge of shifting letters is a small part of human wisdom.

What is it, after all, that is charged against foreigners, except that they exercise the privileges of American citizenship more than Americans themselves? To whom is this a reproach?

The real danger to our institutions is not so much from the activity of foreigners as from the apathy of Americans. Indifferentism to politics has become a fashion among the better classes. It is so much easier to stay away and "grumble," than it is to leave one's pleasant home of a cheerless night to attend a ward meeting. It is my privilege to belong to a club in Oakland, of which some of the most distinguished citizens of that city are members. The discussions of this body range over the entire field of political, social, and practical science. Papers are not infrequent there which show a remarkable knowledge of the principles of political philosophy. But although several of the members of this club are residents of the same ward with the writer, he has never known any of them, during the last three years, to participate in any of the proceedings preliminary to the nomination of a ticket.

Let me explain how entirely fair these proceedings are. A mass meeting is called of all the Republicans, say, in the ward. The widest publicity is given of the time and place of meeting, and every one is urgently requested to be present. Twenty delegates to a nominating convention are to be chosen to represent the ward. When the hour of meeting arrives, a large blackboard is placed in a conspicuous place in the room, and nominations commence. There are usually more than a hundred names placed on the blackboard. Any one present may suggest the name of any resident of the ward, or any number of residents, and the names will be placed on the board. After every one has had a chance to nominate, the balloting commences. Each person in the room picks out from the names on the board the twenty whom he desires chosen. Tellers are appointed, the ballots are collected and counted openly in the presence of the meeting. Full opportunity is given to challenge votes. Perhaps twelve of the number are

chosen, and another ballot is immediately taken for the remaining eight; and so on, until twenty have been selected by a majority vote. The ticket is then presented to the party voters at a primary election, and any one who, after all of the above precautions, is dissatisfied, has still the opportunity of putting a separate ticket in the field. No more impartial or fair system in all its stages could be devised. And yet right in Oakland, where intelligent and honest citizens are so largely in the majority, a considerable number of leading men, whose presence would be eagerly welcomed, will not participate in any way, but sit comfortably at home and denounce the filthy pool, or form themselves into associations and pass resolutions that an ideal state of society is highly desirable.

Nor is there any force in the objection that such meetings are often "controlled." It is through the absence of the better citizens that this sometimes occurs. Intelligent and honest men overwhelmingly outnumber in any census of any State. Where a scheme was proposed in a well-known ward, a single gentleman spent an afternoon in urging the leading residents to make an exception, and be present at the meeting. The result was that they prevailed three or four to one, nominated a representative ticket, and went home in a glow of self-satisfaction. But at the next election, not one in five turned out.

If Americans desire to rule America, they must take a lesson from our foreign citizens. Dilettanteism seems likely to ruin our literature. It is to be hoped that it has run its course in politics, and that the time will soon come when American citizens will not, like the fop in Shakspere, stand afar with perfumed handkerchiefs, and prate

> "Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!),"

but will be found in the front rank, unafraid of the smell or grime of powder.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

GASPAR FRANCIA.

The school-boy of forty years ago used to read in his geography of a little-known country, situate somewhere in the central part of South America, called Paraguay, and said to be ruled over by a strange character, called Dr. Francia. A few years later, Thomas Carlyle published an article in the foreign "Quarterly Review," in which he magnified this eccentric person into a hero of wonderful ability, exalted patriotism, and into a marvelous benefactor of his people. The character of the man, as portrayed by Carlyle, has to this day been received by many English-speaking people as a fair estimate of a wise despot, ruling a peculiar and semi-barbarous people. Throughout the nations of South America, however, he is regarded as the worst being who had ever been produced on the American continent previous to the advent of the younger Lopez. To correct the impression created by Carlyle's characteristic article, that Francia, though a stern ruler, had great redeeming qualities, I propose to give my impressions of his character, which I have received from a careful perusal of nearly all that has been published about him of an authentic description, and from a free intercourse with those contemporary Paraguayans who were permitted to survive him, and to live till a worse than Francia destroyed them.

José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia was born near the capital of Paraguay, in the year 1758. His father, Garcia Rodriguez França, was a Portuguese Brazilian, born in Rio de Janeiro, and had come to Paraguay under contract with the government, to instruct the people in the improved methods of curing tobacco. He prospered so well in that business, that when young Gaspar was of suitable age, he was able to send him to the university of Cordova, in the Argentine

province of that name. After passing through the regular course there, he returned to Paraguay, and was for a time teacher in the school of highest grade in Asuncion. But being of a morose and quarrelsome disposition, he did not long remain in that position, and set up as a sort of clerk or conveyancer, called by the people there a *tinterillo*. Such a thing as a lawyer was then unknown in the country, and Francia, therefore, never reached that dignity. But having received a better education than any other person in Paraguay, his services were in demand for drawing up legal papers. It was only because of his superior education, however, that he was employed, for he was so cynical and morose he had neither friends nor associates, but spent most of his time at his country house, or *quinta*, some four miles from the capital. Here he lived like a recluse, affecting to be a philosopher, learned in literature and the occult sciences. Having learned to read French at the university, he affected great admiration for that language, and changed his name from França to Francia, to indicate that he was of French, rather than Portuguese, origin. He had a small library of French books; and to show his contempt for the priests, he affected the cynicism of Voltaire. To impress the ignorant and superstitious people with a sense of awe for his superior knowledge, he kept a theodolite in his room, through which he would look at the stars by night; and by the air of mystery which he kept up about all he did, he inspired a belief among many that he could read the stars, and learn of all that was going on around him. Hence a sort of superstitious dread hung around his person, while he was yet unknown in any public capacity.

During the struggle that took place between Spain and her South American colonies, Paraguay was fortunately situated. While all the rest of the Spanish American countries were fighting for their independence, Paraguay had no one to fight against, as Spain had first to subdue Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and the whole valley of La Plata, before it could reach this land-locked little colony. The government of Spain being universally unpopular, the Paraguayan people had only to declare their independence, and it was accomplished. The little military force there was composed almost entirely of natives, and when a *pronunciamiento* of independence was made by the commandant of the barracks, the old Spanish governor, Velasco, found himself utterly without authority. Personally, he was a man highly respected, and when he saw himself powerless to resist or stay the popular uprising, he quietly vacated his office, and accepted the situation of a private citizen.

Though the Spanish government was set aside so easily, it was not so easy to establish another in its place. The people were too ignorant to take the first step in that direction. Under the Spanish *regime*, the country had long been ruled by the priests and by the officials sent from Spain. The people had always, until they suddenly found themselves independent, recognized the divine right of kings and priests, and that all they had to do with the laws was to obey them. The influence of the Jesuit fathers, who, as early as 1610, had fixed upon Paraguay as the seat of a Jesuit empire, left an impress on the character of the people that has never since been eradicated. These disciples of Loyola made unquestioning and implicit obedience the first duty of the Paraguayan neophyte. Into their reductions, or settlements, many of the Indians were induced to enter, in order to escape from the *mamelucos* of Brazil, who hunted them to enslave them. On the other hand, the early Jesuits endeavored to protect them from their semi-savage foes, and convert them to the Catholic church. The character of these early fathers was in keeping with that of the first members of the order in all parts of the world. They were devoted, self-denying enthusiasts, entirely given up to their sacred work, fearing no danger and shrinking from no toil or hardship in promoting the work they had set out to do. Guided by such motives and principles, they had little difficulty in inducing the helpless Indians to take shelter with them from the fierce and cruel

mamelucos. For a time the condition of the neophytes was greatly improved, but as the Jesuits grew rich and strong, and the neophytes were no longer in danger from their Portuguese foes, the same change came over the order as elsewhere. They became selfish, ambitious, and cruel, and the poor natives were for more than a hundred years subjected to a servitude as galling and imbruting as has ever been known since the building of the pyramids. To make their power over the neophytes more complete, the Jesuits first learned the language of the Indians, and the neophytes were set to work to inclose the reductions with walls and ditches, so that they could be confined like cattle within permitted limits, and not expose themselves to be contaminated by contact with the outer world. No person not approved by the fathers was allowed to set foot within the reductions, and if any stranger or government agent approached the sacred precincts, he could learn nothing except what the fathers wanted him to know. In the mean time, most marvelous accounts of the success of these missions in civilizing and Christianizing the Indians were sent abroad. It was claimed that the Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore and the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney came far short of that part of Paraguay dominated by the Jesuit fathers.

But when the curtain was lifted by the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spanish America, a condition of ignorance and prolonged servitude was disclosed, such as has never existed elsewhere on the American continent. The poor wretches were kept on the coarsest food, and made to labor incessantly, with no change or deviation from toil, save such as was afforded by the regular mumbling of prayers and counting of beads, the purpose of which they could not understand. The few articles of export, such as hides and tallow, and the *yerba mate*, or Paraguayan tea, were sent off to exchange for articles of luxury for the priests or adornment for the churches. These churches and church buildings were the wonder of the travelers who visited that little-frequented region, long after the reductions were broken up and the fathers driven away. The priests evidently gave more attention to architecture than to theology, for not only were their churches and dwellings massive and well proportioned, but the details of wood-carving and elaborate finish were as nicely carried out as in the Tâj-Mahal or the tomb of Lalla Rookh. The long and galling servitude, however, extending as it did through a period of a hundred and fifty years, had, to use the language of the eminent French economist, Bastiat, the effect that "the Indians descended some degrees below the savage state." The fathers were their own only chroniclers, and they so imposed on the outer world, that for a long time it was the common belief that a Jesuit reduction was an Indian paradise. Says Bastiat: "The world celebrated the happiness and virtue of these beings without a name—for they were no longer men—who were vegetating under the yoke of the Jesuits." But when the iron hand of the master was removed, the Indians were as helpless and unfit to take care of themselves as was Casper Hauser when first exposed to the sunlight in the streets of Nuremberg. They perished from the earth, and had the influence of the Jesuits in that country perished with them, it would have been well. But during the hundred and fifty years of their existence in South America, they had managed to infuse their peculiar ideas and policy into the schools of learning, and to disseminate the doctrine that the civil government should be subordinate to the church, and that the duty of the people is to obey their spiritual teachers with absolute unquestioning obedience. The result of this was, that no ideas of independence, of self-reliance, of individual responsibility, ever found a lodgment in their minds; and when the power of the government fell into the hands of a single despot, they yielded unresistingly, accepting the rule of a tyrant as their inevitable destiny.

When the promoters of the revolution realized that they had achieved the independence of the country without striking a blow or firing a shot, they were utterly at a loss to know what to do next. They knew they must have some kind of a government, but

did not know how to begin it. Such power as there was still remained in the hands of the two military leaders, Yegros and Cavallero, who, with the assistance of a young republican from Buenos Ayres, named Somerella, had been the chief promoters of the revolution. The old government being deposed, the next step was to assemble some of the more influential native citizens, and form what they called a junta.

Francia was then living at his country house, a league and a half from the capital; and in stress of clerical knowledge, he was invited to be a member of the junta, and was made its secretary, or, as it was called there, *asesor*. He was then (1810) fifty-two years of age, and up to that time had taken very little part in public affairs. But no sooner was he called to this position, than he assumed to be the absolute head of the new government. By his direction, a formal declaration of independence, with the outlines of a constitution, was put forth. His manner toward his colleagues was offensive and arrogant; but as he had not yet got the muniments of authority in his hands, they did not readily acquiesce in his proposed measures. This greatly provoked him; and as he saw that they would find it difficult to get on without him, he left the junta, and withdrew to his country house, leaving the other members to flounder in their ignorance.

But having once tasted the sweets of power, Francia was not content to remain long in retirement. He began to brood over the slight he had received, and to concoct plans by which he could not only regain authority, but also get revenge on the other members of the junta who had presumed to act in despite of him. The more influential citizens, both of town and country, were invited to his house, where he inveighed to them furiously against the folly and stupidity of his late colleagues, accusing them of having usurped the government which ought to be in the hands of those who were his auditors. Having flattered them with this kind of talk, he dismissed them, convinced that they were wise statesmen, and that Francia ought to be at the head of the government. At the same time that he was thus sowing the seeds of discontent among the common people, he courted the army officers of inferior grade, and bided his time.

The people were not long in realizing the advantages of separation from Spain, notwithstanding the crude and imperfect character of the new government. They were, however, very jealous of the neighboring powers, Brazil and Buenos Ayres; and when the latter sent a special minister to arrange a treaty of trade and comity with the embryo republic, there was a general apprehension, largely fostered by Francia, that his object was to involve them in alliances with their neighbors, and perhaps absorb them into the Argentine confederation.

In this peril, Francia was called back from his retirement, and again made secretary of the junta. The minister from Buenos Ayres was soon sent about his business, and the secretary of the junta, who had served while this modern Achilles was sulking in his tent, was peremptorily sent into exile. The old governor, Velasco, was arrested and sent to prison; so were Yegros and Cavallero, and all the other members of the junta, soon after.

The effects of the Jesuit teachings were now to be seen and felt. The people were paralyzed with fear. Francia ordered a congress of the more influential citizens to convene, and while it was deliberating had the government house surrounded with soldiers. After they had been in session for some hours, doubting and debating as to what they should do, a member, known to be in the confidence of Francia, cried out that Francia desired to be absolute, and that he should be absolute. This closed the debate. A vote was taken, and then, without a dissenting voice, Francia was declared absolute dictator for three years. His next congress was even more docile, and so were all congresses held in Paraguay for the next sixty years. Francia continued to be absolute dictator for life, taking, after a while, the title to himself of *El Supremo*—the supreme.

During the years of conflict between Spain and her American colonies, Paraguay took no part in the struggle. Her isolation ren-

dered her independent of either of the contending parties, and though from force of habit the authority of the Spanish officials was acknowledged, the people were better off than they have ever been since. Their wants were few, and the country produced with little labor all that their simple tastes and habits required for their gratification. The morals of the people were easy, and they were both ignorant and superstitious. But they were as happy and contented a community, perhaps, as ever existed: too contented, probably, for their own good, as they did not realize that any improvement was either possible or desirable. The priests and officials, it is true, lived lazy, dissolute lives, taking what they wanted for their support, rendering no account therefor to any body. But the soil was so fertile and climate so mild, that very little labor sufficed for the production required to satisfy their simple wants. This was their condition when the dark visage of Francia loomed above their horizon. Carlyle, in his famous essay, however, represents the country to have been a very pit of corruption, anarchy, and fraud:

"Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty, went their due course in the government offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable; till, as we may say, it reached a hight, and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general, it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution or change of ministry was indispensable."

Such, according to Carlyle, was the state of Paraguay at the time Francia appeared as deliverer. Where he obtained his information as to the wretched, unhappy condition of the people—so wretched, "it had become clear that such reign of liberty was unendurable"—I have never been able to ascertain; unless, indeed, the funeral discourse preached at his funeral be regarded as evidence. But at the time of the dictator's death, so great was the terror of his power, so abject the fear and superstition which his name inspired among the common people, they could hardly believe he was dead, and still dreaded his power, going in multitudes to his tomb as if to ward off his terrible wrath. And this continued until, one dark night, some sacrilegious vandal entered the church, broke open his tomb, and threw his body into the river, or hid it where it was never heard of afterwards. When, the next day, people found the tomb had been rifled, they took courage, for they believed the devil had carried away the body of *El Supremo*. Except this funeral discourse, which is but an expression of the superstition created by the despot's cruelty, not a word or line has ever been published by any one having had personal contact with the Paraguayan people, or personal knowledge of Francia and his reign of terror, who does not speak of him as a monster scarcely ever paralleled. And yet the impression created by Carlyle's essay is the one that prevails among most English-speaking people.

The colleagues of Francia in the junta, after his return to it, scarcely ventured to contradict him in anything, for they soon saw he wielded a power they knew nothing of. He had enlisted in his private service certain officers in the barracks, as his private spies, and the junta soon learned that all military power was in the hands of their secretary. But though they did not venture to oppose him in anything, he did not like to have one near him who, in the eyes of the people, was entitled to share his power. Therefore he summoned together a certain number of the citizens, mostly from the country, and calling them a congress, had himself named first consul of the government, and Yegros, president of the junta, the second consul. The latter was a vain, ignorant man, but popular with the people, having distinguished himself in the war with Buenos Ayres a few years before. He never interfered with the plans of Francia, however, though nominally his colleague till 1814, when Francia was declared absolute dictator.

The system of espionage which Francia organized was as perfect and thorough, probably, as was ever devised by human ingenuity and patience. It was a system so searching, that it appeared to the people that he

knew of everything that was going on within his dominions; a system that was kept up till his death, and continued to be the terror of the whole Paraguayan people through the reigns of the first and second Lopez. The soldiers were all spies. While on duty they were subjected to the strictest and most severe discipline, but at all other times they were permitted the greatest license, and were regarded with fear by every citizen. It was required of them, that they should keep watch on everybody, and make report of all they saw or suspected. They made themselves familiar at every house, and were always intriguing with the servants of the more respectable people, and listening at doors and windows to overhear any conversation that might be going on between husband and wife or parents and children. People soon became suspicious of everybody. Their very thoughts seemed to be known to the dictator. Men and women were called into the dread presence of *El Supremo*, and accused of having said something not complimentary to his government. The accused, if he had ever said anything of the kind even to his wife, wondered how the dictator could have heard of it. If not, and he could think of no occasion when he had given any such expression to his thoughts, he was still more confounded, and imagined that the star-gazing Francia had read his very thoughts through his terrible theodolite. He was then ordered to the *banquillo*, or place of execution, which was a low bench beneath the shade of an orange tree standing near the government house. The "most excellent dictator" then called up three soldiers, and gave each a cartridge. They took their position near the doomed man; the dictator took his stand at the window of his office and ordered the soldiers to fire. If they had taken good aim, the man fell dead; but if not, they were ordered to dispatch him with their bayonets. The body was then left beneath the orange tree until dark, when the family or friends were permitted to take it away.

If not sent to the *banquillo* at the time of the arrest, the prisoners were usually sent to prison. To accommodate the hundreds of prisoners arrested by Francia, barracks and other public buildings were converted into prisons, and filled with men, women, and children, generally from the better class of people. These prisons were of three kinds: first, that attached to what was called "the Chamber of Truth," to which those prisoners were taken who were suspected of intelligence enough to make them dangerous. These were tortured, to make them confess, and as, so far as is known, they never had anything to confess, they were always put to death. The prisons, in which a much larger number of accused persons were confined, were brick buildings, having a small yard in front of them with a high wall all around it. The rooms inside had little ventilation, and were furnished with tiers of bunks around next to the walls, into which the prisoners were huddled at sunset, and kept till morning with the doors shut. Their food was furnished by their friends outside, or they were left to starve. Of course many died off every year, and their places were filled with new recruits. But strange as it may seem, after Francia's death, when the prison doors were thrown open, there came forth men who had been almost entirely forgotten, and who had been confined in those vile pens for more than twenty years, until they had become driveling idiots.

The more numerous class of prisoners, however, were those who were confined for no cause, so far as was known, save the caprice of Francia. These usually were kept in a large building having fair ventilation, and a large yard surrounding it. They were generally permitted to work at some trade or occupation, by which they could not only partially support themselves, but also make their lives less dreary and tedious. The number of these was always very large.

One of the first acts of Francia after he became absolute enough to enforce his will was to shut off all intercourse with the rest of the world. Up to that time, there had been considerable trade carried on between Paraguay and other countries. Francia remorselessly put a stop to all this, and would

allow neither ingress nor egress. The vessels in the river, whether belonging to natives or foreigners, were compelled to remain there till they rotted at their wharves; and the hides, tallow, and Paraguayan tea which accumulated in the warehouses became equally valueless, as they could never be shipped away. Francia, however, had occasion to import, from time to time, certain articles—mostly arms and ammunition—for his own use. At such times he allowed a little vessel to come to his lowest port on the river, Neembucu, and thence send a manifest of the cargo to Asuncion, when he would select such articles as he desired, and send a quantity of *yerba mate* to pay for them. This was all the commerce the country enjoyed for twenty-five years. In the mean while, the cattle were breeding in the valleys and plains, so that they almost ceased to have any value. In fact, when a fine hat costing thirty or forty shillings in London could not be had for less than twice as many dollars in Paraguay, it would take at least sixty head of fat cattle to pay for it.

At the time Francia first issued his order closing the ports, there were two young Scotchmen in the country, brothers of the name of Robertson. Being lively, enterprising young fellows, Francia thought to make them useful, by granting them some exceptional facilities of trade. He also condescended to hold some personal intercourse with them. It was from the letters of these two young men, published in 1839, and from a little work by two Swiss doctors or naturalists, Rengger and Longchamp, published in 1828, that nearly all the information that the world had of Paraguay during the reign of the dictator was derived. It was from them almost entirely that Carlyle derived the information he had on which to base his grand eulogy. Robertson left the country in 1815, and before Francia had begun to show the worst phases of his character; and Rengger and Longchamp did not arrive till three years later, and then, with a simplicity and enthusiasm characteristic of naturalists, they entered into a country from which no outward tracks had been seen for years. With the exception of the elder Robertson, it does not appear that Francia had any friendly or familiar intercourse with any one for more than twenty-five years. Robertson and Rengger both considered themselves the most highly favored of any people in Paraguay. They owed to Francia the same gratitude that the stork owed to the wolf from whose throat he had drawn the troublesome bone. They were permitted to leave the country alive.

"Thou lonely Francia!" is the pitying comment of Carlyle, after a long wail over the wickedness of the Paraguayan people. Says he:

> "Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just and true thing under the sun; one man who understands in his heart that the universe is an eternal fact."

Surely, a saint among such a set of graceless sinners must be an object of pity.

While Francia was yet *asesor* of the junta, his first scheme of state-craft was planned. It was to pretend to have discovered and suppressed a conspiracy which had for its purpose a counter-revolution, with the object of restoring the authority of Spain. This was afterwards found to be a scheme of Francia, to delude some of the leading Spaniards to make a demonstration which should provoke the troops to shoot them. They suspected the snare, and were not caught. But a couple of years later, when his power had become absolute, he pretended to have discovered another conspiracy, which embraced a large number of the Spaniards, and many of the most intelligent of the Paraguayans. Without a word of warning, and with no suspicion that anything unusual was going on, on the part of any one who survived Francia to tell of it, all these people, some fifty in number, were arrested, tortured, and killed. It was afterwards given out that a conspiracy had been maturing for a long time, the object of which was to overthrow the dictator. But the older residents of Paraguay, who survived both Francia and the elder Lopez, knew little or nothing of this conspiracy; all they knew was, that many

people were killed under the allegation that they had been parties to it. During his lifetime, no one dared to ask a question in regard to it; and twenty-five years after the body of Francia had been carried off, as the Paraguayans believed, by the devil, there were various theories in regard to that conspiracy. But the general opinion of those who dared to speak of it was, that there never had been any such conspiracy, and that the pretense of it was got up by *El Supremo* as an excuse for murdering a large number of people whom he wished to put out of his way.

This conspiracy served the dictator the purpose he had in view in concocting it. It increased the terror of his name. Since then, under the two Lopezes, such conspiracies have been frequent—conspiracies got up by the government, and of which the accused parties knew nothing, only to furnish an excuse to the Paraguayans, and a justification to the rest of the world, for their destruction. One such was got up by Carlos Antonio Lopez after his difficulty with the United States, in 1857. While the large American squadron was in the Rio de la Plata, he was in an agony of fear. But after it had left, he resorted to Francia's trick of a conspiracy, to show his people that he was still the autocrat of the country. A large number of arrests were made, and the prisoners placed in solitary confinement and loaded with fetters. As usual, it was charged that a conspiracy had been discovered, and but for the fact that one of them was claimed as an English subject by the British consul there, and that her Majesty's government insisted on an open trial for him, they would all probably have been put to death. But this action of Great Britain seriously complicated the plans of Lopez. He therefore pardoned most of the conspirators, including the Englishman, and executed only two who had previously incurred the enmity of his heir and putative son, Francisco Solano Lopez.

This younger Lopez was continuously dealing with the same kind of conspiracies, from his first accession to power till his death. His alacrity in the conspiracy business was first manifested immediately after the old man's death, by the arrest of all his intimate and confidential friends, including the chief justice, and the father confessor of the presidential family. All of them were horribly tortured, and all, with the exception of the priest, Padre Maiz, put to death at a later period. When he had grown desperate by the adverse fortune of war, he got up a conspiracy on a grander scale than anything that had yet been attempted in Paraguay. This was a scheme of which I ought to have had full knowledge, as it was got up largely for my benefit, and I was charged with being its chief instigator. For colleagues in this business I had not only all the foreigners in the country, but all the Paraguayans who had anything worth stealing. I was also in frequent correspondence with the commanders of the armies allied against Paraguay, and, under instructions from my government, was treating, confidentially, with the two emperors, Napoleon and Dom Pedro, for the purpose of overthrowing the benign republic of Paraguay, change the map of South America, and found two new empires. What the foundation was for these accusations, I will not here inquire. But under the pretext that there was such a conspiracy, all the foreigners in Paraguay, except myself and family, and such few as escaped in the chance of battle, besides all the Paraguayans whose money and jewelry were sufficient to tempt the cupidity of Lopez or his imported mistress, known as Madame Lynch, were most miserably tortured and murdered.

Lopez had several other like conspiracies before he received his final *coup de grace*. In some respects, the last was the most horrible of all; for having already tortured to death his two brothers, this was got up to give him a pretext for torturing and murdering his mother and his sisters. These unhappy women were carried along with the army, as it retreated through the hill country, in carts, after the manner that wild beasts are carried about for show in other countries. They had become an incumbrance to Lopez in his retreat, and he had it

given out among the soldiers that the old lady had attempted to poison the wine that was carried along for the use of Lopez and his paramour, and in that way compass the death of her dutiful son and endanger the liberties of the people. After that, they were all flogged every day, and their backs horribly cut to pieces, for no other reason than to gratify the unnatural, fiendish feeling of the son and brother. Yet they all survived him, as it was only a few minutes after he had given the order that his mother should be shot that the Brazilians broke through into his camp, and made an end of this most unnatural monster of modern if not of all times. But to Francia the credit is due of being the inventor of conspiracies of the kind so long used in Paraguay as a pretext for getting rid of obnoxious persons.

After the reign of terror had become so universal that no one ever dared question any act of the dictator, and all who from their influence or intelligence might excite his suspicion were either dead or in prison, or exiled to remote provinces, Francia conceived the idea of laying out the town, which had grown up with roads and paths, comformable to the topography of the country, into regular parallelograms. He therefore directed the streets to be run at a certain distance from each other in straight lines through the town, and cross-streets to be run in the same way at right angles to them. Having marked out the plan of his new town, he ordered the owners of the houses that stood in the way of his projected streets to tear them down. He also ordered that his new streets should be paved. The misery and labor caused by these "improvements" were immense; yet Carlyle speaks of Francia's efforts to improve the city as worthy of all praise, and describes the city which he left as well built and well paved. But the only marks of Francia's improving hand, twenty years later, were, here a house cut in two in the middle, there one with a corner cut off and standing diagonally to the street, and a third one with what was intended for a front door on the back side. The pavements so much commended would not, all put together, make half a mile in length.

But Francia, with all his rigor, was not indifferent to popularity. He provided that the low and vicious classes should not suffer for food, by compelling those who had herds of cattle to furnish a certain number each day to supply beef for gratuitous distribution. He seemed to realize that there was danger in a hungry multitude, and so encouraged idleness and profligacy as means of security. Everything in the country was absolutely at his own disposal. Carlyle gives him great credit because he exacted but a small salary, and did not indulge in luxury or extravagance. But he regarded everything in the country as his own, and dealt with it accordingly. If for any reason he wanted money, he would call before him some merchant who was accounted wealthy under the old Spanish *regime*, and charge him with being an enemy of his government. The man would protest loyalty and obedience.

"Very well, then, bring me ten thousand dollars within twenty-four hours, or you go to the *banquillo*."

"But, your Excellency, I haven't the money."

"Get it, then."

If the money was forthcoming, the man's life was spared for a time; if not, or if but a part was furnished in the appointed time, with a request for a few hours to raise the balance, the doomed man would be placed on the seat beneath the orange tree, three cartridges would be given to as many soldiers, and from the window of the government house the devilish black eyes of the dictator would look out on the execution.

It is a relief to find that Francia, in his younger days, had some of the vices of other men. These are about all the qualities he had which seemed to connect him with the human family. He was, as a young man, much addicted to gambling, and was a gross libertine. To his natural children he never gave thought nor consideration. They had to take their lot with the offspring of the lowest, and if they lived or died, it was all the same to him. He had, to all appearance,

no feeling, no fellowship with any human being. He kept to himself—gloomy, taciturn, and savage. He was constantly in dread of assassination; and whenever any one entered the long, narrow room he called his office, he was required, the moment he passed the door, to advance with hands extended toward the grim dictator, who always had a pair of freshly loaded pistols on the table before him. He allowed no appeals for clemency or pardon to reach his ears. A few such were made early in his dictatorship, but they always met the response, "To the *banquillo*," or "Another pair of fetters."

Having attained to absolute power over the little district of Paraguay, Francia was completely devoured by an overweening vanity. So long as he allowed himself to talk to any one, he was wont to compare himself to Napoleon, and to speak of him as the only man entitled to his respect. Of England, as a naval and commercial power, however, he had a high opinion, and at one time proposed to Mr. Robertson that England and Paraguay should make an alliance, offensive and defensive, against those insignificant countries that made up the rest of the world. He had no taste for the common pleasures of life, as eating and drinking, but took all the delight of a Mohawk Indian in dressing himself to look like the great Napoleon. When thus rigged up, he was accustomed to go out and exercise himself on horseback, accompanied by his body guard. But the first sign of his appearance in the street was a signal for all people to flee inside their houses and shut their doors. Francia saw an assassin in every person in the street at such a time, and his escort would fall upon him and beat him to the earth. Hence, when it was known that Francia was out for an airing, the town had a deserted aspect, as if not inhabited by a living soul.

It was in the year 1811 that Francia first appeared as the secretary of the junta. Within three years, his power was absolute, and he wielded it with undeviating rigor till his death, in 1840, at the age of eighty-two. That a man could for so many years live such a life as he did seems incredible. For the last twenty years, he never spoke a kind or gentle word to a living soul, nor ever heard the human voice except in tones of abject fear. From first to last, he kept up his system of terrorism. Before his advent to supreme power, the people had been the most careless and mirthful in the world. But he quickly forbade all assemblages of young or old for any purpose whatever. The priests, whom he despised for their scandalous lives, and hated because of their influence, he persecuted in every way; and no concourse was ever allowed either to bury the dead or to celebrate a festival. Festivals, indeed, there were none; nor dances, nor bull-fights, nor any of those recreations that seem indispensable to the Spanish race. All was continuous gloom; and the sounds of music and laughter were not heard in the land.

To maintain this system of government throughout the entire state required close watchfulness on the part of the dictator. Through the day, he was busy in receiving reports from spies in town and couriers from the country. As the darkness approached, he would shut himself up in his house with his old mulatto servants, and then sit for hours in his chair, with his head drooped between his shoulders, meditating, perhaps on his greatness, and perhaps planning for arrests, tortures, and executions on the morrow. Even the servants dared not speak to him. If money was needed for marketing, they feared to tell him so, but would contrive to be overheard talking to each other of what *El Supremo* would want for his table the next day. Thus reminded, he would give them the money to purchase the required food. He never took wine, spirits, or beer; and his food was so plain and simple, that to supply his table did not cost more than three or four reals a day. Whatever enjoyment he had in life must have come from the terror he inspired and the misery he inflicted. He knew he was feared and hated by everybody, and this knowledge kept him in constant dread of assassination. Hence it may be doubted whether there was a more miserable wretch than himself in all his dominions. "Thou lonely Francia!"

CHARLES A. WASHBURN.

A SOTOYOME EVENING.

All Sotoyome knows the locust shadows beneath which four persons walked toward the river garden one evening in July. All Sotoyome knows the river garden. Yet it has a summer existence only. Winter takes the flower-beds unto itself, blotting them out under a turbid overflow.

None the less, however, is there brief summer rejoicing among bean and squash vines. None the less do tall sunflowers lord it over humble blooms, and exult in their wider views of life and affairs. None the less do richly hued nasturtiums riot over the heap of rocks yonder, and hold themselves in readiness to prove how biting and pungent life may be in a mere blossom-stalk. Here, beds of four-o'clocks tell the time of day, in their shy, post-meridian fashion; there, tall heads of lettuce feather into seed, under shrouds of mosquito-netting; here, there, and everywhere are seen the quaint figures of the gardeners, father and son.

To the river, when this century was young, Kuskoff and his Muscovites gave the name of "Slavianka."

In summer, it forgets force and havoc, and remembers only to be gracious. Enraptured with its own green reflections, it dreams under shaded banks. It glorifies itself in silvery flashes. It lends its limpid draperies to every breeze in wide, spreading ripples.

"I will get the boat-key, Jack," said Barkman.

Mrs. Barkman followed her husband toward the little cottage perched above the reach of winter floods.

Turner and his companion loitered on down the path. If loth to be alone, neither countenance gave hint thereof. They soon reached the frail planks whence lady bathers are wont to take their afternoon plunge. At that hour the spot was deserted. No shrieks of fright or of frolic disturbed a stillness which liquid murmurs from the river put to melodious use. No white, bare arms lashed the surface of the water. No pretty faces floated flower-like between the low banks. A growing, three-quarter moon overhead had lost its daylight pallor, and was now gradually enriching the broad, pearly negation of the sun-forgotten sky. Another moon, fallen into the river, was held there with the tremulous ecstasy which marks the uncertain possession of a rare treasure.

The two comers stood a little apart. Leila laid her gloved hands on the slender rail guarding the planks, and gazed now at the sky, now at the stream. Turner gazed at her. From the first, his admiring interest had been strong; and later, Barkman's rambling story had aroused his sympathy.

"A pity that girl has not a brighter future before her," Barkman had said; adding emphatically, "some good man must make her a brighter future."

Was Turner asking himself if he might not be that good man? A mere child's dazzling happiness in his company touched him as no worldly beauty's preference would have had power to touch him.

"See how the river pauses under that green bank to make love to the willows," he said, breaking the sweet silence.

Leila followed the fancies suggested by his idle words.

"I hear the water whispering, 'My bosom reflects no image save yours.' And the willows must needs believe it. Yet we see how the fickle stream slips into that open space, and pictures the bending sky just as adoringly."

With many subtle changes of inflection, and a closing sigh, she had thrown a sort of tragic intensity into these softly spoken sentences. Turner was not a vain man. A great chagrin had once cut down the rank sprouts of youthful vanity. Never again had

they grown so rankly. But his ear was quick, his penetration keen.

Holding his light cane behind him, and smilingly swaying back and forth, he considered well. That he could consider, checking an ardent impulse, proved to himself how changed he was.

"Tender, believing heart," he thought, "if I should leave you as the fickle water leaves the willows!"

Here Leila lifted her dark eyes to his face with half-wistful expectation. What was there in such a look to change his mood? Those who knew Turner best declared that he was always passionately averse to doing anything expected of him.

"In spite of its dallying," he said, grimly, "the river has a steady purpose oceanward."

He meant, in some dim way, to convey the idea that he had his course in life marked out, and that no woman could alter it. Would Leila understand?

First the dancing light, and then the warm color, died slowly out of her countenance. Than this dumb, smitten hopelessness, nothing could so surely have appealed to Turner's better nature. Yet he would confess, even to himself, only it was cruel to spoil the girl's evening. He became eager to cheer her, as far as he might, without kindling vain hopes.

"With plenty of fresh air, liberty, and a pleasant companion," he broke out, gayly, "one has nothing left to wish for."

Liberty! That word fell unheeded on Leila's ear. She realized that a sympathetic warmth had come again to Turner's voice and manner. She hastened to tell how dull Sotoyome would have been without him. He replied in like vein.

"But young ladies are as plentiful as weeds in the country," laughed Leila. "Five of my sex to one of yours is, I am credibly informed, the Sonoma County ratio. Perhaps, at this very moment, I am defrauding four lone Sotoyome maidens of four-fifths of your attentions."

"I protest against being referred to in that fractional fashion," said Turner. His accents were richly assertive of individuality and undivided devotion.

Leila's lips and eyes were now vying with each other in the expression of exuberant gayety. At this moment she unconsciously exerted all the imperious attractions of her youth and beauty. Turner's heart burst the green withes of reason, and obeyed its ardent impulse. He moved toward her.

At this moment, also, in the shadowy garden above these two, other two were making the most of their *tête-á-tête*.

While Barkham was taking the boat-key from its accustomed nail, his wife had gone to bend over a bed of China pinks. He remonstrated. She answered coolly: "I have wanted a root of this variety for a long time. Now is my chance. I hope you didn't flatter yourself that I stayed to keep you company. You can whistle if the gardener opens his door. By the way," in a tone indicating intense absorption in her surreptitious employment, "I do trust that will be a match."

This expression struck Barkman as singularly wild. He was standing in the path impatiently twirling the key. He rattled off some characteristic nonsense, intended to show the confusion into which his wife's words had thrown him.

What sort of a match did she mean? Walking, running, sculling, sparring, go-as-you-please or don't please? And great Cæsar's ghost! between whom?

"Between those two down by the river, stupid," retorted Mrs. Barkman, calmly.

She had risen, and was imperturbably secreting something in the pocket of her polonaise. Strange that the most conscientious of women are morally limp in the presence of a horticultural temptation. Even grave-plots suffer from their filching.

"Jack is not a marrying man, Laura," said Barkman.

"Of all absurd expressions!" objected his wife. "As if matrimony were a habit to be formed, like smoking or drinking.

She had taken her husband's arm, and was free to devote all her energies to argument. But Barkman did not choose to argue.

"My love," he returned, mellifluously, "since my locution offends you, how will it do to say, instead, 'Jack trots in single harness?' Indeed, I don't mind confessing that I've done my best to show him that traveling double isn't what it's cracked up to be."

"Who cracks it up, Francis? Not I. Leila might profit by my sad experience; but girls will never be wise. How I should enjoy announcing her engagement. It would be as good as a play to see that old belle's discomfiture."

His wife's thought affording him some amusement, Barkman chose to follow it out.

"Cayenne pepper in the eyes: that's what Leila's marriage would be to her mother. And if, in due time afterward—"

"O," Mrs. Barkman fairly gurgled, "you may be sure I'd be promptly on hand to salute Mrs. Underwood as 'grandma.'"

They had now begun the willow-fringed descent to the river.

Turner's impulsive movement toward Leila had been followed by a quick, undertoned play of question and answer.

He called her by name, with a world of tender longing in his voice. She breathed tremulously.

"Why do you sigh?"

"I hardly know."

"I, too, am sighing. But I can give a reason. Demand it of me."

Leila obeyed by a bewilderingly sweet glance.

"This boat-ride must be the last excursion of our happy summer. You go home to-morrow. When will such a season come again?"

"Summers are so far apart. But"—her dark eyes growing wistful—"if mamma should invite you to call after you, too, have returned to the city?"

The reply was not so eager as Turner's manner gave reason to anticipate. Leila's heart had time to beat with a thick, muffled anxiety before he said: "You would be disappointed in me, Miss Underwood. I am not at all the same man in a fashionable drawing-room. The wide sky and open fields woo forth all that is sunshiny in my nature. You have never seen—" here he grew almost as wistful as Leila herself; "but Barkman can tell you that, like Saul, I have my dark and desperate moods."

"Surely we shall meet again?" queried Leila, almost in a whisper, her gentle eyes a trifle wider, her red lip trembling slightly.

Now Turner did not hesitate.

"We must meet again. Ah, yes! let us count upon a happy *Wiederschen*."

As his warm palm closed over the hand lying nearest him, his glance compelled Leila's. An unspeakably lovely radiance brightened her face.

A scolding voice made itself audible behind the fringe of willows.

"There is no pleasure or profit in taking one's lungs out-of-doors in California. Mine are wheezing with dust."

"I'd advise you to leave 'em at home, Laura, the next time you venture abroad," cried Barkman, in his bantering way, as he tramped briskly into view.

Turner had promptly put an unsuggestive distance between his companion and himself.

"At least, we shall escape dust on the river," he said.

Mrs. Barkman did not indorse this cheerful view of the matter.

"I'll take too much along with me to enjoy the immunity," she declared; adding indignantly, as her husband brushed past her, "Francis, I know that you have been plowing up the ground, like a Missourian."

And she straightway drove him to a jutting end of plank, there to stamp his feet and to whisk his handkerchief under her immediate supervision.

"How's this for matrimonial subjugation, Jack?" he bawled, out of his exile.

Leila was left free to stand in a delicious repose. A great joy, which she did not dream of questioning, had come to her. She was thrillingly alive to Turner's near presence. He had leaped lightly into the boat, and was bringing it alongside. Now, as at all times, he bore himself with an easy consciousness of bodily vigor. His face was

one which must needs please a young woman's romantic fancy. There was a ruddy warmth in it, as if the sunshine and fresh air he loved so well rioted along his veins. His beard, which was golden in the light, clustered thick and close about his red mouth without concealing it. His eyes were clear and blue.

Barkman presently broke away from his wife's ministrations, crying:

"We're not in Egypt, nor is this the reign of that Pharaoh who knew not Joseph. I want to help Jack."

His friend needed no help. He was holding the boat in position, and Leila was gayly stepping in.

The ominous clanking of the boat chain, the mysterious water gleams, the luring water sounds, and the piquant uncertainties of embarking from a narrow plank filled two or three ensuing moments.

"Both ladies astern! Steady!" commanded Turner.

Barkman, who was destined to be ornamental rather than useful, took off his straw hat and perched on the prow, a bald-pated figure-head.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, with an exaggerated air of relief, "we are actually afloat without a high-G scream from Laura."

Laying steadily to the oars, Turner's countenance was scintillating with mischief.

"A bit of advice may not be thrown away, ladies," said he. "The river is full of snags. If we should be so misfortunate as to upset, remember that Barkman and I are both good swimmers. You have but to rest your hands lightly upon our shoulders, and we will save you."

"Mind!" urged Barkman, shaking one hand warningly toward the stern, and rubbing his dimpled chin with the other, "there must be no wild convulsive embraces, or we shall all go to the bottom."

The topic had clearly been chosen with a view to exciting Mrs. Barkman's fears, and adding spice to the moment of departure. But Mrs. Barkman turned the occasion to her own profit. She had observed how radiant Leila was looking.

"So," she exclaimed, peering inquisitively yet kindly into the girl's face, "we must each choose a rescuer. Well, don't let us put it off until we are floundering in the water. I'll give you the first choice."

It is not difficult to embarrass a young women who is desperately in love; but Leila saved herself from embarrassment by a saucy retort.

"Indeed! I'll drown before I'll choose. A lady must always wait to be chosen."

The boat swept steadily on toward the first "riffle" visible, a flashing curve of silver from a distance.

"We're not going to get through it, Jack," said Barkman, as there came a grating sound.

"I'll keep in close to the bank," returned the oarsman, gayly; "it looks deeper there."

It was deeper, but only for a short distance. A swollen sweep of water in winter, in summer the Slavianka makes its languid way to the Pacific over a bed as fickle as an unformed human character. The gravelly shoal soon again announced itself with unmistakable insistence.

"Maybe we had better walk along the bank and drag the boat," said Turner. "But let me explore."

He stood up, and using an oar to aid a leap, sprang lightly ashore. He then ran across a fallen log, and disappeared around a clump of willows.

Barkman was left with orders to hold the boat in place. His efficiency was not equal to his good-will.

"Francis!" exclaimed his wife, frantically clutching at the seat in front of her, "we are slipping backward."

Barkman made no reply. His energies were wholly bent toward regaining his lost position. Yet in vain. After a series of wild, ineffectual splashes, he succeeded in sticking fast on the bar where they had first touched bottom. Turner, reappearing, found a rough tumble of moonlit water between bank and boat. He stood laughing, and listening, unavoidably, to a brief connubial dialogue.

"I insist upon giving up this crazy expedi-

tion, Francis. I insist upon returning to the wharf."

"Do you prefer to walk or to swim back?" with tantalizing deference.

"There, we are swinging around again! Oh! we shall upset, and then what will happen to us?"

"Why, my angel," with utmost blandishment of voice, "we shall undoubtedly get wet."

"But there are holes where one might easily drown."

"Easily? Never! I know too well the vigor of your opposition to what you do not like. You would never drown easily."

Detecting rising temper in Barkman's tones, Turner called to him not to try to make the bank, as the path was impracticable for ladies.

"Then," cried Barkman, "there is no way but *this*."

A tragic conclusion, tragically uttered. He sat down, and proceeded to take off his shoes and stockings.

"I'm going to drag the boat through the 'riffle,'" he cried, enthusiastically hopping into the water. "You follow along the bank, and I'll pick you up dry-shod."

He drew the boat chain over his shoulder and plunged forward. But his zealous stride immediately broke into a woful hobble.

"If it were not for these blasted rocks, it would be as easy as whistling," he scolded.

"The current is too much for you, old fellow," said Turner, cheerily, while Mrs. Barkman soothed his exasperation by predicting that he would be laid up with rheumatism or lockjaw. Barkman's muscles were not toughened to sustained effort. He trod on the sharp corner of a rock, the boat shuddered, then whirled around in an eddy, dragging him with it. Did his suppressed wrath break forth against rock or river?

"Confound women, anyway!" he bawled. "Eve began it by raising Cain, and her sex have been keeping it up ever since."

It had suddenly occurred to him that his wife was secretly objecting to further progress, and that she weighed every ounce of one hundred and seventy pounds. He sat on the edge of the boat to nurse his anger and his wounded foot. A three-cornered shout of delight arose. Then Turner, his costume also abbreviated, waded out gallantly to his friend's assistance.

His coming was the prelude to a vigorous and well-sustained progress. Leila's heart thrilled with pride. There is, indeed, a kind of readiness in minor exigencies which argues well for the stuff that is in a man.

It was a living bit worthy of graphic reproduction. The flowing river, the dim feminine figures in the boat, the masculine shadows going ahead, dim, too, save for their gleaming nether limbs. But no reproduction could be complete without the melodious murmur of the water, and the rich, plaintive staves of a song; for Turner went singing.

The shallow was quickly passed, and the waders clambered into their places. They were soon afloat in the most romantic curve of the river, opposite the old *adobe* built in '40. Beneath them were unfathomable depths, and over them the shadows of thick, low trees, through which the moon made fantastic revelations of herself. Above all, a lone, gigantic redwood was silhouetted against the sky, silent now, yet eloquent in every twisted bough of long-continued wrestlings with tempests.

Beyond this landmark the river grows shallow again; but the rest of their journey, whose goal was an Indian camp, could be accomplished afoot. The boat was therefore drawn up on the bank. The gentlemen sat meekly down upon the lap of earth to don their shoes and stockings. They then led the way up a sandy bank, over a rude stile, and through a vegetable garden. Mrs. Barkman, leaning on Leila's arm, showed a decided disposition to linger in the long path and grow confidential.

"When I see how much Mr. Turner thinks of you," she began, in a melancholy murmur, "I remember Mr. Tobell. Mr. Tobell was paying me attention at the same time with Mr. Barkman. He has never

married." Then, resentfully, "If I were Mrs. Tobell, I would not be trudging along alone like this."

Here the loud, angry bark of a distant dog broke in upon romantic regrets, and quickened Mrs. Barkman's steps.

The gentlemen were waiting at the top of a shadowy rise.

"Great Cæsar's ghost, Laura!" bawled Barkman, in lusty ignorance of his wife's tender, reminiscent vein, "you've been walking as if you were going to your own funeral. Now try to imagine that you are going to mine."

Mrs. Barkman silently pinched Leila's arm, no doubt with antithetic reference to Mr. Tobell. All four were soon deep in the tangled mystery of an oak grove, undergrown by wild grape-vines. They paused, in Indian file, to listen. Even the distant barking had ceased. The moonlight cast scarce a glimmer through the gnarled and twisted darkness.

"If I am in the right road," said Turner, pushing on, "we ought to see the camp-fire."

Almost as he spoke, it met their gaze, like a lurid and watchful eye. They began to descend toward it and the river.

No sound gave hint of human occupancy. Green-cut boughs, hedged about a growing central tree, were not distinguishable from the natural undergrowth, save by flashes of red light leaping behind them. Turner stepped forward to reconnoiter. He quickly reappeared to beckon them. They entered a low, arboreal opening. They found themselves in an interior fitfully alive with flashing flames and lengthening shadows; and alive with peering, swarthy faces lifted from rag pillows. A bass growl, emanating from some bosky recess, announced the wakeful supervision of the patriarch or "boss" of the camp. Him Turner had already propitiated by presents of money, matches, and tobacco.

Gathered around the log fire, the visitors' attention was quickly drawn to an ancient crone. She lay between tattered blankets on the hard earth; her gaunt, shriveled shoulder bared to the blaze at a distance which would have insured the speedy roasting of anything less leathery. She returned the glances cast upon her with no little resentment in her deep-sunken eyes. She set up a loud, shrill plaint, or remonstrance, in a weird jargon.

Suddenly the crackle of twigs announced an approach. Eager interest was promptly transferred from the recumbent antique to one more wonderful still, for inspecting whom, indeed, the excursion had been planned.

"Poso himself," said Turner. Led by a ragged, barefoot boy to the entrance of the arbor, Poso, famed the country round as a centennarian, was there abandoned. He came straight on, busily feeling his way with a long, rude staff, and was calmly proceeding into the fire, when Turner put forth an arresting hand.

There was an unmistakable flavor of the soil—of the rich, alluvial soil of the river bottom—about this ancient Digger. His scant clothing—the long-since-discarded garments of white men—had so lost their original color and texture that they seemed little less than disintegrating mold. The strong, inky hair, luxuriantly encroaching upon his heavy eyebrows, was matted with dirt; and dirt was plentifully sown in the deep leathery cracks and seams which gave character to his visage.

Saved from the fire, he stood a dusky image of passivity. The fact that he had been sent for had aroused no spark of curiosity.

"This," said Turner, his bright face glowing with good-will, "is a private exhibition of a mechanical toy. Old Poso has evidently run down for the day. I will proceed to wind him up. See, here is the magic key."

So speaking, he thrust three brown cakes of tobacco into Poso's limp hand, shouting, at the same time, an explanatory word into his horny ear. The effect was instantaneous. Talon-like fingers closing over his treasure, Poso was ready to perform. He labored up to his great age by a show of fingers—ten times ten; then seven.

"Now sing and dance," prompted Turner.

Would Poso understand? Mysterious

thoracic whirrings and wheezings, as of the reluctant revolution of wheels when an old clock is about to strike, gave token; so, also, muscular twitches and nervous tremors. Suddenly, the fullness of time being come, old Poso thrust his face in the direction of Turner's voice, crooked his elbows and knees, lifted his thin, bowed shoulders, and broke into spasmodic noise and motion.

"Hal-le-ho!
Hal-le-ho!"

So he sang with childish *abandon*.

"'Way we go.
Hap-py time
On the O-hi-o."

At each disjointed syllable be prodded a brown bare foot into the brown bare earth. It was not a dance, but a pigeon-toed hop.

"Hal-le-ho!
'Way we go.
Hap-py time
On the O-hi-o."

This ditty, falling from such lips amid such surroundings, with such evidences of such worn-out vocal machinery, was not lacking in deep pathos. Yet, at the last prolonged syllable, pathos vanished and merriment ran riot. For Poso smiled. It is not given save to the kings of drollery to express so much by a mere stretching of the lips as this decrepit vagabond could and did. Without eyes to add soul and sparkle, with rheumy, depilated lids stretched apart only to reveal bleared visual ruins, the effect of that labial semicircle of jollity was irresistible.

The fair-skinned quartet broke into a laugh, hilariously echoed by the swarthy children of the smoky bower. As a successful comedy, the performance should have ended there. But Mrs. Barkman, fired by missionary zeal, touched Poso's warped shoulder with an arousing fore-finger. She addressed him in those elliptical sentences popularly conceded to be swifter in reaching alien intelligences than well-constructed periods.

"Poso very old. By-by, Poso die. *Sabe* die?"

The ancient mechanism understood, and cheerily. He replied, eagerly wagging his palsied head:

"Po-so sa-we. Po-so heap sa-we die. Po-so heap good. By-by, Po-so go 'way, 'way up."

Here he lifted his long, quaking staff and sightless eyes toward the sky, that seemed to press its benignant forehead against the very treetops. Then Poso lowered staff and eyes and voice, to epitomize, in brief, broken phrases, what he knew of mortality.

"Po-so sa-we. Po-so heap sa-we die. My have two wo-man. My Po-so wo-man all die. My have fo-ur boy. My Po-so boy all die."

The melancholy of that recurrent and faithful monosyllable was profound.

"This is getting decidedly religious," exclaimed Barkman, in his most flippant tone. "Wind the old codger up for another grin."

But Turner said, decisively, "Let us go." He had glanced toward Leila.

The very heart seemed to have gone out of the girl in a great and tender compassion. Feeling Turner's gaze upon her, she met it with dumb appeal. Her eyes were wide with unshed tears.

"Can we do nothing for him?" she murmured.

"Bless you!" he responded, cheerfully, "we couldn't induce the old vagabond to change places with any one of us. I will remember him to-morrow in substantial fashion."

Free from the bower, he drew Leila's chill hand protectingly through his arm, holding her close, and putting back the wild vines, that they might keep side by side along the narrow woodland path.

"Confound it! I wish we were well past that riffle," scolded Barkman, as they neared the boat; "there is such a cold-blooded, remorseless certainty that we shall be obliged to take to the water again. To be endurable, a performance of that kind must be impromptu."

"Nonsense!" was the gay reply. "We know what we must do, and we will do it.

Besides, it will be mere *Kinderspiel* going down. The current is with us."

Leila was very sad and quiet. Old Poso's melancholy words haunted her. To die: was that the end of all things? Bright hopes, sweet summers, long lives?

The moon's reflection was swinging golden and clear in the dark river as they pushed off; but a pettish puff of air fell upon it and scattered it in a thousand wide-flung sparkles. Leila's imagination had barely time to be fluttered by this chance, when the breeze died out, the golden particles of liquid light ran busily together, and there again swung the lovely reflected orb. The girl's spirits rose. Turner was rowing close to odorous willow bushes. She began to look forward with tremulous ecstasy to the brief walk homeward under the locust shadows.

When the inevitable shallow announced itself in sportive flashes just ahead, Turner promptly prepared himself for wading. But Barkman could not conquer an unutterable loathness.

"Confound the rocks!" he grumbled, dangling his nude feet over the edge of the boat.

"You won't find a soft spot," laughed Turner, standing in the stream with the boat chain over his sturdy shoulder. Barkman joined him, hobbling abominably.

"By Jove, this is excruciating torture!" he blurted out.

"Don't I feel it, too?" queried Turner, softly, between two staves of song.

Leila overheard. What fortitude the man showed, marching firmly along without any complaint! Barkman was presently hopping about on one foot, fairly howling with agony.

"Get into the boat, old fellow," urged Turner; "I can easily pull you all through."

To this Barkman would not consent, but he gradually fell astern. A most unfortunate change of position. It brought him within range of Mrs. Barkman's criticism. Fatigued by her long walk, that good lady was in a rasping mood. Barkman drew her observation upon himself by a misguided appeal for wifely commiseration.

"I have cut a gash an inch deep in the ball of my great toe. But I won't give up. I might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb."

"You look more like a drowned rat," eyeing him with no favor. "You are certain to come off the worse for this night's wear and tear. It will either be cramps or inflammatory rheumatism, and you are always as cross as a shark when you are sick. Francis!" with a nervous shriek, "the left leg of your trousers is soaking wet."

"I am aware of that moist, unpleasant fact."

Since commiseration was out of the question, Barkman struggled to regain a tantalizing urbanity.

"You must roll up your trousers, Francis."

"That little performance has been taking place at intervals of ten seconds ever since I have been in the water. Still, to oblige you—"

"They must be tied!" decisively.

"Where's a string?"

"You surely have something in your pockets."

"I have"—investigating—"a bunch of keys, a jack-knife, three grains of parched coffee, a memorandum book—"

"They must be tied."

"Perhaps you will lend me the apron-string to which I have been tethered all my married life."

Barkman's good-humor now smacked of malignity.

"What! would you actually ruin a new—and for such a crack-brained expedi— Stop, Mr. Turner!"

In this imperious exclamation, Mrs. Barkman assumed command of the party. Although knee-deep in the cold, running stream, gallantry left Turner no alternative.

"Not an inch shall we budge," cried Mrs. Barkman, sitting rigidly erect with folded arms, "until Francis does as I tell him."

To release his friend from an embarrassing situation, Barkman quickly flirted a white handkerchief from his breast, and impulsively tore it in two. The boat went on, and he hobbled after, hastily tying either moiety about either knee. Mrs. Barkman's silence

was ominous. When she spoke again, her voice had gone down several rounds of the vocal ladder.

"Francis, is that the handkerchief which I embroidered for you?"

"The same, my angel."

The lady shook off Leila's persuasive hand and burst into tears.

"You said that my trousers must be tied!" raged her unfortunate husband. "I would to the devil women were all tongue-tied! Blast 'em, anyway!"

Hysterical sobs.

"And now, madam," with a roar, "henceforward I will do what I please how I please. *A propos* of these breeches—are you wearing them or am I? That is the question."

A crucial one, it would seem from the tone in which it was put. Turner had meanwhile been tugging on manfully; he now mildly interposed that they were through the "riffle," and would soon be home. Not with soothing effect. Barkman had worked himself up into a towering passion.

"Don't mind my wife, Jack!" he shouted. "A man is a double-duplex-back-action-side-wheel idiot to pay the least attention to a woman's whims."

Whereupon he signalized his instant and complete emancipation from such idiocy, by crying out that he'd wet himself up to the armpits, if he chose, and wading into deeper water. Did he intend to carry out his threat? Difference of opinion afterwards obtained upon that point. He always declared that he did so intend; and that he would then and there have drowned himself if Mrs. Barkman had not screamed. Leila, too, screamed. Turner promptly flung off his coat. He feared cramps; for Barkman suddenly disappeared from sight. He had stepped into a lurking hole. The river placidly blotted out his bald, impetuous pate. The instant seemed like an age before it popped gleaming to the surface. A pair of lusty arms striking out for life reassured everybody.

When Barkman dragged himself dripping into the boat, he was a thoroughly subjugated mortal. Nothing was now to be thought of but to get him home as speedily as possible. Nothing was said save in the way of terse suggestion from Turner, and plaining ejaculation from Mrs. Barkman. The jutting planks reached, Turner urged his friend to hurry on to hot drinks and dry clothing. So little urging was needed, that presently Leila and Turner were again alone by the river flowing somberly in the dying moonlight. With whirling hopes and fears, Leila waited while her companion secured the boat. Since Barkman's immersion, Turner had said nothing that was not curt and business-like.

He was silent—Leila fancied grimly so—as he went before her up the narrow, willow-fringed track. Nor in the gloomy garden did he turn or speak. At the foot of the steep bank whereon the cottage perches he held forth a courteous, helping hand.

Reassured by this contact, "Don't let Mr. and Mrs. Barkman's quarrel vex you," he ventured, timidly; "they have made it up before this."

Turner did not answer for some seconds. He went to hang the key in its place. Leila waited for him just within the gate, which he came to open, saying, with sarcastic harshness, as she passed through:

"I should have kept those two apart."

Leila hastened to apologize for Mrs. Barkman. Turner cut her apologies short.

"The trouble with the lady is that she is a thorough type of her sex."

"Being a woman myself, that shuts my mouth."

Leila's meekness did not soften Turner, as she half hoped it might.

"She tortured him into endangering his life," he said.

"Why need he have noticed a tired woman's peevishness?"

"Ay, that's it. Children, lunatics, and nervous wives must be humored."

"Are weary husbands never peevish? Must they never be humored?" Leila tried to speak archly, but a dread foreboding weighed upon her spirits.

They were now in the shadow of the

locusts. Turner was marching along at a good pace, his chin in air, his arms rigidly held at his sides. He seemed to disdain any reply to Leila's questions. They were nearing home with relentless speed. The light of Mrs. Barkman's window gleamed through the trees. Leila suddenly faltered into low, passionate pleading.

"If I have displeased you, will you not forgive me?"

"Miss?" queried Turner. Nothing could have been more crushing than this lack of comprehension, whether real or assumed.

The gate. Turner's hand clicked the latch with unsentimental promptitude.

"Good night, Miss Underwood. Good by."

"Good by, sir," smothering a dry sob. "Thanks for the boat-ride."

"Thanks for your company, Miss Underwood."

He lifted his hat, and was going.

Mrs. Barkman's voice fell from a little balcony over the oleanders.

"Come up-stairs and see how cozy Francis is."

"Too late to-night," stiffly. "I trust he will not suffer any serious consequences."

Leaning heavily against the gate, Leila heard Turner's retreating footsteps. They died out.

Mrs. Barkman's voice again fell softly.

"What ails him, Leila?"

"Mr. Turner?"

"Hasn't he gone home angry? Do come up and say good night to Francis."

Leila stood just outside the half-open chamber door. Barkman was snugly abed. A fiery potation had increased his natural loquacity.

"Laura tells me that Jack went away cross," he began. "Jove! how well I know that fellow!"

He paused to chuckle with intense enjoyment.

"He's one among a million, is Jack. But you see—whew! how my head is steaming!—any exhibition of female contrariety (and we know that Laura was as contrary as contrary can be on the river) brings on one of his savage moods. When he's in them—great Cæsar's ghost!—I do believe he'd rather bite a woman than be civil to her. He has a heart of gold. But ever since that flirt treated him so scandalously three years ago— Why, what do you think? She married another man while she was engaged to Jack, and returned Jack's love-letters by her husband's hand. Fancy what a fellow of Turner's sensitive pride would suffer. He swears he will never marry; but I've had an object, by Jove, in showing him how well Laura and I get on together."

No hint of irony here, in guileless look or tone.

"I'd have warned you of his peculiarities, Leila, but I knew that you were in no danger of falling in love with him. Confound that creature! she spoiled one of the most genial natures in the world. Some of us" —rubbing his dimpled chin, and turning his dancing eyes upon his wife—"come to feel that being thrown overboard by first loves isn't the worst thing that can happen. You were my first love, Laura."

With Leila listening until she can no longer suppress the agony of her young soul, and then blindly groping her way to her room, to be alone with the anguish of disappointed hope, the Sotoyome evening ends.

But there came a morning—not in Sotoyome—when the sun arose gloriously on her young life. Turner could not forget her. He begged Mrs. Barkman to see Leila on his behalf. That good lady rapturously improved her opportunity. She triumphed over Leila's mother, she brought the lovers together, she exulted over her husband.

"You said that Jack wasn't a marrying man."

Barkman's retentive memory and glib tongue came to his aid.

"Neither is he," he replied; "Jack isn't in the habit of marrying. He is going to make his first experiment in that line under my supervision."

EVELYN M. LUDLUM.

A SWEDISH SCHOLAR.

Few scholars have eventful lives. For those who aspire to this distinguished title, the life programme is simple: school, university, travel, work to the end. Our hero followed the rule. He was of the middle class, and was born in 1783. His early home lay far from the centers of civilization, deep in the interior of Sweden, where the highway loses itself in the mountain path. "I thank God," he wrote on one occasion, "for the best of parents. The memory of that happy spot, which was rendered sacred by their tender care, lies like a ray of sunshine in my breast." His earliest recollections were from the years in which political Europe was shaken to its very foundations; yet these recollections were of a childhood filled with Arcadian delights. The shock of the French Revolution was scarcely felt in his little corner of the world. "Yet the assassination of Gustavus III. came upon us like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. I remember it as though it were yesterday: how the terrible news reached us at table; how the first shock passed, and then came tears; how we crowded around our worthy father's knee, weeping, and how his eyes and hands were lifted to heaven."

Erik Gustaf Geijer was the eldest of seven children. His father was a proprietor of smelting works in the region of Carlstad. His home was the common meeting-place for the youth of the neighborhood. Here in the long autumn evenings there was music and dancing, the tutor of the children acting as master of ceremonies. But they were not entirely given over to thoughtless joy. As a mature and thoughtful man, Geijer wrote: "I have seen the world, and I look back with wonder on the genuine human culture of that rural circle." Here he became familiar with the writings of Sweden's best-known and most respected authors: Gyllenborg, Creutz, Oxenstjerna, Kellgren, and Leopold. From the school at Carlstad, in 1799, he entered Upsala University, where a new and broader world opened before him. But the contrast with his home was not agreeable. He longed for its free country life. He was restless as the caged but untamed denizen of the forest. Leaving the university for a time, in 1803, he made application for the position of tutor in a gentleman's family. His application was, however, rejected, on the ground that an inquiry into his career at the university had shown him to be without stability. "This," he writes, "was my first experience of what name and reputation mean. I thought myself marked for the whole world. My whole being was aroused to skake off this disgraceful notoriety, by achieving a better name. I seized my pen, and wrote the 'Eulogy on Sten Sture the Elder,' in competition for the prize offered by the Swedish Academy for 1803."

In his Memoirs, he describes at length this his first literary venture. He had determined to be a competitor for the prize, but as yet did not know the subject that had been announced. He would likely find it in a newspaper, but only one copy came to the neighborhood, and this, after making the rounds, was kept at the house of the parish preacher. He found the announcement, and then turned to Dalin's "History of Sweden," an incomplete copy of which happened to be in the house. This was his only source. Having mastered his material, he was confronted with the serious difficulty of getting it on paper.

"My father was a strict economist with such things. I must confess that, secretly and without permission, I seized upon what I needed. I hid my booty in the empty case of an old clock which stood against the wall; thither also descended as it was written, sheet after sheet, the 'Eulogy of Sten Sture.' It was no easy matter to keep a secret in a house where all were accustomed to know one another's affairs. Nevertheless, I succeeded; and one beauti-

ful evening, with trembling hand and beating heart, I put my work, complete and copied, wrapped and sealed, for the last time into its dark hiding place, from which the next morning it was to go by post to the hights of Parnassus."

To avoid attracting attention, he mailed it at the post-office of the adjoining neighborhood.

In the beginning of December, he received a letter informing him that the Swedish Academy had granted him its first prize.

"With the open letter in my hand, I rushed into my parents' room. They were greatly surprised, and speechless at first. My good mother pressed me to her heart, my brothers and sisters embraced me; all the friends of the family were jubilant."

Geijer was at this time twenty years of age; and thus was begun a career which was to lead him to an honored place in the Swedish Academy, and give him a name second to none in the literary annals of his country.

In Stockholm, the following year, Geijer met Baron Ramel, who had rejected his application for a position, and who had thus been the indirect cause of his first literary undertaking. Twenty years later, the youth "without stability" had grown to be the ripe scholar, and succeeded Ramel in the Swedish Academy. In 1804, also, while on a visit at his home, Geijer saw Esaias Tegnér for the first time. Here were brought together two young men of whom their countrymen may justly be proud. The one was to gather up a bundle of the nation's heroic traditions, and weave them into a poem of marked beauty and elegance; the other was to become the cool, the strong, the masterful historian of his people.

On July 14th, 1806, Geijer was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts, or with the degree now commonly called, in the European universities, Doctor of Philosophy. His thesis was *De ingenio politico medii aevi.*

In writing to his sister, he warns her not to get "a too poetical idea of a doctor's wreath and promotion. The laurel grows in the hothouse: Parnassus is made of good boards from the wood of the fir tree, and the muses wear wigs."*

Although Geijer was seven years a university student, still at his graduation he appeared far from his goal. He remained two years longer in Upsala, occupied principally with philosophical and historical studies. He had received the first academic degree, and had worn his crown of laurel, yet his life was unsatisfactory. But it was his inner life, and not his external circumstances, with which he was dissatisfied.

"There were no outward misfortunes over which I had to complain: I had, as it regarded my position, nothing to wish; nor had I to complain of unusually great embarrassments. I had passed through storms of passion, not without great dangers, but without shipwreck. But I remember well that which during the whole of this period was the object of my envy, a feeling not otherwise experienced. It was the lot of those who are endowed by nature with definite intellectual gifts; whose development, be these gifts great or small, proceeds in even order. For such, each day adds a little sum to the achievements of life; it is a peaceful, quiet acquisition, which increases at the same time with their inner gladness, and spreads gladness around them. I felt myself wanting in all this. No one was ever so utterly without self-confidence. The only power of which I was conscious was an unlimited power to receive, a boundless receptivity, but so entirely without independence, and at the same time without personality, that it often seemed to me as if a shadow might shove me aside and take my place. A German has written a romance about one who sought his lost shadow; I could write a true history of one who sought himself. A kind of pleasure in subordinating myself, a disposition to remain in the background rather than to crowd myself forward, has remained throughout life a relic of this feeling. If I possess any independence, it has been slowly and dearly acquired.

"During the whole of this period I was entirely unproductive, and the favor of the muses was not to be thought of. The laurel crown which I had duly received at my graduation appeared to me a matter of grim irony. If I took my pen to write, all possible manners and styles of writing appeared in confusion before me, as the result of my vast reading. When I consider the results of this reading, with

* The promotion of Swedish university students to the academic degrees still holds a high place among the public ceremonies of the nation. It corresponds to our college commencement, but is vastly more elaborate, and one part of the ceremony consists in the coronation of the candidate, by the rector of the university, with a laurel wreath.

reference to what I have received in literature and art, I think especially of four authors who have exerted upon me a great and lasting influence—Rousseau and Schiller, Shakspere and Goethe: the former during the earlier years of my student life, the latter during the later years; that is to say, till my death. Especially has the influence of the last named upon me been very great, and I can say with reason, that I have learned more of no one."

Thus Geijer wrote, late in life, regarding this period of his early mental struggles. In 1808 he became an assistant in the public record office at Stockholm. While here he published a dissertation, under the title, *De stilo historico apud Romanos*, with the view of becoming *docent* in history at Upsala University. In the mean time he became the instructor of J. F. von Schinkel's son. This position gave him the opportunity of foreign travel in the summer of 1809. The power of Napoleon at this time was at its hight, the continental system was rigidly enforced, and the only European country that was open to the Swedes was England. This was a fortunate circumstance for the intellectual development of Geijer. Had the way been open to the Continent, he would probably have been drawn thither by the attractions of the southern lands, and have fallen under the influence of their purposeless enthusiasms, or been mastered by the impractical, plodding spirit of the Germans. What Geijer needed to enable him to find himself, to give positive direction to his wandering genius, to complete his intellectual growth, and make him a powerful and useful scholar, was contact with the solid, sober, practical common sense of the English people.

On his way to England, he made a hasty visit to his home to take leave of his relatives and friends. One beautiful morning during this same journey, his *karra* was standing at the gate leading up to Odenstad, the residence of Knut Knutsson Lilljebjorn. Lilljebjorn's family had long stood in relations of intimate friendship with the Geijers; hence our hero felt the need of no introduction or long preliminaries to the main business in hand. Meeting Lilljebjorn before the house, he at once stated his request for the hand of his younger daughter. The father, taken by surprise, and not a little embarrassed, attempted to dissuade the young man from his purpose, by referring to the fact that he had no means, and no prospects of being able to support a wife. "But," he continued, "go into the yard yonder, and ask the girl herself. I will not stand in the way." As a general rule, time is necessary to the accomplishment of important events; but there are exceptions, and this was one of the exceptions. In the twinkling of an eye, Geijer was engaged to be married. He received the blessing of his father-in-law, tore himself from the arms of his Julia, and went on his way rejoicing.

He remained a year in England, and a partial record of the impressions made on him by the life of the English people has been preserved to us in the published selections from his letters and diary. During his absence he was called to the position of *docent* in Upsala University. He writes:

"In September, 1810, in Stockholm, my eyes fell upon the Swedish Academy's prize question for the year—'On the influence of the imagination in education.' I wrote the answer in a friend's room, within two weeks, and with so few changes that the original draft itself (which there was not time to copy) could be handed into the Academy, which rewarded my attempt with its first prize. Strange to say, I have never re-read this work. But if it possesses somewhat of that mental tone in which it was written, it must give evidence of a power that was beginning to recognize itself."

From the moment his *Wanderjahre* were ended, Geijer was an independent power in the intellectual life of his people. He saw the degradation of the national literature, through the long domination of French models, and the affectations of French taste. He gathered a few of his friends, and organized the "Gothic Society," whose aim was to present opposition to the prevailing literary taste, and to give a new direction to literary production. He proposed the publication of a periodical, and wrote the first number. It was called *Iduna*. In it he inserted some of his earliest poems, prominent among which were "The Viking," "The Last Minstrel," and "The Last War-

rior." Geijer's aim, in this brief period of his poetic activity, was to call back the minds of his countrymen from the feeble formalism of France, and to induce them to draw inspiration from the strong, heroic souls of their ancestors. These early poems, therefore, present the most favorable side, the grand features, of pagan life in the North, and breathe, moreover, a mild contempt for the gentle, non-resisting spirit of Christianity. They glorify the honest, open, manly daring of the vikings and warriors. The poem entitled "The Last Warrior" may furnish an illustration. The following translation is made to preserve the original form, as well as could be done by one who is not a verse-maker:

The lightning glimmers out in the night;
The warrior sits all alone on the hight,
The powerful sword by his side.
A new age comes, and his times pass away;
His vigor is broken, his locks they are gray:
Why should he here longer abide?

He boldly looks from the mountain steep
Down into the plunging torrents deep;
With longing his blood is aglow.
And ghosts seem standing on top of the wave;
The deep cries out, arousing the brave:
Hail him, who to Odin can go!

From distant cloister the bells sent a clang;
The warrior shuddered;—the deep it then sang
A song that made him rejoice.
It told him of hope and war-deeds proud.
The song come to end, while thunder rolled loud.
He rose, and with his rough voice:

Still they are living,
The gods primeval,
And Thor with wagon
Thunders still forward—
Sovereign eternal;
Although no offering
To him is lighted
By earthly children.

And thou, Odin,
Asa-chieftain,
Gone, then, art thou!
Still in thy lifetime
No one was able
E'er to o'ercome thee;
And when the Dark One
Wished to subdue thee,
Drew'st thou manly
Out thy good saber,
And plunged it deeply
Down in life's fountains,
So that the spirit,
Daring and happy,
With the blood streaming,
Flew up to heaven.

Yet, thou livest;
And many thousand
Warriors, whom thou,
Valfather, chosest
On battlefield reeking,
Are gathered around thee
And within thy
Gilded mansion
Gladly guesting.

There they clothe themselves
Every morning
In glittering steel;
To wrestle and fight
Within Odin's court
Is pastime for them.
And then thy ride home
To loaded board.
Amazons pour
The foaming mead;
The poet takes up
The powerful song.
Of former events,
Heroic exploits,
Sings the skald;—and the brave
Listen with joy
And strike in applause
On the hard shield,
So that it echoes
Through the eternal
Kingdoms of night.

See, O ye gods!
I am too aged
For the new doctrine
Of the white Christus—
Will not to heaven,
Where other gods are
And Saint Peter,
All whom I know not.

Baptized am I
In the red blood
Of slain opponents,
And I despise
Being hallowed with water.

Gone before me,
All my companions!
All are gone hence.
I am alone;
And the last one,
Ay, the last one,
Only remaining
Of all my comrades
Will no more
With me, cherish friendship.

See, O ye gods!
This powerful sword;
Heavy it is
In hands of the old man.
Ye know that I have not
Much regarded
Blood or my life.
Hence, then, that warrior
Basely should die
On the soft bed,
Whither they come,
The somber men
In monkish cloaks,
And with great noise
Lay down the corpse
In the low earth,
Where no high mound
Nor lofty stone
Shall stand on his dust,
That they may see it,
Those who come after,
And the wanderer say:
There's resting he
Of the ancient days.

Therefore, Valfather,
Take me to thee!—
In Valhalla
There still stands
Empty a room
For the latest warrior.

The lightning glimmers out in the night;
The warrior sits all alone on the hight,
His powerful sword by his side.
A new age comes, and his times pass away;
His vigor is broken, his locks they are gray;
Why should he here longer abide?

He boldly looks from the mountain steep
Down into the plunging torrents deep;
With longing his blood is aglow.
Exhorting voices seem to come from the deep,
He leaps from the cliff o'er the precipice steep—
Blest he, who to Odin can go!

In collecting and editing the popular songs of Sweden, Geijer showed the same literary purpose as that manifest in his poetry. In this work, he was aided by A. A. Afzelius; and the four volumes of *Svenska Folk-Visor fran Forntiden*, which they published from 1814 to 1816, called attention to the wealth of poetic traditions in the country. English translations of a few of these are accessible in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

In 1817, Professor Fant died, and his death opened the way to Geijer's promotion. He became professor of history in Upsala University. The preceding six or seven years, during which he occupied the subordinate position of *docent*, were not without their anxiety for the future. He was a young man, with the aspirations of robust youth. He was engaged to be married, but had no income that warranted him in increasing his obligations. One after another the years went by, bringing him apparently no nearer the goal of his hopes. He felt, as it regarded his social life, that he was simply wandering aimlessly over the rubbish heaps outside of the walls of Paradise.

With his elevation to the professor's chair, Geijer attained a position in which, as he confessed, he was willing to live and die. This change in his external circumstances introduced a new phase of his literary activity. He turned away from poetry and æsthetics, and entered earnestly upon the great work of his life, as a student, a teacher, and a writer of history. His lecture room was now crowded with attentive listeners. He attracted not only students, but also men and women from the community outside of the university. They were charmed and led on by his eloquence and enthusiasm, for he brought to the academic platform that power of speech which gave him rank among the first orators of his country. He was no mere annalist. His genius flashed its clear light into the darkest recesses of the past, and the dead and forgotten forms stood forth in the minds of his hearers once more instinct with life. Later on, when his health began to fail, when he saw approaching the sad end of a scholar who has spent the vigorous years of his life for a bare sustenance, and when his mind became more absorbed in his researches, his hearers fell off somewhat in numbers; but to the end of his academic career he exerted through his teaching an immeasurable influence. And through successive generations of students he remained one of the chief objects of their respect and affection.

It was during this period that he produced the two works by which he is most widely

known, *Svea Rikes Hafder* and *Svenska Folkets Historia*. The former of these works is a history of Sweden, planned on a grand scale. Only the first volume was published, and this is scarcely more than an introduction to the great work contemplated. It deals with the geography of Sweden, the sources of our earliest knowledge of Scandinavia, the runes, the Icelanders, Norse mythology, and the Sagas. It bears evidence of profound and unwearied research, and the vast accumulations of material are molded into an agreeable form by the strong, poetic mind of the author. Geijer was called from this first great work to undertake the second. This is a history of Sweden, written for that collection of national histories published by Heeren and Ukert in German. Like the first, it was never completed. The third and last volume closes with the abdication of Queen Christina. The fame of Geijer as a writer, outside of Sweden, rests mainly on this work. It has been translated into several languages, and furnishes still the best account of early Swedish history accessible to the English reader.

Through his careful and long-continued historical researches, added to the burden of his other labors, Geijer had so seriously impaired his health, that in the beginning of 1825 his friends demanded for him a cessation of work, and the recreation of foreign travel. Having superintended the publication of the first part of *Svea Rikes Hafder*, he left Sweden in June of this year. His journey did not extend beyond Denmark and Germany, but it is described with considerable detail in his letters written at this time, which form an unusually interesting bit of the literature of travel. One of their most striking features is the clearness with which, in a few words, he sketched the scholars, philosophers, and men of letters whom he met. Among these were many whom a cultivated and thoughtful man must have found it agreeable to know. The list of them includes such names as Tegnér, Grundtvig, Oehlenschleger, Ernst Mauretz Arndt, Niebuhr, Schlosser, Jean Paul, Schelling, Tieck, Schleiermacher, and Hegel. Geijer on this journey is no longer the undecided youth without name or position who visited England in 1809. He has won by his attainments a position, and made for himself a name, which entitle him to association with the choicest spirits of the world.

After this journey, there remained for him twenty years more of work. Towards the close of his life, he was relieved of the labor of instructing at the University, in order that he might devote himself exclusively to his historical investigations. At the same time he removed from Upsala to Stockholm, that he might have more convenient access to the national archives. Though his mind still retained all the clearness and elasticity of his earlier years, his bodily powers were broken, and his frame tottered to its fall. The larger part of a scholar's lifetime is spent in bringing his mind into the condition of its most efficient activity, and when this exalted point is reached, the physical powers, like the rotten foundation of a splendid superstructure, crumble in decay, and the whole falls in irretrievable ruin. This is the tragedy of the scholar's life. Geijer died April 23rd, 1847.

At the death of a thoughtful man, the question as to his religious convictions rises involuntarily in the mind. That Geijer had a lasting interest in the great question of religion, is evidenced by the numerous essays bearing on this subject scattered through the thirteen volumes of his collected writings. We are fortunate, moreover, in possessing his own statement of his position in this matter. It was written in a letter to a friend four years before his death.

"I am neither a church Christian, nor even a Bible Christian, although so much of a Christian that I can find edification both in the church and in the Bible. In short, I am a Christian on my own account; thousands are in this condition—in fact, all who are not able to be satisfied with a faith on mere authority, and who are compelled to construct a religion of their own from their own experience and reflection. This individual element, now the only living element in religion, so split up as it may seem, still points everywhere to a common end, to a fundamental unity for human belief, which becomes con-

tinually clearer under the intricate combination of all human affairs in civilized society, and through the multitude of social interests and aims. *Man, humanity*, is all the same being; we live, we may will it or not, only in and through one another: the individual in the whole, the whole again in the individual. It is only through this connection of all with all that we exist for one another; for only like knows like. It is also true that we should not be able to know God if he were not in some respects like us. That ray of his being which we all bear within us is a reflection of that typical, eternal, ideal man—man as he is in God. The voice of this original being comes to us in the law of conscience. But the more unselfishly, the more uprightly, the more devotedly, we follow this law, the more clearly does it point, not merely to a law-giver, but also to a friend, helper, redeemer, who bears our burdens, strengthens, purifies, and supports us in our struggles. He is not in the church, he is not in the book, not in the Bible, if he is not in our breast. And he is there."

This confidence in that voice which comes to us in the law of conscience finds expression also in the last lines of one of Geijer's songs, called "Min Politik":

"Hvad i hjertat talar stilla,
Jag vill lyssna till och gilla;
Och om man pa det radet hör,
Det gar till slut dock som det bör."

Turning to these songs, one is reminded that much of Geijer's poetry was set to music of his own composing, and thus obtained a wide popularity. His enthusiastic love of music remained throughout life a never-flagging passion. As a composer, he had considerable facility; and at the piano, he always found recreation or refuge from knotty problems that would not be solved. In one of his letters from Germany he says: "Coming home in the evening, I found in my room the first piano I have touched since I left Upsala. I was thirsty for music, and (I am ashamed to say it) wept over my own melodies." In spite of his practical and prosaic labors, and the increasing prominence which hard social questions assumed in his mind, in his sentiments Geijer never grew old.

BERNARD MOSES.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

THE FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOULD THROUGH THE ACTION OF WORMS. By Charles Darwin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882. San Francisco: Jas. T. White & Co.

The last contribution to natural science comes to us from that indefatigable worker, Charles Darwin, and is of much more vital importance to humanity, in relation to sanitary precautions in connection with epidemic diseases resulting from burials of both animals and man, than would appear from the perusal of this exquisite scientific treatise on the habits of worms. It is confirmatory of the results of the scientific investigations of the cause of epidemic diseases visiting animal and man, published from time to time, in 1880, by that great benefactor of humanity, Pasteur, of France.

All contagious or epidemic diseases are the *product* of *living germs*, which are *the parents* of each *distinct disease*—a *contagium vivum*, as it is termed.

The relations of diseases infecting man and animals are now known to be closer than was even suspected. Such as cow-pox and small-pox—malignant pustules—boils such as affect wool-sorters, are known to be a modification of splenic fever, communicated by the wool of infected sheep. Conclusions such as these are universally accepted by the scientific medical world, as witnessed by the congress in London of the leading medical men of civilization.

Pasteur's attention having been called to the terrible ravages of splenic fever (anthrax) raging among cattle in parts of France, in 1878, he took up the subject, and, as usual, was fundamental, and sought the *cause* as well as the *agents*. He examined the ground over the graves of cattle that had died of that disease the year previous, and found unquestioned germs of splenic fever. He then caused to be buried, six feet deep, three cows that had died of anthrax, fenced in the plot, and dug a trench around it. At intervals of some months, cylindrical particles of loose soil, the earth ejections of the worms on the surface of the grass, were examined, and in every instance the presence of thousands of germs of the disease was established, while beyond the ditch none were found. Further investigation and practical tests proved beyond doubt that the earth-worm was the messenger that conveyed the spores from the depths of the earth to the surface. Burial places are conservatories of epidemic diseases.

Mr. Darwin now informs us that there are about eight known species of worms, two of which rarely burrow in the ground, and one species which inhabits very wet places, and even lives under water. They

are destitute of eyes, but by experiments it was found that they were affected by light. The supposition is, "that the light passes through their skins, and excites their cerebral ganglia; . . . . their sensitiveness to light enables them to distinguish between night and day." They are "nocturnal in their habits, and at night may be seen crawling about in great numbers. . . . . They do not possess any sense of hearing, and possess but very feeble powers of smell. . . . . The sense of feeling is well developed." They are sensitive to temperature; they do not come out of their burrows during frost. "They exhibit some degree of intelligence, from the way they draw into their burrows withered leaves by their tips, as a more convenient way of drawing them into their narrow burrows. When the leaves of three species of foreign pine consisted of two needles of considerable length, united to a common base, it was by the base they were invariably drawn in. Again: when the leaves were narrower at the base than at the tip, sixty-six per cent. had been drawn in by the base, or foot-stalk, and thirty-four per cent. by the tip." The worms judged how best to draw the withered leaves of a foreign plant, lying exposed, into burrows; notwithstanding that "they had to depart from their usual habit of avoiding the foot-stalk." Instinct could not very well be "developed in reference to objects such as the leaves or petioles of foreign plants, wholly unknown to the progenitors of the worms, which act in the described manner." Their actions are not "so unvarying or inevitable as are most true instincts. . . . . The skill shown by these worms is noteworthy; and is the more remarkable, as the Scotch pine is not a native of this district." It is "surprising that they should apparently exhibit some degree of intelligence, instead of mere blind instinctive impulse, in their manner of plugging up the mouths of their burrows. They act in nearly the same manner "as would a man who had to close a cylindrical tube with different kinds of leaves, petioles, triangles of paper, etc."

They are omniverous, and feed on half-decayed leaves of all kinds, except a few tough ones. They also swallow a large amount of earth, and extract such digestible matter as it may contain.

The most remarkable and powerful organs are the gizzards. "These are lined with so thick a chitinous membrane" that they are spoken of as "veritable armatures." "The gizzard is surrounded by powerful transverse muscles, which are about ten times as thick as the longitudinal ones, and were seen contracting energetically. One genus has two distinct gizzards." In another, "the second gizzard consists of four pouches, one succeeding the other, so that it almost may be said to have five gizzards." They "swallow stones to aid in the trituration of their food, so it appears to be with terricolous worms. The gizzards of thirty-eight of our common worms were opened, and in twenty-five of them small stones or grains of sand, together with hard calcarous concretions formed within the anterior calciferous glands, were found. Beads of glass, fragments of brick, and hard tiles were scattered over the surface of the earth pots in which worms were kept, and very many of these *beads* and fragments were found in the worm castings, intestines, and gizzards; . . . . this is to aid their gizzards in grinding the earth which they so largely consume."

As to sex: "The two sexes are united in the same individual, but two individuals pair together."

The habitat of the worm is the world over—the most isolated islands, Iceland, and the antarctic regions. "How they reach isolated islands is at present quite unknown. They are easily killed by salt water." It cannot be through the action of birds, in transporting the germs or the worms. For instance, "Kerguland is not *now* (?) inhabited by any land birds," yet worms are found there. Query: May it not be through floating logs, or wrecks of vessels? Logs are often found floating in fresh water, with earth and worms in the decayed heart of the log.

They live usually near the surface of the ground, but burrow very deeply according to climate. In very dry seasons and cold climates, they burrow from seven to eight feet; to the moisture, in dry seasons; and below the frost depth, in very cold climates. In England, worms were found at a depth of six and a half feet, at Silchester, Hampshire County. Several burrows were found terminating in a chamber at a depth of seven and eight feet from the surface. In Germany, they are found at depths—according to location—ranging from three to eight feet.

The natural cultivation of the soil goes on year after year by these active workers. In forests, the cultivation of the soil may be seen by removing the fallen leaves, when it is found that the surface is covered by the castings. Thus the earth, from three to seven feet, passes through their bodies in a very few years. Thus we have an enrichment of the soil by animal mold, and thereby chemical decomposition of vegetable mold. A low calculation of the number of worms to the acre amounts to about fifty thousand.

The castings were weighed. In England, the average was found to be 4 lbs. 3½ oz. per square yard; near Nice, in France, 5 lbs. 3½ oz. per square yard—per annum, or from 14.53 to 18.12 tons per acre, per annum, in England, forming a layer of from one and a half to two inches in ten years.

The apparent sinking of bodies on the surface of ground is thus accounted for by the worms' work. The action of worms protects and preserves, for indefinite periods, objects not liable to decay, by burying them beneath their castings. At Abinger, Surry, in 1876, in digging to a depth of two to two and a half feet in an old farm-yard and fields adjoining, were discovered old walls of Roman villas, fragments of pottery, and coins of Roman emperors, dating from 133–361 to 375, A. D. Mr. Darwin was present, and examined the trenches.

So at Brading, Isle of Wight, a Roman villa was discovered in 1880, and eighteen chambers cleared. A coin dated 337, A. D., was found.

At Silchester, Hampshire, the ruins of a Roman town have been better preserved than any other of the kind in England. A wall was traced fifteen to eighteen feet in hight, a mile and a half in compass, surrounding about one hundred acres of cultivated land. "In very dry weather, the wall could be traced by the appearance of the crops."

In one of the chambers, "evidence of two fires, separated by an interval of time, during which the six inches of mortar and concrete, with broken tiles," was accumulated. Under one of the layers of charred wood, a bronze eagle was found. An excavation made in the middle of the town showed the accumulation of worm-mold had a depth of twenty inches. In the middle of one of the walls, in the mortar, burrows were found, showing the great muscular power of the worms. One of the walls was found undermined at a depth of seven feet. Hence the subsiding of stone or brick walls.

Worms prepare the ground, and sift it, "like a gardener who prepares fine soil for his choicest plants." They add to the richness of the soil, by the introduction of vegetable matter into their burrows. "This earth forms the dark-colored, rich humus which almost everywhere covers the surface of the land."

The burrows which penetrate the ground five or six feet aid in its drainage, and allow the air to penetrate the ground, and assist the downward passage of the roots of trees, moistened by the humus of the lining of the burrows. And this accounts for the sprouting of seeds that have lain dormant, in turning up earth at great depths.

In the future, the geologist will have to take some note of the action of worms, as it presents certain facts which cannot be entirely ignored. Among many others may be mentioned the aid rendered in the decomposition of rocks by the humus acids, as well as the direct mechanical action on the smaller particles, by the continual exposure of new surfaces to the action of carbonic acid.

In the language of Mr. Darwin, "It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly creatures."

SUICIDE: An Essay on Comparative Moral Statistics. By Henry Morselli. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Jas. T. White & Co.

Volume thirty-six of the International Scientific Series bears the title of "Suicide." The literature of this subject is meager. And most of that which has been heretofore written on the subject is of a metaphysical and speculative character, and, so far as any practical results are concerned, is comparatively valueless. It is within a relatively recent period that this strange phenomenon of voluntary self-destruction has been studied with a scientific spirit and according to scientific methods. Since this has been done, the subject no longer remains a question of curious learning; but it has taken its place among the interesting and important sociological questions of the day.

The metaphysician considered suicide in its individual aspect alone, and gave to it the "character of liberty and spontaneity." The scientist, on the other hand, shows us, as the result of his statistical researches, that the true way to study the subject is "under the more generic aspect of a tendency certainly hurtful, but one connected with the natural development of society."

The work before us treats the subject in a truly scientific manner; and is a most valuable contribution to the useful literature on the subject. The work is divided into two parts. Part First is devoted to a careful analysis of an extensive collection of facts, arranged in a number of valuable tables. Part Second is synthetical, and treats generally of the "Nature and Therapeutics of Suicide."

The value of the work is due chiefly to the statistics which it contains, and their arrangement into convenient tabular form. Of these tables, there are more than one hundred, the more important of which are designated by numbers, from one to forty-nine. Appended to the work are four colored maps, showing to the eye, at a glance, the relative intensity of suicide in the different countries of Europe, and in the different sections of the same country.

Statistical works are usually dry, dull, and uninteresting to the general reader; but in this work the author has discussed his subject in a manner so suggestive and scholarly as to make the book entertaining as well as highly instructive. And if in some instances the author's generalizations may seem to be too broad, they can always be corrected, modified, and limited to suit the better judgment of the reader, as the data from which the generalizations have been made are always at hand. And we may remark, that the author by no means dogmatically asserts, but on the contrary always cautiously suggests, his conclusions.

In Chapter I., the author discusses the *increase* and *regularity* of suicide in civilized countries, and reaches the conclusion, which he announces as a possible law, that "in the aggregate of the civilized states of Europe and America, the frequency of suicide shows a growing and uniform increase; so that, generally, voluntary death since the beginning of the century has increased, and goes on increasing more rapidly than the geometrical augmentation of the population and of the general mortality."

Chapter II. treats of the influence upon the suicidal tendency of climate, telluric conditions, seasons and months, meteorological changes and lunar phases, etc. And the facts therein collated seem to justify the conclusions, that the area of the greatest

frequency of suicide is confined, generally speaking, to the temperate zone, depending for its boundaries more or less upon the isothermal lines, and that the frequency of suicide takes a decreasing ratio northwardly and southwardly from this area; that suicides are more frequent in valleys than in mountainous regions, and in the valleys of great rivers rather than in excessively low or marshy countries; and in the transitional periods from spring to summer and summer to autumn, rather than during any particular season.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is comprised in Chapter IV., wherein are discussed social influences, such as civilization, religion, forms of worship and creeds, culture and instruction, public morality, general economical conditions; also political and psychological conditions, density of population, urban and rural life, etc.

In countries of mixed religions, the inclination toward suicide seems to diminish in direct ratio to the predominance of catholicism. This may be in large measure explained, however, by the other fact, that "those countries which possess a higher standard of general culture furnish the largest contingent of voluntary deaths."

The increase of education in some countries seems to go *pari passu* with that of madness, and also of suicide. Indeed, as the author reminds us, Brouc asserted, many years ago, that "it was possible to deduce the average of voluntary deaths, in a given country, from the number of pupils in the public schools."

Suicide is shown, also, to maintain a more or less regular relationship to the general economical well-being of a people, and, as might be expected, is more frequent in the condensed centers of population than amongst the more scattered inhabitants of the country.

Suicide seems clearly to be a consequence of the struggle for life, in which the fittest survive. Whatever tends to intensify this struggle for existence tends, also, to increase the frequency of suicide.

The fundamental motive in the individual for this strange act, so contrary to the prevailing instincts of humanity, we think is to be found in a morbid egoism, an overweening, though frequently lurking, selfishness.

The author concludes, and we think correctly, that the cure for suicide is entirely preventive, and may be contained in the one precept: "To develop in man the power of well-ordering sentiments and ideas by which to reach a certain aim in life; in short, to give force and energy to the moral character."

The English edition before us is a revision and condensation of the original Italian edition.

POEMS. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The pages of this volume are successive swells of harmonious sound. All the verbal graces, liquid, lapsing, tripping, dancing, long-flowing, echoing, are here. From first to last, the book is a delicate symphony of interwoven and concording tones. All its words seem to be in fit relation with each other and the singer's wish and the reader's ear.

Much, but not so much, can fairly be said of its fulfillment of the higher requisites of poetry. Nowhere does the author jostle the reader's sense. Everywhere she pleases it, and sometimes stimulates it. You find many beauties, and nothing which you can consent to call faults. But while you see all that you have a right to expect from one not yet named in the hierarchy of poets, you do not find all that could be hoped for from such a mistress of sweet words. You may have read the book while the dry north wind rasped loudly outside the library, or while the steady rain drenched the roof. But when you shut the volume, you have the same feeling, neither more nor less, which you had the last time you lay an hour under a murmuring tree in a warm valley, and received guests from the quick sunshine and the flowing air. What you carry away is only the impression of a pleasure, and not that defined image which can recreate pleasure in the thoughts hereafter.

A HAPPY BOY. By Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

We are told in the translator's note prefixed to "A Happy Boy," that the tale is very popular throughout Scandinavia. It is certainly much to the credit of the reading public of Scandinavia that anything so quiet, simple, and so naively, innocently good should be a favorite story. It is hard, if not impossible, to think of anything similar to it in our own literature, except in children's books. One can easily imagine, however, that such people as are described in "A Happy Boy" would find it quite a thrilling story; and a nation of such docile, well-intentioned peasantry promises well, in spite of narrowness and conservatism. A village in which the schoolmaster watches the love-affairs, receives the confidences, reproves the sins, and invests the money of the flock; in which the first great ambition of a youth's life is to pass brilliantly an examination for confirmation, for which he "crams" for a year beforehand, and on which ranks are given; while the greatest temptation of the hero's life is to pass this same examination and his subsequent course at an agricultural school, with a mind full of the determination to "spite," by his success, an older and wealthier rival for the affections of his little sweetheart. Such is the background on which the sweet-natured, hopeful, ardent boy lives out his simple drama of love and work. The affectionate good sense of his parents; the pretty Marit, always so much more loyal than she seems; the goodness and shrewdness of the schoolmaster; the

boy's own industry, perseverance, and docility—all make the tale quite idyllic. We recall few things more natural and pretty than the little transaction of the goat: Öyvind's penitence when he has sold it for a twisted bun"; his mother's only reproof of the irregular transaction, "What do you imagine the little goat thinks of you now, since you were willing to sell it for a twisted bun?" his penitence, and the extortionate little Marit's restoration of the goat; nor than the two making acquaintance the first day at school. It is in thus entering into the child-nature that the tale is most attractive; and all the characters remain in some sense children to the end. Prettiness, however, is by no means the only attribute of these childlike peasants; it must be confessed, that they kiss and cuff in a way which one is accustomed to believe the prerogative of a class much inferior to them in sound respectability; they try to draw into their laps the maiden they have just danced with on slight acquaintance; and Öyvind and Marit, as betrothed lovers, indulge in a constant intercharge of like romping. A quaint life, altogether, which impresses our precocious grown-up-hood as something very alien and hard to conceive.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT WOMEN. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a collection of short essays by a well-known advocate of the modern efforts to improve the social condition of women. The book is at all events harmless, and may prove useful. As a contribution to social science, such rambling discussion has no value; but whoever is given to sneering at the honest efforts of women to make themselves better members of society may possibly be reformed when he sees how effectively a vigorous writer like Mr. Higginson can sneer at him. But when the time of sneering and of counter-sneering is done; when the crusty old bachelor and the ardent reformer, the tyrannical husband and the discontented wife, the old-fashioned preacher about woman's sphere and the new-fangled social science sister—when all these advocates of "common-sense" have done their wrangling work, we shall know that we are just at the outset of our real task. We shall then begin to study the needs and the nature of our fellow-beings in a scientific and not in a quarrelsome spirit. Meanwhile, let the reformers have their day.

In this book, then, Mr. Higginson seeks to show that a woman is, in the long run, as strong as a man; that many husbands are unkind to their wives; that our grandmothers were, on the whole, no stronger than their granddaughters; that Buckle goes deeper than Darwin in the understanding of women's nature and powers; that women have not all the rights they need; and many similar propositions. He also gives advice to women about public speaking, about authorship, about self-support, about the training of daughters, about education abroad, about medical education, and about numerous other important matters. The bill of fare is large and enticing. Let those that are pleased with the sort of cookery eat and be filled.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

A FUNERAL.

Years ago, there was a little town in Nevada County, California, called Bill Williamsburg. The business of the place was mining. It was named for Bill Williams, one of the first men who slung a pick in that vicinity. The town was a temporary affair. So was Babylon. Neither now exists. The haughty inhabitants of Babylon, once peerless, have returned to their original dust. Just common, unwashed, fine-cut dirt, like you find in the middle of the road at midday in the center of the summer. The whirlwind, which lifts the circling columns of dust, tosses their undistinguishable remains in mid air. It is sad. But we can't help it. The wind bloweth where it listeth. And the inhabitants of Bill Williamsburg have passed from that vicinity. Some are bank presidents, some rest in nameless graves, some are superintendents of Sunday-schools, some are in the penitentiary.

But Bill Williamsburg had its zenith of glory when its inhabitants, drunk with prosperity, daily rioted in pork and beans. Abe Bledsoe lived there then, and Aunt Phœbe and Laddy Boyd. Abe was a fine young man, and tall and splendid looking. He would, it is true, play in games of cards with the other miners, and for money, but he never had any brawls over the game, like others. He would drink, also, but never to excess. He was ready to divide his blankets, his last dollar, or his last pound of flour with the destitute. Everybody liked Abe.

Aunt Phœbe was a young man, too. He was not, however, built upon the generous scale of Abe, either physically or mentally. His large nose crooked to the left at the end, and there was another crook in it near the eyes, so that he had a nose shaped

like an S. He had signalized his entrance into that portion of the country by stealing and butchering a cow belonging to Mrs. Brawley, a poor widow. This cow's name was Phœbe. She was old and good, and had been known so long and favorably by the miners, who bought milk from her owner, that she was called Aunt Phœbe. Hence the name of the young man with the S-shaped nose. He had not sold all the meat of the cow before it was ascertained that she had been butchered. Nobody, then, would eat the meat. They said it would be like eating one of the neighbors, or a member of one's family. Ned Sorrel had some of it in the pot boiling for his dinner, when he found out where it came from. He threw it out. Said he was no cannibal.

This circumstance rendered Aunt Phœbe, the young man, unpopular. The friends of Aunt Phœbe, the cow, were taking steps to have him prosecuted, not for larceny, but for murder. They said it was worse than common stealing, and that he ought to be tried and hanged for murder. But Aunt Phœbe, the young man, had a brother living in Nevada City. This brother was a prominent citizen, and a good man, and got the matter hushed up, by giving Mrs. Brawley another cow, a very fine one, giving more milk than Aunt Phœbe, the cow, ever had. The miners said she might give more milk, but it was not like having their old friend around, the murdered Aunt Phœbe. However, they called her successor Aunt Phœbe, junior. They bore with the murderer of their old cow friend, because they liked his brother, and thought that possibly he would do nothing more bad.

Laddy Boyd was Abe Bledsoe's close friend, and some years older. Laddy was not his real name, but he was so called on account of his being a little man. Once, at Bill Williamsburg, he was taken down with the small-pox. He was removed to a deserted cabin some distance from the main camp. The miners tried to arrange with Aunt Phœbe, who had had the small-pox, to nurse Laddy, at big wages. But he said he would wait on no man with the small-pox, not for fifty dollars a day. Abe, who had been absent for a few days, returned about this time. He said Aunt Phœbe should not nurse Laddy, not even if he wanted to. Abe himself went out to the lonely cabin, and watched over the almost dying man. Laddy lingered long, but finally got up. Then, before Laddy left the cabin, Abe was taken down with the same loathsome disease. How faithfully he was nursed back to health by his grateful little friend, need not here be detailed.

Bill Williamsburg was engaged in placer-mining. After a while, a few of the men had worked out their claims. Among these was Abe. He had worked his claim, but he had no money laid up. Too generous. Though much attached to the old camp, and his friends there, he struck out for new diggings, or to get work somewhere. Before going, he said he wanted to return some day; and if he died first, he desired to be buried at Bill Williamsburg.

Shortly after Abe's departure, Aunt Phœbe left also. No tears were shed. Not long afterward, Laddy found that some one had stolen some things from his cabin, including a photograph of his mother, and a Bible given him by his mother when he had left the old home for California. Laddy was no more pious than his associates, but he prized the Bible as a keepsake. Everybody knew this stealing was the work of Aunt Phœbe. They were certain he took the Bible, although he could not read, and never prayed.

About two months after Abe left Bill Williamsburg, the news came back to his friends that he had been killed by the caving in of a bank. The sad tidings came down in a few hours, by the rapid express of that day. An order went back from his friends, by return express, for the body to be placed in a good coffin, and expressed at once to Bill Williamsburg. As the order was writing, Laddy Boyd said:

"Tell them to spare no expense on the coffin, and leave nothing undone for the comfort of the corpse."

The order was so written.

Promptly came the coffin containing all that was earthly of Abe Bledsoe. It was a sad committee that received it. Abe and the qualities that had endeared him to his old friends were still fresh in their memories.

A grave was ready to receive the remains of Abe. The camp had a small graveyard. Several of the boys were resting under little mounds. Their picks were idle. The gold fever had all gone out of their poor bodies.

It was proposed to open the coffin, before depositing it in the grave, to allow the friends of Abe to take a farewell look at him. Laddy objected to this. Said he, between his sobs:

"I want to remember Abe Bledsoe as he looked in health. I want to always see him in my mind as a splendid-looking man, not as a cold, clammy corpse."

The bearded, red-skirted men that gathered around that grave remembered how Abe had watched over Laddy, as the latter had come down, hand in hand with the small-pox, into the shadow of death. Then they thought of Laddy's vigils over Abe, as Abe had wrestled with the same hideous rottenness. They let Laddy have his way.

The coffin was swung in ropes, and was lowering into the grave, when the movements of the feet of the men who were holding the ropes caused some clods to roll over the edge of the grave, and into the box for receiving the coffin, at the bottom. Laddy had them cease lowering. He got down into the grave, not jumping down quickly and cat-like as was his habit in moving, but slowly, tenderly, and reverently. He removed from the box all the dirt that had fallen in. Then he got out of the grave properly and decently. The coffin was lowered to the bottom. The

box in which it rested received its cover, and the box itself was covered with boards. There was no minister present. No services of any kind. The dirt from the shovels rattled on the boards below. Laddy's little frame shook with grief. He suppressed it as far as he could, to tell the shovelers that they were throwing in too much dirt at once, filling the grave in too rapid and business-like a manner. He requested them to be more gentle.

The grave was filled to the top, and heaped up. Although Laddy would throw no dirt on his friend, he took a spade and assisted in giving the little mound above his friend symmetrical shape. A head-board was placed in position. Printed on it, with pencil, was this epitaph, dictated by Laddy:

ABE BLEDSOE,
KILLED BY AXIDENT, AUGUST 2ND, 186–.
BEST MAN THAT EVER TROD SHOO LETHER.

In all his gloom, there was one gleam for Laddy. Along with the news of Abe's death had come that, also, of Aunt Phœbe. He had been shot and killed in the act of stealing a horse, not far from the scene of the accident that had taken Abe off. As dying was the only decent thing he had ever done, his brother thought he would give him decent burial. He ordered the body coffined and expressed to Nevada City. It came down on the same day that Abe's remains came; possibly on the same vehicle.

In a day or two the news reached Bill Williamsburg that Aunt Phœbe's brother, on opening his coffin at Nevada City, or what was sent for his coffin, had found a stranger. One that would give no account of himself. Some one, however, in that town, thought the features might be those of Abe Bledsoe. Abe's friends in Bill Williamsburg said, at first, that it could not be possible. They opened the new-made grave, though. The lid of the coffin was removed. There was the S-shaped nose of Aunt Phœbe, the young man, the corpse!

Laddy broke forth afresh in lamentation:

"To think that I should have cried, and over a cattle-thief, one who stole a widow woman's cow, and stole the photograph of my mother, and my Bible, mother's present to me. Just like him to take the wrong road, and sneak into another man's grave!"

Corpses were exchanged. But Laddy would not allow Abe's remains to go into the grave just vacated by Aunt Phœbe.

THE ENVIRONMENT.

Circumstances make men and things. What would Washington have been if the War for Independence had not called out his qualities as a leader? The acorn from which the mighty oak has grown would never have sprouted had it fallen amid the sands of the desert.

So in the case of a crumb of bread. What is more insignificant than a crumb of bread? Nothing. Unless it is a smaller crumb. But a man will sometimes talk and eat at the same time, when nature intended he should do only one of these at a time. Who ever heard of a bird singing as it pecks at the berry, or horse neighing over his oats, or dog barking as he gnaws his bone, or babe crying at its mother's breast? And when one attempts to economize time by eating and talking both in one, then comes the opportunity of the crumb. Men sometimes lose opportunities. A crumb never does. No. It improves each shining windpipe.

When a person gets a crumb in his windpipe, what a change comes over him! He can understand in one instant that it is there. No one has to tell him. It may not be larger than the head of a pin, but it feels as large as the national debt. How earnest he becomes, too; and how like a god he struggles! His whole being is shaken, including his boots. Tears come into his eyes. He deeply sympathizes with himself. His eyes start from their sockets, as if they were going West.

When the crumb attacks, his brain may be teeming with mighty schemes. It no longer teems. He doesn't know whether he has got any brain or not.

Surroundings make men and things blossom.

LOCK MELONE.

Lady lodger: "Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night."—Male lodger: "Indeed! Well, he might do worse than that: he might play the piano all day."

A Milwaukee cleryman asks: "Is it proper pronunciation to sound the *r* in the word 'dorg?'"

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DELAYED.

The illustrated descriptive article promised last month will appear in the next issue.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CHAS. H. PHELPS.

VOL. V.—MARCH, 1882.—No. 27.

THE CROWN OF THE VALLEY.

The recent celebration of the founding of the pueblo of Los Angeles was full of interest to the gatherer of those unconsidered trifles which furnish materials for the future historian, and to eager capitalists who see a paying investment in every smiling landscape along the lines of our projected railways.

The occasion brought together thirty thousand people, among these a large representation of the original Californians, who so amply made up for the failure of the friars to contribute to the Christian population of the new territory by a numerous and long-lived progeny, and for the lawlessness of the soldiers who "protected" the missions, by their unbounded hospitality, their sociability, and good manners.

Mr. Hittell, in the preface to the "Resources of California," says of the founders of the Bandinis, Sepulvedas, Picos, and other notable "houses": "They were all one large family: glad to entertain, glad to be entertained; time was not money to them, knowledge was not power. They had no work, and little worry. They were happy: they did not know any better."

This ideal condition still exists upon some of the estates in the interior which have escaped the march of improvement.

Of the seven hundred Californian ranches in 1846, the most valuable was that granted to Don Eulogio De Celis, of one hundred and twenty thousand acres. The ex-Mission of San Fernando, and the fertile wheat lands of that now famous agricultural region, are a part of that princely estate. The Los Nietos and San Rafael ranchos were granted in 1784. San Gabriel Mission was founded upon the rancho La Puente in September, 1771. Yangna, an Indian village occupying the site of Los Angeles, was an outpost of the Mission until the formal segregation of the pueblo lands.

San Gabriel township, which embraces more than seventy-five thousand acres of table-lands naturally adapted to the growth of semi-tropical fruits, was only a small part of the Mission property. Over a region forty miles in length by ten miles in width, well watered by the tributaries of the San Gabriel and San Jose rivers, roamed the flocks and herds of the Franciscan fathers. In 1834,

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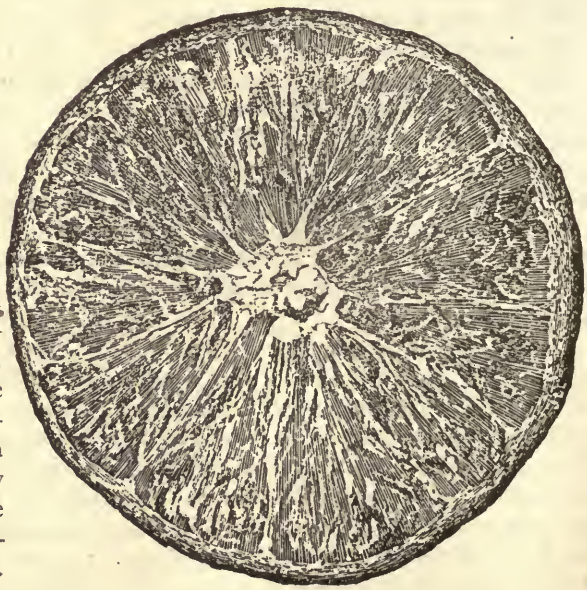
there was a harvest of twenty thousand bushels of grain in their storehouses; one hundred and five thousand cattle, twenty thousand horses, forty thousand sheep and goats, in their wild pastures; twenty-seven hundred Indians were employed as herdsmen, or in their orchards and vineyards. "El Molino," better known as the Kewen place, was the mill where their flour was manufactured. Their orange and olive plantations are found upon the Wilson and Cooper estates. Sunny Slope, Santa Anita, Los Robles, the home of General Stoneman, the Alhambra, were portions of the territory occupied by them, though covered also, in many instances, by Spanish grants, among which was one of thirteen thousand acres to Manuel Garfias, of Rancho San Pasquale.

NAVEL OR BAHIA ORANGE.

In the year 1873, a party of gentlemen residing in and about Indianapolis, who were tired of the rigors of eastern winters, resolved to secure homes in California. Several articles from the pen of D. M. Berry, then occupying an editorial chair in Indianapolis, now of Los Angeles, had called their attention to the San Gabriel Valley. It was determined to organize a company, and send out a commission authorized to purchase lands and make suitable arrangements for settlement. A little farm well tilled was the ideal of the majority of the shareholders.

A selection was made of a portion



SECTION OF NAVEL OR BAHIA ORANGE.

of Rancho San Pasquale, then owned by B. D. Wilson and Dr. Griffin of Los Angeles. The elevation of nearly a thousand feet above the city of Los Angeles, eight miles distant, was a sufficient guaranty of exemption from malaria; the soil, drainage, and water supply were satisfactory. The Arroyo Seco flowed through the property, the mountain barriers shut out the north winds, while the blue Pacific, with Catalina Island in the distance, enchanted the eye and tempered the midday heat. The nearest station of the Southern Pacific railroad was at Mission San Gabriel, three miles away. Lake Vineyard, and the beautiful orange groves of Messrs. Wilson, Shorb, and Bacon, were immediately adjoining.

The original purchase of some four thousand acres included mountain lands upon the slope of the Sierra Madre, Arroyo lots valuable only for timber, a magnificent grove of live-oaks on the Los Angeles road, covering four hundred acres, leaving fifteen hundred acres of irrigable lands to be cut into

ONE OF THE JEWELS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS. ENGRAVED BY LEILA C. CHAMBERLAIN.)

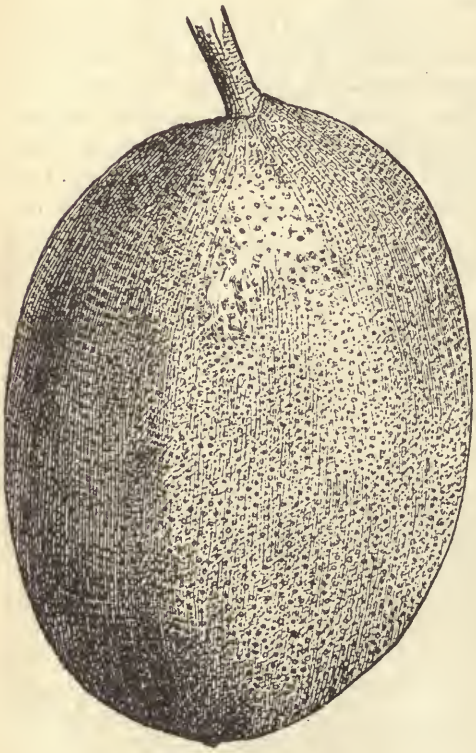
small homesteads. The cost of road-making throughout this region is almost inappreciable. And no sooner was the division of residence lots accomplished, than the lines began to appear in hedges of geranium and other quick-growing plants. Two main avenues, one following the crest of the ridge, dividing the deep cañon like Arroyo from the lovely valley of San Pasquale, and the other cutting the valley in its broadest portion, were divided at equal distances by streets named from the newer States of the Union.

A large distributing reservoir having been constructed upon the most elevated portion of the tract, pipes were laid from the copious springs which, at this elevation, furnish the Arroyo Seco its never-failing supply of pure, soft water. Other pipes, laid along the avenues and principal streets, connect the reservoir with every homestead.

In 1874, twenty families were on the spot, and the "Indiana Colony" found a place upon the railroad and other maps. But Iowa sent out an important addition before the close of the year; and in 1875, Bostonians, Chicagoans, and San Franciscans had made it cosmopolitan. Mr. Berry, one of the original settlers, had aptly named the place Pasadena, from an Algonquin word, signifying "the crown of the valley." It is, indeed, the crown of the incomparable San

Gabriel Valley, of which so much has been written, while the half is not told.

The jeweled rim of our crown holds, as its costliest gem, Santa Anita, the diamond,



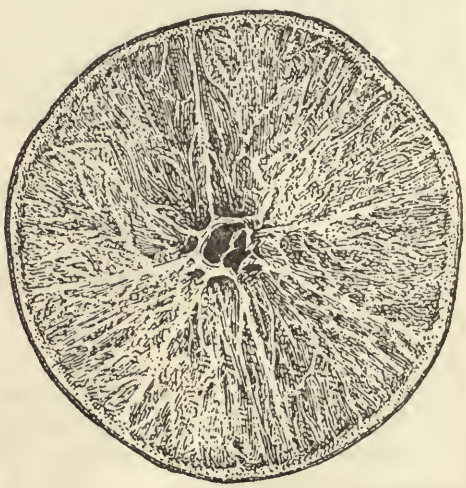
BONNIE BRAE LEMON.

from its wealth of limpid streams, its fairy lake, and tinkling waterfalls. Still nearer, lie Sunny Slope, the ruby, colored by the vintages of many a year; Los Robles, the emerald, the cherished home of a brave soldier and statesman; Kinneyloa, the opal, varied as the lights with which morning and evening paint for lowland eyes that eyrie of a world-wide traveler. "Earth hath not anything to show more fair"; and it is a peculiarity of this region, that Nature has so limited the work of man that it is impossible for him to mar with his blunders, or, at his best, to more than modify, the ever-enchanting landscape.

But utilitarian readers of THE CALIFORNIAN in our bleak and exposed prairie States are already asking of the *avant couriers* of the Southern Californian settlements: "How do you propose to get a living from twenty or say forty acres of land? What cultures pay the best, and what are likely to pay a reasonable profit on your high-priced lands? We cannot live on climate, be it ever so tempered; nor upon scenery, however delightful to sense and soul."

The experience of the Pasadena colonists will be of use in demonstrating that a living can be obtained in nearly every instance where there is a reasonable amount of patience, energy, and skill employed, and the same amount of capital held in reserve for emergencies which prudence would demand in entering upon any new business. The storm-and-stress period once passed, competence is almost certain. This is the testimony of such managers as Rose, De Barth Shorb, Gen. Stoneman, and scores of others who began with very little capital.

In 1873, little if any of the land upon the San Pasquale Rancho had ever been plowed: it was literally in a state of nature; which means that it was a vast storehouse of weeds, kept in partial subjection by pasturage, but ready to spring up in myriads with the first touch of cultivation. Not only the mustard-

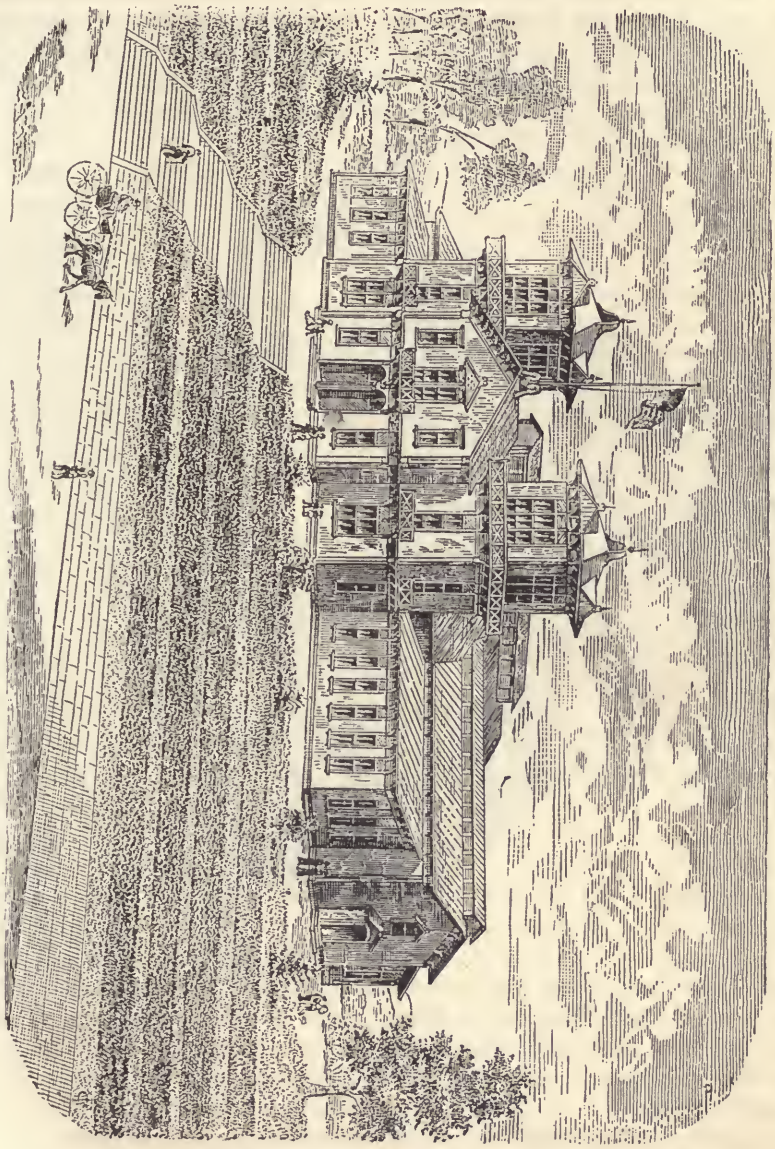


SECTION OF BONNIE BRAE LEMON.

tree is mighty, but tar-weeds and tumble-weeds follow the rank growth of fileré, and wherever there is moisture, stand in almost impenetrable thickets, until the close of the

season. Then, driven upon the wings of the wind, their seeding is accomplished with the utmost perfection. An equally lavish animal life exists below the surface, honey-combed with gophers and squirrels; and rising in the scale to jack-rabbits for the young gardens and budding vines, and coyotes for the poultry-yard, we reach the grizzlies, who take heavy toll from the bee-farmers.

As above stated, the first planting in Pasadena was in the winter of 1873–74; the citrus fruits so far taking the lead, that the entire settlement now seems an orange orchard, with varieties of lemon and lime trees.



PAVILION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT LOS ANGELES.

But nearly all the citrus orchards were temporarily planted with deciduous fruits, or other crops which gave more immediate returns. Besides, almost every settler had his patch of alfalfa; his field of sugar and other corn-root crops were enormously productive; and the non-resident and outlying lands

could be rented for wheat and barley crops at fifty cents per acre.

The advantages of association are shown in many ways, most of all in the *esprit du corps* of a body of settlers aiming to secure comfort, competence, social, educational, and religious privileges, in the shortest possible time.

A literary and musical society was well sustained, the churches and schools flourished, while the work of subduing Nature was incessantly carried on. Rarely have young orchards enjoyed such tickling and tending; and when their first fruits were gathered into the fair of 1879–80, the laughing harvest of oranges, lemons, limes, raisins, of preserved, dried, and canned fruits, and of vegetables — all displayed in a veritable bower of roses and other exotics —the result was a surprise to the colonists themselves. There was not a single professional, and hardly a practical, horticulturist or farmer among the original settlers who have made Pasadena fruits so famous, and who are demonstrating that fruit-growing is among the most certain and profitable of callings.

SWEET RIND LEMON.

Does the citrus culture pay? It has certainly been the most remunerative of all cultures for the last thirty years, in the very limited areas upon which it could be safely undertaken. The adaptation of what is known as the semi-tropical belt of Southern California to the production of oranges of excellent quality has been proved for a period of fifty years. Some of the oldest trees have fruited annually for a much longer period, and are cotemporaries of the ancient olives of the mission gardens. Our oranges have been sent by rail and steamer to Europe, arriving in perfect condition, and really improved in flavor by long keeping; while in no other of the orange lands can the crop be held for the market for so long a period.

In January, 1879, there were shipped to various points from the San Gabriel railroad station, 2,475 boxes; February, 3,753; March, 7,536; April, 9,219; May, 9,552; June, 7,067; July, 1,371; August, 402 boxes.

It will be seen that the harvest is at its hight in May, or during the season when the regions of the North and North-west are destitute of fresh fruit. The average valuation of the crop of 1879 was $209.68 per acre, but some of the older orchards yielded a profit of $1,000. The crop of 1880 averaged about $22.50 per thousand at San Gabriel. With increasing railroad facilities, there is no reason to believe that the orange culture will not continue to be as profitable in the future as it has been in the past, for the consumers are growing faster than the orchards mature. But greater attention must be paid to the quality of the product. Fine oranges, like the Washington Navel of Riverside, always pay handsomely.

It is not strange that the orange culture

should expand beyond its natural limits, or that it should suffer the vicissitudes which have attended all other fruit cultures in this State. There is a wonderful fascination about the orange-tree, never to be experienced in its fullness outside such a grove as Wolfskill's, where the depth of shade impresses one like the shadowy silence of a pine forest. In the blooming season, the eastern visitors come in swarms to drink the fragrance as of Araby the blest, and to see the golden glory of California in its hour of prime.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN HOME.

It is then we are repaid for the labors of the year, as we gather in at every pore the finer harvest measured in song.

The little "buds" seem like happy children waiting for a caress, very human and lovable; but a tree in full maturity, holding with ease its thousands of golden orbs upon its clean strong limbs, every leaf polished and perfect, is a marvel of beauty, still further spiritualized by the fragrant snow of blossoms which seem to have fallen from the skies. This winter the snow actually fell upon the low foothills around the valley.

In the neighborhood of Pasadena, orchards covering a hundred acres are not uncommon; yet a single tree, if like the famous one at St. Michaels, from which twenty thousand marketable oranges have been gathered, might be made to support a family as large as that maintained by the Santa Barbara grape-vine. A young seedling tree eleven years old, in the grounds of Mr. Craig of Pasadena, yielded last year three thousand bright, fair-sized oranges. But, fortunately or unfortunately, the fascination of orange-growing, the over-stimulus given to it by exceptional profits, has been checked by one of

the great retributive agencies with which Nature punishes the greed of man. *Large annual crops are obtained upon young trees at the expense of their vitality.* Devitalize a tree, and you invite parasitic growths, both animal and vegetable.

The orange loves shade and moisture; and while we were compelled to rear our trees in open sunshine, we doubled the dose of water, thus inviting the growth of a vast congeries of surface roots, at the expense of the deep tap-root and its ramifications. The fetted masses of these surface roots, continually torn by the plow and cultivator, could not bear their part in the elimination of healthy sap, and hence the constitution of the tree has become impaired. In the numerous diseased orchards of Los Angeles city and county there has been an enormous oversupply of water for years; and now that the better system of sub-irrigation has been introduced, it is believed that the markets

GLIMPSE OF AN ORANGE GROVE.

will no longer be flooded with inferior fruit. It is the belief of the most scientific observers, that the insect enemies of the orange do not infest the perfectly healthy trees. An intelligent culturist of Pasadena has not irrigated his orange-trees—Los Angeles seedlings—for three years, but has kept the ground finely cultivated; there is no perceptible difference in their growth or healthful condition and those of his neighbors who have pursued the usual practice. The test will be in the quality and quantity of the fruit produced.

All the deciduous fruits are grown to perfection in Pasadena, with and without irrigation; the catalogue ranges through the pomological alphabet, from A-pple to Z-isiphus, or the jujube. Irrigation is not necessary, especially if the trees have sufficient space to grow in, and are well cultivated; but it is well to have water at command, in case of a dry season. I gathered on the first of December several varieties of delicious grapes, late peaches, guavas of two varieties, persimmons, and strawberries. Our cherries and currants fruited abundantly last year. Tea grows fairly, coffee has proved a failure, and only the Cavendish banana ripens well in ordinary seasons. All varieties of the fig

bear well, but in this locality only a few have made a good commercial article of the dried fruit.

The check which the citrus interest has received from the fear of insect depredations, together with the inordinate cost of transportation, has tended to increase the acreage of the vine. Pasadena, a temperance colony in sentiment if not in profession, has planted the raisin and table grapes almost exclusively; while all around us are the great and ever-spreading feeders of the wine-press. It

LA BELLE CASCADE, SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, NEAR PASADENA.

is estimated that there will be over thirty thousand acres of bearing vines in Los Angeles County in 1884, and not less than two hundred thousand bearing orange and lemon trees. How this enormous production shall be made to reach the world's market is one of the vital problems for our people to solve.

The culture of the Malaga or Muscatel grape is comparatively new in this vicinity, and raisin-making is confined to three localities; viz., Riverside, Pasedena, and Orange. Both at Riverside and Orange the Muscat of Alexandria is the variety most used; and it must be confessed that the raisins produced

are not excelled in size or flavor by those of the central counties. The Pasadena raisin is made principally from a grape known as the Muscatel Gordo Blanco, which, in the opinion of Mr. West of Stockton, who studied it in Spain, is a distinct variety, from which the Dehesia and other superior grades of Malaga raisins are obtained. The raisins made by Dr. Congar and others from the Muscatel, show the true purple bloom of the Dehesias. Another special culture of Pasadena is that of the Sultana, or seedless raisin, so much in demand by confectioners, and also of the Zante currant. These are intended for Eastern markets.

Perhaps there is no locality in the United States more favorably situated for an extensive seed farm, like that of the Landreths of Philadelphia. Many eminent Eastern horticulturists have given the opinion that California must ultimately be the great seed-producing center, the climate being most

AN ORANGE AVENUE.

favorable, its dryness tending especially to favor the vitality of fruit and flower seeds. This is one among many openings for the enterprise of our new settlers.

What is now known as Pasadena includes two corporations; viz., the "Orange Grove Association," or the original Indiana Colony; and the "Lake Vineyard Land and Water Association," a thickly settled tract, upon which there is an orange grove covering two hundred acres, and also the orchards and vineyards of Messrs. Crank, Craig, Brigdon, Allen, and Kinney.

A new settlement, named Sierra Vista, from the noble view it commands of the majestic San Bernardino, makes a continuous line of small fruit-farms for a distance of nearly ten miles. Its eastern limit is Santa Anita, the princely estate of E. J. Baldwin.

Until recently, the higher foothills surrounding Pasadena have remained uncultivated. We loved to see the great patches of vivid coloring—blue of lupin, and gold of eschscholtzia—and to steal an hour in the rocky cañons to enjoy the ceanothus and manzanita in bloom. But all this is changed. Eastern capitalists, borne hither by a sure

instinct of gain, have bought the bee and bear pastures, and are bringing the water of remoter mountain streams to their residences. Already we look up to the hills and see the glimmer of lights at evening, where one year ago "Our Lord's Candlestick," the yucca, or Spanish bayonet, glorified the mountain solitudes.

But there are still unconquered regions for the naturalist and scenery hunter. A picturesque road, now little more than a trail, marks the old "penitencia," over which the friars walked to confession from San Fernando Ray to the parent Mission, San Gabriel. From it one may enter the heart of the wildest and ruggedest regions of the Sierra Nevada range, to find the sugar pine and douglas fir, snow plants on the flanks of Mt. San Antonio, and lily gardens everywhere. There, too, are cascades and trout streams; and within the year both deer and bear meat have been offered in our local market. But the fringes of the San Fernando valley are beginning to attract the army of home builders, and we hear of purchases at Morningside, again at Cocumongo; so that another decade will see the whole foothill region of the southern Sierra occupied.

To shorten this already too long account of a settlement, all of which is less than eight, and most of which is only four and five, years old, I will say that it has been a success, financially and socially. Land which cost the original settlers thirty-five dollars per acre, with their water rights, has increased tenfold in value. Choice central locations have brought one thousand dollars per acre. The population has increased in the same ratio. Pasadena products command the highest prices, and have won the highest premiums paid for collective exhibits at the fairs, not to speak of numberless trophies won by individual exhibitors.

A narrow-gauge railway is projected, to connect Los Angeles with Colton, via Pasadena, the Duarte, Azuza, and Pomona. This will ere long open another beautiful and fertile section to new associations, which will doubtless improve upon our model. But at least we have solved the problem how to secure the pleasures of rural life without its pains—to command both solitude and society. But we frankly acknowledge our inferiority to the "F. F. C.'s," in this: that we still have too much work and worry, and have not yet learned to bask in the pure sunshine, at peace with God, with Nature, and with ourselves. JEANNE C. CARR.

A LOGICAL SEQUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

It was the fault of the fog. The wind helped, to be sure, but it was the fog that began the trouble. Of course, the details cannot be given here. But this is what led to it, and how it all happened. It was somewhat late in the fall of the year; and the setting sun, breaking through the mist with which it had been struggling all day, was looking down upon that little suburb of the city of San Francisco commonly known as the Mission Dolores.

Like a rare smile or expression lighting up the face of an aged man, it kindled a brightness in the scene in which its departed youth and beauty seemed to come again. The wet pavements glistened in the light; the occasional trees—stunted and disheartened through constant struggles with the sand and wind—took heart and brightened up; the gutters, that had been flowing dark and sullen all day long, burst into a rippling smile; here and there the children ventured forth, laughing and shouting as though they half believed the rains were over and summer come again; and all along, the western windows glistened, and reflected back such

ruddy gleams of light against the radiant sky, that it seemed as if they fairly overflowed with warmth and cheerfulness.

But only for a moment. One by one the bright sunset colors faded from the sky; the far-off outlines of the western sand hills grew darker; the nearer rows of houses along Mission Street became a mere black background; the glowing windows turned chill and dark; the water forgot to smile; the street was silent; and with the coming on of night, came, too, a chill, bleak wind, that sent the shiver and the gloom of winter into everything.

Then the fog came rolling in again, and choked the sputtering street-lamps in its damp embrace. And it was in this that its wickedness began. How it rolled and settled round them, petulantly serious in its quarrel with their brightness! How it condensed and hung—a clammy blanket—over the windows' cheerful light! And how it sulked in the doorways, and blew its cold breath under and around the crevices of the doors, as if in defiance of the warmth and brightness shut up within!

It was small business, to be sure, for a respectable fog thus to give way to caprice. But this one happening upon a solitary policeman standing on a corner, pounced maliciously upon him, cuffed him lustily, blew in his neck, felt out searchingly the thin places in his wraps, blinded his eyes with the dewdrops on his lashes, and when it had fairly set him shivering with the wet and cold, found such pleasure in the performance that it fell to hugging itself on the awning above his head; and so tightly, that a little stream of water condensed on the irons, and went dripping slowly down his back. Settling round the feet of a hurrying pedestrian, it beguiled him into the muddy depths of a convenient pool; and catching his hat as he fell, shrouded and hid it so completely that the unfortunate man was fain to give up the search for it, and go on bare-headed, while the fog followed closely at his heels.

But the boldest thing it did was to dash shamelessly into the face of plump little Mrs. Butterfield, as she peered expectantly out into the street through the crack of her narrowly opened front door. And it so muffled and befogged her sense of vision as to beguile her into cautiously opening the door halfway; and in the end to reluctantly trusting her trim and neatly turned ankles to the treacherous sloppiness of the upper step, with the purpose of getting a better view. Whereat the fog crept stealthily into the passage, and, abetted by the wind from a passing draft, banged the door to against her with such sudden violence that in an instant it swept Mrs. Butterfield from the upper step, and unceremoniously shut her out of the house. Then, content with their mischief, these two blustering grumblers whirled mirthfully away, rolling and pitching and chasing each other over the housetops, all across the city.

But meanwhile, Mrs. Butterfield, having received from the door an impetus that lifted her unceremoniously out of the doorway, plumped excitedly down onto the second step, and from there impartially to the third and fourth; and only ended at the bottom, by plumping hysterically into the arms of an undersized man who was just commencing the ascent.

How that man came there, and how he came to get hold of Mrs. Butterfield just in the nick of time, has never been explained. But, in any case, it is certain that Mrs. Butterfield did fall in his arms. And a pretty considerable deal of pleasure she seemed to get out of it, too; especially when, after a great deal of puffing and blowing, and an apparently marvelous outlay of strength, she was carried bodily up the steps, and gently deposited in the hall by this breathless, pudgy-figured man who would have found his head just about the right hight to rest comfortably on her shoulder.

"Goodness gracious, Amos!" said Mrs. Butterfield, breathlessly. "How wet you are with the rain! Just look at my dress!"

And the dress was somewhat the worse for the weather, without a doubt. The skirt, even to a masculine eye, was undeniably crumpled and draggled; and a suspicious limpness and damp discoloration had followed the lines of his wet embrace.

"Well, well, Dollie, so it is," said Amos, slowly, turning down the bottoms of his pants, and shaking his feet to get out the creases. "But if little women will slide down their front doorsteps in the rain, they—"

"I wish you wouldn't tease me that way, Amos," said Mrs. Butterfield, with an effort at a frown on her dimpled face. "You know I don't like it."

"Well, I thought you *were* sliding, Dollie," answered Amos, looking up at her with a twinkle in his eye; "at least, when you struck me I thought so. But then I won't be sure about it. All I know is, that I have been fighting that fog all the way home, and that it has led me into one too many puddles for the good of my boots."

"Why, you poor boy, so it has," exclaimed Mrs. Butterfield, hovering around him with an occasional peck at his forehead, as the only place safely available at that moment for a caress. "Come right up-stairs and take them off; while I get you something dry. No: I'm going to do it myself. It's a pity if I can't do something sometimes for my husband," and the little woman bustled off with wonderful celerity.

It was a pleasant thing to watch Mrs. Butterfield as she trotted busily here and there: engineering the changes in her husband's toilet with matronly anxiety, and humming softly to herself as she set her yet youthful steps to minister to the wants of his more mature middle age. And then, having finished, to watch the business-like dispatch with which she whisked herself out of her damp, soiled dress, and into fresh, dry attire, letting slip, I fear, occasional startling glimpses of a pair of bewitching ankles and coquettish red hose, as she minded her feet, and shook off her own wet boots.

And it was no less pleasant to note how Amos, being called on by Mrs. Butterfield to assist in the operation, stood looking in helpless astonishment at the button-hook in his hand; and when just on the point of touching her foot, drew back as if afraid it were explosive, and he might touch it off: looking much, I imagine, as a bachelor might if he suddenly found himself alone on the street with a baby in his arms.

"Aren't they pretty, Amos? Don't they fit me well?"

"Why, yes," said Amos. "But what makes you get 'em so small? I can't make 'em come buttoned."

"Why, Amos! They must fit that way or they'd make my feet look big."

"O," said Amos, thoughtfully. "They wear 'em tighter than men. Halloo!"

"Why, what is the matter, Amos?"

"That button ought not to give that way," said the startled man, "had it? Look at it! It's come clear off in my hand!"

"O, you stupid fellow!" cried Mrs. Butterfield, with the severest kind of an attempt at a frown. You don't deserve to be a husband, at all. But how should you know about how a women dresses. You never had much experience in that line, did you, Amos?" and the little woman affectionately patted the bald spot on his head, and smiled on him from the hight of her superior knowledge.

He hadn't had much experience with women, this nervous, reserved, easily astonished Amos—so quiet, yet so full of pleasant sympathy; so dignified and severe in outer look, and yet so impulsive and so meek in heart. Childishly bashful, to a lonely boyhood had succeeded a more reserved manhood. And for the life of him he could not have told how he had been beguiled out of his shyness far enough to marry this woman of but half his age, who was now the bright presiding genius on his family hearth.

But he could have told you of the doubt and the fear that would come sometimes in the quiet of his heart, lest, in the disparity of their ages, the marriage might prove ill-assorted; of the uncertainty lest she, being so childish, might fail to find the lover-like intensity in his quieter devotion so necessary to the life of her happiness with him; and of the uncertainty that, with the trust and confidence of her childlike heart, had come the sacredness of love that would make him a necessary factor in her daily life.

And he could have told you how he had

struggled in secret with that thought through the first long months that had followed their marriage; and how he had doubted and yet hoped and prayed that she might fully learn to love him, as they looked shyly into each other's eyes, and waited silently for the coming and the touch of the little hand that he felt, if anything, would serve to bring them nearer; and then, when the hope had scarcely grown to a reality, and in the little hand and voice he had begun to find this new link of trust and happiness between their lives, how, almost before the little wife had regained her wonted strength, he had felt the tiny grasp slacken in his, the weak fingers slip and lose their hold, the little voice grow fainter in his ear, and the fluttering breath ebb softer, till at length it had died away, and left only a bitter silence in his heart.

But the memories did not die. There was a wonderful corner for echoes grew up in his heart. Echoes that came to brighten the shady future with the remembrance of that baby's sunny smile; that were gustily passionate sometimes in the intensity of their bitterness; but withal so friendly and so tender, so full of the compassionate sympathy of the divine friend of children to whom in his trouble he had confided his, that somehow the rustle of an angel's wings seemed now and then to get blended with the other echoes, and before these sounds his distrust and trouble vanished like a dream.

Perhaps it was a lingering murmur of these echoes that made him thoughtful as he watched the conclusion of Mrs. Butterfield's toilet, and the final rout of the refractory shoe.

"Are you ready for your dinner, Amos?" said the little woman, gayly. "I had the Chinaman keep it waiting. Why, gracious me!" she added slowly, "they've been waiting for us all this time! I declare, that slide bumped it clear out of my memory!"

"Then you were sliding, Dollie?" said Amos.

"Amos!" said Mrs. Butterfield, with so much severity in her tone that he hastily added:

"Who is it that's been waiting for us?"

"Why, the company, to be sure. Don't you remember the Tanquarys were to take supper with us to-night? And Mr. Tilley's here, too."

"And is Tom here?" said Mr. Butterfield, with a frown.

"No, but he's coming later. But why do you always speak that way of Tom, Amos?"

"Because I don't believe in him, Dollie. He keeps bad company, and is careless and reckless, if he is not something worse."

"Why, Amos, you don't mean that there's anything really bad about Tom? You keep him in the office."

"Yes. But it's only for his father's sake. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't have him in the house a day. It isn't that he's slack in any one thing particularly, but there are so many little things, that I distrust him."

Mrs. Butterfield had stopped stock-still, and was nodding her head again and again in dumb and pitying reflection; pursing up her lips, and lifting her pretty eyebrows as she looked through and through him in the course of her abstraction.

"I should hate to hear that Tom had got to be a hoodlum," she said at length, thoughtfully. "Why, he and I were children at school together, Amos."

"And not so very long ago, either," he answered, with a quiet smile.

"And he's just about my age. Just about half as old as you, Amos. How much older are you than Tom?"

"About a century, if you count by experience. I am afraid there'll be more men than me that'll shake their heads over Tom before he gets to be as old as I am," replied Mr. Butterfield, severely. "I have very few good words to say for him myself."

Mrs. Butterfield turned and laid her hand upon his arm. There was a troubled look in her face, and she stood as if she would have asked him something. Yet even then she was not able, and stood looking earnestly at him in a sober silence.

"What is it, Dollie?" said Amos, drawing his arm around her.

"Nothing, Amos," with her head on his

shoulder, and her hand fumbling nervously with his coat front, "except that I thought a little of asking something of you."

"What is it, little woman?"

"Will you promise not to ask me for my reasons if I request you not?"

"Will I? Is there anything I would not promise to my wife?"

Ah, what indeed, with her loving eyes looking so appealingly into his, and her warm breath coming and going on his cheek!

"Amos, I think you might honestly show more charity and good feeling toward Tom than you do."

"And why, little wife?"

"That is the question I don't want you to ask me. But I know, I am sure, he is not wholly bad."

"Well, if you do, that settles it. But how do you wish me to treat him?"

"I wish you would try and bear with him when he annoys you, and not always look at the bad side there is to him. And I want you to try and feel, as I do, that under his roughness and his hoodlum ways there is a tender spot in his heart that is still innocent and pure. I am sure that with good influences he would make a good, an honest, yes, a noble man. And I know that if you set yourself to win his confidence, you will find in him a wealth of manliness and honor that you do not now suspect. I have found it. I—he thought a great deal of me, Amos, when we were both children together, and I think—I fear—he expected I would sometime be his wife. At any rate, Amos, I have seen his heart."

"I am sure, little woman, that had you told me this before I would not have spoken as I did," said Amos, gravely. "I had no faith in his ever making anything."

"Nor have I, Amos, unless he finds encouragement and help. But with these I do believe that we could save him."

She was so tender and so womanly in the earnestness of her belief, that her husband could not but have believed with her had he tried.

"And, Amos," she urged, trembling from head to foot in the excitement of her emotion, her head resting on his shoulder, and her eyes cast down, "think how happy we are together in our married life, and how bitter and miserable he must be in his loneliness."

Her appeal went to his heart.

"I will not forget it again, little wife," he said; "never, as long as I live."

He drew her closer to him, tenderly smoothed the brown hair, lifted up her face, and kissed the pleading lips. And as they passed out and down the stairs together, it would have been a harder and more callous heart that had not felt with him a swelling throat at the recollection of her innocent revelation, and that would not have been led with him, in the thought of her pure and womanly compassion, to bless her for her faith and tender charity.

Chapter II.

The four guests who were waiting in the parlor stood up to greet Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield as they entered, and accepted with gracious condescension all apology offered for their forgetfulness. Mrs. Tanquary, a tall, fretful, middle-aged lady with a juiceless face, and a serene assertiveness of manner that somehow carried the idea that her lack of conventional plumpness might be due to worry over her own and other people's affairs, bent primly, and smiled with the cordiality and precision of a spirit-level. On the other side sat her husband, a bald-headed man with a beaming face and subdued demeanor, who shook hands with Mr. Butterfield with all the heartiness and pleasure of an old acquaintance. Next him sat his daughter, a short young lady with somewhat plain features, who combed her hair straight away, and dropped it in a heavy braid down her back, and whose clothes were plainly patterned after her mother's prim recollections of departed girlhood; while at the same time a coquettish turn, and a bit of ribbon here and there, suggested that the young lady's own tastes had not altogether been consult-

ed in determining the nature of her style. The last of the guests was Mr. Tilley, a tall, languid young man, with a startling looseness and limberness in the joints, and a way of never looking any one steadily in the eye for more than a moment at a time—which last, perhaps, resulted largely from his bashfulness.

He was an amiable though timid young man, and having unguardedly found a seat next to Mrs. Tanquary, had for the half-hour just passed been trying to look interested and at home under the serious and somewhat critical nature of that lady's conversation, with the result of appearing undoubtedly as much in his native element as an elephant might if set down under an iceberg. It was with ecstatic relief, therefore, that he hailed this interruption, and at once improved the opportunity to put the length of the room between him and the depressing influence of that lady.

"Well, William," said Mr. Butterfield, who was still shaking Mr. Tanquary by the hand, "I hope I see you well. Alive, eh? Well, that's good, that's good. And how are you, Mrs. Tanquary? William, I shall have to take your wife out to supper. Tilley, see that you attend to little Maud. Look out there, though! Don't trip over that rug! William, my wife. Now, Mrs. Tanquary, if you please."

"There," said Mr. Butterfield, a moment later, when all had taken their seats. "Now we're all fixed, and comfortable; let's eat and be happy." And Mr. Butterfield took up his knife and fell to work, while the rest joined in with jovial good-will.

"Can I give you some of this jelly, Mr. Tanquary?" said Mrs. Butterfield, as the work of destruction commenced. "It is some I made myself."

"Ef you please," said Mr. Tanquary, with his mouth full.

"You didn't get such things when you and Amos roughed it in the mines, did you, Mr. Tanquary? You didn't have any little wives to look after you then."

Mr. Tanquary's face grew thoughtful, and he set down his knife and fork. He ventured a stealthy glance at his wife, and finding her otherwise engaged, leaned cautiously over toward Mrs. Butterfield, and said, in a subdued whisper:

"No, thank God!"

"Why, Mr. Tanquary," said Mrs. Butterfield, with a pretty pretense of being shocked, "aren't you ashamed to talk so about your wife?"

"Et ain't Mariar that I object to," said Mr. Tanquary, "so much as it is her temper. Sez I to Amos, 'Gimme Mariar without her temper, and you'll be givin' me an angel.' Let her sell that out at a sacrifice, and I wouldn't trade her fur a gold mine. But—well—she's never got well into the market in that line. It ain't that I suspeck my own judgment, or thet I wuz keerless in choosin'," he added, apologetically; "but wemen was somewhat skeerce in Marysville when I married Mariar."

But Mrs. Butterfield, with her usual directness, had already dismissed the subject from her mind; and having replenished Mr. Tanquary's plate, absorbed herself in her own.

"How Maud is carrying on with Mr. Tilley!" said Mrs. Tanquary, with well-assumed maternal anxiety, to Mr. Butterfield, and looking acidly at the first-named gentleman, who, having got the table between him and his previous tormentor, was becoming wildly happy in the relief of the escape, and who was now blushing and bobbing so under the more pleasing influence of Miss Maud that he scarcely found time to eat.

"O, well, that's all right, Mrs. Tanquary," said Mr. Butterfield. "You were young once yourself. Girls will be girls. Have some more meat, mother?" and Mr. Butterfield took up his knife.

"Maud, dear," said Mrs. Tanquary, in a soft, reproving tone, "don't speak quite so loud, dear."

"Mamma thinks we're as old as she is," said Maud, in an undertone, "and expects us to be as prim." And Mr. Tilley blushed to his ears, and nearly choked himself in the warmth of his approval of this sentiment; while Mrs. Tanquary tried to smile pleasantly, but froze the expression on the way.

"Maud is so boisterous," said Mrs. Tanquary to Mr. Butterfield, with an air of patient resignation that appealed plainly from all responsibility on her part, yet seemingly invited a gentle commiseration; "and yet I am constantly correcting her, too."

"That's so," said Mr. Butterfield, not exactly committing himself to either point in particular. "I have noticed that myself."

Mrs. Tanquary looked somewhat dubious.

"You will have some of the fruit, Mrs. Tanquary?" said Mr. Butterfield, suavely; "I think it is just tart enough for your taste."

"A little, thanks. But do you really think Maud too bold?" said Mrs. Tanquary, with much apparent anxiety.

"Not while she is looked after by such a watchful mother," answered Mr. Butterfield, with his politest air.—Did I forget to say that Mr. Butterfield was a lawyer? I think I did.

"You flatter me. But really, Mr. Butterfield, if there were no one to constantly influence her, don't you think that she would be a little bold?"

"Well—I—don't—know," said Mr. Butterfield, carelessly.

"Ah, Mr. Butterfield! tell me the truth. I know what you were going to say."

"What?" said Mr. Butterfield, who wasn't at all sure he was going to say anything.

"You were going to say that all women were too frivolous, and especially the younger ones; and that even the married ones flirt sometimes. You know it is so. You men will notice everything. Well, I suppose it is true. I can't help saying so; but if there's anything that's disgraceful in a married woman it is flirting. I have told Maud, again and again, that unless she stops it at once, that in the end it would ruin all the happiness in her married life. Now weren't you?"

Mr. Butterfield, not having made up his mind whether that was what he was going to say or not, but perceiving that the charge implied a somewhat gratifying degree of mental acuteness in himself, smiled knowingly, and intelligently nodded his head as a response.

"I knew it was so. And you are sarcastic now because you felt so too. Well, I can't deny it. You don't know how it has worried me, though. Why, I've fretted for months at a time over women I hardly knew, and warned them and their husbands, time and again, just because I didn't want to see them come to anything worse—and they always did have trouble with their husbands, too, afterwards; and even when your wife was a little girl, and going with my Tom, it used to worry me—though I knew there wasn't anything in it—for fear it would sometime make a trouble for her when she married—and though there was something in it, and my Tom hasn't got over it yet, I have always been glad that it never's made any trouble for Dollie, and I hope it never will. But then I don't suppose I ought to say anything to you about it, for I presume she never told you. Girls are all alike there, they never will tell anything of their feelings. Why, I suppose if you were to ask Dolly to-day if she had loved or did love my Tom, she'd tell you no, without stopping, and almost believe it herself."

"And do you think she does really?" asked Mr. Butterfield.

"Does?" said Mrs. Tanquary, lifting her eyebrows with malicious interrogation—"does what?"

"Does flirt with Tom," said Mr. Butterfield, gravely; and then, catching a glimpse of the malicious joy in Mrs. Tanquary's face, could have bitten his tongue off for having said it.

"Why, Mr. Butterfield! You didn't believe me, did you?" But Mr. Butterfield's manner remained so serious that Mrs. Tanquary felt that this was not enough in way of explanation. So laying her hand lightly on his arm, and speaking with an air of interested seriousness, she said:

"I did not say, Mr. Butterfield, that Dollie had been flirting with Tom. I only said that it was a disgrace that all girls, and some married women, would flirt with everybody. If I spoke about Dollie, it was only

because I knew you so well, and knew you were so much older than she, that you would judge lightly any little frivolities on her part, even while you know that the difference in your ages might make her wish for younger company when the first blush of the honeymoon had worn off. Of course, though, where a man marries his wife for love, and is certain that she cares for him, he don't care whether she has loved anybody else or not. I hope you think that Dollie is all right, Mr. Butterfield."

"I should like to have any one say that she wasn't," said Mr. Butterfield, pointedly, looking first at his wife and then at Mrs. Tanquary, as if he felt he had a cause of grievance somewhere, but couldn't locate it exactly.

It is impossible to say what Mrs. Tanquary would have said next, or how far this conversation might have gone; for at this moment the door bell rang, and the Chinaman ushered into the dining-room a beardless young man, who was closely followed by another in the same condition of smooth-faced adolescence. The first of these youths was arrayed in the tightest of tight trousers, and showed the lapels of his coat ornamented with the broadest of broad braids. He parted his hair well up, and puffed it out behind; while the slight protrusion of his chin and under-lip, and the scornful depression that lurked in the corners of his mouth, seemed somehow to carry the impression that he might be a little inflamed as to his ideas, and, in his own estimation at least, too good for this cold and unappreciative world.

His companion was shorter, and attired in a loud plaid suit, also cut tight, a red necktie, and an immense watch-chain that came out from under his coat in the region of his stomach, and stretched across till it disappeared in the vest pocket under his coat on the other side. He had the swaggering sort of positiveness that passes for knowledge of the world, combed his hair forward without any parting place, so that it largely hid his forehead, and emitted, as he walked, a faintly distinguishable odor of liquor and Chinese cigars.

"O, here he comes, at last!" said Mrs. Tanquary; "and he has brought Henry with him. We didn't know but you had found better company, Tom, you were so long coming. Thomas, this is Mr. Tilley; Mr. Tilley, my son."

Thomas Tanquary nodded distantly in acknowledgment of the introduction, as he turned toward his sister and made ready to sit down.

"Aren't you going to speak to Hank Thommasson, Maud?" he asked reprovingly.

Maud smiled pleasantly, and extended her hand in graceful recognition of Mr. Thommasson's presence, who lingered over it with such evident delight that a wild thrill of hatred shot through Mr. Tilley's susceptible frame.

"Move over, Maud, and give Hank a show to sit down," said Thomas, with kindly, brotherly direction. I think it was his intention to have made a place for Mr. Thommasson between his sister and Mr. Tilley, for he made a movement to that effect. Mr. Tilley blushed to his ears, and glared determinedly at his rival.

"Take this seat, Mr. Thommasson," said Mrs. Butterfield, placing a chair on the other side; "though I'm afraid Maud will have her hands full if she attempts to manage you both."

Mr. Tilley looked greatly relieved.

"You have met Mr. Tilley, Mr. Thommasson?" said Maud.

"I can't say that I've had that pleasure," said Mr. Thommasson, grimly; "but I shall know him now." Here the two gentlemen bowed stiffly, and eyed each other with mutual distrust.

"It is too bad," said Mrs. Butterfield, regretfully, "that you couldn't have got here sooner. The dinner is all cold."

"That's what I told Tom," said Henry, gravely. "I told him we'd better not come at all. Comin' so late, and then goin' right away again, don't look exactly right."

"But you're going to stay and spend the evening," said Mrs. Butterfield.

"Can't be done," said Thomas, briefly: "previous engagement."

"And pray, where are you going to-night, Thomas," inquired Mrs. Tanquary.

"Concert Garden," responded Thomas, shortly.

"But we would so much like to have you stay with us," said Mrs. Butterfield, regretfully.

"And so would we," answered Thomas, "but the Garden play and the beer's too good to get left on very often—eh, Hank?"

"You're a-talkin'," answered Henry; "and the girls ain't bad, nor the dancing either, are they, Tom?"

"Not if I know myself," said Thomas. The two young men stopped eating, and nodded knowingly to each other, as if the recollection of these æsthetic pleasures, past and to come, were something paramount to considerations of their dinner, but recovering, returned to their work with a new relish; while the remainder of the party fell back into much the quiet state of cheerfulness and hilarity that had marked them before the two friends' arrival.

Mr. Tilley alone remained uneasy, gloomily revolving matters in his mind, and glancing distrustfully at Mr. Thommasson out of the corners of his eyes. Mr. Tilley, to tell the truth, was not well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. He was much interested in Maud, and not a little jealous of Mr. Thommasson. As he listened to their conversation, the animation and attentive interest displayed by his rival, and the palpable pleasure derived therefrom by Miss Maud, served to render him positively downhearted. He turned his attention to the dessert, drank a large glass of water, half-choked himself in the attempt to swallow a mouthful of apple, and in his thoughts found food for moody reflection.

But later on, when they had all left the table and gathered again in the little parlor, being freed from close companionship with the cause of his unhappiness, and stimulated by the genial flow of general conversation, he felt his cheerfulness gradually return. He even ventured on familiar conversation with Mr. Thomas Tanquary, and insinuated himself so successfully into that gentleman's good graces as to call forth the high enconium that he was a "gentleman by blank," and that he, Mr. Tanquary, was glad he'd met him; coupled, finally, with the extension of a hearty invitation to share with them the fun at the Concert Garden that night, if he chose to come.

"The old lady and Maud'll go home by eight, and there'll be plenty of time for you to meet us then," added Thomas; to which conclusion Mr. Tilley heartily agreed.

"Aren't you gentlemen ashamed to be sitting here alone?" said Mrs. Butterfield, briskly. "Mr. Tilley, go and talk to little Maud. See, Henry has left her all by herself.

There was a shadow of a smile in Mrs. Butterfield's face as she watched the alacrity with which the request was obeyed; but it faded completely as she turned to Thomas and took the chair by his side.

"I wanted to speak to you a moment, Tom," she said hesitatingly, "about something I have heard." Her seriousness impressed him, and he looked at her narrowly before he spoke.

"Well?" he said finally.

"You will not be angry with me for saying it, will you, Tom? but I have heard something that has made me feel badly, because it affected you. I have heard that you were not doing exactly right, Tom; that you were getting a little wild; that you were not what you used to be when I first knew you, Tom."

He did not speak, and she went on hurriedly:

"I know I have no right to question your actions, and I do not mean to blame you; but do you really think it is right to your father and mother, and to—to us all, that you should do in this way?"

"Well, what is it that I've done?" he said defiantly.

"Not anything that is really bad, so far as I know, Tom; but there are a number of little things that are perhaps a little doubtful. Your going to the Sunday picnics so much, and then the way you spoke about the Concert Garden to-night, for example."

"Well, what is there bad about that?" said Thomas, sullenly.

"Do you think that you'd like to have your sister classed with the girls you meet in those places?" said the little woman, earnestly.

Again he was silent, and after a pause she went on:

"And do you think it teaches you to respect women as you ought? or that it leads you to any high belief in their purity or honesty?"

"Do you think you are just the one to talk to me about honor and honesty in a woman?" he interposed, with some bitterness.

For a moment she was too much agitated to speak. But recovering herself, she leaned forward and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"No one knows better than I do, Tom, the wrong that I have done you; but not even you know how much I have suffered for my thoughtlessness. But it is this very thing that gives me the right to speak to you as I do, and to feel an interest in your welfare. And though I am Amos's wife, and things are all so different, the very fact of my fault, and the way it has affected you, would always make me have a very tender spot for you in my heart."

"Who told you all this stuff," said Thomas, looking steadily into her eyes.

"I did not say that any one person told me," she answered.

"You might as well have said it," he replied, with a sneer; "for by the way your beloved husband is watching us, any one can see that he understands the little moral lesson I am getting. Even my angelic mother can't hold his attention."

"Tom! Tom!" cried the little woman, entreatingly. "How can you speak in that way? You know—you ought to know—that he knows nothing of my coming to you to-night, or of what we are talking about. Can you, do you think I would put you in such a position?"

"Well, where's the difference? You'll tell him all about it to-night after I'm gone, and he'll understand it then."

"It is indeed true," said Mrs. Butterfield, with some dignity, "that I keep nothing from my husband. But if it would make you better, Tom, and help you to do and be as I would like to see you, I would gladly promise to keep our talk a secret from him. Will you do it?"

"Well," said Thomas, with a little less surliness, "I don't want to promise anything definite; but I'll think about it. To tell you, honestly, Dollie," he said a moment later, with a sudden burst of frankness, "I don't mean to do anything bad, and somehow I don't feel as though I was such a very bad fellow. I run around with the boys and have a good time, but there's lots of worse fellows than me in the world. I do care for you, Dollie"—and there was a little quaver in his voice as he said it—"and I'd hate to have you think bad of me; but I do hate to be preached to, above all things in the world."

"I am sure, Tom, that I had no intention of 'preaching' to you in any way whatever. I know—I feel sure—that you never would do anything really wrong, and I will tell you that you have made me very happy in your promise to me to try. But see, they have all got quieted down since we came away, and I think they need waking up. Why, they've all disappeared except Henry and your mother—where is Mr. Tilley?" she asked volubly.

"And where is Maud?" said Mrs. Tanquary.

"Why, we're here," answered that young lady, coming out with her somewhat bashful companion from behind the lace curtains; but, at the same time, it would have been hard to tell which of them looked the most sheepish, though Mr. Tilley blushed the harder, by all means.

"Aha! what were you two doing in there all alone by yourselves?" exclaimed Mrs. Butterfield, archly.

"Why, we weren't doing anything at all, except talking," said Maud, trying to look unconscious, and getting redder in the attempt.

"Doing nothing is Maud's favorite occu-

pation," said Mrs. Tanquary, with cutting cheerfulness. "But I hope you will not lay it up against *us*, Mr. Tilley."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Maud, deprecatingly.

"Well, ladies, I'm sorry, but I guess we'll have to be going," said Thomas Tanquary, briefly. "Are you ready, Hank?"

"Comin'," said that worthy.

"Get your coat, then. Be at the Bartlett at eight, sharp," he added to Mr. Tilley, in a whisper.

"I'll be there," responded that gentleman, with an affirmative squeeze of the hand; and after making their adieux, the two friends departed.

Whether the loss of number served to diminish the flow of animal spirits, or what was the matter, I can't begin to tell. But certainly, after this the evening became less generally enjoyable. Maud and Mr. Tilley gradually settled into quiet conversation and enjoyment, and Mrs. Tanquary became more generally and unreservedly sarcastic; and it was not long after the return of the other gentlemen from the enjoyment of a social cigar that she suggested the immediate propriety of setting out for home.

"Where is your cloak, Maud?" said Mrs. Tanquary.

"I left it in the hall," said Maud; and she went out to put it on.

Now there was no one in the hall but Mr. Tilley. And as Maud's cloak was large and rather heavy, she had some work to get it on. And Mr. Tilley offered to help her. It took them quite a long while to get it turned right. And Mr. Tilley, in his anxiety to help, held it wide open with both hands. It was a very clumsy cloak. It seemed as if it were made so that it had to be held open. You couldn't get into it otherwise.

"There, that's right," said Mr. Tilley, "isn't it?"

"Wait till I get hold of my sleeves," said Maud.

Mr. Tilley patiently held out his arms; and as he stood behind her, he had to put it as far around her as he could, before he was sure that she really had it on. It was a wonderfully large cloak, and so—it wasn't any body's fault, unless it was in the making—Mr. Tilley had both his arms around Maud and the cloak together.

"There, is that good?" he said.

"Very good, thank you," said Maud, blushing.

"Maud?" called her mother, through the doorway.

"I'm all ready," said Maud, going into the parlor.

"It seems to be a good deal of trouble for you to get on your things," said Mrs. Tanquary, frigidly.

"Well, my cloak was mixed up some way inside of something else, and it took some time to get it out," returned Maud; and the matter dropped.

"I hope you will not think too much of what I said to you to-night, Mr. Butterfield," said Mrs. Tanquary, aside. "I noticed you watching Dollie when she was talking to Tom, and I saw then that you did not like it. But promise me that you won't do anything till you are sure concerning it, won't you? Good by."

"Of course," he said, with a puzzled air; "for I don't know of anything that I should do or act upon. Good by, Mrs. Tanquary."

But that night, in the quiet of his own chamber, when he came to think seriously over the events of the evening, he found that there remained a lingering shadow in his mind, that lifted his old doubts, and led over and over again to that same question he had before asked Mrs. Tanquary; and in spite of his attempts to carelessly ignore them, they came to worry him.

Chapter III.

It was a wonderful place for shadows, this home of Mr. Butterfield's. The man who sits beside his hearthstone and judges in the brightness of a happy past alone; the man who looks back toward his sunrise with a remembrance only of its gorgeous colors, and

whose youth comes to him only in the recollection of childish laughter, careless freedom, and tender mother love—knows nothing of these after shadows that fall upon a home. But the man whose sunrise was obscured by clouds; who has felt the lack of mother love and care; who has found his childish shoulders pushed to the wheel by the bitter strength of poverty and want; who has stood alone year after year, with no friendly hand to counsel or to guide him;—such a man finds himself forming stronger and more decided opinions than that other man; building up individuality, suspicions, self-reliance, egotism—primarily as fortifications—till in the end they surround him like a wall. And walls cast shadows.

Mr. Butterfield was an impulsive man. Sitting in the shadow of that old suspicion newly aroused, he felt indeed that it worried him; and after the departure of their guests, remained moodily before the fire engaged in earnest thought.

Mrs. Butterfield, too, was thoughtful, and without giving much attention to her husband's preoccupation, went to bed and to sleep. An hour later she suddenly awoke. In her sleep she had become conscious of some one being in the room. She looked. It was a figure that took and lost shape in the flickering light of the fire. She looked more closely, and recognized her husband. It appeared strange to her. Commonly, Mr. Butterfield was not in the habit of sitting up so late. She spoke to him.

"Amos, why don't you come to bed? What is the matter?"

Mr. Butterfield was startled by this sudden voice in the silence.

"Nothing," he said slowly; "I am coming."

This quieted Mrs. Butterfield, and she fell asleep again. Just after midnight she again awoke. Her husband was still sitting by the fire, and in the same attitude of weary thoughtfulness.

The next morning, beyond a slight heaviness of the eyes, he gave no outward indication of the uneasiness which had kept him up on the previous night. His mind was still confused; everything was vague and troubled, and even then, he could hardly have found a definite shape for the thoughts which troubled him. He ate his breakfast with a good appetite; turned aside his wife's inquiries with a few straightforward excuses; smoked a cigar; and went calmly away to his office. But when he went, he did not kiss his wife as was his wont. It may be he forgot it.

There was no one at the office when he reached it. Tom had not yet arrived, and it remained unswept, and littered with the papers and dirt of the day before. He passed into the back room, and mechanically took off his overcoat and hung it on a nail. Taking some papers from an alcove, he spread them, together with several dusty leather-covered books, open on his desk; then, as a thought struck him, forgot them, and stood absently beside them, though still turning over the pages as if at work. Suddenly he started.

"Pshaw!" he said. "It is foolish in me to bother with it. I won't think of it any more." And sitting down, he began in earnest the study of the papers on the desk before him.

It was an interesting case. A man dying, had left by will a certain sum of money to a charitable institution. But in drawing the will, the name of the institution had been in some way confounded with that of another institution; so that a portion of the name of each appeared on the face as legatee. Each claimed the bequest, and hence the point in issue. It was apparently an easy case, the only question being as to the meaning of a few short words. He sought out several references on this knotty point, but did not seem to find exactly the one which covered the case in issue. He got up and searched his library for other authorities bearing on the same subject. But as he pored over their pages, he recognized the fact that he was lingering and puzzling over little things that ordinarily would have yielded readily to his active mind. But he only said to himself, "I am not feeling well," and went doggedly on with his work.

He commenced at the beginning, and went over the whole case again and again, with careful, tedious steps; but sooner or later some little extraneous thing would suggest a thought that startled him into a recognition of the prior occupation of his mind, and forced upon him the reality that he was thinking of his own old trouble, and not of his present work. But with pitiful perseverance he kept on reading and trying to think, till, having repeated to himself the same phrase again and again till the words had become entirely senseless and unmeaning in the annoying struggle to make his mind perform its function, he said out loud:

"It all depends on the interpretation of those few words."

The sound of his voice startled him out of his stupor.

"What few words?" he asked himself, hurriedly. Then his mind returned to the case he had been considering, and he smiled to think how he had betrayed himself into putting into words the undercurrent of his thoughts.

He no longer attempted to study, but leaned back in his chair and endeavored to collect his thoughts. But while he was conscious that he had received a heavy blow, he could not formulate with any clearness the shape that the blow had taken. He looked at the situation, and while he could not but feel that it was one which had before occurred to him as possible, he felt that it had come to him with an unexpectedness that made it at least grotesque, almost impossible.

Up to this moment, however, he had deceived himself. He had forced himself to believe that it was all a mere transient suspicion, that would pass away as others had done before. Now he felt keenly that he was no longer master of the situation, and must, whether he would or not, give his mind to the consideration of this thing.

"What is it? What is it that she told me?" he asked himself, stupidly, as if half asleep. "Did she say that my wife had been flirting with Tom? Is it true that I have not made her happy? What am I to do?" These thoughts kept moving through his mind with such bewildering confusion that he was fain to shut his eyes and lean back his head, in the hope of bringing them to order in the darkness. He felt nothing clearly but his pain.

Finally, point by point, he felt an order coming out of all this chaos. Groping dimly with this overwhelming torrent, he felt that he was rising to the surface. Not that he was free—that he saw how to act; but that he had lifted his head above the danger, and could begin to catch his breath.

He began by going carefully over the statements made to him by Mrs. Tanquary, and by sounding the depths of her vague insinuations. She had said that Dollie still cared for Tom. She had said that she was still flirting with him. But did she say that? She certainly meant that. And now that this point was settled, was it really so?

He thought of the old suspicions as to whether she fully loved him. He thought of her own confession that she had once loved Tom. He remembered—O, too readily remembered—the thousand little familiarities that he had noticed between them. It came to him that only the night before he had noticed their earnest talks, and the free way in which she had laid her hand on his arm, and taken his hand in parting; and with it, the suspicion grew into a defined belief.

But what was the extent of this belief? Was it simply that his old suspicions were confirmed? That he was sure that he had failed in making her life happy? And was this all? And was she yet innocent?

"My God! if I could but think so!" he said passionately.

But this could not be all. If it were so, why did Mrs. Tanquary tell him to be watchful? And for what should he watch, except for something wrong? And then, too, could a married woman be as free as she had been with a man whom she had confessed at least once to have loved, and yet be innocent? No: she was not all innocent.

But how guilty? He shuddered at the bare thought of testing it. And then, suddenly, almost without intention, the thought leaped up into his mind:

"Has she been unfaithful?"

It blinded him so that for the moment he grasped his forehead with both hands, as if to stop it, and convulsively caught his breath.

Then his mind as indignantly repudiated it, and he fairly laughed to think that such a thought had even occurred to him; but it was a laugh that would have frightened any one who heard it. Then he suffered his mind to return to this question again: gravely now, and trembling as with terror. And he said to himself, with pitiful assurance:

"I know that it is not so—that it cannot be so; but I will look at it—I will examine it—and I will prove that it is not so."

Why is it, that having once allowed the possibility of the superior limit of a crime, it forever shuts out the belief in the commission of anything less than that limit. It is as unfortunate as it is true. This man was no exception. His inclination, his feelings, his hopes, all turned the other way; but the idea of unfaithfulness having once got possession of his mind, he could not rid himself of it.

"But," he said finally, "admitting all this, what have I gained by it."

He felt that after all this struggle he had yet accomplished nothing. He groped helplessly among the facts in his mind, and found that he had really avoided the main issue. His stupor seemed to increase. He felt everything in confusion, and leaned listlessly back in his chair. An hour passed in this way.

Then again he took possession of himself. He rose and walked heavily to and fro across the room, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him. This woman had wronged him—at least he felt a fear that she had wronged him. He suspected her. How should he verify his suspicions? He looked closely, and was conscious that the happiness of two persons hung trembling on his decision: that her future certainly, and probably his own peace of mind, were to stand or fall in accordance with the way in which he should settle this matter with himself. He trembled at the responsibility, but he could not shirk it. How should he verify this suspicion? It seemed to him only by questioning. And whom should he question? Why, his wife.

The thought came to him like a revelation. Why had he not thought of it before? He would ask his wife: she would tell him the truth; she would deny this horrible accusation; she would prove to him her innocence; she would show that she still loved him; and everything would be made right. He breathed a deep sigh of relief. He even took down his overcoat, and grasped his coat sleeves as if in preparation to put it on. He would go home at once. He would settle this matter without further delay. But stop. Was he right in being so hasty? He had settled the matter in his own mind: why not wait till his regular hour for returning, and then ask her quietly, without arousing her suspicions that he was over-interested in the matter. This seemed to him the most sensible plan. And as long as he was sure that the matter was really settled, what difference could there be to him in the item of an hour, more or less, of time? His wife would tell him the truth. He hung the overcoat up again, and even hummed a little tune. A great burden had been lifted from his heart. He picked up the morning paper and commenced to read. Presently he found that it did not interest him, and that he was still meditating on what had happened.

"Let me think," he said slowly: "what is it that I am going to ask her?" He found the question hard to formulate in words, and tried it again and again.

"At any rate," he contented himself with concluding, "I shall know the truth."

But would she tell him the truth? He stopped humming his tune, and sat down slowly. It was a new possibility. What reason had he for believing in her telling him the truth? If she had gone so far as to forget her vows, and dishonor his name, would she hesitate to lie to the man she had deceived? The possibility struck him mentally dumb. He could not speak to himself concerning it. It crushed him—ground him into atoms; but it convinced him. He would not ask his wife.

What, then, should he do next? It would doubtless have been more godlike, more heroic, if he had determined to keep the matter to himself, to suffer in silence, to go on with his life as if nothing had happened, to take all the misery for his own portion, and leave all the happiness as hers; but Mr. Butterfield was only a man. He did think of all this, but he thought also of himself. He reviewed his whole life, from the time when he had formed his earliest manly resolves till the present moment, and he found there two fixed purposes: to build up a home and a name for himself; and to care for the happiness of the woman whom he should call his wife. He went over his conduct toward her, step by step. He asked himself with rigid self-scrutiny if he had not done his duty by her as a husband. He strained his memory to think of one hard word that had ever passed between them. He assured himself that he had not been sparing of his time or means in caring for her comfort. He knew that he had been true to her in every thought and act. And with it all came an ever-deepening sense of the injury she had done him. To promise to be true and faithful; to meet him, day after day, with kisses and caresses, only because she could so ward off his suspicions; to eat of his salt while she betrayed him to his enemy; to lie by his side while that she dreamed only of some other;—it was the fear of this that maddened him.

He felt the blood throb in his temples, and carrying his hand to his forehead, he found it feverish and dry. What should he do with this woman? If he should find it to be true, could he bear it all in silence? He pictured to himself what his life would be if he did. He thought how he could stand outside of himself, and watch her acting unsuspected. How, his purpose unknown, he could probe the depths of the secret in her heart by casual words and hidden meanings, till perhaps she would be driven to confession and remorse. But then he recollected that he would have to be ever near her, to feel her touch upon his hand, to have her head upon his shoulder, her kisses on his lips; and the thought sickened him. No: he could not bear to leave the matter in suspicion. He must make an end to it. He must settle it somehow, or he could never live with her again.

It was a relief to him to come to this decision. It was something tangible in all this disorder. He took advantage of the respite to stretch himself, rise, and walk slowly about the room. He did not look disturbed outwardly. To one who knew nothing of his mental condition, he would have appeared as much at ease as was usual with him. But for all that, his mind was still strung tensely, and sooner or later it led him back to the conflict that lay before him.

But if he was to know the truth, how was he to go to work? The only ones who knew of this affair were Tom, Mrs. Tanquary, and his wife. If he would question, he must question one of these. And if he must question one of these, would not his wife, after all, be the one most likely to give him the proper information? He caught desperately at this straw, and he sought eagerly within himself for something in further justification of it. He knew his wife better than he knew either of the others. That certainly was an advantage. Did he not know her well enough to be able to tell when she should answer falsely? It certainly seemed as though he ought to.

"It may be well to ask her, after all," he said to himself.

Almost without consciousness, he took the overcoat again from its nail, and this time he put it on. He did not tell himself that he was going home. Indeed, the purpose was not definite in his mind. But when he had buttoned it around him, he took his hat in his hand, and passed mechanically into the front office. Unlocking the door, he opened it and went out into the hall; and from there, with bent head and the entire air of a man wrapped up in earnest thought, he moved measuredly down the steps, his feet sounding with the steadiness and quiet regularity of a soldier's tread.

WARREN CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SYBIL: A STORY IN SONNETS.

"Sybil," he wrote, "the memories of your eyes
  Haunt me forever through laborious days,
  Like stars that o'er some city's toilful ways
In luminous chastity serenely rise.
Ah! cruel your proud reluctance, that denies
  My right from wearying poverty to raise
  The duteous womanhood I best can praise,
When praise in silence reverently dies.
O, take the allegiance that my passion yields,
  Its boundless tenderness, its guarding care:
  Take all that I so loyally yearn to give;
For ah, stray rose! if lured from pastoral fields
  You would but blossom in terrace or parterre,
  By sweet, irresistible prerogative."

There in the humble plainness of her room,
  She read this longing language many a time,
  And felt its cadences make murmurous chime
Through all her desolate heart's persistent gloom.
For death, of late, had swept with wings of doom
  Her spirit, as wind from some wild, polar clime
  Sweeps a young, shivering stem, and mars with rime
The fragrance and fragility of its bloom.
A boyish brother, whose long-flickering strength
  Her needle's faithful task had yearly fed—
  Last of poor Sybil's kin—had left her now;
And in the immense grave hospital, at length,
  Her sorrowing eyes, above one quiet bed,
  Had showered hot tears upon an icy brow.

Full often, it chanced, her vigil to beguile,
  One face would beam upon her pale distress;
  One pitying voice of mellow gentleness
Her tremulous dread with cheer would reconcile.
Yet Sybil heard not, through this anxious while,
  The calm young doctor to his thought confess,
  That though of lowlier station, still, no less
By love she had made him bond-slave to her smile.
And when, all pain being past, the boy lay dead,
  He told this fervent love with simple speech
  That Sybil's fluttering pulses made sublime.
Yet always, from that day, she had firmly said:
  "My place is lower than you can stoop to reach;
  Your place is loftier than I dare to climb."

But now, while reading his devotional strains,
Where tender suppliance battled with despair,
"I was not reared in ignorance, and I bear
No menial blood," she mused, "amid my veins.
His fetters would, at best, be flowery chains,
And bind him lightlier than though wrought of air.
Perchance I am wrong, and would but help him there,
In the great clamoring world whose praise he gains."
And while her generous love, that feared to cast
One shadow upon his future, mused unseen,
A summoning knock fell sharp against her door.
And presently across the chamber passed
A cold-eyed lady, with imperious mien,
And draperies of dark silk that swept the floor.

For moments that to Sybil were not fleet,
The lady, amid calm silence, chose to stand,
Nor heeded that the girl, with courteous hand
Had timorously motioned toward a seat.
She looked a woman at whose prosperous feet,
In realms where sumptuous fashion had command,
Serene assemblages of flatterers bland
Might often kneel, obsequiously discreet.
Beside the aquiline curves of her proud face,
In vivid contrast with its haughtier mold,
Gleamed Sybil's, oval, delicate, pale of hue,
And dowered with one illuminative grace
Of large deep-glimmering eyes, that seemed to hold
Italian twilight in their virginal blue.

And soon low, gradual words of latent scorn
Fell heavy on Sybil's heart, like drops of lead.
"I, Florian Marlowe's aunt," the lady said,
"Would save him from a marriage he can but mourn
When time retributively shall have borne
Sackcloth and ashes in love's fairer stead,
And life has left, with every petal shed,
The ruined rose beside the undying thorn.
For though he deems it now a trivial thing
To dare the barriers of encircling caste,
And smile contempt at birth's majestic claim,
Yet would the folly of such alliance bring
Regret from the irremediable past,
To taunt him in harsh mockery with your name."

She paused a moment, and her murmur stern
Took softening tones, like marble touched with sun;
"He has told me, Sybil, that you blent in one
Sweet culture with the beauty I now discern.

And yet, he is not a man to lightly spurn
The achievements that ambition had begun.
He, from his wife, in bounteous union,
Fresh influence and augmented wealth should earn.
In you he gains no shadow of either good,
But links his fortunes to a lowlier state,
And loves the manacle that forbids release.
Yet you could shatter his bondage if you would;
You bear within your grasp his future fate,
To ruin or save it at your own caprice.

"Still, if renunciation easier seem,
Or sacrifice take coloring less intense
By reason of any worldly recompense,
Then I would give"—but here one eloquent gleam
Lit Sybil's look, where seldom burned a beam
So passionate in its vivid violence;
While even a certain sweet magnificence
Clothed her slight stature, born of pride supreme.
"Spare me the insolent mockery," she cried,
"Of deeming that your wages might control
My loyalty thus!" But now she backward drew,
Grown suddenly tranquil-browed and tender-eyed,
And murmuring soon, "If you could see my soul,
Your shame, I am sure, would make me pardon you.

"Heaven knows I would not mar his future lot!
A hundred times ere now he has heard me say
What severing interspace between us lay,
And how, though loving him, I would wed him not.
But you shall carry him, from this very spot,
A letter of mine, inflexible to slay
All future hope, and counseling in cold way
That love should be irrevocably forgot."
Then Sybil wrote, with fleet, impetuous pen,
And gave the letter, saying, in shaken voice,
To her who had waited while its pages grew,
"I pity, indeed, all women and all men
Who move amid that grand world of your choice,
If none are wrought in kindlier mold than you!"

Then Florian's aunt, vouchsafing no reply,
Passed from the humble room with step austere.
Her lip revealed one set, indifferent sneer,
Though some vague mellowing luster filled her eye.
For Sybil had found the power to vivify
Forgotten feelings, dead through many a year,
Ere yet this women had chosen to revere
Nothing save lordly wealth or lineage high.

She governed now her small patrician clan,
Shrunk daintily from all life's intenser claims,
Dyed deep in arrogant pride her lightest deeds,
And living amid a land republican,
Made all her thought one satire on its aims,
One cold defiance of its exalted creeds.

Yet in her being a warmth had come to dwell,
Deep-sunk, as though a jewel amid gross clay.
Love, like a sun-shaft through a vault's chill gray,
Across her soul with radiant softness fell.
She had learned to love unutterably well
Her one child, Ellinor, in whose nature lay
Nothing of that stern pride with baleful sway
Deadening her own heart with its dreary spell.
On Ellinor, gentle as the south wind's breath,
Frail as the fern that quivers to its low sigh,
Gazing of late, she had mused, with clouded brow:
"The girl for years past had been watched by death;
She loves her cousin Florian; she would die
If envious fate should steal him from her now!"

But Sybil, since the estranging lines were sent
Whose firm severity should make certain end
Of hope hereafter, still toward hope would tend,
As day with day monotonously blent.
And poignant was her gathering discontent
That Florian should at least not reprehend
The dictatorial letter she had penned,
Nor answer it with some vague acknowledgment.
Thus, woman-like, poor Sybil at heart rebelled
Against the vetoing change her own hand wrought,
While each inanimate day bore new regret;
And sometimes, o'er the needle-work she held,
Gaunt poverty, like a silent guest unsought,
Stole in to gaze with eyes of glittering threat.

And now it fell that on a certain eve,
While home through dusk she hastened, weary at heart,
Some common vehicle swept with headlong dart
Round the near curb ere Sybil could perceive
The abrupt, close turn it hurried to achieve,
And from such imminent peril backward start.
The alert horse plunged aside, but the rude cart
Flung her toward earth—a sight to thrill and grieve.
Then came blank darkness, deadening every gleam
Of sense; and when she again woke, days had fled,
And slowly a great cloud from her brain seemed rolled,
And murmuring to her vague thoughts, "Do I dream?"
She saw, in dubious outlines, by her bed
A slender girl with hair like nebulous gold.

Nor many hours had passed ere Sybil knew
That Ellinor Marlowe lingered at her side;
That while she had lain amid a sudden tide
Of swarming gazers, Florian's carriage drew
Toward the dark throng, and that in one swift view
Her white immovable face had been descried.
"Since then," said Ellinor, with sweet smiling pride,
"Together we have faithfully tended you.
This is my mother's home," she further said,
Although for years it has been Florian's too.
He has seemed a brother to me all my life;
But now," she added, coloring rosy-red,
And with mellifluous voice, like a dove's coo,
"In one more month I shall be Florian's wife."

* * * * * *

This month, while passing, brought to Sybil's frame
Fresh hardihood that stealthily appeared.
But since the malady from her brain had cleared,
Florian, in these new days, no longer came.
With Ellinor's mother it was even the same;
And Sybil, as her departure slowly neared,
While marveling at their double absence, feared
To trust her tremulous lips with either name.
So the days went, and love for Ellinor, born
Of many tender sympathies, did not fail
To assert in Sybil's heart its soft command;
And now, her sweet nurse being away, one morn
A letter was brought to Sybil, who turned pale
On seeing it was written by Florian's hand.

And thus the letter ran: "I think you have learned
That Ellinor and myself will shortly wed.
And yet I have found that by one furtive dread
Life to perpetual discontent is turned.
O, Sybil! at first I resolutely spurned
The thought that in my deep love's loftier stead
You had taken, then, as Ellinor's mother said,
A bribe so easily and so basely earned.
Answer me: am I proven a senseless dupe,
Fooled as my aunt nefariously might please?
Or did you indeed sell love for sordid hire?
Answer me: could your love thus meanly stoop?
Has forgery shaped the lines I send with these,
Or is my hope mere shadow of my desire?

"I swear to you, that if she has aimed with lies
To entrap me, and so cloud my fairer fate,
I shall unfalteringly repudiate
What craft has fashioned, though poor Ellinor dies!

Tear from the truth all possible disguise!
If innocent, speak the word for which I wait,
Ere love's compliant hour be found too late,
And my one chance of heaven forever flies!"
Then Sybil, in consternation and dismay,
Read forgery of her writing and her name,
As though some hideous other self spoke clear,
Planning for gross reward to barter away
All sweet irrefutable future claim
Toward that high love held so divinely dear.

Now while she stood, by sorrow and anger stung,
A woman appeared amid the room, low-bent,
With haggard face whose every lineament
By some commandant agony had been wrung.
From eyes yet radiant, if no longer young,
Heavy and slow, the infrequent tears' descent
Mocked the self-continence that of old had pent
All feeling and passion it abode among.
And Sybil, who knew the face, though altered much,
Prouder when last its frigid lines were seen,
Cried out, while she impetuously recoiled:
"Till my death hour, from you and from all such,
Past power of human utterance false and mean,
I shrink, as one who fears being darkly soiled."

Then she, half groveling, and with shaken tone,
Sobbed out: "I have sinned, yet in another's cause.
My saintly Ellinor, whom no evil flaws,
Was dying, and I could save her—I alone.
So close round Florian's life her life had grown,
To part them was to have shattered sacred laws.
My immense love bade me act: I dared not pause;
For Ellinor's holy sake my heart grew stone.
But now he accuses me, and boldly hints
My forgery of that letter, through some hand
Expert in such low treacheries, and declares
That if I am guilty he will trace the prints
Of all I have done, like footsteps upon sand,
To ruin at last my uncompleted snares.

"O, Sybil, I merit his contempt and yours!
'Twere just, indeed, to avenge this monstrous ill,
And make, at your retaliatory will,
My doom the bitterest of discomfitures.
Yet ah! the resolute justice that secures
Defeat to me beyond all doubt must kill
The innocent breast that such high virtues fill,
The unsullied heart where such fond faith endures.

Though me your righteous wrath would never spare,
Leave not that lily of sinlessness to lie
Mown cruelly down by such disastrous doom.
Let Ellinor live! Be great, and grant my prayer!
Be noble, and save her!" Then, with one quick cry,
She paused—and Florian stood within the room!

So, face to face at last, each deadly white,
Florian and Sybil met, and from his gaze
The love that eloquence has no art to phrase
Leapt with deep, wistful tenderness into sight.
Then Florian murmured: "Have I guessed aright?
Speak the one vital sentence that allays
All doubt forever, bidding hope to upraise
Such buoyant wings as bear a bird toward light!"
But ere his vehement outburst was complete,
A treble of silver laughter pealed near by,
And Ellinor, clad in bridal-robe and pearls,
Came gayly amid the room, as blithe and sweet
As when some beauteous child, beneath warm sky,
Goes dancing along, with daisies in her curls.

Then, seeing both Florian and her mother there,
Ellinor, with maiden blushes, backward drew.
But Florian, while his pale face paler grew,
Looked only at Sybil, speaking with strange air
So faintly that she at first was ill aware
What words he had uttered. "Is this vile tale true?
Answer me once for all, I adjure of you!
O, woman, in God's name, answer if you dare!"
But then, so low that Florian might not hear,
Pleaded his aunt: "Ah, heaven! You see her now,
Radiant with happiness! Be great, and spare!"
And Sybil gazed on Ellinor standing near,
And saw beneath its vapory veil her brow,
Ethereally, angelically fair.

Then Sybil, in one brief interval of time,
Chose her alternative at the bitter price
Of peerless bravery and self-sacrifice,
Of martyrdom unfalteringly sublime.
Like one back-driven from what he fain would climb,
Twice did she essay to speak, and wavered twice;
And then, while all her quivering blood turned ice,
She said: "'*Tis true; I am guilty of this crime!*"
Even thus, while Florian turned in sad disdain,
Her noble lie sprang forth, past gathering tears,
To endow another's life with happy days;
And she, though stricken at heart with awful pain,
Was glad through all her being, as he that hears
Far mighty murmurings of seraphic praise.

* * * * * *

Ah, beautiful valor, lighting with pure ray
  Humanity's darkness, as dawn lights the sea!
  To have been as this one frail girl, is to be
Heroic in fortitude's divinest way.
Not the quick hot act amid wild affray,
  However glorious, touches in degree
  The white nobility of her deed. For she
Gave fortune more than a life as precious prey.
And now, while years move past with laggard pace,
  In patient calm she endures, not loth to die,
  Since fate's one costlier gift has flown her grasp,
And since her being is, like some vine's green grace,
  Flung cruelly prostrate, while it sees near by
  The bough its lissom foliage longs to clasp.

But still her life knows hours of sacred ease,
  When thought of her own godlier self-control
  Roams the memorial twilights of her soul,
Like some melodious and balsamic breeze.
Deeply remedial are such hours as these—
  Nearest all human joy's accomplished goal—
  The best wherewith all centuries, while they roll,
Have power to indemnify us and appease.
For self-denial is mystically made,
  Its heaviest loss with golden profit blent.
  And this one woman, as long as she may live,
Shall feel pain, labor, and poverty repaid
  With holy annuities of rich content,
  Simply yet wondrously remunerative.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A FAMOUS FILIBUSTER.

The wildest dreams of the most infatuated and most imaginary of the supporters and followers of Aaron Burr and Harman Blennerhassett, in their extraordinary scheme in the early part of the century to conquer Mexico, and there establish a rival republic to the United States, never reached the scope and audacity of the much more modern schemes which had their origin in the formation of the "Lone Star" Association of 1848, and found their unfortunate exemplification and final tragical conclusion in the Lopez-Crittenden invasions of Cuba in 1850 and 1851, in the filibustering expedition of Watkins and Walker in Lower California and Sonora in 1853 and 1854, and in the attempted conquest of Nicaragua by Walker, from 1855 until his own pitiful death in Honduras in 1860. Nor is there anything more remarkable, in some aspects, than the change of popular sentiment which had connection with all these various schemes from the first to the last. That which Burr and Blennerhassett designed was in great measure the redemption of Mexico from the yoke of Spain, and the change of its form of government from an oppressive and exhausting monarchy to independent nationality under

republican rule, similar to that established in the United States. But this design was, nevertheless, then viewed as treasonable by the American Government, and by the great majority of the citizens of the republic; albeit Burr was finally acquitted of that capital crime after protracted trial, in 1807, at Richmond, Virginia, notwithstanding the great efforts of the Government to convict him.

All similar schemes, if there were any which had form or substance, slept, or never made their way to active development, until after the war with Mexico, although the movement which commenced in 1831, and ripened in 1836 in the declaration and establishment of the independence of Texas, after four years of warfare, seemed at times to contemplate practically that which Burr had aimed at. But from the defeat and capture of Santa Aña at San Jacinto, in 1836, until the organization of the Lone Star Society in 1848, there was no planned movement in any portion of the United States to invade, war upon, and possess any of the contiguous or adjacent territory of Mexico, or of the dominions or islands of other governments in the Gulf of Mexico or in the Pacific Ocean. That society was the irregular outcome of the Mexican War, and as that war had been fought and won mainly by the men of the South and West, it was in that combined portion of the Union that the Lone Star organization found membership and support. It contemplated not only the American possession of Cuba, to be wrested from Spain as Texas had been wrested from Mexico, by force of arms, but also the seizure of the Sandwich Islands by similar invasion and force. Its first demonstration was that made by Narcisso Lopez, a Venezuelan, who had served with distinction in the armies of Spain in the West Indies, and his small following of American adventurers from the Southern States, in 1850, upon Cuba, which was promptly repulsed. The larger expedition of the following year met with more disastrous fate; of the four hundred and fifty who landed with Lopez, only to be easily captured, fifty were mercilessly shot to death as incendiary invaders, and Lopez himself was subjected to ignominious garotte. Among the victims who were shot, with their backs to their executioners of the Spanish-Cuban army, was the son of John J. Crittenden, the eminent Kentucky statesman, then Attorney-General and member of President Fillmore's Cabinet, a young man of brilliant talents and great promise. The fatal ending of the Lopez expedition ceased the schemes of the Lone Star organization, and the conduct of the American Government effectively prevented further demonstrations of the kind in all that division of the Union east of the Rocky Mountains.

The filibustering of the subsequent period, from 1853 until 1860, had for its foothold and base of operations our own State of California in the main, although Walker's last attempt upon Nicaragua received encouragement and material aid almost entirely from the South, with New Orleans as the port of recruiting and departure. Besides the schemes of Walker, either distinctive or in connection, were those of Colonel H. P. Watkins, in 1853, against Lower California; of Count Raoussett Boulbon, in 1854, against Mexico, under the protection of the Mexican Consul at San Francisco, to engage in the internecine war caused by Santa Aña's reasserted dictatorship; and of Colonel Frank S. Lemon, in 1855, with five hundred Americans, against La Paz, by invitation of Alvarez and other insurrectionary Mexican leaders ambitious of place and power. All these, as well as Walker's, ended in reverse, defeat, and more or less tragical disaster. But there was a persistency and desperation in the scheme of Walker against Nicaragua which gave to his movements and efforts a larger and broader notoriety, and that serve to make his name and exploits conspicuous in history.

William Walker was born in Nashville, Tennessee, May 8th, 1824, of respectable parents in good circumstances. Designed by his father for the profession of medicine and surgery, he was finely educated in his native land, and then sent to Paris to conclude

his studies to fit him for practice. While in Europe, he traveled through the principal countries of that great division of the globe, and became a student of mankind more than of medicine. On his return to Tennessee, he resolved to abandon the profession for which he studied, and take up that of the law. Accordingly, to that he applied himself for a while; but his restless nature and irregular ambition led him to leave Nashville for New Orleans, where he sought and procured employment as a journalist. He continued as editorial writer, first on the "True Delta," and next on the "Crescent," until early in 1850, when he emigrated to California. Here he soon obtained the position of assistant editor on the San Francisco "Herald," owned by John Nugent and Edmund Randolph, with Nugent as editor; and then was formed the warm and almost passionate friendship and devotion between himself and Randolph which subsisted during the lifetime of the pair. For his severe strictures upon the judicial conduct of Levi Parsons, Judge of the Fourth District Court, he was once summarily committed to jail for contempt of court, and subjected to a heavy fine. The article appeared while Nugent was on a visit to San Jose, and on his return, he found his bold and gallant assistant in prison. But the event created an intense popular sentiment in behalf of Walker, and a mass meeting of indignant citizens measurably occasioned his release. Nugent fearlessly sustained Walker in his animadversions upon Judge Parsons in the "Herald," and Walker suddenly became popularized as a hero and a victim. Subsequently, his vigor of pen in attack forced him into a duel with Will Hix Graham, a young Philadelphian of hot blood, and prone to the duello, which ended without bodily harm to either. He had engaged somewhat in politics, and in the intimate companionship of Edmund Randolph and James Blair—son of the eminent Francis P. Blair of General Jackson's administration, and the Washington "Globe" renown—he imbibed principles and prejudices adverse to the dominant Southern Democracy led by Senator Gwin, and leaned more to the element of the party which acknowledged David C. Broderick as the leader.

In time, he withdrew from the "Herald," and then he became fired with the ambition to push his way to prominence and fame as a revolutionary chief. In 1853 he organized an armed expedition to Lower California, with the intention to conquer that State from Mexico, and erect it into an independent republic. Domestic trouble existed in the State between the constitutionalists, who opposed the dictatorship of Santa Aña, and the supporters of that military chieftain, and Walker hoped to receive sufficient aid from the opponents of Santa Aña to bring success to his cause. He had also designs on the State of Sonora to similar purpose. His first attempt to leave San Francisco by sailing vessel, with his expedition, was frustrated by General Hitchcock, then in command of the United States Army forces upon the Pacific, who ordered the seizure of the schooner Arrow, October 10th, 1853, as she was preparing to sail. But after an examination of the case before the Federal Court, Walker was released; and on the 16th of the same month he left port on the schooner Caroline, with his party of forty-five men, bound for La Paz in Lower California. La Paz had, in 1848, been the rendezvous of a large body of native citizens who had declared the independence of that State from Mexico; but the declaration resulted in nothing more substantial than the mere fulmination. Walker, however, resolved to utilize it to his own advantage, and upon landing there, November 7th, proclaimed himself president of the Republic of Lower California. Early in December he was joined by Colonel Watkins, formerly of Marysville, whose "battalion" numbered one hundred and fifty men. The combined force fought and gained the battle of Encenada, and then Walker established his headquarters at San Tomas, where he again proclaimed himself president, with Watkins as vice-president. General Melendrez commanded the Mexican forces, and soon gathered a force much superior to Walker's. Meantime, the Government of the United

States interposed on behalf of Mexico, and to vindicate its own authority in preventing its citizens from invading the soil of a friendly and peaceful neighboring Government, and the sloops-of-war Portsmouth and Columbus were dispatched to the Gulf of California to restore order, and cease the hostile acts of the filibusters. Major McKinstry and Captain Burton of the Army were also ordered to deal with the invaders. The vessel sailed from San Francisco in February, 1854.

In January, Walker proclaimed likewise the independence of Sonora as an integral part of the embryo republic he had created on paper, and announced his purpose to proceed thither. In March, Melendrez came upon the main body of Walker's command, under Colonel Smith, at San Vicente, and forced Smith to a surrender. The filibusters lost ten men killed, and eight were wounded. Seven of the command refused to surrender, and escaped to rejoin Walker with his meager force, who then pushed forward toward the Colorado, with only about seventy men, intending to enter Sonora. His filibustering scheme against Lower California had now ended in a ridiculous and disastrous fizzle; yet he nevertheless persisted in his similar but more hazardous and difficult attempt upon the sister Mexican state of Sonora. But he was finally compelled to abandon the preposterous undertaking; and in May, at La Punta, he voluntarily went aboard the vessel on which McKinstry and Burton awaited his coming, and there gave his parole of honor to desist from any further designs upon the territory of Mexico. He and his men returned to California, most of them gratified at the opportunity to escape the toils and dangers of a country in which spies and enemies encountered them at every step.

Colonel Watkins was arraigned shortly after his return to San Francisco, before Judge Ogden Hoffman of the United States District Court, for his share in the expedition, and was put upon trial March 22nd, 1854, with ex-Governor Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, and Edmund Randolph as counsel. United States District Attorney Sam W. Inge prosecuted. April 7th, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the court imposed a fine of fifteen hundred dollars, which was never paid. Walker was arraigned on a similar charge June 2nd, the same year, with Randolph, Snow, and Jarnagin as his counsel, and after a protracted trial was acquitted.

After Walker's release from custody, he engaged in active partisanship in the interest of Mr. Broderick for United States Senator, and took leading part with that wing of the Democratic party. He was conspicuous in the memorable Democratic State Convention of 1854, from which the party split into intensely antagonistic divisions, and in that body championed the Free Soil element of the party in the Union. Next he became editor of the San Francisco "Commercial," Mr. Broderick's special organ, and in that position continued until early in 1855, when he organized his famous filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, intent upon establishing that Central American state as a republic, with himself as president, and supreme in control, the consuming ambition which in a few years afterwards cost him his life, and made his name and memory to be honored or execrated agreeably as his career and his designs are viewed by his countrymen and by mankind throughout the civilized globe.

The Walker filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, consisting of fifty-six men, sailed in the brig Vesta from San Francisco, June 12th, 1855. On the 12th of the following month the expedition reached Realejo harbor, and landed at Tiger Island a small party under command of Colonel Achilles Kewen, who there received from a friendly source a letter from Castillon, a Nicaraguan ally, addressed to Walker. He obtained also one hundred and twenty native recruits, who had there awaited the arrival of the expedition, and returned on board. The vessel was then steered to Realejo, and at night the expeditionists and their native allies landed and immediately marched to attack the Nicaraguan army under General Bosqua, six hundred strong. At eleven o'clock the

next morning the battle began. It was hotly contested until five o'clock, evening, when Walker's command, much worsted by the encounter, pushed forward to San Juan. Colonel Kewen, Major Crocker, and three of the men were killed in action, and the victors cut off their heads; several were wounded, some of the native troops missing. Most of them deserted after the battle, and fled to Costa Rica. Walker with his own men succeeded in reaching San Juan, took possession of the place, and there he made his headquarters. Subsequently, he pushed on to Leon, and from there returned to Realejo to go in the Vesta to take on board troops from Honduras, which awaited him at a point up the Gulf of Fornasca to join in the revolution, in which Costa Rica, Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras, as well as Nicaragua, were in quasi league, through local disaffection in each, and the revolutionists were disposed to combine with and aid Walker. The cause of the revolution in Nicaragua was the despotic rule of President Chomorro, of the Aristocratic party. He had banished Castillon, a leader of the Democratic party, and a native of Leon, who fled to Honduras, where he received grateful welcome at the hands of President Cabanas, and was encouraged to return to Nicaragua to prosecute the rebellion against Chomorro. It was through Castillon that Walker had been invited to Nicaragua to help overthrow the Aristocrats, and to establish a more popular form of government. Colonel Kinney, another American adventurer, was at Greytown upon a somewhat similar scheme, although opposed to Walker.

By the arrival of the steamship Uncle Sam from San Francisco, in August, Walker was largely reinforced. Chief among his recruits were Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, brother of Achilles, slain at Rivas, and Parker H. French. He had also made his army more formidable by alliance with General Munoz, with a force of one thousand native troops, and now felt himself strong enough to march against Guardiola, the commander in chief of the Legitimist army. Battle was accepted by that general at Pueblo Cruci, and after a tough fight of four hours, the revolutionists, led by Walker's officers, were the victors. Munoz was killed, Guardiola fled. The Democrats captured two pieces of artillery, three hundred stand of arms, and a good supply of ammunition. Walker's popularity was now beyond all question in the revolutionary circles. He established himself at San Juan, with an army of five hundred American and native soldiers, and soon received four hundred and fifty recruits from Honduras. His star was in the ascendant. From California, upon the reports of his successes in the field and otherwise, recruits rushed to join him by every semi-monthly steamer, and among his staff and officers were such brave, gallant, experienced fighters and military men as Colonel Ned Saunders, Jesse Hambleton, Captain B. D. Fry, together with others of reputation for courage and soldierly qualities—some of whom, however, proved lamentably wanting in either, as occasion tested their nature and worth. Among these were Colonel J. H. Harper and Charles Turnbull. Harper had killed a man named Meredith, in Missouri, just before his start for California, on account of his wife, a very fascinating woman; and in 1852 had contested the seat in the State Senate to which General J. W. Denver was elected. Detected, journeying over a mountain road, in the robbery of a woman in the stage, of several hundred dollars in gold-dust, he had been convicted and sentenced to a long imprisonment in San Quentin, from which Governor Bigler finally pardoned him, on condition that he would leave the State. As he had been reputed a desperate man, and qualified to command, his friends sent him to join Walker, who commissioned him as Captain shortly after his arrival in Nicaragua He afterwards showed himself an ingrate, villain, and traitor. Turnbull was a rabid, fire-eating young "chiv" of Sacramento, who continually boasted his high-toned disdain of sneaks and cowards; yet in Nicaragua, under fire, he became a most pitiable object in his fear and flight from the battle field. Besides the recruits who went to Walker

from California, there were a round number from New Orleans.

The Nicaragua Steamship Company, owned by Commodore Vanderbilt in New York, and managed on the Pacific side by Commodore C. K. Garrison, opposed Walker's scheme of conquest and control, as it involved the Isthmus transit route, much jeopardized their possessions in Nicaragua, and seriously interfered with the passenger and freight trade. Public sentiment at the East was largely against Walker, and against all filibustering, and in California the better class were similarly disposed. But the unprovoked onslaught of the Nicaragua Aristocrat mob upon the passengers by the steamship Uncle Sam, at Virgin Bay, in the fall of 1855, created a good deal of change in this sentiment among many in influential positions. Edmund Randolph, who still held Walker in cherished friendship, with other devoted friends, managed to arrange a treaty between Walker and the steamship company, to such effect that the company thereafter sustained the revolutionary cause, and gave Walker material aid in the transportation of men and supplies, and in payments of large sums of money. He was now in better condition to prosecute the campaign than he had ever been. He recaptured Virgin Bay from the Aristocrats, and then moved upon Granada, which was also captured. But meanwhile, Parker H. French had sustained defeat in his attack upon Fort Carlos; himself and his party were taken prisoners, but upon promises which were not fulfilled, French and his men were allowed to depart. They went to Granada, and aided Walker in his victory. In Granada, Walker arrested Colonel Wheeler, United States Minister, and compelled the rival filibuster, H. L. Kinney, to abandon the place.

In a battle with Guardiola, Walker gained an important victory. General Corral, leader of Chomorro's Legitimists, surrendered to him with four hundred men, and Guardiola saved himself from capture by flight. Walker now addressed a letter to Secretary of State Marcy, at Washington, in explanation of his scheme and conduct, asserting the righteousness and legality of his intentions and acts, and protesting against the use of the power of the Government of the United States to interfere with him, or coerce him from Nicaragua. Next, to win the Northern people to his cause, and to strengthen himself with the lower classes in Central America, he declared that slavery should be prohibited. An election was then ordered, and Don Patricio Rivas, a popular leader, was chosen president, with Walker as vice-president and commander in chief of the army. General Corrall was appointed at the head of the war department, and Parker H. French to that of finance. Recruits poured in from California and New Orleans, and the revolution bore formidable front. French was relieved of the finance department to be sent as Minister to Washington, but he was not received there in diplomatic position, and after a futile mission returned. An element of the revolutionary party pressed Walker to march upon Honduras, to promote the similar movement there; but he declined to operate outside of Nicaragua, and in consequence, General Jerez, the minister of foreign relations, resigned the office, and became lukewarm in the cause.

In March, 1856, Walker attacked Rivas, and captured the place from a much superior force. In June he was elected president, and saluted as the "Savior of the Country." In October his forces suffered disaster at the battle of San Jacinto, in which Colonel Byron Cole was killed, twelve men were wounded, and a retreat ordered. Cole was a printer from San Francisco, who had acted as publisher of the "Commercial" while Walker was editor. The withdrawal of Jerez from the government set up by Walker created apathy and disaffection among the Nicaraguan troops, and the arbitrary conduct of Walker himself toward the natives and his own men had wrought dissension and sedition. General Corrall had brought much native strength to Walker's cause, but he had become dissatisfied at the treatment he received in return, and plotted to supplant him. He had already proved unfaithful to the Legitimists, and was not steadfast in his

devotion to any party, unless amply rewarded to the measure of his own conceit or desire. Finding him dangerous as an ally and subordinate, but dreading him more as an open enemy, Walker determined to seize the earliest opportunity to put him effectually out of the way. An occasion was soon found and embraced. Upon a charge of treason, Corrall was arrested, court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot. The harsh sentence was executed November 8th, 1856. From that moment the native chiefs grew cool and suspicious of Walker, and sedulously plotted to overcome him and rid their country of his presence. The victories he gained at Massaya, and against a large force of Guatemalans, in whose ranks the renegade Harper fought or directed, gave him greater confidence and power, and from these he expected more favorable consideration at the hands of the Government at Washington; or, failing in that, from recruiting efforts in the Southern and Western States of the Union. Accordingly, on this double mission and service, he commissioned Colonel E. J. C. Kewen to proceed thither and labor; and to influence the dominant powers in Washington he had the aid of Edmund Randolph, A. P. Crittenden, and other devoted friends in California to similar purpose directed.

The disaffection of the Nicaraguans and the revolutionists in the neighboring states of Guatemala, Costa Rica, San Salvador, and Honduras increased and spread, and their fears of Walker's ultimate designs impelled them to oppose as well as distrust him. The Government party in the five states seized quick advantage of the favorable situation, and in February, 1857, a league was formed by them all against him. The execution of Jennings Estelle, one of his own men, a recruit from California, of respectable Tennessee family—although his crime was the murder of a fellow-soldier, and he admitted the justice of his sentence—served as a further cause to produce discontent and mutiny among the Americans; and a still more rankling event was his arbitrary and indefensible vile treatment in cashiering Brigadier-General Fry for cowardice. Fry was from Sacramento, and had been urgently invited by Walker to join him in Nicaragua, with promise of high command and greater promotion. He had been a captain in the United States Army, and served with conspicuous gallantry in some of the most fiercely contested battles in the war with Mexico, especially at the storming of Monterey, where he led the forlorn hope, with Ed. C. Marshall, of the Kentucky Volunteers, as one of his heroic supporters. In Nicaragua, Fry had become, as he was in private and public life in Sacramento, a great favorite with all, rank and file, and he was as worthy as a man as he was meritorious as a soldier and capable as an officer. But Walker cashiered him, notwithstanding, and sought to dishonor him, while he could not disgrace him in the estimation of any who thoroughly knew Fry's character and excellence. But still some of Walker's bravest officers remained steadfast to him, among whom were Colonel Ned Saunders, Colonel Anderson, Major Mark F. Skerritt, Colonel McDonald, and Major McNeal.

Walker had achieved fresh and important victories in three other battles, and burned Granada. Kinney had been obliged to retire, and was no longer an obstruction to Walker's plans. Having found that his prohibition of slavery had failed of the expected purpose, so far as the native people were concerned, and as it affected his recruiting efforts in the Southern States of the Union, Walker proclaimed its restoration. The expedient proved mischievous and damaging instead of advantageous or strengthening; and in spite of all his services and struggles, it became apparent that his cause was waning. The Government of the United States took action against him, on behalf of the legitimate Government of Nicaragua; and finally, May 1st, 1857, Walker surrendered to Commander Davis of the United States sloop of war St. Mary, was conveyed on board the vessel to Panama, from there sent forward to New Orleans, and was at once placed under bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars. He stood trial, and was dis-

charged. He had obtained recognition of his Nicaragua Government from President Pierce's Administration, during the last year of his occupation there, and but for his own imprudent and arbitrary course he might have eventually succeeded. His greatest folly was in breaking with the steamship company, which at length was compelled to resist his growing exactions, and succeeded in exciting against him the uncompromising antagonism of the other Central American states; and when the Buchanan Administration succeeded to power, he found in it a determined foe to his scheme.

After his release in New Orleans, Walker was not long inactive. He was still inflamed with the wild ambition to conquer and rule in Central America, and Nicaragua was again his objective point. He proceeded to organize another expedition, and believed there was better opportunity and more material, in men and means, in the Southern and Gulf States than on the Pacific coast. He had reason to believe also that there were yet in Central America a formidable element and a large aggregate of devotees inclined to revolution, ready to join or assist in any movement which could be depended upon to such an end. He had undiminished confidence in his own ability to win and command this confidence, and was unshaken in the belief that, more than any other, whether native or alien born, he could inspire the revolutionists to rally to the standard that should promise radical change of government to the disaffected. By the autumn of 1858, accordingly, he had succeeded in organizing a force of one hundred and thirty-two men, and November 25th, with these, he left New Orleans in the steamship Fashion. The expedition landed at Punta Arenas. The Government at Washington had watched his movements, however, and the naval force in the Gulf had instructions to prevent him from hostile demonstrations, and to arrest him if necessary. Under these orders, Commander Paulding pursued the expedition, and at Punta Arenas Walker was obliged to surrender himself and party to that officer, December 8th. He was conveyed to New York, and liberated by order of President Buchanan in January, 1859. His failure and arrest did not at all dampen his ardor, but seemed only to sharpen his determination yet to accomplish his revolutionary purpose. Another expedition was organized, and again President Buchanan proclaimed him, and ordered his arrest, if found in any violation of the neutrality laws intent upon disturbing the peace against any friendly Government. He was arrested by Government officers, at the mouth of the Mississippi, on board the steamer, with his party, in October, taken to New Orleans, was again tried, and again acquitted.

Walker had been reared in the Protestant faith, in the religion of his parents; but up to this time, religious devotion had had little exercise in his way of life. There was nothing of the missionary in his nature, and he was devoid of religious bigotry or intolerance. Neither a communicant nor a churchgoer, he devoted himself more to the world than to piety. Central America was mainly Catholic, and the native population were generally religious devotees, impregnable in their holy faith. Through his own indiscretion, and the appearance of a tyrannical nature which some of his acts indicated, and on no other account, he had, while in power in Nicaragua, alienated from himself many of the native revolutionary leaders who had at first welcomed him, and caused the people generally to hate and fear him. By the Legitimists and Aristocrats he was detested as much as his designs against them were dreaded. The death of Chomorro, who was murdered by Indians, had made Jose Maria Estrada the president, and he was stubbornly inimical to Walker. In the leagued states, he was similarly disliked, feared, distrusted, and unpopular. But he had conceived that the root and prime cause of this opposition and feeling—which he fatally underestimated—was the sole fact that he was not of their religious faith, that he was not a Catholic. Hence he avowed himself a convert to that ancient Church; and although his sincerity in the conversion must ever rest as a matter exclusively between God and him-

self, it is undeniable that he was of the opinion that his conversion and profession of sincere belief in the Church were essentials to his further schemes of revolution, conquest, and supremacy. But it was the most egregious mistake of his life, so far as it concerned the causes of his unpopularity, and the abhorrence in which he was held throughout Central America, particularly in Nicaragua, and was connected with his final and tragical fate upon Central American soil. The question of religious belief had neither part nor weight in his adventuring or his doom, so far as the people of Honduras, of Nicaragua, or any other of the five states were involved. His revolutionary designs, and his own lawless deeds and desperate attempts, were the causes and reasons which prompted and impelled them to demand his life as the forfeit.

Undeterred by the disasters and failures he had so far encountered in the pursuit of his absorbing ambition, Walker raised his standard of "War in Nicaragua!" for the last time in 1860. May 26th, that year, he sailed from New Orleans on the schooner Clifton, with less than one hundred men, bound for Honduras, but with the design to march from there to Nicaragua, three hundred miles over a mountainous country, picking up native and Indian recruits on the way, and to precipitate his expedition upon the Nicaraguans in such force and spirit as to encourage the revolutionists to again adopt him as their leader, and rally to his support with such alacrity that the Government party would gladly compromise by surrendering to him, and acknowledging his supremacy. He first landed at Ruatan, and thence sailed, after a brief stoppage, to Truxillo, where he arrived June 27th. In the harbor a British war vessel was at anchor. His party raised the flag of revolution, and held the town, to the dismáy and consternation of the inhabitants. He proclaimed himself as the friend and liberator of the people, and some refugee Nicaraguans, who favored the overthrow of Guardiola and the reinstatement of the ex-president, Cabanas, greeted him as a welcome deliverer. But he received no substantial aid, in either recruits or money; and at the solicitation of the authorities, the British naval commander at length interposed, and compelled Walker to retire with his party from the place. He marched southward along the coast, but was pursued, captured, and brought back to Truxillo, September 3rd, and placed in close custody, together with his chief aid, Colonel Ruder. His men were also imprisoned. A court-martial tried and condemned Walker and Ruder to death, but the sentence of the latter was the next day commuted to imprisonment for four years. The men were set free on condition that they would leave the state. Twenty-eight of them procured passage for New Orleans on the schooner J. A. Taylor, and safely returned. The Clifton was confiscated by the Government. The day after his sentence, September 12th, Walker was ordered to execution—to be shot to death. An English officer who witnessed the sad scene thus depicts it:

"Walker marched from his cell to the place of execution with steady step and unshaken mein. A chair had been placed for him, with its back toward the castle. He was then blindfolded and bound. Three soldiers stepped forward to within twenty feet, and fired at the word of command. The balls entered his body; he leaned a little forward, but he was not dead. A fourth soldier then advanced, by orders, and with the muzzle of his musket nearly touching the forehead of the writhing man, blew out his brains."

Thus miserably perished the "gray-eyed man of destiny."

There was nothing particularly noticeable in the personal appearance of William Walker, unless it were the uncommon contour of his face, and his large gray eyes of yellowish cast and cold glare. He was five feet and six inches in stature, and of medium frame, well-knit, sturdy, and capable of much fatigue. His face was hardly prepossessing, and except among intimate friends his manner was diffident, shy, and little calculated to invite acquaintance or familiarity. On the street or among the multitude he was unobtrusive, and of quiet habits; but in the society of friends he was fond of conversation, and at times talked fluently and very

entertainingly. He was of cold nature, headstrong and willful, rather than impetuous or passionate; and his train of thought and rule of action were sometimes as eccentric and extravagant as they were unaccountable and impracticable. Ambitious, studious in the preparation of his plans, and to a degree methodical, he nevertheless ruined, at last, every scheme he devised; and although ready of resource, his expedients invariably failed of their design. He was not a handsome man in face or feature, he was not a captivating man, he was certainly not a great man; and yet he possessed the quality of impressing men with the dazzle of his filibustering schemes, and with rare faculty induced thousands, first and last, to contribute money or devote their lives and fortunes to promote or share in them. He was inspired by an ambition as intense as Napoleon's, and he really felt himself competent to enact the world-conquering part of that mightiest of modern hero-warriors; but he signally lacked the military genius, and was by no means qualified to rule a people disposed to liberty of thought and freedom of action. While he had been reared and educated in the principles and practice of a genuine republicanism, and professed the cause of the poor and weak and lowly, as against the rich and powerful and haughty, few of his countrymen possessed more of innate and ineradicable arbitrariness of nature, displayed more intolerance of the opposing opinions of others, or were more disposed to direct and compel the submission of mind and person to absolute domination than himself. The practical outcome of his idea of popular liberty was his own unquestioned freedom to dispense it to his own purpose. His dream of conquest and power was a hallucination, unaccompanied by the genius or the ability to substantial development. He planned without sound judgment, acted upon wild impulse, and when possessed of temporary advantage and authority, so misused the one as to become the architect of his own ruin, and so abused the other as to alienate the best among his supporters. He was earnest in his convictions, and honorable in his faith with individuals in the ordinary transactions of life; but he was as unscrupulous as he was reckless and desperate in his schemes of revolution and conquest. He would never have become a buccaneer, such as Morgan was in the early period of the Spanish settlements in Central and South America, for it was not gold or spoil that he craved; but had the sword and torch been at last his only means to success, his own hands would have as remorselessly wielded the one and applied the other as ever did either Attila or Jengis Khan. He was not instinctively cruel, but he did not hesitate to sacrifice life when he believed that it was essential to his cause or his own supremacy; and his execution of Corrall was measurably as grave a criminal blunder as Alba made in the case of Egmont, or Napoleon in that of the Duke d' Enghien. He fell at Truxillo, as he had lived for the seven years before, the dupe of his own infatuation, the victim of his own inglorious ambition.

Walker's fate taught the salutary lesson that filibustering is averse to the sentiment of the American people, and that it will not prevail upon any portion of the continent. He aspired to a warrior's fame, to die a hero's death. He passed from the stage of life without the laurel; and commiseration for the man, rather than sympathy for the hopeless cause he rashly led, will blend his name among the world's notorious, whose deeds, like those of Erostratus or of Jack Cade, are immortalized only to serve as warning instead of example. And since his death the term "filibustering" has become degraded, from its use to designate unrighteous invasion and conquest, to the bloodless and familiar characterization of the vicious means by which rebellious minorities in deliberative or legislative bodies endeavor to obstruct or frustrate the action and the fair rights of the majority. It is more tolerable, however, in this degradation than it was in the practical use to which Lopez and Walker alike devoted it. With their ashes, it rests beyond reasonable resurrection for similar ends.

JAMES O'MEARA.

"WHEN SPRING SHALL COME."

(A. M. P., DECEMBER 26TH, 1876.)

When spring shall come with buds and flowers,
And throstles pipe in happy fields,
Or in the farther summer hours
When earth her fuller sweetness yields;

And days of rain and cloud are clear,
And nights are clear to moon and star—
I wonder, shall I find less drear
The ways which now so dreary are?

Will my sad heart, in warmth and light
Reclad like earth, revive and thrill?
Nor miss the dear face hid from sight?
Nor miss the voice that now is still?

Ah! not for me the rose shall bloom,
Or through the golden-tasseled boughs
Drop the glad sunshine to illume
The shadows of my lonely house;

For me no more shall robin sing,
And plume the scarlet of his throat;
The lark his flight to heaven wing,
With heaven's own rapture in his note.

Wail, winter wind, and work your will!
For me no spring can come again,
To weave its tender miracle
Of beauty upon field and plain.

For I would leave the fairest clime
God ever decked for mortal eyes,
Shut from the lapse of earthly time,
Shut from the light of earthly skies;

Nor miss the dark, nor miss the day,
Nor flowering of the pleasant land—
Could I but hear her voice, and lay
My hand in her dear hand!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

Chapter XV.

Entering Cobweb & Crusty's at a side door, the Sergeant found himself in the telegraph office, which of course had there obtained a lodgment. In a moment he had written and sent off a dispatch. After that he seemed to feel easier in his mind, and drew a long breath.

"So far, well," he muttered to himself. "But, after all, it is not quite enough. I suppose I had better make more of a certainty of it."

With that he passed from the telegraph office through the narrow hall, and entering by another side door, stood within the bar-room. It was not now so well filled as it had been a while before, the evening having become well advanced, and many of the customary loiterers already returned home. A few still remained, sitting around in easy positions in separate corners, and appearing rather musingly and dreamily inclined than boisterous; it not being within the bounds of reason that the excited conversation of the earlier portion of the evening should be forever kept up. So that it happened, naturally, that when each man had sufficiently ventilated his theory about the murder, and had crushingly disparaged every one else's theory, social vivacity could not fail to flag. Hence the few remaining guests were either not talking at all, or lazily entertaining such diverse topics as most readily suggested themselves, and were at any moment ready to surrender into the hands of any loud talker, and adopt his views about almost anything. A state of affairs which was eagerly approved by the village ashman, who sat comfortably ensconced with his feet upon the third shelf of an open wall cupboard, and feeling himself in a fine flow of spirits, had artfully brought the conversation around so as to introduce his celebrated story of his horse's clogged hoof.

Cobweb and Crusty were standing side by side behind the bar, where they had begun averaging the receipts of bar and oyster counter with a bit of chalk upon the checker-board. They had suspended operations for the moment, inasmuch as the ashman was approaching the most thrilling portion of his story: being nothing less than the revelation of how, at the turn of the road by the buttonball tree, he had been led to suspect that the horse was laboring with a clogged hoof. Making little hesitation about interrupting this absorbing narrative, the Sergeant approached from behind, and said:

"Crusty, I must have a horse and wagon —as soon as possible. I must go up to town to-night. A good horse, too; for if I miss the train, I shall have to drive in all the way. Better give me Bluster, therefore."

Hearing this sudden demand, Cobweb looked around in astonishment; his collar—even the every-day collar that he was then wearing—seeming to gain a little in stiffness; and he laid down the suspended piece of chalk with the air of one forced to admit that at last all things were coming to an end, indeed. For horses were not given out at that stable to everybody; and Bluster, more especially, the fastest trotter in the county, was always restricted to the enjoyment of a few favorite friends who knew a horse when they saw him. Who, then, was this shuffling, hickory-skirted, tarpaulined, one-armed stranger, that he should demand privileges accorded to that favored circle? But Crusty had already recognized the voice, and without even turning at the instant to look at Kit, or volunteering any explanation to his partner, said:

"Yes, Kit; I suppose you can have the horse. How soon do you want him?"

"In half an hour, Crusty: as soon as you can get him ready, in fact. And, Crusty—"

"Well, Kit."

"I think that meanwhile I shall go up and see the Colonel for a few minutes."

With that, Cobweb's hair stood upon end, and his whole figure became rigid with signs of paralyzation. Was he alive, and in his senses? Or was all this a hideous dream? Had it not been already a subject of some discussion whether, with due regard to the public interests, even persons claiming to represent the press of the metropolis should be admitted to interview the Colonel? And now coolly came this miserable— Well, the fellow had gone too far at last. Crusty would certainly knock him down, that was one comfort. But to the ineffable consternation of all, Crusty now did nothing of the kind. Instead thereof, he merely nodded an assent to the Sergeant, abandoned at once the immature calculations and the story of the clogged hoof, took Kit by the arm, led him through the bar-room, out into the hall, up the back stairway, and so on through the upper hall to the Colonel's room. He speaking a word or two to the constable outside the door, Crusty turned the key, and merely enjoining Kit not to remain too long, pushed him through, and against the Colonel's extended hand.

"Glad to see you, Kit."

"I am sure, Grayling, I scarcely know why you should say so, for it's very little of comfort I can bring you," the Sergeant said, having within the minute concluded not to mention anything about his telegram or the inducement thereto, as it might, just as likely as not, excite false hopes, and after all lead to nothing. "I have certainly been trying to think of something to help you, though—"

"But Kit, you must not feel aggrieved or disappointed if you cannot help me. How could any one do so, unless perhaps some man who had seen some one else murder Vanderlock—if he were really murdered at all? Even my learned counsel does not seem able to do anything for me as yet; and if so what could I expect from anybody else? He has just been here, by the way."

"Counselor Lote?"

"Precisely: Counselor Lote. He came to me a few minutes ago, for preliminary consultation, he said, preparatory to my next examination. I do not know that there should be much to consult about, since I have already told all I know, and am certainly opposed to any dependence upon legal quibbles or subterfuges. Let the matter go on now, in its own ugly manner, and do its worst. Nothing that I can say or do, of course, will longer save me from the exposure of a public trial; the delay which the Justice has given certainly can make no difference in the end. I am in the toils of a mystery that may never be unraveled. At the best, my career is ruined; and if, in the end, I escape, it will probably be with a clouded reputation. Well, let that pass now, Kit. So my counsel came to consult me, he said; and, useless as I thought it, I offered him a seat at the other side of the table, and we went at it, just as though, by talking over a matter that was all shrouded in darkness, anything important could be elicited. It amounted to nothing, of course. We are equally at a loss for any theory of explanation or defense, and naturally must wait for further revelations, if there are ever any to be made. But do you know, Kit, I am more than half inclined to believe that my respected counsel really thinks me guilty?"

"But how—"

"I judge so from noting how, after a few remarks by way of condolence for my situation, he came to the main purport of his remarks—the absolute necessity of establishing perfect confidence between lawyer and client. Of course I said something in assurance of my confidence in him, and in his ability, and all that; but it did not seem to be exactly what he expected. Confidence in him was to be anticipated, as a matter of course, with a person of his success in criminal practice; but there was another kind of trust that he desired. I must confide everything to him. Do you begin to see the point, Kit?"

"I think I do—a little," Kit responded, hesitating, and a slight flush rising into his face.

"It cannot be hard to see, though I myself did not at the first. I must confess

that being for the moment mentally blind as a bat, and having, moreover, a basis of some little kindly appreciation of my own character, I failed immediately to see the full drift of the matter. So I merely told him that I had already said all I knew about the affair, and that if he could make anything out of it tending to my exculpation and release, why—let him do the best he could with it. He sat opposite me at the table, for a moment making no remark, but with a queer kind of expression upon his face. Then he spoke; and the whole gist of his remarks related to the importance of a most perfect and intimate knowledge in a lawyer, when employed, of even the most trivial facts relating to the case in hand. How, otherwise, could he work with any success at all? Then, to reassure me, he quoted some law, to the intent that all conversations or admissions between a lawyer and client are confidential, and cannot be prejudicial. Still, I was stupidly blind. And with that he told me a long story about one of his clients who had been indicted for setting fire to a barn, and was duly convicted of it; how that the fellow had always protested, even to him, that he was innocent, whereby no proper scheme for defense had ever been able to be contrived; but how that, if the man had only confessed to him confidentially, as his lawyer, that he had actually set fire to the barn, something rational by way of defense might have been invented. Well, with that, Kit, I began to see the point."

"Not too early either, Grayling. And what did you do?"

"Nothing, Kit, except that I believe I laughed. At any other time I suppose I might really have felt amused at the idea; now I think I forced a laugh, as perhaps the best thing I could do. What else would you expect of me, indeed? To burst out into a passion, and assail him so energetically as to increase his conviction that I was fully capable of committing murder? But you must remember that I must be prudent now, if never before; and that it would be a very ill-advised thing for me to incur the enmity of perhaps the only man who can help me. Besides, he does not seem to be such a bad fellow, after all—this Counselor Lote. It may be merely his professional habit to look upon the dark side of things. Possibly, as we come to be better acquainted, I may gain somewhat in his esteem, and in the end we may become very good friends indeed. So let that pass; and let us sit down, and think, if possible, upon other matters."

So the two young men sat down together; the arm of the elder resting lightly upon the neck of the younger, as he had rested it the day before in front of the lighthouse. So they now pleasantly talked, but all the while with mutual avoidance of any discussion about the terrible criminal charge, or its possible results. There seemed to be nothing that either of them could advance in alleviation of the situation, or in suggestion of future relief; and therefore there was little need to speak about the affair at all. Better to avoid the subject altogether, and turn to such other topics as might most easily help them to put away any remembrance of the present misery. So they spoke about the war, and its cause and probable future, trying to discuss the matter in the olden strain of freedom, and partially, for a time, succeeding; and about old friends in the army. How that one would be a major-general before another year, and how that the widow of another was about to marry again. Why it was that a certain scouting expedition had failed, and why the leader of another and entirely successful raid had been superseded, and the like. Then to other subjects of even less personal interest, wandering carelessly over the domains of science and history; so that a stranger would not have suspected that there was any concealed trouble all the while pressing upon their minds, and distracting them from that careless manner of discussion that heretofore they had been wont to enjoy. But after all, it was the merest pretense of composure; and while each believed that he was modulating his voice and modeling his thoughts in accordance with the olden manner, he could detect the dread presence of black care all

the time hovering over the other's mind, and hindering free expression. How otherwise could it be, when, as they sat side by side, looking out at the window, and watching the deepening shadows of the night, they could note the lights of vessels passing in the distance, and scarcely fail to think, that of the two, one might never again be released to bear his part in wandering over sea and land? and when, too, glancing up the road dotted here and there with feeble glimmerings of candles, marking the location of the scattered houses, they could dimly note, far at the end, the clump of locust trees thrown in relief against the sky, and pointing out the place where Stella lived?

And so, though for a while the conversation did not seem to flag, it came about that each one somewhat uneasily watched the wandering glances of the other; accurately reading his secret thoughts as he let his gaze rest upon the distant horizon of united sea and sky, or upon the nearer prospect of the locust grove. And thus deciphering each other's hearts, at length they mutually stripped off the mask of vain pretense, the Colonel earliest giving way.

"What use, Kit, of this unworthy trifling about matters that we do not really regard? Better that we should act like men, and look the trouble fairly in the face, than strive to imagine that it has gone when we have simply turned our backs upon it. Wars and rumors, and scouting expeditions, indeed! Have I not seen three times already, that when you have tried to seem most interested there were pity and sympathy upon your face, as you caught me glancing up yonder, where Stella lives? What now is she doing, do you inquire? May I not hope that she is thinking of me, praying for me, perhaps?"

"I hope so, Grayling—I do, indeed," the other answered, striving to speak cheerily, and in a tone of full undoubting conviction, and yet with an inward sinking at the heart. For it seemed to him more probable that at that very moment Stella might be preparing in coldness and stoniness of heart to cast off and forget his friend.

"Do you know, Kit," the Colonel continued, "it was at one time to-day in my mind, had I seen you earlier, to have sent you up to Stella's house?"

The Sergeant shivered. What if he had happened to come in earlier, and the Colonel had actually thus made use of his services? Why, then, though it would have been mental agony to him, he would have been obliged to detail all the particulars of the interview that had so lately occurred. No use to try keeping any of it back; the Colonel would surely have persevered, and had every detail of it out of him—each cold glance, every deliberate expression, all the manifestations, as they had seemed to Kit, of faithless stony-heartedness. If it had been upon his mind for an instant to tell how he had wandered off by himself, and seen and talked with Stella, it was for that reason he had stifled the inclination—the impossibility, under the Colonel's searching manner, of telling a little and not telling all. Certainly he could not believe that from the whole interview the Colonel could gain any cheery indications of affection. Better, therefore, remain silent about it altogether, and, if possible, let it remain in merited obscurity.

"Not to speak with her, Kit, but merely to wander for a moment around the house, and, if possible, steal a transient glimpse of her, so as to be able to come back and tell me how she looks and bears herself. For, Kit—I may as well say it at once—I cannot, must not now send any one to her directly and openly in my behalf. When yesterday I saw her, there was no quarrel, except that she herself seemed inclined to cast me off. Some one has had influence over her—I know not how—to make her think that I may really have been guilty of this deed, and so—"

"And so she quarreled with you?" cried Kit, rising up to pace the floor again. For how could he sit still and hear that word? "Believed you guilty?"

"Not that she will long think so, Kit, or continue absent from me in spirit. Do not imagine such a thing of her. I know her heart better than that. I feel sure that when she has had time to turn her thoughts about

a little, all will be right again. You may remember that I told you she was undemonstrative by nature, yet could be aroused, if needful. Do not think ill of her for what I have said."

"I do not know—I could not tell what to think, Grayling," said Kit, himself somewhat aroused to bitter expression. "But I know that the girl whom I could love would be one who could never feel distrust of me, who would not believe any wrong of me, if twenty men were to tell her that they had seen me commit a base deed; who through thick and thin, through good and evil report—"

"That is because you are young and romantic, Kit, and are naturally inclined to ask from affection too much by way of sacrifice," said the Colonel. His voice was strong and his utterance distinct, as though there was not a quaver of doubt at his heart. And yet it may be that there was a strain of anxious tribulation in his tone, the strain of one almost ready to distrust, yet trying to reassure himself, and maintain serenity and confidence a little longer. "For why, Kit, must we expect women always to trust us? Is it not true that everywhere around us there are men committing terrible crimes? and must every one who loves them blindly trust them to the end, and peril their own existences and prospects? No, no, Kit; this is not what I should ask of Stella: only that when she has had time to think it over, and resolutely convince herself of the truth, she will— Don't think hardly of her, Kit. Wait a little, and then"— his breaking voice grew husky as he spoke—"then if she does not send me a little note or a word of mouth, to tell you that—"

His voice stopped, and for a moment he seemed conquered. His head sank upon the window-sill, and he buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud. Sobbed in the manner it is so hard to look upon: no accompanying tear or sign of moisture, but a cruel choking in the swollen throat, and the whole frame racked with convulsive emotion. But in an instant, before the Sergeant could even grasp him by the hand, he had raised himself again erect, and by a violent effort recovered even more than all his former composure.

"There, there, Kit, I am very weak, I am afraid. But it shall not happen again. I may have too much yet to go through to give way so early in the game. Where was I? O, speaking about you going for me to Stella. I would not have had you go as though sent by me; but possibly you might meet her as though by accident. There is a side window through which you could look into the parlor, and, yourself unseen, you might see her. You could note her expression, her action: in a hundred ways you might be able to tell whether she were thinking about myself and my trouble, or whether she had altogether cast me out of her mind. Pausing at her work, and seeming in deep thought—every little thing would be an indication of something relating to her mind. Possibly something might draw her to the window, where she could see you and speak to you, still by accident. If detected looking in, you need not feel abashed, you must remember, for you could pretend that you were looking for Minnie. But if Stella spoke to you, it might be easy to bring matters round to myself, and tell her how that we had been friends and comrades long ago; and you might put in a good word for me, and tell her that you at least believed in me, no matter what all the rest of the world might say; and as you spoke, you could watch her face, and see if she sympathized at all with you in your truth; and if she spoke, might remember every word she said, even the tone of every word, and come back and tell me, so that I might try to glean the real truth of her thoughts from it all. There is so much that sometimes can be learned even from a word."

As the Colonel continued, the Sergeant grew pale, and it seemed as though his knees would knock together. Was all this description a mere coincidence? Or had the Colonel in some unknown manner learned where he had so lately been, and now was leading him on, only to make him betray himself into confession? The former supposition, of course,

could be the only true one; and yet all the same did the Sergeant's knees seem to knock together with affright. What if he were to speak, and by one single word bring out a thread of circumstance which the Colonel, grasping, might follow, and so lead himself up to the truth of what had really happened. A word only, and Kit knew too well that if he told anything it must all come out. For him, silence was the only safety, and he bit his lips till the blood almost came.

"Why do you not speak, Kit? Why do you not say something, and tell me that you will yet do this for me?"

"I will—that is to say—"

But at that moment there came to the door a low knock. Kit's heart bounded with the consciousness of sudden reprieve.

"Well, Kit?"

"I mean—not to-morrow, perhaps—but the next day—I must go now—I may not see you to-morrow—I am going away, Grayling."

"Away from here, Kit?"

"Only for a little while. That is Crusty's knock to tell me that the wagon is ready. I am going up to town at once, and about your matter, Grayling. I did not mean to tell you, for it may probably amount to nothing; but I cannot, somehow, keep anything to myself. But it happened that a little while ago I met Dr. Gretchley; and there was such a peculiar, disturbed, frightened expression upon his face as he glanced around that I was myself startled. I do not know, of course, what was the matter with him; he did not seem to see me or any other person, but stood merely peering into some shrubbery at his right. But anyway, there was the queer look, and I knew that I had once seen it before, though when and where, I could not at first thought recollect. But in a moment more it came to me; it was a few months ago, when Uncle Proctor was here, and was walking out with me, talking over my law case, and together we met Doctor Gretchley."

"Well, Kit?"

"Met Doctor Gretchley. The Doctor met us face to face, and I knew then, by that same disturbed glance, that Uncle Proctor held memory of something to his discredit, and that the Doctor was afraid of him."

"And that knowledge—"

"How can I tell what it was, Grayling? For Uncle Proctor never speaks of anything he knows unless it is professionally necessary. At that very meeting he said never a word; but I felt, from the mere flicker of his eye, that if it suited him at any time, he could have the Doctor in his power, by reason of something that may perhaps have happened long ago. And so, Grayling, to cut the story short, I have to-night telegraphed him that I wish to meet him. I will go as if I were merely bent upon talking over my own matters. There shall be nothing to compromise or entangle yourself in the affair. But when I have spoken awhile about myself, I will incidentally bring up your affair. And if what I suspect is true, I think that Uncle Proctor, meeting the Doctor, could look deep into his heart, and draw him to the surface, without possibility of disguise."

"Whether for any ultimate good or not, Kit, it was kindly done," said the other, "and I thank you for it. I do not know that I have much faith in the power of Judge Proctor or any other person to wrest secret thoughts from a reticent heart by the mere power of his eye. But none the less it is true, that now I surely need advice and assistance; and if the Judge's magic power merely goes so far as to look into my heart, and there read the story of my innocence, why that alone will be an improvement upon my late adviser."

Chapter XVI.

With that, the Sergeant ended his visit, almost fleeing away with trepidation, as from dangers lurking behind, and the Colonel was once more left alone. For an hour longer he sat at the window watching the far-off twinkling lights, and the bright glow of the

moon upon bay and shrubbery, then threw himself upon his bed and sought for sleep. It was not late, to be sure; but possibly in this way he might succeed in killing time more effectively, and so lose his present consciousness of evil fortune.

Therefore he sought relief in slumber, which, not coming at his first appeal, left him to turn for hour after hour from side to side in restless, fevered agitation. Let him look upon his troubles in whatever light he would, he could see nothing of encouragement in them. In every point of view a gloomy picture; and throughout all, little or no relief from that far-famed consolation—the exculpation of an inner consciousness. What real comfort can self-knowledge of innocence ever afford, to deaden the wretched perception that on all sides there is an environment of suspicious circumstance; that composure is looked upon as an evidence of hardened guilt and trembling anxiety, equally regarded as a proof of accusing conscience—no manner of demeanor, in fact, bringing any assurance of innocence; that at any new word, or even whisper of distorted evidence, the nearest and best friends may yield to the force of appearance, and withdraw their contact and sympathy forever?

In a spirit such as this, with all blackness of despair shrouding his distempered mind, Grayling now tossed wearily from side to side, and pondered hopelessly upon his situation. A ruined, a shipwrecked life: from that sad conclusion there could surely be no escape. Even in the event of his ultimate acquittal from the terrible charge against him, it could only happen after months of mental agony and suspense. During all that time he would be held in disgraceful durance; powerless to assert his manhood throughout the great events transpiring; doomed to stand aside and let that chosen career of honor in which he seemed already to have somewhat prospered escape him. The war, now fast closing, would have reached its destined end of triumph for the right, and he not there to assist. Pæons of victory and wreaths of glory for all the brave companions with whom he had associated in the field; and he alone lingering unnoticed in a prison cell to await the slow, deliberate decision of the law.

A ruined life: for even though acquittal should come at last, who could assure him that it would bring restored honor as well? So many were the expedients and subterfuges of defense; so powerful, sometimes, the cunning artifices of skillful counsel—that now no longer did release always mean full justification. Possibly through some ingenious legal quibble he would go forth at last a free, unguarded man, yet finding few around him, thereafter, who in the secrecy of their hearts would attest his innocence. The very judge upon the bench, perhaps, though forced by technicalities to order his discharge, might do so with a frown upon his face and delectation in his heart, as conscious of yielding to subtleties that could not be overruled, yet all the same afforded no moral proof of innocence. The great Judge Proctor himself, so skillful in the art of looking into others' faces, and therein reading beneath the surface the true story of innocence or guilt, perhaps in this sole instance would lose all his instinctive cunning, and see upon the face of his acquitted client, passing out of the court with hisses, no other impress than that of debasing crime, causing all to turn their shoulders coldly from him, as with the brand of guilt there stamped ineffaceably. Here and there might possibly be a friend who would still believe him innocent. The Sergeant, for one, faithful throughout all. And Stella, perhaps, still keeping some loving trust in him. Yet even then, never again could he venture to look at or address her, seeing that it surely would not only unite her in his ignominy, but might bring upon her a suspicion that for his love she had been a partner and abettor in his crime. These two, perhaps, still trusting in him; and apart from these, unnumbered thousands who would never mention his name without scorn, and would constantly drive him away from all association with them.

A ruined life: and which, after all, might be destined soon to close. Why talk of any

acquittal, after all, when, upon so much less suspicion, lives of equal innocence had hitherto been so often sacrificed? A murdered man, and the presumed murderer's knife found projecting from the fatal wound. A corpse lying for half a night on its back among the trees, and gazing up into the sky, as asking vengeance from heaven, and himself known to have been lurking that very night in studied secrecy within so very few feet of the great horror. And were he to attempt any explanation of his presence there, who would now believe the story? and how surely would the laugh of incredulity of word, and every word he uttered, be construed as an additional evidence of his guilt! Assured jealously seeming to have been proven, and his presence at the scene admitted, what else would be necessary, not only to attach to him the brand of infamy, but to bring him to a felon's doom? A ruined life, indeed; and perhaps an early death to close its ignominy.

So there he lay and tossed, and tried at times, by bringing pleasant pictures of the past before him, to forget the present, and gain at least a moment or two repose. Seeming at times, too, to succeed, though only for such an instant that he could scarcely venture to realize any relief before the black curtain of despair closed on him again. Then, as a new expedient, he endeavored to make himself more fully than ever conscious of his misery, and realize the length and depth of it in its fullest extent. What was it, after all, but a possible death? and does not death come to us all? Insult and pain and ignominy—shame and disgrace—why, these had come to innocent men before, and they had borne it; and now he could, if it were necessary, with fortitude. Soon over, after all; and why, while it lasted, should he not, in his self-consciousness of innocence, bring philosophy to his aid for his support? And after death, how could the howling of the crowd affect him, lying in the calm peacefulness of the grave?

Then at last he fell into an uneasy slumber, in which there were no visible shapes as of dreams; yet, all the same, some black cloud seemed to weigh heavily upon him, as a pall, and crush all the life and sweetness and restorative power out of the sleep he so much needed; then awakened to hear the church clock strike one; then relapsed once more into a troubled slumber, and so continued, with repeated awakenings, until the break of day. Then just outside the door came a whispering, which for the moment made him more than usually alert and wakeful. It was merely a change of guard, however, one constable coming to relieve the other. The Colonel heard the faint tones as the retiring guard reported to the coming one, and the dull scratching of iron as the horse-pistol was lifted from the window seat, delivered over as an emblem of authority, and again laid down. With that, finding himself fairly aroused, he made his toilet, re-entered his little parlor, gave what poor attention he could to his breakfast, already sent up to him from below, then turned to the window and prepared to do his best to while away the long morning.

How richly he would have enjoyed a quiet sail in one of the distant boats, or a bracing run along the smooth, sparkling sea-beach! It seemed, indeed, as though every creature but himself on earth was free and happy. Far off in the distance he could see a great steamer speeding toward the city, her decks almost blackened with passengers. How consciously filled with enjoyment most of these must be, looking forward to the pleasure of their speedy meeting with long-severed friends! Nearer by were little clamming boats anchored in their usual spots, and the long rakes momentarily drawn up and emptied. Even this, to the prisoner shut up within four walls, would have been an exciting sport, far better than pulling in salmon upon the great lakes, or following fox-hounds over sweet-smelling English heather. Alas! for him there was no companionship or occupation, even the most monotonous. A close chamber, that was all; the only living thing about him being the constable, who every little whlie peeped through the ventilator, to assure himself that his charge had not

escaped; and one poor, dusty, old fly, a relic of the previous season, toilsomely crawling along the base of the window pane, in a vain attempt to catch the sunlight upon his shabby body, and thereby, if possible, regain something of the cheerful glitter of his last year's youth.

While the Colonel thus gazed without, suddenly the door began to swing open slowly and timorously, and Mrs. Crusty appeared, dragging herself inch by inch inside the room. On her arm hung a small tin pail, from which exhaled the unmistakable odor of freshly shelled oysters. She placed the pail carefully upon the table, and then stood one side, nervously twisting her apron, and apparently waiting for some encouragement to conversation.

"Well, Margaret?"

"Not knowing, Colonel, whether you may have had breakfast enough, I have brought you some oysters. A dozen of them—Saddle Rocks. My Crusty says that there's nothing equal to oysters for keeping up the spirits, and so I thought that I would presume."

"Thanks, Margaret, I will try a few of them with pleasure."

"And, Colonel Grayling, one other thing," she continued, still lingering, "you don't suppose that I think you did that thing, do you?"

"I hope that no one really thinks so, Margaret."

"Which I couldn't answer for all," responded the too truthful woman. "There's some, and a great many of them, that do; and there's others, and not so many, that do not. I'm one of those that do not, Colonel," she continued, sidling up closer to him; "and Miss Stella—she is another of the same, besides me."

"Stella believes me innocent, you say? And you are sure of it? Thank God for that, at least. It makes amends for a great deal that has passed. And yet it was only yesterday that she— But why now speak of that, since, as you say, her trust in me has returned? And she is well? And you have seen her, and heard her speak about me?"

"Yes, Colonel; she is well, though of course it has not been a very good night that she has just passed. Yes, she knows in her heart that you did not do it, and she will stand by you to the last, I am sure, even though the whole world should rise up and say that she must not."

"And you will see her again?" exclaimed the Colonel, impetuously. "I know that you will, since I so greatly desire it, and you have shown such a generous disposition to be kind to me. Go to her at once, Margaret, and tell her that I love her more than ever for her trust and confidence in my innocence; that if we should never meet again, as in the past, yet to the very latest moment of my life I will think upon her with affection; that her image will always be before me; that I cannot tell how this matter will turn out, for though I know my own innocence, it may be that the web of falsehood which is woven about me with such cunning hands may prove too strong, so at the last to destroy all my hopes; but that at all times and in all seasons—"

"It would be a great deal for me to say to her," interrupted the poor woman, all in a maze of confusion. "These would all be very nice things to tell her, indeed; but I am afraid that my memory would be too short, Colonel Grayling. But it matters very little after all, for she—she is here herself, Colonel."

"Herself?" he cried, with incredulous accent, for it really seemed too strange to be literally true, and for the moment he could not realize the full effect of that drawling assertion. With that, Mrs. Crusty nodded gravely, as one who would add the testimony of a solemn oath to her previous assurances, and passed like a slow-moving ghost through the again opening door. And lo! when Grayling again looked after her retreating form, he beheld a pleasant picture, that he was destined never to forget as long as he might live.

The dingy entry, with walls stained and broken, and with one window at the end, through which could be seen a clump of waving treetops and a patch of blue sky

beyond. Seated in the window the constable, his horse-pistol upon the window-sill in ready reach of his hand, but himself now more intent upon keeping his pipe alight than upon maintaining an unnecessarily watchful guard. These few features for the background of the picture. And in the foreground, closely pressed in the opening of the door, the pleasant little figure which he had so often dreamed about, and which to him had become dearer than life itself.

Standing half irresolute against the door that now entirely closed behind her, with one foot slightly poised in front, and her head turned half aside, as though still uncertain whether, after all, she had not done wrong in coming, and needed little hint of reproach to cause her to retreat again; one hand nervously, as for support, holding the door-knob, while with the other she threw back the scarlet shawl that had hitherto half concealed her face, giving her the appearance of a newer Red Riding-hood; her lips wreathed into a fixed smile, as though she would affect to make light of the unwonted circumstances under which she now met Grayling, but her forced assurances of liveliness all belied by the bright teardrops that hung from her eyelids, ready to fall;—so for a moment she stood timorously gazing at him. Then Grayling, springing forward, folded her in his arms.

"You will forgive me, Allan, will you not?" she murmured; and now the trembling tears fell to the ground, only to give place to others, and she broke out into loud sobbing upon his breast.

"Yet what can there be to forgive at all, dear Stella?" he answered, clasping her still closer, and kissing away the new tears that would insist upon coming. "But oh! this is a great wrong to yourself—this coming here to me, a disgraced and ruined man. What now will be said about you?"

"There will be nothing said about me, Allan," she responded, half releasing herself from his embrace. And then, as with the perception of some pleasant thought, at once the quiver of her lips ceased, and they parted again into a smile—a less fixed and more natural smile than before—and her eyes grew bright with something of their olden look of half-suppressed merriment, while with their twinkle the last two teardrops fell and vanished.

"No: there will nothing at all be said, Allan, for nobody will know anything about it. We came the back way, so that no one could see—through the lane behind the ice-house, and up the path leading from the cistern; and the man at the door here was an old flame of Margaret, and for her sake would not tell. And so we came here unnoticed—Minnie Burton, Aunt Priscilla, and myself."

"And they, Stella—"

"As for Aunt Priscilla, Allan"—and as she spoke, her smile in its merriment almost broke out into open laughter—"you know what very little note she takes about anything that happens outside the house, except, of course, the war. She reads the newspapers, and can talk to you by the hour about Sherman's campaign, and tell it all wrong, too; but she knows very little about any of the news of Windward. Perhaps she is the only person now in the village who has not heard about—about your trouble, Allan. And so I very easily brought her along with me."

"But, Stella—"

"Aunt Priscilla, you must know, has been wishing, for many days past, to talk with Margaret about putting up quince sweetmeats, and I told her that there could not be a better time than this to learn all about them. So I brought her here; and Minnie Burton, too, to help keep her busy; and I told Aunt Priscilla that while she and Minnie were talking the matter over with Margaret, I would go into the parlor and try the piano. Which I did for just one minute, so as not to tell a story. And then Margaret pretended to go after one of the quince jars, and came up-stairs to forewarn you—and so here I am. Listen! they are now in Margaret's sitting-room, only two doors off, and you can easily hear them."

With that, Stella softly opened the door on a crack, and from near the end of the

hall came a low, subdued murmur, as of Mrs. Crusty's feeble voice, mingled with the lively, crisp chirping of Minnie Burton, evidently in full enjoyment of her duty to keep up the conversation, and help the time to fly unawares, and followed by the peculiar and unmistakable creaking intonations of Aunt Priscilla, in apparent condemnation of certain ill-behaved and uneasy quinces at home. And then Stella, brimful of the merriment of the moment, reclosed the door.

"And so you see, Allan, they are all engaged for the next hour or so, and we need not fear the least interruption from them. But why, after all, should I care what people may find out and say about us? Do you think that it would be at all right for me ever to see you in distress, or hear of your being so, and not at once—at the very first moment I knew of it—come to comfort you? Who else, indeed, than I? And to think that I treated you so badly two days ago! You should—you must hate me for it, of course; and yet—I was so much less to blame than you think. For, indeed, I had not lost trust in you, Allan. I was merely forced to act as I did. For he came— But sit down, Allan, and let me tell you all about it. And you are blaming me yet, I know, and you are right in doing so; and you must not think of forgiving me at all," continued Stella, somewhat illogically; "nor must you speak kindly to me, or even look kindly at me, until you have heard me out, and know how much less there is to forgive than you think there is."

"Let me hear then, dear Stella," he responded, laughing; and he seated himself in an arm-chair that stood beside him. At one side of the chair was an ottoman, and upon this Stella placed herself, locking her hands together over the arm of the chair, and leaning her chin upon her hand, while she looked up at him and told her story. What wonder that, in spite of her prohibition, Grayling's arm stole down and clasped her waist? or that she, absorbed in her story, did not seem to regard the action?

"He came to me two days ago," she said, "just before I saw you. And he said—"

"Who said, Stella?"

"He said to me," she continued, without appearing to regard the question, so eager was she to enter upon her explanation, and clear up all that was wrong between them—"he whispered the cruel story about you, and—"

"But who came and whispered it, Stella?"

"Do you not know? Why, Doctor Gretchley, to be sure."

"Why, yes, of course it was he. I ought to have guessed it at the first"; and the Colonel shut his teeth tightly together as he thought of the man's persecution of him. What object could there be in it? Would the wrong triumph? Or would the right story come out after all, and the victim be relieved and restored to his proper position before the world? If so, in what manner could he ever obtain his revenge for the whole series of grievous wrong? Well, time would show, and all speculation at present seemed idle indeed. "Yes, I should have guessed it at once, Stella. But go on."

"He whispered the cruel story, Allan, and pretended to give me such proof that for the time I was crazy, I believe; but all the while I remember that I managed to maintain some command over myself. And he said that I ought never to see you more, or speak to you again, or have anything more to do with you. You know how earnestly and confidingly Doctor Gretchley can talk. Perhaps, also, you may have heard how very firmly I have always been led to trust in him, seeing that at times he has been very kind to me, and that I have lived so much alone, seeing few people, and may not yet have learned to know the world as I ought, and am apt to believe too readily all that is told to me. If you had been other than what I know you to be, Allan, or if I had thought any less of you, I might have now believed Doctor Gretchley. And yet I did not for a moment; but on the contrary, I trusted in you the same as ever. There was some terrible mystery here, I said to myself, but none the less would you come out of it in the end."

"Thanks for that trust, Stella."

"Well, when he had finished telling me that dreadful story, and I had gotten rid of him so as to think for myself, I was half out of my senses through fear for you. And my whole thought, after a while, centered in the necessity of getting you away from the village. Anywhere, anywhere else, so long as you were away from Windward, and from the reach of the evil purposes of Doctor Gretchley. And I wondered how I could best get you away. If I told you the whole story, you would probably the more resolve to stay and face the danger, whatever form it might take. But if I pretended to quarrel with you, and with pretense of unkindness drove you away, making you so angry with me that you would hurry off, resolving never to see me again, and so returned at once to the army, where I might write to you and explain everything, and we could at our leisure concert measures for your safety—O, Allan, do you not now see my whole plan?"

"I do, Stella; and such a foolish plan as it was, too!"

"It may have been, though it did not seem so to me at the time. But foolish or not, Allan, it was very hard for me to carry it out. Twice I was nearly breaking down in it, so dreadful to me was your frown. When you turned away at last, and in anger, though I had accomplished all that I had intended, yet I felt so sorry about it, that if you had once looked back lovingly at me, I should have called you again to me, and avowed all. And once before that I was on the point of giving way, and undoing all my work, when the sudden thought of Doctor Gretchley— O, Allan! do you think he believes it himself?"

"What do you think about it, Stella?"

"What can I say? There was a time when I really thought that he did; that some strange train of circumstances might have put you under suspicion even with him, though he is generally so clear-sighted. And then again, it might be that he did not credit a word of it, and was merely working out some dreadful purpose of his own. Which was it, indeed? At first I thought the former, for I did not believe that any one could be bad enough for the latter. But afterwards—lately— Let me tell you what happened only last evening. I chanced to glance out of the window, and I saw him standing at the gate. I thought at first that he was intending to come in; and think how the very idea of it must have horrified me! For no one should have dared to come to me at such a time, should there? Every one should know that I would wish to see no one. But it seemed that Doctor Gretchley did not mean to come in, or if he had thought of it at all, had not the courage to attempt it. He was merely pausing for a moment at the gate, and looking up at the house; and then he passed on. But even in that moment, it chanced that the moonlight fell broadly upon him, so that I saw him clearly as in the daytime; and his face was pale, and his manner strange, and he seemed like a man that had seen a ghost. It was all such a guilty expression, both in face and form! I can scarcely explain how I connected the two—his appearance there, and his story to me. Perhaps there could be found no real connection between them. And yet all the same there seemed such an impress of guilty purpose upon him, that from that very moment I began to feel sure that he had no actual belief in what he had been telling me, but that he was steadily working out some terrible object of his own. But O, Allan, think how circumstances may have placed you in his power! Think what I felt when you told me that upon that dreadful night you had been secretly in the village!"

"That is a matter very easily explained, Stella—at least to you. I could have explained it upon the examination yesterday, but that I did not care to do so, knowing so well that it might not have been believed, and would not have altered the predestined result. I had just been exchanged out of the Southern prison and given a furlough; and coming North, I heard for the first time about your engagement to Mr. Vanderlock. I was almost broken-hearted, dear, for I thought that you must have forgotten me; but though I knew it could do me no good,

I felt that I must see you once again. So I came to the village late in the evening, and kept away so that no one should see me; and when it was quite dark I stole up to the house, in order to peep into the window. I supposed that I might see you sitting there, and after one look which you should never know anything about, might go away forever. And you were there, and Mr. Vanderlock as well. Your face was turned away so that I could not see it, and he was holding you by the hand. That look was enough for me, Stella, and I stole off again; first, as I now remember, cutting a twig from your favorite rose-bush, to carry away with me, as my sole memento. I have it in my pocket-book now, Stella."

"O, Allan! How foolish it all seems—or would seem, if it had not led to so much mischief! For let me tell you the truth of it all. I was never engaged to him—would never have been. But he came so often, and assumed such an air of acceptance with me, that all the village soon began to believe it. I did not at first learn the report, so as sufficiently to contradict it; and Mr. Vanderlock himself did not do so. Here was where he was so crafty, Allan; thinking perhaps, that a report uncontradicted might commit me, at least so far as to bring about its realization. That night—that dreadful night—he had come up for one last appeal; and he took my hand—it must have been at that moment when you saw us—and he begged me, as never before, to relent. The tears stood in his eyes—I had never before seen a strong man weep; and I felt very sorry—almost as though I knew that other trouble was fated so soon to fall upon him. And he said that since he had no longer any hope, he did not care or wish to live; and so passed out of the house, and I never saw him again."

"He said that—that he did not wish to live?" the Colonel repeated, in a somewhat puzzled manner. "How strangely, indeed, was his word fulfilled, was it not? But let us not think any further about that, Stella. You have said that I must forgive you for your seeming lack of trust in me. But how can you ever pardon me for mine?"

"We will make mutual amends by never having any distrust on either side again," she said, smiling brightly and cheerily through her tears, as she felt that the last thread of misconstruction had been brushed away.

"And we can not only trust, but live henceforth only for each other; can we not, Stella?"

"Yes, Allan," she simply answered.

Therefore was that matter settled, and mutual promises exchanged with the mere trembling of an eyelid, as it were; and with his arm thrown closer around her, they sat and talked together. A little about the future and their plans for it; a great deal about the past—the far-off past, that was so dear to them with pleasant memories. Thitherward, more than in advance, their thoughts now seemed to turn. Ah! how delightful to speak of those things, conscious that now, so differently from a few hours ago, she would sympathize with him, and assist his recollection! How, as boy and girl, they had been wont to steal away from school and take their long walks together, and never even then failed to lay out their future plans, which always led to the one result of his determination quickly to make his fortune, and then return to claim her for his bride. How, as the years flew by and the lovers grew up, his timorous doubt and her maiden modesty allowed these visions no longer to be spread out before them, though all the while still lying vivid and undimmed in their minds, though each one believed the other to have forgotten them; those pleasing pictures thus remaining out of sight, though needing only a single word of affection to bring them to the light again. What long years of cruel severance had these thus been! and throughout all, how unnecessary that state of doubt and misconstruction! All these and other kindred topics they now recalled for many minutes, until there was heard the sound of a gentle rap by the constable outside, accompanied with a warning cough. He, good, sympathizing fellow, though not fully taken into their confidence, had heard the sounds of approaching interruption, and knew that he might

be of service in forewarning them. How hard, indeed, to be thus awakened from that dream of the past, and feel once more, what in their happiness they had forgotten, that they were sitting, not in any secure retreat, but in a guarded prison, and that there might still be much tribulation and suffering in store for them! With this warning awakening, Stella again opened the door on a crack, and they heard Aunt Pris and Mrs. Crusty and Minnie—their consultation at last ended—emerging from the sitting-room and approaching the stairway to the lower story—the quavers of Aunt Priscilla's voice coming through the passage with increasing distinctness, now that she was fairly on her way.

"Good by, Allan," exclaimed Stella; "I must hurry back to the parlor by the stairway. Good by, dear—for a day only, though."

"Good by, dear Stella; though I fear it must be longer than a day. For I would not that you should come too often, lest you might be observed, and cruel remarks be made. Yet cheer up, and still cherish hope that all will turn out well; and be assured that though I am absent from you, I shall never lose you from my thoughts."

With that, they tore themselves apart; and as the door closed behind her, all the sunshine seemed to be taken out of the room, and once more deep gloom fell upon Grayling. Again came the true realization of all the trouble that might be before him, and the cruel doubt whether, in the transport and forgetfulness of the moment, he had not done wrong to suffer her to pledge herself to him. Would it not have been better to have awaited a friendly issue of the affair before speaking to her about his love? But it seemed now too late to cherish such doubts and hesitations. The die had been cast, and henceforth, be the issue prosperity or tribulation, their fates must be linked together.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE CRUISE OF THE CORWIN.—II.

Our sledge party had also met traveling parties of Tchooktchees, from the vicinity of Cape Jakan, on their way to East Cape, and from them learned that no white men had been seen on the coast. These people are constantly traveling back and forth, and it would be almost impossible for any one landing on the coast to escape their notice. In winter, they travel west on their way to the Russian trading-posts in the interior, which they reach by ascending the rivers west of Cape Jakan. In the spring, they travel to East Cape, cross over Behring's Strait, and continue their journey to Cape Blossom, Kotzebue Sound, where they meet the Esquimaux from the entire coast of arctic Alaska, from Point Barrow to Cape Prince of Wales, to trade, returning to their homes by the same route in the latter part of the summer.

It is no unusual thing to find from one thousand to twelve hundred natives collected at Cape Blossom during the summer, where they trade and indulge in all kinds of sports—dancing, running foot-races, kyack-racing, throwing spears, target-shooting, etc. Generally, their relations with each other on these occasions are friendly, except when they have liquor; but a lack of confidence is always noticeable, and no opportunity is allowed for either party to get the better of the other, if it can be avoided.

The inhabitants of the coast of Asia in the vicinity of Behring's Strait, or Tchooktchees, as they are called, and the Innuits of arctic Alaska, commonly called Esquimaux, though resembling each other in some particulars, are widely different in others. Both practice Shamanism, and believe in charms to ward

off evil. Both have a superstitious fear of the dead, and hold to the law of blood for blood. They each have a crude, undefined idea of a future state, in which the good are rewarded and the bad punished. The nature of these rewards and punishments, however, differs at nearly every settlement, according to the best native authority. Neither of them have any marriage ceremony, nor any law which regulates the number of wives a man may have; but polygamy is not generally practiced, except when there are no children by the first wife, and very few instances came under my observation during the two seasons I lived among them. The women make the fur clothing, boots, etc., dress and cook the game and fish, and take good care of the babies. The latter are fat little things, that seem to be always well and happy, as they are seldom heard to cry.

The mother carries the babe on her back, inside the *parkie*, when traveling, attends to all its wants, and shows great affection for it. Punishment of children is almost unheard of.

Whenever a man has more than one wife, they are said to dwell together in peace and harmony. One case came under my notice, at Plover Bay, of a man who had five wives, and a home for each; one of them, who accompanied him on board the vessel, stated, with evident pride, that she was the first, and occupied the largest house. They have no laws, and no hereditary chiefs; although there is generally one man in each settlement who is recognized as a sort of leader, either on account of superior natural ability or the possession of property.

Some of the points of difference between the Tchooktchees and Esquimaux are the language, personal appearance, style of building houses, and the accumulation of property by the former, which is a thing almost unknown among Innuits.

The language is entirely different, except in the vicinity of the strait, where they are in constant communication with each other; and philologists have failed to discover any resemblance.

The Tchooktchees are much the finer-looking of the two, though somewhat darker; they have fine, bright eyes, intelligent faces, and lithe, active forms; while the Innuits have dull, heavy eyes, and large, stupid faces, with very narrow foreheads, running almost to a point at the crown; their cheek-bones are broad and high, their chin and lower jaw massive; while the form, though large and muscular, lacks grace, and appears heavy and slow when compared with the Tchooktchees.

To complete the unattractiveness of the Innuits, the lower lip is pierced with two holes below the corners of the mouth, in which are inserted ornaments, to which the Russians gave the name of *labrets;* they are made of stone, glass, ivory, bone, or any substance which strikes the fancy of the wearers.

In courage and endurance, the Tchooktchees are also greatly superior to the Innuits. The independent nomadic habits which the Reindeer Tchooktchee acquires, through the necessity of frequently changing positions to find fresh pastures for his animals, which he herds in large numbers, and the constant vigilance necessary to guard them from the attacks of wild animals, give him self-reliance, courage, and endurance, to an unusual degree.

Armed only with a spear, and with no other protection from the biting wind than a small bunch of trailing pine or dwarf willow, he squats down in the snow, and drawing his *parkie* down over his knees, and its hood closely around his face, he waits throughout the long arctic night, listening to the howling of the storm, the more dismal howling of the wolves, and the deep growl of the bear, prepared to sally forth at any time to give battle to any who should approach too near. In return for this constant care, the reindeer furnishes the four essential elements of Tchooktchees' existence—food, clothing, shelter, and means of transportation.

The flesh, blood, and entrails are eaten; the skin is tanned, and made into clothing and tents, which are sewed together with the sinews of the legs; the horns are cut into pieces of suitable length, and used for cross-bars for the sleds; and when traveling, the deer are attached to the sleds by means of a collar and trace, or they are used as

pack animals, a sufficient number of each herd being trained for the purpose. A singular fact is mentioned by Mr. George Kennan, in his interesting book, "Tent Life

WRANGEL ISLAND—DISTANT TWENTY-FIVE MILES. (FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. C. L. HOOPER.)

in Siberia," that neither of the four great wandering tribes that inhabit the north-eastern part of Asia (Tchooktchees, Kouaks, Tungoos, and Yakuts), which herd the reindeer, use the milk of the animal in any form. It seems difficult to imagine why so important

an article of food should be neglected, when every other part of the animal is utilized.

In appearance, the tame deer of Asia is not equal to the wild one of Alaska. They are smaller, have shorter legs and larger feet. The size of the latter amounts almost to a deformity. In color, they are white, spotted, gray, brown, and some nearly black —no two being alike; while the wild deer are invariably of the same color throughout the herd, although the color varies with the season, from dark brown in summer to light gray in winter, with the flanks and inside of the legs white.

Many wonderful things are related by Wrangel and other early travelers, of the endurance, nerve, energy, memory, keenness of sight, etc., of these wandering tribes of deermen. How they cross the trackless steppes, with no other guide than a bush, a stone, a pool, or a rise of ground so slight as to be almost imperceptible to one unaccustomed to this kind of traveling; sleeping at night entirely exposed to the intense cold, without fire, and no other covering than the fur jacket which he has worn during the day, and which he pulls off and spreads over his shoulders at night. The Yakuts, a tribe inhabiting a region near the mouth of the Indigick River, are called, even in Siberia, "iron men."

As an instance of their wonderful acuteness of vision, it may be mentioned that Lieutenant Anjou, who accompanied Wrangel in his polar voyages, speaks of one who had several times observed, with the naked eye, the immersion and emersion of Jupiter's satellites.

There are traditions among them, that over two centuries ago a class of people, called Onkilon, or sea people, occupied the coast from Cape Skelagskoij to Behring's Strait, and traces of their houses still remain, constructed of earth and the bones of the whale, such as are built by the Esquimaux.

Some of the early voyagers speak of finding a people, as far south as the Anadyr Gulf, distinct from the Tchooktchees in form, dress, and language, the latter resembling that of the Esquimaux. There are also traditions of wars between the Tchooktchees and the Onkilon, which resulted in the annihilation of the latter.

It seems probable that large numbers of Esquimaux have at some time crossed over the strait, and settled on the Asiatic side, drawn there doubtless by the whales, which were formerly very abundant along this coast; but they were afterwards killed or driven back by the more powerful and warlike Tchooktchees.

The Tchooktchees are divided into two classes, nomadic and sedentary. The former are the wandering deermen, and the latter those who dwell in fixed habitations on the sea-coast.

Captain Lütke, in his "Voyage au tour du monde sur la Corvette Le Seniavine," in 1826, describes these people as two distinct races, differing in mode of life, language, and appearance.

This, however, is evidently a mistake, as the language is almost precisely the same.

According to Wrangel, the sedentary Tchooktchees are those who have lost their herds, through sickness or other causes, and settled by degrees along the coast, where they catch fish, and kill whales, walrus, and seals.

While cruising in the vicinity of Icy Cape, on the 23rd of July, we spoke the whaling bark Northern Light, whose Captain informed us that the Daniel Webster was in the pack to the northward.

About July 1st the ice had started off shore as far north as Point Belcher, and a lead had opened between the shore and drift ice similar to that we had found on the Siberian side a month earlier, and extending much farther. The Daniel Webster and two other ships had entered, but at the first indication of its closing, the latter ships had beat out to clear water, while the Webster remained, apparently unaware of the danger, and had not since been seen, as the lead closed soon after, and the pack set in shore as far south as Icy Cape. We made an attempt to get up the coast, in shore of the pack, both in the vessel and steam launch, to learn the fate of the whaler, and render

any needed assistance; but the pack rested so close against the shore that it was found impossible, in many places the ice being forced entirely out upon the dry land. On the 26th, finding the ice still working south, we determined to go to the coal mines near Cape Lisburne, take in a supply of coal, make a run to the westward, and learn the conditions of the ice in the vicinity of Herald Island. On the evening of that day, while steaming to the southward, we had an exhibition of some of the wonderful effects of the refraction of lights, for which the arctic regions are so justly celebrated. The many fantastic forms assumed in the mirage by the steam whaler Belvedere, about twenty miles distant from us, was a source of amusement for all on board during several hours. Subsequently, I learned from Captain Owens that he had on that occasion seen from his mast-head the fleet of whale ships at anchor near Icy Cape, with sufficient distinctness to tell which way they were heading, although over fifty miles distant at the time.

As if to complete this remarkable exhibition, about midnight a stratus cloud, not more than two degrees wide by fifteen degrees long, appeared beneath the sun, which at this season, in this latitude, approaches within about three degrees of the northern horizon. This cloud, acting as a prism, decomposed the rays of the sun's light, and produced between the horizon and the cloud a solar spectrum of great brilliancy and beauty, constantly changing in intensity, owing to the change in position of the cloud, at times showing all the colors of the rainbow, and at others only one or two; sometimes dying out completely, only to reappear by running through all the colors successively—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red—each showing but a second of time, and giving place to the next, as if by magic. This beautiful display lasted about half an hour, and was a scene long to be remembered.

On the 30th of July we landed on Herald Island, and searched carefully for traces of any of the missing ships, but found none, or anything to indicate that the island had ever been visited before. This island was discovered by Captain Kellett, R. N., and named after his ship, the Herald. It is about six miles in length by one wide, and its greatest hight, as shown by the Aneroid barometer, is twelve hundred feet. It is composed of coarse, gray granite, and its sides are steep and difficult of access. From the top of Herald Island a good view of Wrangel Island was had, bearings taken, sketches made, etc. The outline of the eastern end of the island was clearly defined, and about forty miles distant; but farther away upon its north side a blue line appeared above the horizon, which was mistaken for land extending in that direction. After leaving Herald Island we cruised several days in the vicinity of the ice park, near Wrangel Island, following along its edge, and whenever opportunity offered, steaming into the leads, and trying to reach the land, but never being able to approach it nearer than twenty miles. Finding it impossible to effect a landing until a decided change should take place in the condition of the ice, we crossed over to the Siberian coast, following the western pack. On the morning of August 4th, in the latitude of 69° 50′ north, longitude 179° 25′ west, we picked up the lower yard of some vessel, possibly a piece of the wreck boarded at Cape Vankarem. We sighted Cape North the same evening. This is the most northern point reached by that most reliable of all the early navigators, Captain Cook, during his voyage along this coast in August, 1878. It is probable, however, that he was unable, from some cause, to take observations, as Cape North, as well as the coast between it and Kolutchin Island, was found to be thirty nautical miles too far west on the American Hydrographic Chart, which is a compilation of the Russian and English surveys. The latitude of Cape North, and the coast-line to Kolutchin Island, was established by observations by Wrangel, in his polar expedition in 1823, and is very accurate; but the longitude, which was established by reckoning brought forward from Cape Jakan, the geographical position of which had been

previously determined by him by lunar observations, was found to be thirty nautical miles too far west, as stated. In speaking of this coast, Cook says: "The land here is in every respect like that of the opposite one in America; that is, low land next to the sea, with elevated land farther back. It was entirely destitute of wood, and even snow, but was probably covered with a mossy substance, which gave it a brownish cast."

On the 10th of August we again came up to the ice pack, off the south end of Wrangel Island, and on the morning of the 12th succeeded in reaching its eastern coast, and making a landing at a point in latitude 71.04 north, and longitude 177.40 west. In following along on the edge of the pack, on the evening of the 11th, we had discovered a lead, and steaming into it, had been able to approach within eight miles of the land, when a fog shutting down, it was decided not to attempt a landing until morning, when it was hoped the fog would clear away again. We remained in the lead during the night, changing our position occasionally, on account of the constant change taking place in the position of the ice. At four o'clock, A. M., the weather commencing to clear, we got under way, and steamed into the end of the lead; and finding the ice less solidly packed than on the previous evening, I determined, instead of sending a party over the ice, as had been my original plan, to try and reach the land with the vessel. Accordingly, we entered the ice, and after bumping against grounded ice, and squeezing through drift ice for two hours, we reached a small, clear space off the mouth of a small river with a very rapid current; and landing, we raised the American flag, and took possession of the country in the name of the United States of America, provisionally. In order that my action may be fully understood, it is necessary to review briefly its history.

In 1763, a Cossack, named Andrejieff, first reported the existence of a land to the north of the continent of Asia, and it has been claimed that he even landed and found it inhabited. His own account of the discovery is, that "after driving to the north about fifty versts (thirty-three miles) from the mouth of the Krestovoi, I discovered a group of inhabited islands, containing traces of a much more numerous population at some former period." The part of the Polar Sea referred to by Andrejieff has since been explored by Lieutenants Anjou and Wrangel, and no land found, except the Medveii, or Bear Islands, the largest of which lies almost directly in the position indicated, fifty versts north of the mouth of the Krestovoi River. This and other reports of the existence of land north of Kotelnoi and New Siberia led the Emperor Alexander to equip two expeditions, which were to proceed by land to the northern part of Siberia, to explore and survey the coast. One of these expeditions was placed under the command of Lieutenant Anjou, with instructions to commence operations at the mouth of the Iana, and the other under command of Lieutenant Wrangel, who was instructed to commence at the Kolyma, and proceed east to Cape Shelagskoi, and thence in a northly direction, in order to ascertain whether an inhabited country existed in that quarter, as asserted by the Tchooktchees.

After four years spent in unavailing efforts, Wrangel returned home, without even seeing it, or gaining the slightest particle of knowledge in regard to it. At Cape Jakan he had been informed by natives, that in the summer time, on clear days, from a hill in the vicinity, high land could be seen to the north. To reach this land, he made sledge journeys to the north of Cape Jakan, but each attempt was frustrated by his encountering open water before he reached the limit for which he was equipped.

In submitting his report to the Navy Department on his return, he referred to it as "the problematical land of the North." His four years' explorations along the Siberian coast were conducted with great heroism, and were prolific of good results; and to him, more than any one else, are we indebted for the knowledge we now have of its geographical and climatic conditions. Subsequently, the mountains of Wrangel Island were seen

by Captain Kellett, who also saw the eastern extremity in thick weather, and supposed it to be an outlying island, to which he gave the name of his ship.

In 1867, this land was seen by nearly the entire whaling fleet in the Arctic, and a sketch was made by Captain Thomas Long, and a description of the land given, which, though placing it twenty miles too far south, gives a very close approximation to its extent east and west. It has since been seen by many of the whalemen from time to time.

That we were the first to land on this island, there can be no doubt whatever; and it seems equally clear, that by our act of landing, and taking possession of it in the name of the United States, it became part of the territory of this country, unless there is some specified reservation in the adjustment of the boundary between Alaska and Siberia when the former country was sold to the United States by Russia.

In our provisionally applying a new name to the island, there was no motive whatever to discredit the praiseworthy labors of Wrangel and Kellett, both of whose names had been associated with it, but it did seem suggestive that our success in first landing upon its shores, and determining the latitude of its southern extremity, and establishing the identity of Plover Island with its eastern cape, gave us some reasonable claim in the fixing of names. This, however, is a matter that is finally settled by the Government, and with its decision we shall cheerfully acquiesce.

The river at the mouth of which we landed, upon the south-eastern shore, was named Clarke River, as a token of my esteem for the Chief of the Revenue Marine Bureau at Washington, Major E. W. Clarke, a gentleman who has taken great interest in arctic exploration, and who was largely instrumental in causing the Corwin to be sent on this highly interesting and important duty. The land is principally a slate formation, forming a sticky clay where exposed to the weather. It was sparsely covered with vegetation.

On the beach, small pieces of sand stone, quartz, and mica-schist were found. The eastern shore-line, as far as we could see with the glasses, presents a succession of dark slate cliffs, from one to three hundred feet high.

The entire surface of the land, as observed from the ship while cruising in the vicinity, as well as from the shore, presents in appearance a succession of smoothly rounded hills, which, towards the interior and near the south side, are from one to three thousand feet high. Those near the coast are remarkable for the smoothness and beauty of their outlines, and present here and there patches of green or gray, according to the nature of the vegetation. The more distant hills, however, seemed entirely bare; they resemble in color and appearance some that I have seen on the coast of Asia, in the vicinity of Plover Bay, composed of disintegrating gray granite, with occasional red patches, indicating the presence of iron. While steaming through the ice, searching for a lead in toward the shore, a number of species of the sea-fowl common to high northern latitudes were seen from time to time. Among these, the most numerous were the murres and guillemots, with numerous Kittinake gulls, and the common ice gull; more rarely, single individuals of the Sabine's gull came circling curiously about the ship. Numerous small flocks of black-headed turnstones were seen near shore, and two parties of common eider-ducks. In both instances, the latter were females with their young.

The second brood of eiders was seen swimming close along shore, and away from the mouth of the river, as we made our landing. On shore, we found numerous snow buntings, and a single snowy owl, which, with a shrike, picked up dead on the beach, and of a species thus far undetermined, and a solitary golden plover, completes the short list of land birds seen.

At a number of places upon the hillsides we found the droppings of wild geese, so numerous that it was evident this place must have been a common resort for flocks of these birds earlier in the season. Their absence at the time of our landing is readily

accounted for by the fact that this was the time when geese shed their large wing feathers, and lose the power of flight. As this season comes on, they congregate in large flocks, in low, marshy land, and remain until their new growth of feathers enables them to spread over the country again, a month or six weeks later.

Saddle-back and hair seal were rather common among the ice, and, in addition, there was a small species of hair seal, unknown upon the American coast, and perhaps new to science.

Walrus were not rare about the outer edge of the pack, and therefore the polar bear was seen almost every time we made an attempt to enter the ice. Upon the hilltops or shore were found numerous burrows of some animal, but we could not determine whether it was the marmot or white fox. Some tracks of white foxes were mingled with those of the polar bear in the wood along the banks of the river. Stranded on the sand bar at the mouth of this river lay the skeleton of a right whale, which closes the list of mammals observed.

While passing in and out through the ice, numerous small, large-headed fish, from two to four inches long, were brought to the surface by rolling masses of ice. These are called ice fish by whalers, but no specimens were obtained, so no additional information can be given.

While we were leaving Herald Island, several fish, five to eight inches long and shaped like a smelt, were seen, but could not be identified, as they were in view only an instant.

The following-named plants were collected:

Grasses, 3; dwarf willow, 1; phlox, 1; saxifrage, 1; sibbaldia, 1; draba, 2; potentila, 3; anemone, 1; papaver, 1; veronia, 1; artemisia, 1; carex, 1; stellaria, 3; mosses, 3; lichens, 5; and four compositæ.

These, with other plants collected, have been sent to Professor Asa Gray for identification.

In many places where the snow remained in the ravines in banks against the steep cliffs, it presented a peculiar reddish color, owing to the presence of red snow, as it is usually called—a minute plant with which the surface of the snow is often covered in high latitudes. It was seen and described by Sir John Ross in 1818, and by Sir Edward Parry in 1827; but its true character was not understood until many years later, when it became known as a vegetable growth.

Our stay on shore was necessarily short, on account of the strong northerly current which was sweeping the ice pack along with irresistible force. Much of the ice inside of ten fathoms of water was aground, but not sufficiently firm to form any protection from the drifting mass, as it was constantly being turned and pushed in every direction when struck by the large floating pieces, and the utmost vigilance was required to avoid getting caught between the contending masses. At 9.30, A. M., being unable to hold our position any longer, we commenced to work out towards the lead, which we reached at 11, A. M. This much accomplished, we determined to proceed without delay to the eastward, learn the fate of the Daniel Webster, render any assistance needed, and return to our new possessions, where we had no doubt of being able to land and make further explorations. We reached Point Barrow on the 16th, and learned that the Webster had been crushed, and that a part of her crew were still at this place, others having gone overland to Icy Cape, where they had joined other ships; those at Point Barrow were divided up among the ships present for passage to San Francisco, nine being taken on board of the Corwin. It appears that the Daniel Webster had stood to the northward, in the lead, until she reached Point Barrow, when, coming to the end of it, and finding it to be closing behind, her captain only realized the danger when too late; half an hour later the lead closed entirely, crushing her timbers, and throwing her over on the ice a wreck.

From Point Barrow we proceeded to Plover Bay to coal ship, being unable to coal at the mine, on account of heavy weath-

er. We reached Plover Bay on the 24th of August, where we found Lieutenant Ray, U. S. A., with a party on board the schooner Golden Fleece, bound to Point Barrow to establish a signal station. On the 27th we again got under way, and proceeded to the northward.

On the 31st we hove to, in a heavy gale, off Herald Island, during which we lost our iron ice-breaker; and as our oak sheathing was entirely gone around the bows, giving us nothing to break ice with but three and one-half inch Oregon fir plank, the stem injured by the ice, a crippled rudder, and nine extra men to feed, it was not considered prudent to venture into the ice again; so we were compelled to forego further attempts at landing and exploring the new territory.

We continued to cruise to the eastward in the vicinity of Kotzebue Sound, until the 14th of September, when we left the Arctic, bound for home. Current observations have been made whenever practicable during this and the previous season. The force and direction of the surface and bottom currents have been measured, but as the subject is one of great interest and importance, and involves a comprehensive discussion of all the circumstances of wind, weather, ice, etc., it will be considered in a separate paper. From our observations during the past two seasons, from the testimony of the whalers, and from such information as I could gather from the natives and other sources, I am of the opinion that a branch of the great Japanese warm stream, the Kuro Siwo, passes through Behring's Strait, but subject to the varying conditions of wind and ice. A southerly wind accelerates, while a northerly wind stops it entirely for a time; and in some cases of a long-continued northerly wind, it is not impossible that a slight southerly set may be created; but such an occurrence must be rare, and of short duration. The current is much stronger during the months of August and September than in the early part of the season, when the ice pack extends entirely across Behring's Sea. This branch of the Japanese warm stream follows the direction of the Kamschatka coast to the northward through Behring's Sea, passing between St. Lawrence Island and the Asiatic coast, and thence through the strait; after which it is controlled in great measure by the condition of the ice pack. I have never known the current through the straits to exceed three knots per hour; the average is probably not over two knots. In the vicinity of Herald and Wrangel Islands we found the current setting to the north and eastward about two knots per hour, and detected no tidal change. Off the south coast of Wrangel a slight westerly current was observed. In the Arctic, as well as in Behring's Sea, there is no doubt a tidal current, but it is so dependent on the conditions of the ice, that only the mean of a long series of careful observations can determine its characteristics.

During the past two seasons the Corwin has cruised in the Arctic Ocean over twelve thousand miles, examined thoroughly every accessible part of the sea, including the ice pack as far as it was possible to penetrate, and over a thousand miles of coast-line. In addition, the sea has been traversed each year from June to September by a fleet of twenty whaling vessels, but not one trace has been discovered of the Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette.* She was last seen in the vicinity of Herald Island, by some of the whaling vessels, a few days after entering the Arctic, in September, 1879; and the natives at Cape Serdze Kamen, on the coast of Asia, told our interpreter that they remembered seeing her about the same time, on her way north, and described her as having a great many dogs and sleds on deck. They also mention the two St. Michael natives whom Captain De Long took with him as drivers, and whom the Tchooktchees recognized as Esquimaux by the labrets worn in the lips. We can state with reasonable certainty, both from our own observations and the reports of natives, that neither the coast of Asia between Cape Jakan and East

* Captain Hooper's article was written before information was received of the abandonment of the Jeannette and the arrival of a portion of the crew at the mouth of the Lena.—[Editor CALIFORNIAN

Cape, or the coast of Alaska between Cape Prince of Wales and the McKenzie River, have been visited either by the Jeannette, or any of her people; and since our search on Herald Island and Wrangel Island has been supplemented by that of the Rodgers, without the slightest trace being found, we may safely assert that they did not land at either of those places.

It seems to have been Captain De Long's purpose, if unable to effect a landing on Wrangel Island or Herald Island, to put his vessel into the pack, and work north as far as possible; and in the event of finding himself carried to the eastward, against his efforts to get north, he would try to push through into the Atlantic by way of the east coast of Greenland, if far enough north; or, if south, by way of Lancaster Sound and Melville Bay. The fact that nothing has been heard from the vessel, or any of her people, may be considered as good evidence that no accident befell her, during the first winter at least, that necessitated abandoning the vessel. It seems strongly probable that she entered the pack near Herald Island, and was carried by it in a northerly direction, and is now far beyond the reach of aid through Behring's Strait. However, I would not advise the abandonment of the search in this direction. I think the time has now arrived when united action is necessary to render assistance to the Jeannette—the united action of all the civilized nations of the world. Captain De Long and his gallant followers are now entering upon their third winter of hardships in the frozen zone, and as they were only fitted with provisions for three years, I cannot believe that their long stay has been entirely voluntary. One thing is certain, amid all these conjectures, if they have been compelled to abandon their vessel, and are now waiting for the assistance which they have a right to expect, it must be prompt to be efficacious; any delay may, and in all probability *will*, prove fatal to them. If they were compelled to abandon their vessel, they would probably make for the nearest land. If they reached the land between the McKenzie River and Point Barrow, they would be able to communicate with Lieutenant Ray's party at the latter place; and if in the vicinity of Lady Franklin Bay, with Lieutenant Greeley's party.

But if they should land, as is more probable, at some point between those places on Bank's Land, Melville Island, or Prince Patrick's Land, or the adjacent islands, although they would find game enough to sustain life, they would be compelled to remain there until a vessel is sent to their assistance.

In my opinion, sledge parties should be fitted out immediately to examine the coast between the mouth of the McKenzie River and Cape Bathurst; and as soon as the ice breaks up, a vessel should be sent to Melville Island, prepared to send out sledging parties to Bank's Land, Prince Patrick's Land, and the north shores of Melville Island, and Bathurst Island. One or more vessels should be sent up to search in the vicinity of the east coast of Greenland.

The relief steamer Rodgers, now wintering in St. Lawrence Bay, will doubtless return to the Arctic next spring, as early as the breaking up of the ice will permit, and cruise during the season of navigation. She is an able vessel, thoroughly fitted and equipped for the business, and in the hands of courageous, skillful, and competent men. The world may rest assured that all that can be done by them for the relief of the Jeannette will be done.

The past season has been in every way a remarkable one for Arctic navigation; probably the most open ever known, not only in the region north of Behring's Strait, where the whaling bark Sea Breeze, Captain McKenna, went nearly to 75° north latitude; but also in the Greenland seas, as is shown by the remarkable feat of the Proteus, in landing Lieutenant Greeley and his party at Lady Franklin Bay, and returning the same season; and in the large amount of open water found by the Alliance east of Greenland.

C. L. HOOPER.

YUMA.

Weary, weary, desolate,
Sand-swept, parched, and cursed of fate;
Burning, but how passionless!
Barren, bald, and pitiless!

Through all ages baleful moons
Glared upon thy whited dunes;

And malignant, wrathful suns
Fiercely drank thy streamless runs;

So that Nature's only tune
Is the blare of the simoon
Piercing burnt unweeping skies
With its awful monodies.

Not a flower lifts its head
Where the emigrant lies dead;

Not a living creature calls
Where the Gila Monster crawls
Hot and hideous as the sun
To the dead man's skeleton;

But the desert and the dead,
And the hot hell overhead,
And the blazing, seething air,
And the dread mirage are there.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

IN LOVE AND WAR.

"Nice?" said Miss Hackett, with meaning emphasis; "why, it's perfectly elegant! There's inlaid floors, 'n tiles all round the fireplace; 'n Turkish rugs, 'n the heaviest olive curtains on ebony rods in the parlor, that must have cost every speck of six dollars a yard. Her father give 'em the deed o' the house, 'n old Mr. Fessenden a splendid silver service; 'n I heard Mis' Craig give her an elegant Inja shawl, that must have cost a fortune. 'N then jest look at her clo'es!"

Hetty smiled over the shimmering folds heaped in her lap, and did not answer.

"There's the white satin for the ceremony, 'n the travelin' dress—that's two; 'n the cream-colored plush— Well, I declare, Hetty Silver! if that ain't the cutest sleeve trimmin' I ever see in my life! Where on earth 'd you pick it up?"

"Nowhere in particular," said Hetty, snipping off her thread, and smoothing down the dainty folds of the garment for

better inspection. "It is pretty, isn't it? I hoped it would be."

"You do have the greatest knack for them little things," said Miss Hackett, admiringly, with her head professionally aslant. "Now that's real dressy, 'n yet it's real plain too."

"I sh'd think she'd hate to be married now, when there's a strike, 'n everything," interposed a young girl at the other side of the long work-table. "My brother Joe, he was a laster in to Bird 'n Fessenden's, 'n he says they'll lose an awful lot of money, if somebody don't cave in pretty soon. I don't care, I think it's real horrid for Miss Bird."

"So do I," said a second, tying a veil over her hat before the mirror. "I pity her so much I'd be perfectly willing to take her place."

The other girls laughed.

"They say he's awfully devoted to her. (Don't you think he's nice-looking?) But it *is* horrid, isn't it, to have things come so? Not but what I think they might have more pay in the shoe shops, 'n I hope they'll get it too; but—well—I do think strikes are awful!"

"Frank Smith that run a 'McKay' in to Card Brothers', he said there was a lot of cases sent down to the freight depot from there night before last—it was an order they was in a hurry to finish up, 'n they was goin' to send 'em off to be done—'n a lot of the young fellows, they went down there 'n got an express wagon 'n carried 'em all back to Card Brothers', 'n dumped every one of 'em into the back yard. He says they don't mean to let a single case go out o' town ef they c'n help it."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if they had an awful time before they got through," said Miss Hackett. "(Shouldn't you think them shirrs would be full enough, if I don't take it only to the seam?) I heard a man talkin' in to the horse-car station last night, 'n he said they had a regular riot once, fifteen or twenty years ago. They used to have processions 'n things, 'n they set fires, 'n somebody tried to shoot the city marshal."

"Well, I don' know's *we* c'n help it," said Fan, judicially, turning away from the mirror. "Come, Hetty Silver, ain't you goin' home to-night? This clock *is* slow; there's the mill whistle now."

Scissors and thimbles were generally laid aside as the wail of the six o'clock whistle sounded in the distance, and Hetty shook out the folds of Miss Bird's pretty gown, to wait for another day. Miss Bird herself, in a long, fur-lined cloak, had just swept down the stairs from the *modiste's* parlors, when the two girls followed. The Bird's family carriage was waiting outside. The coachman shut the door, and two sleek gray horses took the bride-elect swiftly down the street. It was dark at six o'clock. The street lamps were lighted, and the windows were alive with gas jets. The Norrisville sidewalks were unusually crowded at six o'clock, by workmen pouring out from the shoe factories; but now, though the main street was by no means deserted, it wore an aspect very different from usual. Groups of men and half-grown boys were loitering here and there on the corner curb-stones, instead of making haste for home and supper, in the comfortable consciousness of another day's work done. Some were smoking, with their hands in their pockets, and others discussing the situation, with various enthusiasm. The "Gazette" office was brightly illuminated, and an eager crowd was gathered about the door to read the bulletins posted outside, while a burly, blue-coated policeman strolled slowly up and down the opposite sidewalk.

"There's a lot more bulletins out," said Fan. "I wish that man would move, so I could see to read."

"GREEN & CONGDON SPLIT ON THE NEW SCHEDULE. MR. GREEN SAYS HE WOULD ACCEPT, IF MR. CONGDON WOULD AGREE TO IT."

There was an audible demonstration across the street, a general hum of comment, and an attempt at applause; but both were hushed into the silence of expectation as another sheet was brought out, to be fixed in place.

"MR. GREEN SAYS IT'S A LIE. HE'D BE BLANKED FIRST."

There was a roar of laughter. Then somebody began to hiss.

"O, Fan, do come along!" urged Hetty, hurrying along to turn the next corner. "I hate to come down that street nowadays. I wish we'd gone the other way."

"O, you don't—you know you don't; he never goes up Blossom Street. Hetty Silver, I do think you're the meanest girl! I always tell you everything—"

Hetty laughed.

"—and you never tell me a thing—there! And people keep asking me if you're engaged to him."

"You're not obliged to tell," said Hetty, demurely. And just then the Eastwood horse-car came along, and the two girls parted. Hetty walked on alone down the silent street, past blocks of dusty factories. She knew all the signs with the familiarity of old acquaintance. They never used to stand for anything nearer than the advertisements painted on a railway fence; but lately she had come to feel a many-sided interest in the personal fortunes that they represented; Florence Bird's, for instance. Somebody said that Bird & Fessenden would lose enormously through this strike, whatever the final result might be; and with father and husband both involved, it might be hard for Florence—pretty, fair-haired Florence, who had always lived on cream and roses.

Hetty smiled softly to herself as she went on down the street. To be sure, hers was not like Florence Bird's version of the old story, for Dick Sherritt was a skilled workman, not a member of the firm, and he had only his weekly wages, instead of a perennial bank account; but he was so bright, so clever, so generous, that one could not help liking him; and velvet gowns and wedding presents were not the best things, after all. Dick met her opposite the telegraph office—a trim, slender, young man, with a light step, and a ready word and laugh.

"You look tired," he said, taking her hand on his arm. "Don't you let them work you to death, little girl."

"'With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red'—

Do I look like that?" asked Hetty, demurely.

"You look more as if you'd make other people's eyelids red, planning to go off the other side of the continent."

"O, Dick!" cried Hetty, in surprise, "who told you?"

"Not yourself, you discreet young person! I've heard of it, though, and been roaming round the streets ever since, waiting for six o'clock and you. Is it really true, Hetty? Are you going—honestly?"

"I—don't—know. I have the chance, you see, and it would be so nice to spend a year in California. Mrs. Craig won't go till after New Year's. I—don't—know. She wants somebody to travel with her: a sort of companion and a sort of maid. I used to be in her Sunday-school class, and I suppose that is how she came to ask me."

"I wish you'd been a heathen," said Dick. Then, as their eyes met, they both laughed, and Hetty blushed.

"Do you really want to go," he asked, more soberly, with a little accent of reproach. "And weren't you even going to tell me? It strikes me now—"

"Why, yes—of course. I only wanted to think a little. I suppose Aunt Maria *will* spread it."

"She'd be glad to have you go."

"What makes you think so?"

"She doesn't like me—that's why; and she'd think if you did go, you'd forget all about me. The worst of it is, I'm afraid you would."

"Dick!" said Hetty, softly, and drew her arm a trifle closer through his own. She was little and slight, and he had to look down a long distance, as he bent his head in answer. Dick Sherritt's eyes were always his strong point, and he had not owned them twenty-three years for nothing. Just now they shone with the mournful softness of pathos *in futuro*.

"O, yes, I know. But you see, it'll all be very different when you're sailing round the country with Mrs. Craig. You're awfully pretty, with that pale, little face of yours; you'll see somebody with no end of money, and he'll see you. Mrs. Craig'll give you her blessing and a wedding dress, and that'll

be the end of it. Not that I wonder much. Who'd want to come back to Norrisville 'n hem ruffles 'n things, 'n get married on something part of the time, and nothing through the strikes?"

The pale cheeks were pink-flushed, where the light of a street lamp fell upon them. People did not always think Hetty Silver pretty. The girls said she had a "nice, little face"; but its dainty outlines were not what Norrisville in general best appreciated.

"When have you got to decide about it?" asked Dick, rather abruptly.

"I don't know—in a fortnight, perhaps. She told me to think it over."

"Let it go as long as you can, do!" he urged, with sudden purpose. "I—I'm goin' away for a week or ten days. I've got to go; and don't, please don't promise till I come back. You won't, will you?"

"N—no; not if you care. It doesn't matter. Only it seems to me, whichever way it comes, you needn't talk so, or—or think *that* way."

"Honest and true, Hetty?"

But she only smiled now, and would not answer. He left her at the gate. Mrs. Maria Walker kept a boarding-house in a shabby, respectable, suburban street, and any prolonged leave-taking was at the risk of spectators by the windows; so he lingered only a moment, while she stood with her finger on the latch.

"I ain't goin' till Wednesday, and—Hetty—you needn't say I'm off anywhere just yet. I'll tell you about it sometime, afterwards."

"No—I won't. Good night, then." And she shut the gate.

He waited till the door closed behind her, then walked back rather hurriedly down the dusky street, whistling lightly to himself.

It was a long week—those next seven days; it seemed to Hetty they would go on forever. Besides Dick's absence (and she missed Dick), she had Mrs. Craig's proposition to think over, and the more she thought the less easy a decision seemed. There was a great deal to remember on both sides. "Yes," meant at least a year, probably as much as she chose, of the rose-colored atmosphere of Mrs. Craig's wealth and family. Hetty had a girl's instinctive craving for just that dainty, sheltered sort of life the year would bring; for the new place and people; down in the corner of heart, for the chance of playing a part in the pretty romance girlish imagination conjured up—an elderly lady with white hair and stately manners, and a slender, young companion whom she calls "my dear"—were not these sufficient material to begin with? And Mrs. Craig knew all the nice people everywhere. Not that it would ever amount to anything—of course not; for here was Dick, and that was just the trouble. She did not want another romance to amount to anything. She was very fond of her tall, young lover with his handsome eyes, and his fund of clever nonsense; she had always liked him a great deal better than the spectacled grammar-school teacher, who came to board at Aunt Maria's solely for the niece's sake. It might be true, as Aunt Maria said, that Mr. Thompson was in all respects an exemplary person, and that Dick was or had been just the least bit unsteady; but Dick was very, very fond of her, and did not every body say a wife can wield a wonderful influence for good? Besides, she could not bear Mr. Thompson; he was always discussing knotty points of discipline and syntax.

Hetty wondered sometimes, when Miss Bird came to consult about the wedding gown, whether she, too, had ever been perplexed about such things. Of course she had her troubles in some wise or other, as Mr. Fessenden certainly had his. The strikers in the factories still held out. There was talk of little else but the Crispins and the Employers' Union; of "scabs" and "schedules."

"Frank Smith says Parsons (he was foreman into the cuttin'-room at Card Brothers')—he says they'll try to get in some kind of a shop's crew to finish up their orders, if they have to send way down East for 'em. He says they've got into a pretty tight place. They can't get a Crispin, 'n if they got a lot of new men in, they'd be green hands, 'n 'twould make no end of a row with the

men here, anyway. He says he only hopes it'll send 'em to thunder, where they belong!"

"Well," said Miss Hackett, "I must say I don't see's that'd do the Crispins any good. If the bosses all failed up, of course they couldn't pay—'n folks hev to eat to live."

"Joe Bennett hain't had a speck o' work for four weeks now. He was making twenty-five dollars a week, right along, 'n they always spent every cent of it. I bet Cad wishes she hadn't got her cloak quite so soon."

"But, my goodness! ain't it elegant?" said somebody. "She always was dressy when she had a cent to spend."

"Do you think she's very pretty?"

"O, I don't know. Dick Sherritt used to think so—hey, Hetty? He was perfectly gone on her one time, before she married Joe Bennett."

Hetty held her head a trifle more erect, but basted box-plaits with serene unconsciousness. She was this week more silent and grave than usual, and had to bear a good deal of unwelcome banter in consequence. The boarders at Aunt Maria's, many of them operatives in the factories, talked all the time about the strike; and the school-master discussed the subject from a philosophical point of view. Hetty was not very wise; she knew nothing of political economy, and his well-meant efforts to enlighten only bored her.

"I don't think you're very civil to Mr. Thompson," said Aunt Maria, one night.

It was a dismal, rainy evening, and Hetty sat in the little up-stairs sitting-room, reading a story. The hall door stood ajar; some one was playing on the piano in the parlor —a silly little polka, that would have jingled if it had not wailed; and now and then some word of the school-master's arguments came floating up the stairs. He had views of his own on the labor question—good views, too, though Hetty neither knew nor cared.

"You might at least be civil to him," said Aunt Maria.

"The door is open," said Hetty.

Aunt Maria shut it with some slight emphasis.

"Well, I s'pose you'll do as you please, 'n live the longer. You've got the real Silver obstinacy; you always would have your own way, without sayin' much about it, but I do think you're dretful silly. Dick Sherritt don't amount to a row o' pins. Not but what he's smart enough: there is such a thing as bein' a little *too* smart."

Hetty leaned her head back against the chair, and played with the leaves of her book. She had a fine, clear-cut face; perhaps the lines of the mouth and chin did show a goodly share of decision.

"Of course I mean to be civil," she said, "just as I would to anybody else. I know he's good enough, but I don't like him. There's no need of speaking so of other people on his account."

"You'll have more sense by the time your fifty," said Aunt Maria.

Hetty smiled half absently. When she was fifty? That was a long, long way off. She could not imagine Dick grown stout and red-faced, with possibilities of temper and dyspepsia. She wished Dick would come back, for the dull, rainy evening made her homesick, and the jingling piano jarred with every note.

Rumors that Bird & Fessenden were expecting new men from out of town grew day by day into well-established belief; but of the source of such supply the Crispins could learn nothing at all. The "Gazette" tripled its usual circulation; idle workmen held meetings, formal and informal, in hall and street; the factories were still closed and silent. The girls at Madam Brownlee's gossiped by the hour over their frills and folds. Miss Bird's wedding was to take place at the appointed time, though a bridal tour was impossible under the circumstances. Hetty was sorry for Miss Bird; still, nothing could really matter much, so long as the lovers kept each other. That was the best thing, after all. Hetty began to feel very sure that it was the best thing: better than travel and music—than even a life of velvet carpets and long corridors.

One day there was more excitement than ever among the strikers. Word had come

at last that a hundred workmen were on their way to Bird & Fessenden's. The "Gazette" office and the association rooms were crowded with the curious and declamatory, and one or two extra policemen patrolled the main street, in quiet readiness for possible emergency. Miss Hackett revived all the old stories of mobs and riots in '59; and there was a general flutter of anticipation, while needles and tongues wagged briskly in unison. Nobody knew just what might happen. It was raining at six o'clock, when Hetty walked home and heard the news. The streets were full of men. Hetty was excited. She hurried faster and faster, after bidding Fan good night, and ran up the steps at Aunt Maria's in eager haste. Mr. Thompson was warming his feet by the parlor fire (he was subject to neuralgia), and she asked him what had happened. It was not much, after all. The new men had come. A part had been bribed and threatened into taking the first train for home, and a part were actually going to work.

"Hetty!" screamed Aunt Maria, from the hall; and she went out to hear a scolding for an errand undone.

"I really didn't know you asked me, Aunt Maria."

"I can't find ears, 'n talk too," said that lady, shortly; and added, "Where's Dick Sherritt been this last week?"

"Up to Sanbornton. His mother is sick."

"H'm!" said Aunt Maria. "Perhaps he has."

"What do you mean?"

"O—nothin'!—only he may know who got them hands started for Bird 'n Fessenden. 'Twas some one 't knew all the inside ropes of the 'sociation—everybody says so."

"But—why—he couldn't turn against his friends," cried indignant Hetty. "I think it's mean to hint such things." Whereat Aunt Maria only tossed her head, and sailed down-stairs to see to the supper-table.

Hetty waited in a fever of anxiety for Dick to come back. It had been a clever *coup* of somebody—this marshaling of outside forces, and but for a message that had unaccountably come to warn the association, Bird & Fessenden would have had men enough to finish up all the delayed orders. Perhaps they might do it now, and so break into the power of the strikers. Nobody mentioned Dick Sherritt's name; that was only one of Aunt Maria's spiteful flings. But why need she have said it?

He came a day or two after the crisis passed. He met Hetty on her way home, and asked her to go to a concert that evening. He looked very bright and clever and handsome. There was an odd little sparkle in his eyes, and he seemed in unusually good spirits. He called for her again after tea, and they started away; no rainy night this time, but frosty and clear, with moonlight shining through the leafless twigs of trees along the sidewalks. It was very good to see him again; to be little and slender, and take his arm, and have him look down with that merry, tender laugh in his eyes. The moon was shining still when the concert was over, and they strolled slowly homeward through the silent streets. Dick begged for a longer walk, so they took the street by the great, open common, where elm-tree shadows lay tangled over the crisp, brown turf. They did not talk quite so much going home. She drew her hand out once from his arm, to fasten a button on her glove.

"Take it off just a minute," said Dick, suddenly—"please do?"

"No, indeed," said Hetty: "for what, pray?"

"Because—O, because I want you to. Just a minute?"

"That won't keep my fingers from freezing." And she shook her head in gay denial.

"Won't this do it, then?" said Dick, holding out something that sparkled in the moonlight—a stone in a little gold circlet. "Won't you let me put it on, Hetty? I can't let you go off to California! Won't you keep it, and let me keep *you?*"

"O, Dick!" cried Hetty, softly, in girlish delight. It was a diamond that sparkled so—a diamond as large as Florence Bird's. She almost held her breath with incredulous surprise, and he captured the half-gloved hand with little resistance.

"Don't you like it, Hetty?"

"Why, it's lovely—perfectly lovely! But O, Dick! I'm afraid it's too much to give me. It's dreadfully extravagant."

"Not a bit of it. It dropped straight into my pocket—special dispensation on your account."

"Why, what do you mean?" said the girl, hesitating. She felt a sudden questioning dread at just that instant; yet how *could* she think of it then, just then, of all times in the world?

"I'll tell you sometime. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. You 'n me'll bless the strike, after all."

Hetty turned suddenly pale, and drew her hand away. "No; tell me now," she said, with a little laugh, more of nervousness than of coquetry. "Let's have no mysterious hints."

"Is that the way you're goin' to demand a fellow's secrets?"

"Come, Dick—please do!"

"The small Delilah! What a wheedling little way it has, to be sure! Well (the deadest kind of a secret, you know), it was worth about this much to Bird 'n Fessenden to get those hands into work this week."

"You didn't do that thing!" cried Hetty, with open eyes.

"Why not?" said Dick, with a twinkle. "Ain't I smart enough?"

Hetty walked beside him, grave and silent, with her hands clasped together. He looked rather puzzled.

"Did you think I'd saved somebody's baby from a fiery furnace, or something of that kind, like a fellow in a Sunday-school novel?"

"No."

"What in all creation is the matter, then?" asked Dick, a little impatient. "Don't you like the way I did get it?"

"No," said Hetty, very slowly, "I don't."

Dick colored a little.

"Why, you always stood up for the bosses—you know you did; and I said you was a little aristocrat to do it. I shouldn't think you'd say anything."

"It isn't that: it's the proving false to your friends. I—why—I didn't think you could do it. And they trusted you."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, and they walked on a moment or two in silence. Then he laughed.

"If that's such a mighty objection, I don't mind telling you I let the fellows know in season."

"You sent that word yourself, so they could stop the men, and send them back?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief. 'All's fair in love and war,' you know; thought I'd give 'em both a chance. I think, myself, it was a pretty good joke."

But Hetty did not laugh; she only looked grave and disappointed. Aunt Maria's words came back all at once—"He's smart enough: there is such a thing as being a little *too* smart." There was something like accusation in the cold curves of the mouth and chin, that Aunt Maria called obstinate. It struck Dick Sherritt that Hetty might not be so docile and pliable an angel as he had fancied; and an angel with a will of her own, and obtrusive, moral opinions, was not precisely his ideal.

"I did it all for you, anyway—you know that?"

"But I don't want any body to do that for me. I'd rather never see a diamond as long as I live, than think it was got in—in any way like that. Don't you see, Dick? Forgive me—but—I can't think it was quite honest."

"O, you're altogether too particular," said Dick, growing cool; "you can't always judge of things by such stiff rules. It isn't practical. A man has to take the world as he finds it."

"I'd make mine different," cried Hetty, in valiant helplessness.

"You'd make a nice mess of it," said Dick, shortly. It certainly was provoking to offer one's sweetheart a diamond, and get a sermon in return. Or—no; on second thought, she had not yet taken the ring at all.

"Well," he said, "you'll wear it, won't you?"

She hesitated, and there was a little blur over her eyes.

"Don't be silly," he exclaimed, with a momentary flash of temper. "I thought you had more sense."

The moment settled it, and she held the small head just the least bit haughtily erect.

"I can't take it, Dick. You were very good to want to get it for me, but I don't want it got in that way. Please don't be angry; but indeed I cannot take it."

"But it's perfect nonsense," said Dick, sharply. "I never heard such talk; any body else would be glad to take it." He scowled, and dropped the ring into its dainty morocco case, then thrust it, with apparent carelessness, into his breast pocket. He did not offer her his arm again. They walked on side by side in most unsympathetic silence: she, grieved and disappointed; he, mortified and angry. His eyes were not so handsome when he scowled.

"I think you might have told me, in the first place, you would rather go with Mrs. Craig," he said at length. "I suppose it *is* Mrs. Craig? I don't believe it's that wooden old prig of a Thompson."

"You know better than that," said Hetty, speaking very slowly, lest her voice should tremble.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Dick, in deliberate misunderstanding. "Well, I suppose it's natural enough. You've had time to think it over, and you'd rather take your chances of a bigger diamond 'n somethin' to back it up. That's all right—very prudent, too."

Hetty stared at him in amazement. Could he, did he believe that? Did he know her so little, after all? She said not a word at first; it seemed minutes before she could speak.

"If you can believe that of me, Dick, you may believe it to the end of time, for all that I shall ever say or do. Perhaps it is better now I should go, anyway."

"I hope you'll have a pleasant time," said Dick, grimly, and left her at the gate at Aunt Maria's.

It was several days before the girls at Madam Brownlee's heard the news that Hetty Silver and Dick Sherritt had "broken," and that Mrs. Craig had decided to start for the West early in December, instead of January; and both items came at once—an embarrassment of riches in gossip material. Fan, as usual, related particulars, and embellished the Craig chapter with all sorts of romantic prophecy.

"But what on earth was the trouble with Dick Sherritt?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. As near as I can find out, she broke the engagement because he give her a diamond. Het Silver's the que—e—erest girl I ever knew."

"Seen Dick?"

"Saw him last night, just after Cad Bennett told me. I says, 'Ain't you goin' to California, too?' 'n he laughed 'n said, 'No, he guessed he shouldn't this year'; 'n then we talked quite a while, goin' up Marvin Street. I don't believe he cares very much. He says, 'I tell you what—it's the real quiet sort of a girl that makes the biggest flirt. Somehow you never can make out just what a woman wants, anyway.'"

MABEL S. EMERY.

IMMIGRATION AS AN AMERICAN QUESTION.

In 1770, the Honorable Lords' Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, at the request of his gracious Majesty, George the Third of England, submitted to his Majesty a report upon the policy of granting lands in America west of the Alleghany Mountains. The Honorable Commissioners were entirely opposed to the westward extension of American settlement, and deplored the settlements already made west of the sea-coast slopes of the mountains. With the reasons by which they fortified their opinions, we have nothing

to do. But one little paragraph, for which they are responsible, will serve us as the text for this article. In addition to other reasons for their opposition, they say:

"And there is room enough for the Colonies to spread within our present limits, *for a century to come.*"

The learned and honorable Benjamin Franklin, then a man of some note in the Colonies, smote the Lords' Commissioners, hip and thigh, on paper. He doubted their statistics, ridiculed their pretensions to geographical knowledge, and utterly scouted the idea that they knew anything at all of the topography or possible resources of America. But one point of their argument he did not attempt to refute—"that there is room enough for our Colonies to spread within our present limits, for a century to come."

At that time, and for many years afterward, when the Revolution had been fought and won, the sparse population of the Colonies was to be found almost solely on the banks of the Hudson, and eastward to the sea, and on the strip of sea-board between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. When the United States was evolved by political necessity from those Colonies, the new government found itself the owner in fee of a vast tract of territory, unexplored, unsettled, and for the greater part unknown; the western boundaries of which were undefined and indefinite, and all of which was held in adverse possession by a savage foe, whose prowess the settlers, from long experience, held in no small esteem. To the north, south, and south-west, the new country was bordered by the possessions of European governments, whose enmity was to be dreaded, and whose American Colonies were a constant and enduring threat against the life and welfare of the new member in the family of nations. Under such circumstances, it was inevitable that a policy which would increase the fighting power of the nation; which would extend the boundaries of civilization and settlement, and provide defenders against savage or foreign foes, or the combined efforts of the two—should be adopted.

The necessities of the situation required that European immigration should be invited and encouraged, and the extreme liberality of our first naturalization laws demonstrates the extent of the pressure of that necessity on the founders of the republic. Probably they agreed with the Honorable Lords' Commissioners, that the settled portions of the country were sufficient in extent to accommodate the probable increase of population for a century to come, and that it was by immigration only that the wilderness and prairies of the then "West" could be wrested from their savage possessors, without unduly weakening the numbers and strength of the population on the sea-board.

Thus, at the inception of our Government, we adopted the policy of inviting immigration; and as the immigration came and increased, it acquired political power. Seekers of foreign votes found no more acceptable subject for their eloquence than "America, the refuge of the oppressed of all nations"; and Congress and the stump became familiar with that inspiring theme—the advocacy and application of which, within the memory of men yet living, brought a distinguished citizen of California to political grief, and revolutionized the politics of the State—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Times change, and we change with them. The doctrines of Jefferson enunciated by Gorham had the singular effect of enlisting against him all the disciples of Jefferson.

This policy of inviting immigration, adopted during the earliest history of our Government, has continued, with little question or dissent. When the population had increased to such an extent that the original reasons for the policy had ceased to have weight, the foreign vote had commenced to be an important factor in politics, and an attack upon the immigration policy was supposed to be so offensive to immigrants already here, that men whose official life depended in great part upon that very class of voters found sufficient reason for ignoring the question altogether.

The census of 1790 disclosed a population of 3,929,214. That of 1880, of 50,154,-

000, an increase of about 1,178 per cent. in ninety years. An increase of five hundred per cent. in the coming century would give a population, in 1980, of 300,000,000; and a like increase the next century, of 1,800,000,000. This supposed increase is less than the natural rate of increase, without immigration, under favorable circumstances. It would be idle in a California magazine to dwell upon the spread of settlement and the conquest of land, to the purposes of agriculture and industry, since 1790. The facts that we are citizens at once of the United States and California, can travel to the Atlantic by either of two lines of rail, and annually send fleets of wheat-laden ships to Europe, is a demonstration to which no added words can give force of the changed condition of this country in the last ninety years.

In view of these altered conditions of population and settlement, it is wise, regardless of the ultimate result to which our inquiries may lead us, to investigate the question, whether a system of political economy adopted a century since by a few scattered and struggling millions, surrounded by foes and in fear of their very existence, should be perpetuated by a great and powerful and growing nation. Whether it is wise or prudent, and for the best interests of the *present* inhabitants of this country, to encourage additions thereto from *any* foreign source whatever.

> "New times demand new measures and new men:
> The world advances, and in time outgrows
> The laws that in our fathers' days were best."

Of late, one phase of this question has been prominent as a topic of discussion, and has become a question of politics in both the best and worst sense of that word. As to the desirability of Asiatic immigration, the people of California have arrived at a decision which is not likely to be altered. We have found by experience that the grinding pressure of centuries of poverty—the inevitable result of an overflowing population—has necessitated in the Chinese economical habits of living, which have become a second nature. They can and do live on less money than any of the races called white. Living on less money, they work for less wages. In whatever industry they take part, competition by the white races involves, on the part of the latter, a descent to Chinese modes of life. The individual cannot so descend. It takes centuries of pressure to stamp such habits on a race. As a result, wherever Chinese labor comes in contact with white labor, the latter goes to the wall. This result is recognized as a grievance which is the unavoidable result of Chinese immigration; but as yet, in the popular mind, the principles which underlie the grievance have failed of application to other sources of immigration. All or any immigration tends to produce the same effects as Chinese immigration.

If wages are a dollar a day in England and fifty cents a day in America—supposing the purchasing power of money to be the same in both countries—America will receive no English immigrants. Reverse the rate of wages in the two countries, and the immigration comes. The English laborer, accustomed to live on fifty cents a day, and having adapted his habits of life to that standard of wages, can undersell the American laborer in the American labor market, *and still improve his own condition.* He brings with him the same *kind* of competition, but not the same *degree* of competition, that is brought by the Chinese laborer. Every immigrant who lands on our shores comes here to improve his condition. He leaves a thickly populated country for a less populated one, because in the latter he can get greater remuneration for the same amount of labor, or do less labor for the same amount of remuneration. Every immigrant who comes here to earn a living, either with his hands or his head, enters into competition with some one else who was here before him. He increases the net products of his own labor by his removal, but his presence here tends to diminish the net products of the labor of others in the same line of industry. The improvement in his own condition arises from the business advantages, the productiveness,

the cheaper lands, and the lessened competition in the country to which he comes. All these advantages were the property, before his arrival, of the then inhabitants of the country. To the extent to which he reaps a benefit from them, he lessens the opportunity of his predecessors to do so. In certain branches of industry the application of these principles is so patent as to assure to them the assent of all. The more laborers we have in this city or State applying their labor to the industry of hod-carrying or ditch-digging, the less wages will the individual receive. An influx of brick-layers or shoe-makers will lessen the wages of the members of those particular crafts. It is in this way that the advent of the Chinese has had such a deleterious effect on the labor problem of this coast.

No one doubts that the Chinaman would like to receive the same wages paid to white men before his arrival; but he can afford to take much less, and competition compels him to do so. If in place of the twenty thousand Chinese in San Francisco we had received, as an addition to our population, an equal number of male immigrants from any European country, the effect of that immigration, while it would not have been as marked as is now the case, would have been in the same direction. It would have resulted in a diminution of the profits of the labor of those who were here before the immigrants.

If, in place of merely working for wages, the immigrant buys a tract of land, and devotes his labor to its tillage, the effect of his competition is not so immediately apparent, for two reasons: first, because, as to staple agricultural products, the competition with which the agriculturist comes in contact is world-wide, so that the individual efforts have less immediate effect than in the competition of labor devoted to solely local purposes; and second, because we have to trace the results of the competition through more obscure channels. But the competition is there, and it is effective. If an immigrant settles on forty acres of land, and raises eight hundred bushels of wheat, his individual industry may have no perceptible effect on the wheat market of the world, or on the prices which will be obtained for wheat by those who were raising it before him. But when we aggregate all the wheat that would be raised by fifty thousand immigrants, the effect would be preceptible. No one can doubt that if Doctor Glenn raised the same amount of wheat he now raises, and no other wheat was raised in California, he would not only get larger prices than he now does, but the wheat-raisers on the Black Sea would also be benefited. That the wheat raised in the United States by the eleven million of immigrants who have come to us since 1820, and their descendants, has a very marked effect in subtracting from the gains of the wheat-grower of to-day, is beyond all question. It is the aggregation of the wheat-raisers in California which makes, not the competition with Doctor Glenn, but which makes the effects of the competition obvious. Each man who sows ten acres is his competitor, and each immigrant who engages in the business adds to the competition, and tends to reduce the reward of the agricultural labor of those who were here before him; and he is not only the competitor of Dr. Glenn, but of every wheat-raiser, no matter how limited is his acreage. This competition runs through all branches of industry already established. And it not only has the direct effect we have mentioned, but, in case of immigration from a foreign country, has an indirect operation equally perceptible.

It was the opinion of Josiah Child, that every man in the British Colonies found employment, and of course subsistence for four persons in Great Britain. Mr. Madison thought the estimate exaggerated, but he had no doubt that every two immigrants to America from England rendered it possible for the latter country to support, not only two who should take the place of the exiles, but one in addition. That the emigration from Great Britian tends absolutely to increase the capacity of that country to support population, is undoubted. Our immigrants raise food which cannot, in sufficient quantities, be raised in England, and that food is

devoted to the sustenance of British laborers, who, in their turn, engage in manufactures which come in direct competition with the like products of America; and as the English laborer can work cheaper than the American, such competition has a direct tendency to reduce the profits of the industry of the American operative and mechanic.

In still another way does immigration originate a competition with the previous inhabitants of a country. As land is the foundation of all values, all industries, and all wages, the possession and ownership of land is the best foundation for competence. The value of land depends on the demand for land. Every inhabitant of the earth must have land on which to live. Every immigrant to a country requires land which, unless he had come to it, might have been appropriated or acquired by the original possessors of the country, or their descendants. Every immigrant increases the demand for land, whether it be of rooms in a tenement house, town lots, suburban property, or horticultural, agricultural, or grazing land. The increased demand for land, which he, as a unit among thousands, tends to produce, increases the price or rental value of lands. With every immigrant who sets foot on our shores is imposed, on the previous resident population, a necessity of paying a higher price than they would have otherwise paid for homesteads which they wish to own; or of paying a higher rental for lands of others which they wish to occupy.

Thus immigration is a three-edged weapon. It tends directly to reduce the price and remuneration of the labor of those who were here first. It tends indirectly to produce the same effect by giving aid, comfort, and support to the competition of the labor of other countries. It tends directly to raise the price and rental value of land, and thus to enhance the cost of living of the laborer already here; while at the same time it subtracts from his means of living.

These injurious effects of immigrant competition seem to have been recognized and acted upon by the Australian parliament alone, of all modern legislative bodies. When England held the lands of Australia the proceeds of their sales were devoted to the fostering and promotion of emigration from the mother country to the colony. When the lands were turned over to Australia this policy was at once discontinued, for the entirely valid reason that it was unjust to use the money of the colony for the promotion of competition to colonial labor.

One great fact, admitted by all political economists from Malthus to George, is in harmony with our ideas of the effects of immigration. That fact is, that concentration of population is attended with evil results. Says Mr. Henry George: "In a new country, the whole available force of the community is devoted to production. There is no well man who does not do productive work of some kind; no well woman exempt from household tasks. *There are no paupers or beggars;* no idle rich; no class whose labor is devoted to the ministering to the convenience or caprice of the rich; no purely literary or scientific class; *no criminal class who live by preying upon society; no large class maintained to guard society against them.*"

Mr. George would perhaps concede that new mining districts are an exception to his rule. But life in such localities is phenomenal, and Mr. George's picture of a new country is substantially correct.

The inexorable logic of facts compels the admission of all scientists, that concentration of population is universally attended by the evils of increased wealth to the rich and augmented poverty to the poor; with a decrease of the profits of labor, and a larger power of capital over labor; with an aggregation of capital in the hands of capitalists, and a subtraction from the comforts of the lives of the poor. It is undeniable, that in London the labor of the multitude supports more non-producers than in New York; in New York, more than in San Francisco; in San Francisco, more than in any place in Idaho; and in Pekin, more than in any other place named. The rule is universal. It is the one rule to which there is no exception—that concentration of population is not conducive to an equal distribution of the fruits

of labor. That as population increases in any given place or country the rich become richer and the poor become poorer. It is a practical illustration of that scripture which declares that to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath.

This universal and universally admitted experience results in the following corollary: The results of concentration of population are evil; therefore anything which tends to produce a concentration of population tends to produce evil. Immigration tends to produce a concentration of population; therefore its tendency is to produce evil, to wit: the evils of poverty, want, diminution of wages, unequal distribution of the rewards of labor, increased wealth to the rich, and a lower depth of poverty for the poor.

In the early days of the republic there was much to be said in favor of immigration. The question to-day is, not what was good for the republic a half or a whole century ago, but what is for the best interests of its present inhabitants under the social and political influences to which it is now subject. Considering that question in the cold, clear light of political economy, it must not be obscured or compromised by any antagonism of race, color, or religion.

We have not considered the character of the immigrants we have received on our shores; because if we have received the paupers, thieves, and harlots of other nations, it has been because our immigration laws were not sufficiently guarded, not because the principle of immigration is productive of good, or because it is productive of evil. It is true that our census reports reveal the fact that our immigrants, constituting less than one-seventh of the entire population, contribute over one-half of our white paupers, and about the same proportion of our white criminals. If there is anything surprising in those revelations it is not that they tell so strongly against our foreign population, but that the proportion against them is not much larger. When we consider the fact that for half a century, not only Great Britain but all Europe has been emptying its jails and poor-houses upon the shores of America, with no restraint or restriction from our Government, the large proportion of paupers and criminals among our foreign population should not be considered as an element tending to solve either one way or the other the question of the desirability of immigration, from an economic point of view. As to the desirability of receiving those worst classes of immigrants, there cannot be two opinions. If we have received them heretofore, it is because Congress has been lax in its duty of protecting us from their advent, and the policy of excluding that character of immigrants would find no opponents. It is an evil which may be corrected by legislation without determining the question now under discussion. To the large majority of our foreign citizens no exception can be taken on account of their moral character, habits of industry, or attachment to the land of their adoption. We make no war on foreigners because they are not of our birth, race, color, or religion. We oppose their further importation on solely economic principles. We oppose it because we believe that immigrants, no matter how pure their morals, how industrious may be their habits, and how strongly republican may be their principles, should not be further encouraged to come here. It is not at all a question of subtracting from or curtailing the rights, privileges, or liberties of those now on our soil. It is a question of even more interest and importance to the immigrants of yesterday than to the descendants of the immigrants of the seventeenth century, because the former class represent the larger proportion of the laborers of the nation. In its consideration, the questions of race, color, religion, or habits of thought or living are false quantities. In its consideration, also, the questions of advantage to the immigrant, to the country from which he comes, or to the progress and propagation of any particular form of doctrine or religion, must be ignored. Political economy is essentially the science of selfishness; it teaches us to care for our own interests, irrespective of the good or harm which may result to other peoples

or governments. The government which is most nearly administered upon the principles of political economy is the best government for its subjects or citizens. If the importation to America of half of the subjects of the King of Dahomey would undoubtedly be for their social, pecuniary, and physical benefit; if by that importation it would be certain that all of them would become bright and shining lights in the particular church to which the reader acknowledges allegiance; that all would by their residence here become qualified to fill the highest offices in the land; that by their habits of industry they would largely increase the aggregate material wealth of the country; that they would cause fields of grass and grain to grow on what are now deserts; that their black skins would become so white that without reproach or hindrance they could intermarry with the first families of Virginia or Boston, and propagate a race of æsthetes, philosophers, politicians, and office holders; that by their exportation from Africa the competition from which they would relieve the kingdom of Dahomey, and the reflex influence of the civilization they would here acquire, would combine to build up an enlightened nation in the heart of Africa; and it were equally certain that if not imported hither they and their whole people would live and die savages and cannibals as they are: still if their importation hither would reduce the profits of the industry of the then laborers of America; if they would come in competition with the then inhabitants of this country, and by their presence and competition tend to reduce the comforts of life for the laboring majority of this nation—then their presence would be to us an evil. And as government should be administered for the benefit of its own citizens, it would be the duty of our Government to discourage their coming. In the whole range of political economy there is no such all-important subject as that of wages; and by wages we do not mean only the money value of labor. In places where its money value is less its remuneration may be the greater. We use the term "wages" in its most extended and comprehensive meaning —as an equivalent for the necessaries or comforts of live which the industry of labor can command. The misery and vice of the world are the result of low wages; low wages the world over are coincident with concentrated populations; no political economist has ventured to deny that they are the result of such concentration. Immigration, that of the best as well as that of the worst class, brings with it an increase and concentration of population, its necessary accompanying competition, and its inevitable concomitant, a reduction of wages and the net profits of labor. It is therefore an evil *per se*.

We assume, as the basis of the arguments we have advanced or shall advance, that the theory upon which this Government should be administered is that of the greatest good for the greatest number, compatible with the rights of the minority. The greatest number in this as in every other country is composed of those who earn their daily bread by the daily sweat of their brows and the daily exercise of their muscles. As that multitude is benefited, the country is prospered and prosperous. A large immigration is a bonanza for extensive land owners who wish to dispose of their acres; for railroad corporations that wish to add to the number of their customers; to manufacturers who wish to employ cheap labor; to office holders who wish to add to the constituency from which taxes may be drawn for their support; to rich men who wish to increase their wealth. But these classes are in the minority. To the multitude, instead of a bonanza, it brings an Irish dividend on the profits of their industry.

We are writing an article on immigration, not on the tariff; yet the two subjects are so inextricably blended that we can hardly do justice to the subject of immigration without alluding incidentally to that of protection or free trade. We are of those who believe in the protection of American industry against foreign competition. We believe in its protection, not only against the products of foreign labor, but against the importation of foreign laborers.

If the doctrine of protection to American industry by congressional enactment of tariffs be valid—and at this day, when slavery is dead, no political party can probably maintain a foothold that does not indorse it—then the doctrine of encouragement of immigration is utterly invalid. No logical argument can be formulated that will, at the same time, justify protection and encourage immigration; or be, at the same time, in favor of free trade and against Chinese or any other immigration.

If the prosperity of our nation is to be measured by the annual increase of its aggregate production, regardless of the unequal distribution of that increase, then immigration is a boon, and free trade a plausibility. If the happiness and prosperity of the great majority of the individual members of our nation shall be held to outweigh the figures on the balance sheet of national production, then immigration is detrimental, and free trade is suicide. Upon the Chinese question, the few free traders on this coast announce, in substance, the following platform: "We are utterly opposed to the immigration of Chinamen; it is ruinous to American industry to allow Chinamen to come to California to make shoes or cut stone, and thereby cut down the profits of American laborers in those vocations; but at the same time we are utterly, bitterly, and constitutionally opposed to any law which will prevent Chinamen *in China* from making shoes or cutting stone, and putting the results of their labor in the American market, in competition with the results of the labor of American mechanics in the same occupations. We believe in the right of every man to buy the products of labor in the cheapest market; but at the same time deny his right to provide for himself cheap labor, so as to enable him to enter into competition with the products of cheap labor." In other words, the anti-Chinese free trader advocates the protection of American labor, and denounces the protection of the laborer and the products of his labor. He is entirely willing that the American shoe-maker shall receive high wages, but reserves to himself the right of buying in China such shoes as he may himself need. The inconsistency of the political doctrines he professes must be apparent. The questions of protection to American labor and the discouragement of the immigration of foreign competitive laborers cannot be separated. The questions, under different forms, are one and the same. If it is an evil to have John Chinaman come here to work in competition with our craftsman, it is a much greater evil to allow him to work in China and ship his manufactures here without restriction. As he can work much cheaper in China than in America, his competition would be the more embarrassing to American labor, and in America he will be a more generous consumer of American produce than in China. It is true, his exclusion would be an absolute present relief to certain classes of labor. He could not dig a ditch or make a levee in Canton, and export it to San Francisco, but he *can* make shoes and export them; and the result of free trade applied to his manufactures would be that our shoemakers would be driven to ditch-digging for a living, so that in time the Chinese competition would make itself felt by those classes which, at first glance, would seem to be beyond its reach.

We have mentioned John Chinaman as an illustration, because we all agree that *he* should be excluded. But the reason and principle of the argument extends far beyond China. If it is wise to pass laws to protect American industry against the products of cheaper English, German, or French labor, it is equally wise to guard it against the importation and competition in America of the cheaper English, German, or French laborers.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss the various arguments, or rather statements, in favor of immigration which have illuminated the Fourth-of-July speeches of the last three or four decades. The most prominent of them is that by importation from Europe we acquire new and more healthy blood, which serves to build up the nation. If that were true, it would be humiliating. It should raise the blush rather

than the brag of a native American. But it is very far from true. So far as statistics throw any light on the question, the census of 1870 (the latest to which we have access) shows that the less than one-seventh of our population derived from foreign sources, in addition to furnishing us with over one-half of our paupers and criminals, contribute upwards of forty-four per cent. of the insane in our asylums.

One great objection to further foreign immigration remains to be noticed. While our country is of vast extent, it is not illimitable. There is no bound but one to the possible manufactures of a country, but that one is absolute. Laborers must have food. If they increase beyond the increase of food necessary to support them, they die. The possible extent of manufactures is therefore bounded by the possible supply of food for the laborers. The food comes from the land, and the supply of land is a fixed quantity. With us, as in all other countries, there is a limit to the population which land can support. From the nature of things, therefore, land is the foundation of all wealth and all prosperity. The extent and productive capacity of land is very nearly the limit of possible increase of population. The resources of the sea, as yet of comparatively little importance, would undoubtedly suffice to keep alive a small surplus of population over and above that which the land would support.

Ninety years ago the American nation was the owner of a magnificent domain. Land seemed to be the one thing of which the supply would always exceed the demand. The hundred years have scarce gone by during which the prophets of old said the lands east of the Alleghanies would suffice for our wants. Within the century, Tecumseh and Red Jacket have died, and with them all their peoples. Their very names are almost dead, and form no portion of the history over which our children stumble and grumble in the schools. Their hunting lands are the homes of another race, and have been transformed to farms, villages, and great cities. Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, the debatable lands of the last century, are now to the eastward of the geographical center of our civilization; Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado—names then scarcely known, or known only as designations of foreign possessions—claim each a star on the flag of our Union. On the shores of the Pacific, then so far remote that the time when they should be civilized was beyond the bounds of the most sanguine conjecture, we now boast the great city of San Francisco, and successive boards of supervisors, fully up to all modern improvements in municipal legislation; to the north, the dashings of the Oregon are silenced by the louder clamor of the paddles of great steamers and the shrill scream of the locomotive.

In its vast heritage of lands, the American people invited all people of all nations to participate. The burden of our song has been—

> "And Uncle Sam is rich enough
> To give us all a farm."

But he is so no longer. He is becoming poor in lands. Millions of foreign immigrants have been welcomed to our shores, controlled our politics, and settled on our lands. Of the vast area of fertile acres held by our Government a century ago, in trust for our people, the best and largest part has already been appropriated to private use and ownership. Since 1820, nearly 11,000,000 immigrants have come to us. The amount of land they and their descendants hold is so vast that we hesitate to give our estimate, lest we be accused of exaggeration. Lands are not only becoming but have long been scarce. None of the first-class of Government land remains in any State or Territory. New settlers must now, and in all future times, content themselves with land less fertile, less productive, and every way less valuable than the possessions of their predecessors.

We now have a population in the United States of nearly fourteen to the square mile, and a vast number of our square miles are

composed of untillable mountains and deserts. At the same rate of increase as heretofore, the country would be overcrowded in 1980; in 2080, it would represent a population which the earth never did and never will maintain. At the present and past rate of increase, long before two hundred years had passed, wars, pestilence, and famines, nature's remedies for a superabundant population, would be interposed.

These evils, it will be said, are a long way off. We will be dead and oblivious to them. Let us make hay while the sun shines. Let us eat, drink, and be merry. After us, the deluge.

True, we will die, but our children will live. Charity begins at home. While we may sympathize with the poor of other nations, it behooves us to preserve the remainder of the munificent heritage of lands left us by our fathers for our own descendants. Without any foreign accretion, they will within the next century need every acre of tillable land within the bounds of the republic. By natural increase alone of the present population, we would a hundred years hence number over 300,000,000.

If a temporary benefit would even accrue to us thereby, are we justifiable in inviting the citizens of other countries, and the children of other parents, to divide among themselves what is left of the birthright of our children?

To the most of us, it is of very little if any importance, that by increased population and acreage the wheat crop of California shall be augmented a few or many millions of centals per annum.

To our children, it may be a matter of life or death whether the lands that would produce the added millions are open to their settlement, or already preoccupied. Thus far we have been prodigal of our resources. With vainglorious generosity we have been squandering the patrimony of our children. Regardless of our own posterity, their interests, and their rights, we are not even content to be quiescent, and merely *permit* strangers to possess our lands. We are worse than Esau: he *sold* his birthright, and got at least, in return, something wherewith to stay his stomach for a little time. We *give* ours away, and, lest anything should be left to our children, form immigration societies to hunt for donees.

That the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children is not only in accordance with our daily observation and experience, but is a precept of divine law. Just as surely as that precept is true in law, in morals, and in nature, our children will suffer grievously for our sins of extravagance in dealing with their patrimony. It is full time to cry, "Halt"; to offer no encouragement to further immigration; to discourage it; to debar future foreign immigrants from citizenship; to prohibit the acquisition by them of Government lands; to impose a head tax upon them; to hold what is left of this country for ourselves and our children. And this, not because we love foreigners less, but because we love our children more. And this is the policy which should commend itself to every present citizen of America, be he foreign or native born.

E. W. McGRAW.

WAS IT PIQUE?

CHAPTER I.

Only the sound of a man's footstep in the hall without—a very commonplace step, not stealthy, in the least degree, but simply weary and dejected; yet it caught and held the attention of each one of the gay, perhaps until now somewhat noisy, party assembled in Mrs. Forbes's pleasant parlors. Upon the intentness with which every person present listened for each slow movement of that listless footfall seemed to depend the well-being of all. Dull—dragging—spiritless, fell that laggard step upon unyielding floor and

creaking staircase, then died away gradually in the distance above.

"It is only Rochester going to his room," cried Bertie Forbes. "He quite frightened me at first, his footsteps were so ghost-like."

The charm was broken, and once again a hum of merry voices filled the warm, bright, cheerful rooms.

"Who is Rochester?" questioned many.

"That young Englishman—Mr. Graham," explained Bertie. "He is so dark and gloomy-looking, I intend to ask him, sometime, if he doesn't think one of his progenitors must have stood for the portrait of that most disagreeable hero of romance."

There was a general laugh at this characteristic remark. Indeed, laughter and merry jests seemed the order of the hour; and the fun, interrupted but for a moment, waxed each instant yet faster and more furious. So well amused, in fact, were Mrs. Forbes's youthful guests, that Bertie, who soon slipped quietly from the room, remained for a time unmissed.

Alone in his cold and cheerless apartment, far from all sound of the jollity below, bending over a fire that he strove in vain to kindle, sat Edward Graham. Futile were his efforts to coax the tiny flame into a congenial blaze; yet still he persevered in the attempt, until interrupted by a low knock.

He rose reluctantly, and opened the door. As it swung back upon its hinges, he retreated a step in palpable annoyance. Before him stood his landlady's daughter. There was pity in Bertie's roguish eyes, her smile was timid and deprecating, her voice low and hesitating. A prettier picture of maiden diffidence one could not wish to see. But it failed apparently to please the eye of Edward Graham. He had already formed his opinion of Bertie. She was a graceless little hoyden, who had poked fun at him until he had seriously thought of changing his quarters, though otherwise he was very well satisfied with his place of abode; and he considered her conduct over-bold in coming thus alone to his room, at so late an hour. Bertie read a good part of his thoughts at a glance, and her first impulse was to retreat. But she had never yet succumbed before a battery of disapproving looks, and she was upheld now by the consciousness of a kindly purpose.

"I came to ask if you would not join a few of our friends in the parlor. We are having lots of fun. Do come!"

"Thanks, not this evening," he answered, with some brusqueness. "It was very kind of you to think of me," he added, more graciously; "but it is late, and I am very tired."

"It is not so very late; and I am sure we would cheer you up. You look so mournful—it is so cold and dismal here. How can you endure such dreary solitude?"

"It may be more congenial to my nature than you seem to imagine," he responded frigidly, and drew back from the door with a movement that anybody but Bertie would have interpreted as being one of dismissal.

"How does it happen, then, that you should have been trying to thaw the atmosphere by lighting a fire?"

He laughed in spite of himself: the contrast was so great between the childlike tone of inquiry and the roguish glance in her eyes. His efforts could not be denied, for her expressive glance was resting upon the cheerless, littered fireplace, which plainly told its own tale.

"Let me light it for you," she cried, yielding to a sudden impulse. "If you won't come down-stairs to be cheered, at least let me make you more comfortable here."

"O, really, you are too kind," he stammered. "I could not possibly think—"

But Bertie had already entered the room, and to his dismay, for he knew not how he should ever get rid of her now, fallen on her knees upon the hearth-rug. With utter disregard for her fingers, Bertie plunged both hands in amongst the coal and blackened wood of the badly set fire, and dragged it all out upon the fender. Then, bit by bit, with skillful, practiced touch, she placed it back in the grate, and in a very few minutes a successful fire had begun to crackle behind the bars, as noisily and cheerily as a fire knows how.

She gave a quick, arch glance up into

Graham's face as he stood by her side, and answered with a smile the contemplative gaze bent upon her.

"You did not think such a fly-away little madcap capable of anything so useful and practical as lighting a fire, did you, now?"

Graham's face reddened guiltily.

"I can do one or two more useful things, though you might not imagine it possible. I know how to make a tolerably good cup of tea, for instance. Don't you wish you had a cup of tea this very moment? I do."

"I shouldn't exactly object to one," he said languidly, with a slow movement of the hand over his forehead, wishing she would now go away and leave him to his own thoughts.

Bertie sprang quickly to her feet.

"I'll be back in three minutes," she cried. "Please don't take advantage of my absence to lock the door upon me." With a saucy glance at her companion she skipped lightly from the room.

It had, in fact, flashed upon Graham to fasten the door once he was fairly rid of her. He wanted to be alone. And if any one was to find her there—perhaps her mother—at this hour, it would be very annoying, to say the least. He started forward—hesitated. Would it be quite grateful, not to say courteous, if he barred her out after the trouble she had taken to make him comfortable? And yet—

In the midst of his hesitancy back came Bertie, tripping along with a clattering tray full of dishes. The next moment she had put it down upon a handsomely bound volume of Macaulay's essays that lay on the table. Graham sprang frowning to the rescue of his beloved book.

"It was not in my way," she said demurely, a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "Let me see, now, if I have everything. The kettle, with water to be boiled—put it on the fire, please; unmade tea in the teapot; two cups, two saucers, two spoons, cream, sugar and—no sugar-tongs. We must only use our fingers to sweeten a second cup. Now, please, may I sit down while the kettle boils?"

Graham was a little taken aback at these unheard-of proceedings. But he was not so bearish as he looked, and his coldly civil air thawed rapidly beneath the triple influence of the presence of a companion determined to make him comfortable, a cheerily blazing fire, and a prospective cup of fragrant tea. Perhaps his uncongenial mood would not have been so quickly banished had his ministering angel proved less pleasing to the eye. However that may be, the fact remains that his brow was at last unbent, and a smile upon his lips, as he seated himself opposite to Bertie and turned his gaze upon —the kettle.

"Please don't watch it so closely. It will never boil if you do."

"I had forgotten that. May I watch you instead?"

"If it pleases you." And not one whit disconcerted, she folded her hands placidly in her lap.

"It is very good of you," he said presently, "to be willing to lose so much of the fun below. Will they not miss you?"

"I shouldn't wonder. They may be looking for me now."

"Don't you think it would be safer—"

"O, they'll not be likely to think of searching for me here? You need not worry about that." Rising, as she spoke, to change the position of the kettle upon the bars, she caught sight of a letter lying open on the mantelpiece. The handwriting was familiar, for many times had she seen it upon letters she had carried to his room. But never before had it been surrounded by the somber-hued edge that now bordered it.

To his own supreme astonishment Graham found himself replying to the question in Bertie's eyes.

"From my sister," he said. "A cousin has died, and I am summoned home to look after property that comes to me in consequence of his death."

"Did you care for your cousin very much?"

He laughed harshly.

"There was little love lost between us."

"I am so glad, then. That is, for you.

You can't be sorry for a person you didn't like; and it is so nice to have something left one. Is it much?"

Graham looked searchingly into her eyes. They were fairly beaming with suddenly excited interest.

"All alike," he said, with bitterness. "Money—money—money. That is all a woman truly cares for."

"O, indeed you are mistaken. Women care for lots and lots of other things. Yet, for my own part, there is nothing I would better like to have. It is so trying to be poor. You haven't told me yet if the property left you is valuable?"

"It is enough to keep me from starvation."

"I am so sorry!"

"Would it cause you any satisfaction to see me starve?"

"I didn't mean that. I should have said I was sorry it was not more."

"But what possible interest can you feel in the matter?"—brusquely.

"Why, would you not be glad if you heard of some good fortune happening to me? You couldn't like me very much if you were not.—The kettle is boiling, now. Will you hand it to me, please?"

Graham watched Bertie in silence while she made the tea, an amused smile, called up by her last remark, still hovering on his lips. The tea was soon drawn, and they both enjoyed it hugely, chatting pleasantly while they drank it. Bertie had finished her first cup, and was handing him his second, when the clock upon the mantle struck the half-hour. She started guiltily. A wave of color spread swiftly over face and throat. Graham's eyes were bent upon his cup, and he failed to perceive her evident confusion. She jumped quickly to her feet, but not with the intention, apparently, of leaving the room. It could scarcely be awakened consciousness of the lateness of the hour which had disturbed her, for she simply moved towards the timepiece, and fell to scrutinizing it closely. It was an alarm-clock, and the hand which regulated the alarm rested upon the figure II. With a quick glance over her shoulder Bertie turned her back upon Graham, and, still chatting carelessly, opened with swift, noiseless touch the glass that guarded the dial plate.

"What are you doing to the clock?" demanded Graham, appearing suddenly at her elbow.

Bertie's hands dropped away in haste from the regulator.

"Nothing. I was only examining its mode of working."

"You might put it out of order"; and he shut the glass door over its face. "I very seldom use that alarm, it is so abominably noisy. I hate the thing."

There was a moment's silence. When Bertie turned round, Graham was gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"How little pleased you seem at the thought of returning to England. O, if I were only in your place!"

"You would like it as little as I do, perhaps."

"Then why do you go?"

"I must. But I shall very likely soon find my way back here."

"You mean to our house? Would you really come to live with us again?"

"It is quite probable—if your mother would take me in."

"I am so glad—so very glad!" For Bertie thought of her mother's distress at losing one of her boarders, and the mitigation to her regret at seeing him depart that would spring from the hope of his speedy return.

But Graham, who had his share of masculine vanity, put a more personal interpretation upon the unmistakable ring of pleasure in her voice, the sparkle of delight plainly visible in her eyes, as she raised her pretty, smiling face to his, and was more gratified than he would have cared to own. He stooped impulsively, before she had time to suspect his purpose, and kissed her slightly parted lips.

To the astonishment of Graham, who merely expected a few blushes, a pout, and a giggle, Bertie drew back with quiet yet palpably offended dignity. The laughing, heedless child was magically transformed into an indignant but thoroughly self-possessed woman.

"Mr. Graham, you have proved yourself very different from what I thought you, and have taught me a lesson I shall never forget."

Before he could recover from his surprise, she had left the room and shut the door softly behind her.

For an hour or more Graham paced the floor in deep meditation. Once he paused, drew forth a pocket-book, and took from within a braided lock of blonde hair. With darkened brow he gazed upon it, and there was less of fond regard than angry passion in his eyes. As he put it slowly back in its place, he drew a long, deep breath, a bitter smile curled his lip, and he muttered low to himself.

"I will do it. Mad act though it may prove, I will do it. A greater contrast—one to cut her more deeply—I could hardly find."

It was close upon two o'clock ere Graham fell into a troubled sleep. The Forbes's guests had all departed, and the inmates of the house retired to their several rooms. Bertie, though, was not in hers. With slow, cautious footsteps, she was creeping along the upper hall, past intervening doors, from the transoms of some of which still streamed a bright light, until she found herself at Graham's room. There she paused, held her breath, and listened. She heard him turn and mutter in his sleep. No other sound broke the stillness, until suddenly, with a low premonitory click in the works, the alarm of Graham's clock burst forth in all its glory.

No more infernal, sleep-disturbing combination of jarring sounds can be imagined than the roar and rattle of that terrible alarm. Bertie waited but to hear the creaking of the bedstead, as the abruptly awakened sleeper started from his pillow, and the next moment fled away in remorseful terror to her own room. Graham guessed too easily who he had to thank for this disturbance of his slumber, but he never suspected that they were repentant, even though guilty, fingers which he had detected that evening meddling with his clock.

Chapter II.

"Yes, I am very glad, as it has turned out, that Edward brought a wife home with him. A certain young lady I could name might have been anxious, now, to renew broken vows. And if she had tried to win back Edward's allegiance, there is little doubt—he was so infatuated, poor boy!—that she would have succeeded in her designs."

So said Miss Graham to her brother's youthful bride, as they sat alone together in the twilight at Graham manor, a few weeks after the arrival in England of the newly married couple.

"But are you quite sure," asked the young wife, in tremulous tones, "that you feel truly satisfied with me?"

"Most truly, my love. That is, you know, of course there are several little things that, as an American, you have yet to learn—a few trifles of etiquette, and all that; but on the whole I am better pleased with Edward's choice than I believed possible, when I heard of his marriage. I was so much afraid at first, you know, that my brother had again lost his head over some woman quite unworthy of him. Indeed, from his description of you, I fancied you must be a sort of a Fushia Leach. But I suppose that portrait of an American girl was slightly overdrawn. Novelists do sacrifice fact, sometimes, to effect. So, my dear, I was most agreeably surprised, and greatly pleased, when I found you different from what I had feared and expected. You won upon me far quicker than I could have believed possible. I do not think I have ever before learned to love any person so well in so short a time."

"I am so glad you do care for me. I could not have stood this humdrum, pokey old life here in the country without lots of love to make it endurable."

Who but madcap Bertie would have made use of adjectives so perilous, in their present application, to her recently acquired position in the esteem of her husband's strait-laced, elderly sister? Fortunately for the girl, her sister-in-law was too intent upon her

own reflections to catch the full significance of the words.

"Are you sure, though," Bertie hurried on, "that you prefer me to—to that other young lady you mentioned just now?"

"To Gladys Forsythe—Edward's first love? I should think so, indeed—the mercenary, heartless coquette. I once thought she had completely ruined his life. I even feared, when I first heard of his intention to bring home a bride with him, that he wished to do it merely for the sake of spiting her. Men have married, you know, dear, and good men at that, from pique. I am rejoiced that you really won his heart, for your own sake as well as his. You would have been so miserable, poor dear, if you had discovered that he took you only to punish another, and from no true affection for yourself."

But for the great, although until now almost untried, self-control which few suspected to be one of the ingredients of Bertie's complex character, she would have cried aloud with the pain of agonizing doubt that was wringing her young heart.

"Did—did she jilt him?"

"She did, indeed. And what made it worse, all the world knew of it. You see, she mistook him at first, by some strange chance, for his cousin Herbert, the heir to the title and estates. She quickly rectified her mistake, however. She met and conquered poor Herbert, then gave her *congé* to Edward."

"She married him—your cousin Herbert?"

"No. She didn't marry, after all. The wedding day had only just been named when poor Sir Herbert (he had come into the title a few weeks before) fell ill and died. It seemed like a retribution upon her."

"And Edward—how did he bear her conduct?"

"Ah, poor boy! he quite lost his head for a time. He was so cut up about it that he actually took all he possessed, which was not very much at that time, and went out to America. His intention then was never to return. It was a fortunate thing for him, Bertha, that he met you. He would otherwise, very likely, have left the estate to go to ruin, or in the end have brought Miss Forsythe home to rule over his house."

"Was she handsome?"

"Very; I never saw any one more beautiful. She was just the type Edward has always admired. Tall—grand—statuesque. He seems to have chosen you for the contrast as much as for love. Her manner, too, was perfect—impressive or fascinating, as she chose to make it. Ah, poor Edward! she was well suited outwardly to adorn the position he could have given her."

Bertie winced beneath the cruel lash of her sister-in-law's thoughtless words. Miss Graham was too good a soul to willfully give her such pain, even had she liked her less. But a heedless, garrulous tongue will sometimes cut deeper and wound more sorely than one barbed with the venom of deadliest malice.

"One thing I feel it my duty to tell you, Bertha. I believe that Edward still keeps a lock of her hair. I caught a glimpse the other day of a braided tress in his pocketbook. It might possibly have been yours, dear: but I think it was too fair. If it is not, you should get it from him and replace it with a lock of your own pretty hair. The other is nothing to him now, of course; and it is foolish for him to keep it any longer, for it might be seen by unfriendly eyes and give rise to annoying remarks."

Ah! was it nothing to him now? That question agitated Bertie's heart for many a long day.

Business had taken Sir Edward Graham to town. When he returned, at the end of the week, he found his wife and sister, much to his delight, upon the very best terms, and there was nothing in Bertie's loving greeting to arouse a suspicion that the knowledge of any episode in his past history had come to her. Pride kept her silent. She never whispered a word of what she had learned. She thought night and day of that lock of blonde hair; but she was too proud to ask him to discard what she considered he should have thrown away of his own

free will. In Bertie's opinion—and it proved a wonderfully wise judgment for one so young and inexperienced—there was but one course for her to pursue. That was quietly, patiently to strive to fill with credit to her husband the position he had given her; and without reproachful words, to endeavor, by every feminine wile, to secure to herself the love she had heretofore thought so surely her own.

A man who marries in defiance of the prejudices of his familiar associates glories only so long as he lives apart from them, in the fact of having shocked their sensibilities. Let him bring his wife fairly in amongst them, and he grows tremblingly alive to the fear of their derision. He would then, if possible, compel their praise. He wishes it to appear that, in being superior to prejudice, he has done something which demands their applause. So it was with Graham. When he had determined upon mating himself with one whose humble position in life, whose unconventional bringing up and liberal ideas, whose free and easy manners, whose very nationality, would induce his friends and kindred to pronounce his marriage an unsuitable if not a mad one, he had felt a savage satisfaction in being able to act contrary to their wishes and ideas, and to spoil any plans that might be forming for the disposition of his hand. But now that he was to exhibit his choice to all the world, and have her criticised and passed upon, he grew strangely anxious that she should win its approval—in other words, that his own taste and judgment might be properly extolled. It was not that he would have had her refashioned after the pattern of any English girl he had ever known. He simply wished that the contrast should stop at general style, without infringing upon the accepted usages of good society.

It proved an anxious hour for Graham when his wife appeared for the first time at one of those formal, frigid dinner-parties, so favored as a means of entertaining—singularly misapplied appellation—among a certain type of English. He and his sister had schooled her carefully, it is true, in the etiquette of her new sphere of action; but he could not be quite sure that she would not fail in some little detail, considered by those with whom she was to be brought in contact as essential to the deportment of a gentlewoman. To his surprise and joy, she carried herself, upon this occasion of her first introduction to society, with a quiet dignity and self-possession he had scarcely dared hope for, while the keen play of her native wit, just sufficiently subdued by the grief at her heart to have lost all taint of the old levity, yet kept constantly on the alert by her strong desire to conceal every trace of the pain that never left her, quickly gained her the reputation of being a brilliant woman. In short, the new Lady Graham achieved an unqualified success—as, indeed, ever must among our British cousins every clever American woman of innate refinement, however strange to their customs and ideas she may be.

Bertie's hardest trial was when she gave her first entertainment to all those whose hospitality she had been receiving. But, by careful attention to Miss Graham's hints, she stood this severest test of a woman's tact and *finesse* yet more successfully than any of her previous trials. In brief, Bertie's most sanguine hopes of making her husband proud of his little Yankee wife were far surpassed by the reality. Everywhere was she *fêted* and admired. Her presence was courted by all and invitations to her house were eagerly sought. But was she happy? Seemingly, there was everything to make her so. From a life of petty deprivations, sordid cares, and limited pleasures, she had been suddenly raised to rank and wealth, and found herself in a gay metropolis, surrounded by all the delights of a fashionable existence. The whirl of a London season was congenial in the highest degree to her excitement-loving temperament, and she had enough feminine vanity to be gratified by the adulation she received. Yet truly happy—quite satisfied at heart—she was not. Though her husband was apparently to her all that the most exacting wife could wish, she was never free from the haunting dread that some day, when he again fell in

with his old *fiancée*, he would regret his choice and wish himself free.

At last the season had come to an end, and the Grahams returned to their country home. The day had also arrived when Graham was to meet his old flame for the first time since his return to England. Bertie was to behold the two together, and would have an opportunity to judge for herself what degree of power over his heart that old love might still retain. When Miss Forsythe's name was first mentioned in Graham's hearing, as being that of a guest staying at a neighbor's house, a flood of color mounted to his brow; he rose abruptly and left the room. Bertie did not fail to notice his emotion. From that moment her nervous endeavors to hide from all the depression that had fallen upon her spirits resulted in a flippancy too nearly resembling the old heedlessness to be quite pleasing to her husband, had he remarked it. But Graham's own feelings were so deeply stirred by thoughts of this unexpected meeting that his attention was not caught by the noticeable change in Bertie's manner.

It was the first anniversary of Bertie's wedding day. In addition to those staying in the house, one neighboring family nearly related to the Grahams, and with them Gladys Forsythe, were to join in the celebration of the occasion at Graham manor. The guests arrived. Bertie stood face to face with her rival. Searching yet veiled was the scrutiny which each bestowed upon the other. Bertie's heart sank, while her gayety increased. Miss Forsythe's spirits rose, while her manner grew more quiet, if possible, than customary, until she seemed a moving, breathing statue. The contrast between them was far too marked to pass unnoticed. For the first time since Lady Graham's introduction to her husband's friends, a doubt began to spread as to whether Miss Forsythe would not have presided in her place with more effect and better grace. It was a trying moment for poor Bertie, who guessed much of what was passing in the minds of those around her, and her vivacity became yet more hysterical in the struggle not to falter at her post.

Miss Forsythe was placed at dinner upon Graham's left. Bertie was not slow to remark that she neglected her right-hand neighbor to bestow her smiles upon her host. Once, during the course of the dinner, she saw Miss Forsythe glance hastily across the table in her direction, and whisper something smilingly to Graham. He started and flushed, but his expression was unreadable. That Gladys Forsythe had said something about her which savored of the praise that damns, Bertie too truly guessed; but whether Graham had reddened in anger or from mortification, she could not tell. Is it to be wondered that the doubt wrung her heart, until she lost control of her ideas, and talked and laughed at random?

At last that long, painful dinner came to an end. As soon as the presence of the gentlemen in the drawing-rooms had relieved her in a measure from the necessity of entertaining her lady guests, Bertie escaped for a moment, just to catch her breath as it were, from her duties as hostess. She was returning with partially recovered equanimity, to again take up the tedious burden of her neglected task, when, in passing through the conservatory, she caught sight of two motionless figures in the room beyond. She paused abruptly, for they were her husband and Miss Forsythe. Could she have overheard one word that they uttered, she would have turned and fled in horror of eavesdropping. But while she could see without hearing, she had not the strength to withdraw her gaze. Miss Forsythe stood very close to Graham, looking up into his eyes. Her beautiful face was dimpled with smiles. Her attitude was one of careless, bewildering grace. Her expression was replete with a subtle flattery to the man who looked upon her. But Graham's brow was knit and darkened, as in the days when Bertie named him Rochester. He was speaking low and rapidly. And as he spoke the color deepened upon the chiseled face of his companion, the languishing expression in her eyes gave place to one of resentment. Her glance quailed by degrees, and fell away from his countenance, while she shrunk beneath the torrent of his words,

and bowed her head, at last, upon her clasped hands. Was this an exhibition of such anger as proves the existence of that passionate regard which will at times scathe and torture, without mercy, the object of adoration? Or was it an evidence of the just indignation a man will feel, when fairly freed from her spells, against his would-be temptress?

In a few moments Graham had shaken off his anger, as though it were a garment, his face cleared, and a smile, so cold in its scorn that no lingering passion could possibly have lurked beneath, slightly curled his lips. He took something hastily from an inner pocke and offered it to the cowering woman before him. She waved it aside with a deprecating air. He turned calmly on his heel, strode leisurely to the fireplace, and cast some object into the flames. Bertie's heart gave a sudden leap of joy. Could it be? Ay, the penetrating odor of burning hair that came to her through the open doorway too happily confirmed her suspicions.

The next moment Gladys Forsythe had disappeared from the room, and Graham, catching sight of his wife's white draperies, had hastened to her side.

"I was just going to look for you, my pet," he said fondly. "I meant to slip this forgotten trifle into your hand. I was so bothered about something all day that it entirely escaped my memory." He drew a small leather case from his pocket while he spoke. He touched the spring, and there lay revealed before Bertie's eyes a diamond butterfly. She uttered a cry of delight. "Let me clasp it in your gown, dearest. I am glad it seems to please you."

"O, Edward!" she cried impulsively, "I am so happy! But I want to know one thing before I can feel quite satisfied. Did you love me truly when you married me, or did you marry only—only in pique?"

"Has any one—has my sister—"

"Never mind who has told me. I have known all this long time. I knew you had loved another before we met. I knew you kept that lock of hair. All I care for now is to be sure that when you asked me to be yours you cared for me a little."

Graham's eyes softened, and glowed with passion, as he looked upon her.

"And knowing so much, you have never reproached me, never given me an unkind word, but have striven so hard to please me in every way. My little, angel wife, you are all the world to me now."

"But at first?"

"Well, perhaps there was something of pique in my determination to bring a wife home with me. But I did love you, though not so much as now, perhaps, when I asked you to be mine. When I heard that I was to meet Miss Forsythe again, I rather feared the sight of her might renew the old spell. I was not quite sure of my own feelings. But once in her presence, I found she had no more charm for me than a marble statue. A little, mischievous sprite had crept into my heart, and wrapped her own spells around it until I could not if I would find one thought to spare for another."

O, the happiness that flooded Bertie's soul! Existence was to her such rapture as she had never known before. The world bounded by her husband's arms seemed filled with a bliss unutterable.

CONSTANCE MAUDE NEVILLE.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE HOMEIER CONCERTS.

San Francisco has been blessed with a large body of fine professional musicians; and in the days of Mr. Rudolph Herold's able leadership, orchestral concerts were given for many years, such as not more than two or three cities west of the Atlantic sea-board have ever permanently enjoyed. A year ago, in the midst of the severe business depression which has but lately left us, a gentleman endeavored to perpetuate this excellent tradition by supplying Mr. Louis Homeier with the means of organizing an orchestra and giving a series of six concerts. Financially they were a failure, and a considerable deficit had to be covered by their promoter. This year, nothing daunted, the same lover of music invited four other gentlemen of musical experience to co-operate with him in managing a second series, and made the same generous offer as before, to guarantee the musicians against pecuniary loss. The result has been a series of concerts which, from the high character of the programmes, as well as from the manner of rendering them, will be memorable in the musical culture of San Francisco; and it is but a slight acknowledgement of a very generous act to say that this season of fine music could not have been enjoyed but for the liberality of Mr. John Parrott, Jr. In spite of the large public attendance, which steadily increased with each successive concert, the low charge for admission left a deficit of five or six hundred dollars for Mr. Parrott to cover; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that but for his support the high standard of the concerts, which has made them the most remarkable series ever given in San Francisco, could not have been maintained.

The orchestra, comprising forty men, was divided as follows: six first violins, four second violins, three violas, two violoncellos, three double basses, one harp, two flutes, two hautboys, two clarinets, two bassoons, four French horns, two cornets, three trombones, one tuba, two drums, and one player of triangle, xylophone, and chimes. The only misfortune was that, with a full complement of wood and brass instruments, the strings could not have been correspondingly strong; but this perfect balance was rendered impossible by the absence of several excellent musicians, who from motives of petty jealousy refused to play. With this exception, the orchestra included all the best musicians in San Francisco, and the skill with which the various instruments were handled was a revelation of the excellent material for an orchestra which lies scattered about in our midst: such men as Clifford and Ernst Schmidt (violin and violoncello), the Koppitz brothers (flutes), L. Mundwyler (hautboy), Wrba (clarinet), Meissner (bassoon), Schlott (horn), Forner (trumpet), Moore (trombone), and others, would do credit to any orchestra. It is, however, one thing to be a good musician, and another thing to be able to play with others in such a way that the whole orchestra shall respond to the will of its leader like one instrument. The best musicians in the world do not constitute an orchestra until they have learned to subordinate everything to the necessity of playing together. Nothing, therefore, was more gratifying in these concerts than the steady improvement in *ensemble* effects. Our local musicians are compelled to rely for permanent support upon their engagements at theaters and the so-called gardens where beer and music are the joint attraction. With the low artistic tendencies necessarily contracted at such places, it was not surprising, when they turned their attention to classical works, that their playing at first should be very uneven. There was a tendency on the part of some of the performers to hurry at the expense of the rest; while some were playing *piano*, others played *forte;* themes taken up by the strings were drowned by the harmonies of the reeds, which in turn met with similar treatment from the brass. But the rapidity with which these roughnesses were smoothed away was greatly to Mr. Homeier's credit as a conductor. It is not too much to say, these concerts proved beyond question that, if the people of San Francisco should demand it, they could have a permanent orchestra of which any city might be proud.

This opinion will not be thought excessive, when it is considered that, in the works chosen for performance, Mr. Homeier's orchestra was subjected to as severe a test as it is possible to make in the whole range of modern music. His programmes were not confined to works which treat the orchestra merely as an enlarged string quartette, but represented fully the great tendency of modern composers to make each portion of the orchestra—strings, reeds, and brass—contribute vividly to a many-colored whole. From uniformity of tone-color in the instrumentation of Mozart, to the utmost splendor of multiplex sound-tints in Berlioz and Wagner, nothing was omitted. We venture to say, from personal knowledge, there are very few cities, even in Germany, in which anything like the same variety of works can be heard in one winter. To give an idea of the scope of the programmes, as well as for the sake of making some permanent record of this musical feast, we append a list of the leading composers represented: *Mozart*, Symphony in E flat. *Beethoven*, Fifth

and Sixth Symphonies, and the Overtures to Coriolanus and Leonore (No 3). *Weber*, Overtures to Freischuetz and Oberon, and the Invitation to the Waltz (with instrumentation by Berlioz). *Schubert*, Cavalry March (with instrumentation by Liszt), and the Overture to Rosamunde. *Mendelssohn*, Overtures to the Hebrides and Midsummer-night's Dream. *Rubinstein*, Ocean Symphony. *Goetz*, Symphony in F major. *Liszt*, Second Hungarian Rhapsody. *Wagner*, Overtures to Lohengrin and Tannhaeuser, March from Tannhaeuser, and (from the Nibelung's Ring) the Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla, Siegfried in the Forest, and the Song of the Rhine Nymphs. *Berlioz*, Roman Carnival, and the Dance of Sylphs. *Saint-Saëns*, two symphonic poems, Phaeton and the Danse Macabre. *Bizet*, Suite Arlesienne. *Glinka*, Komorinskaja. *Kelley*, symphonic poem, the Defeat of Macbeth. A novel feature of these concerts was the critical, biographical, and explanatory notes appended to the programmes. This practice arose in England about forty years ago, and is now adopted by all the leading musical organizations of that country. Its introduction here gave additional interest to concerts which will be remembered as the most thorough and the most successful attempt ever made in California to exhibit, in one series, the range and splendor of modern music.

A CALIFORNIAN COMPOSER.

The performance of Mr. Edgar S. Kelley's symphonic poem, "The Defeat of Macbeth," at the fourth Homeier concert, under the direction of the composer, was an event of exceptional interest. The first orchestral work of a young and unknown musician, it astonished good judges by the dignity and maturity of its style, and left a conviction that the man who could do such work at twenty-four was destined to take high rank as a composer. Born in Wisconsin, Mr. Kelley is a Californian only by adoption; but the inspiration and acceptance of his work he has found in his adopted State. He graduated nearly two years ago at the famous conservatory of Stuttgart, where he was a pupil of Professor Seifriz, the distinguished leader of the royal orchestra, an intimate friend of Berlioz and Wagner. His completed works are four in number: a theme with variations for string quartette, three piano pieces (one of which has been arranged for strings), a polonaise for four hands, and "The Defeat of Macbeth." The scope and form of this last work will be best understood from the words appended to the programme, which closely follow the thematic structure of the music. "'The Defeat of Macbeth' is intended as a prelude to the fifth act of Shakspere's tragedy. Macduff and Malcolm, son of the murdered King Duncan, having fled to England, are there assisted with a force of ten thousand men, with which to return and take vengeance on Macbeth. From different parts of the camp trumpet-calls summon the army to advance. The English forces then take up their march. On crossing the border the pastoral charm of Scotland greets them. They continue to advance until Macbeth suddenly appears. He gathers his forces ominously around him. The conflict follows. Macbeth is defeated, Scotland desolate, and the English army triumphantly assembles, proclaiming Malcolm king." The manner in which this scheme was carried out in music reflected the highest credit on Mr. Kelley's originality. It showed that he had passed that period of imitation which belongs to every young artist, and that he was ready to make a bold stroke for independence. His themes, especially those of the English march and of the pastoral charm of Scotland, were fresh and full of character, and gave evidence of native musical power. This was admirably seconded on the technical side by thorough musical culture. Mr. Kelley evidently understands the importance of giving perpetually new interest to the same theme by change of key and variety in harmonization, and there were many pleasant instances of his skill in this respect. The instrumentation was surprisingly free from the crudities of a novice. In many places it showed a delicate sensibility to the tone-coloring of the various instruments, and it was guided throughout by a wise self-control, which knew how to save effects for the right moment. Least happy of all parts of the work was the conflict between Macbeth and the English; but the transition from the march to the Scotch air, in which both themes are beautifully commingled, until the hautboy, supported by flute, clarinet, and bassoon, carries on the Scotch air alone, was very effective. The recurrence of this same air most mournfully after Macbeth's downfall had a touch of tragedy, which was hightened by the harsh interruption of the English trumpets as the conquerors took up their march in triumph. The conclusion, with its fine contrapuntal effect from beginning to end, was massive and grand. The performance was conducted by Mr. Kelley himself, with marked precision, and the piece had to be repeated. His future works will certainly be awaited with deep interest.

R. J. BUSH.

Mr. Richard J. Bush has recently completed a realistic bit of work, "Along the Skirmish Line." A few soldiers in the foreground are returning the fire of the enemy. One of the number has been shot, and is lying prostrate, with a portion of the body showing where his comrades have rolled back his clothes to see whether assistance could be rendered. The blue of the uniforms is admirably done, a feat more difficult than would at first appear. Altogether, this is, perhaps, Mr. Bush's most finished piece of work.

HILL'S LAST PICTURES.

The decadence of a great artist is always a melancholy sight; but when that decadence is not the result so much of inevitable physical decay, as of moral self-surrender to low art, the feeling of sadness is apt to be mingled with contempt. We have recently gazed in astonishment at the works of Mr. Thomas Hill exhibited in the rooms of the Art Association. In the calm judgment of posterity, Mr. Hill is not likely to be ranked with the great artists of the world, but he has nevertheless done work which, at its best, has touches of a master. That a man of his ability should now do such work as these recent pictures is a pitiable evidence of his want of conscience as an artist. He has simply taken advantage of the immense dexterity of his long-practiced hand to dash off work in which, as a whole, we venture to say there is neither truth to nature nor truth to art. When such pictures are deliberately offered for sale, pity for the artist's decadence gives place to indignation at the imposition on the public. Mr. Hill was no doubt right in assuming that we are an inartistic community, but we are not as simple as we were. Of the rich men who have become the principal owners of fine paintings among us, we could not name half a dozen who make any pretension to know good art when they see it. They buy the works of painters who have already made such splendid reputations that the chance of their putting their name to anything inferior is very small. Just as our local capitalists prefer to pay an enormous sum for a mine that has a definitely ascertained quantity of ore in sight, rather than give anything at all for an undeveloped prospect, so our buyers of pictures will pay the highest prices for names like Meissonier, Gerome, Cabanel, and Knauss, and never trust their judgment to make anything but the smallest purchases from local artists. This is pitiable, and shows the low state of our culture. But it is a state of affairs that will be justly perpetuated rather than cut short, if artists attempt, like Mr. Hill, to play upon the popular ignorance by offering work which they know is unworthy of them. In pictures, as in mines, "wildcats" are not desirable.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT.

When the death of President Garfield stirred the feelings of the country and awakened a universal desire to do honor to his memory, a committee of citizens assembled in San Francisco for the purpose of erecting a monument that should express the devotion of the people of the Pacific Coast. Subscriptions exceeding twenty-three thousand dollars have now been collected, and the committee, through its chairman, Mr. Horace Davis, and its secretary, Mr. A. W. Preston, have issued a circular announcing the manner in which the money is to be spent. We regret to say this circular is one of the crudest attempts to deal with art which it has ever been our misfortune to see. The committee have not even been able to make up their minds what they want. Their circular practically calls for twenty thousand dollars' worth of work; but whether that work is to take the form of statue, column, fountain, triumphal arch, clock-tower, or obelisk, the committee do not say. They have kindly left everything, from the simplicity of a statue to the gorgeous splendor of an Albert Memorial, open to the choice of the artist. This is precisely what a little knowledge of art, or a consultation with people of common experience in art matters, would have taught them to avoid. Twenty thousand dollars will suffice to erect a very respectable bronze statue and pedestal, but it will make no more than a paltry and contemptible showing in the more complicated forms of monumental art. If the committee had known what they were about, they would have limited the fund to work that could be well done, instead of inviting it to be squandered on work that can only make a meretricious show.

This part of their doings is, however, but a small part of the foolish misdirection of the money that has been so generously subscribed. If the committee had money enough to erect the most splendid monument on earth, the method they have chosen for securing competitive designs would be sufficient to insure its complete failure as a work of art. They demand, in the first place, that the artist shall make his design, and then leave the execution of it to the committee. "Premiums," says this wonderful circular, "will be paid for designs, and are to be in full payment for the design, and not to include by any inference the right to percentage for superintendence and construction." These are matters the committee itself will undertake, and it thereupon caps the climax of absurdity by adding this amazing provision —"All designs must be drawn on a scale of one inch to the foot." Now the method of erecting statues (and they are the only form of monument within the means of the committee) is as old as the age of Pericles; it is supported in its practice by the example and experience of more than two thousand years; and yet in no single particular does it conform to the notions of statue-making involved in the circular of our local committee. Never yet, in the history of the world, has it been the practice of sculptors to "draw" designs "on a scale of one inch to the foot," and hand them over for execution to others. A sculptor models his subject in clay, and then either hews it out of marble, or sends his model to the bronze foundery to be cast; but the essential feature of his work as fine art is that it is the expression of the feeling, thought, and skill of the man himself. The success of his work will depend upon the degree in which his skill in modeling the human form is able to give reality to the conception of his thought and feeling; and as thousands of people have fine

conceptions, but only rare men of genius the power to carry them out, it never occurred to anybody before our committee to separate the idea from the execution. A design made by the best sculptor in the world "on the scale of one inch to the foot," and then executed as the committee proposes, could not by any possibility have any quality that makes sculpture a fine art; there would be every probability that the enlarged copy would distort and ruin whatever excellence there might be in the original design; and with this prospect, no respectable sculptor would undertake to furnish it.

The committee have proceeded as though they knew no difference between art and manufacture. They have laid down conditions contrary to all approved methods of artistic work. They have consequently excluded from competition all men who care more for their reputation than for the chance of winning a paltry premium of three hundred dollars. With a sum of twenty thousand dollars to dispose of, there was a hope that some of the leading sculptors of the world might contribute work that would be a permanent adornment to our city. There is now no hope of adding anything but a disfigurement. Better a hundred times that the money had been given to some useful educational purpose, than that a committee in the name of Garfield should erect a monument to its own incapacity.

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OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

575 Times.

All men are not born cross and crabbed. There are those who come into the world with sunny natures. But of these some are rendered irascible by being crossed in life. Frank Wayland was born good-natured. He was a real good baby. When he reached manhood, he went into the sheep business and matrimony. His wife, too, was an amiable woman, and fond of children and pickles.

He had occasion, once, to drive thirteen bucks—male sheep—which he had purchased, a considerable distance to his ranch. They are called bucks in California, but in some other parts of the world are known as rams. So named, probably, because they have a habit of ramming one end of themselves, with a kind of bloated energy, against things. They always use the same end. The road along which Frank drove his bucks crossed the San Benito River, a shallow stream, twenty-three times. It could be easily forded by sheep. When the sheep reached the first crossing, they paused. They continued pausing. Frank endeavored to drive them over in a gentle, fatherly sort of way. He treated them with great kindness. It was thrown away. A sheep does not know the difference between kindness and being beat to death. He tried to force them over by riding up against and among them. They would not take the water. He then lassoed one, dragged him across, and returned, thinking he could now drive the other twelve over, as they had a sheep to go to. No, not one of them would cross. He lassoed another, and dragged him over, and another, and another, until the entire thirteen were pulled over.

The next crossing was reached, and the thirteen were again lassoed, and dragged one by one through the water. It looked like a tedious business.

The same thing was done at the third crossing, and the fourth, and fifth, and so on.

It was hard, trying work. At the sixth crossing Frank was wet with perspiration, and his whole nature bedewed with disgust.

When he had pulled them over the seventh time he felt as if he would like to give it up. But a man hates to give up anything he undertakes. If something he is swallowing stops midway and chokes him, he does not give up, but continues his efforts to swallow it. He never tries to get it back. Frank went on with his lassoing and dragging.

When he had accomplished the eleventh crossing he began to think of going back, and taking a route about fifty miles out of the way, in order to avoid the river. He could not well get out of the gorge in which the river ran; and if he did, he could not drive the bucks through the underbrush any better than through the water. He made a calculation, and found that if he pushed ahead, he would have to cross the San Benito three hundred times, whereas, if he turned back, he would have to cross it only two hundred and seventy-five. But turning back would be doing the work over again. He went forward.

At the fifteenth fording-place he was somewhat reduced in flesh. Entirely reduced in temper.

At the eighteenth crossing he had become so exhausted that he debated with himself the proposition to leave the bucks, and thus lose them. He thought, however, of his next year's crop of lambs. He could not allow this to fail without probably injuring himself fatally in business. Somehow bucks are necessary to insure a lamb crop. He concluded not to abandon them.

He observed, about this time, that he had improved

very much in the use of the lasso. At the first ford he had to throw it two or three times before he could lasso a sheep; but he had now got so he could get one every time, and sometimes two, which was one more than he wanted, as he would have to alight and take one out of the noose, and while doing this both sheep would generally get away.

Very violent emotions have been known to turn the hair white in a few hours. As Frank landed the thirteenth sheep for the nineteenth time his hair was getting white, though when he first reached the river it was the hue of the raven's wing dipped in ink.

The river was reached for the twenty-third time. One sheep after another was drawn over. There was an expression of the weariness of death in the man's eyes. The last sheep was brought to the shore for the last time. The long-continued strain was too much. Frank fainted. When he fainted he fell down. The five hundred and seventy-sixth time would have killed him. After so long a time, he revived. But he was not the same. He was a morose, soured man.

He might have recovered in a measure, but every time he saw a sheep—a ram sheep—he would relate his experience of crossing the San Benito five hundred and seventy-five times. And would get angry, and look as if he wanted to hit somebody. This kept him soured.

His wife applied for a divorce. She got it.

Hugging Hank.

There used to be in Tuolumne County a little village of miners' cabins called Foulplay. May be there yet. It got its name thus: When the miners first went into that locality, two of them got into a quarrel over the ownership of a pick-handle. One of them, called Simpkins, was a tall, slender human streak; the other, known as Hank, was a dwarf; that is, he was so powerfully built in the body and arms that there was but little material left for the legs, which were short, scanty, and deformed.

They could not quiet title to the pick-handle by words. An appeal was had to fists. They had stood up and fought for awhile, when Hank threw his arms around the tall man, pinioning the latter's arms so that he could not use them. Hank hugged the other long and lovingly. The slender man could make no defense; his opponent's face was below his, and he could only bite Hank a little on top of the head. This was not fatal. He just had to submit to that painful, crushing hug. He sympathized with himself keenly.

There was no one near when the fight began, and night was coming on. It arrived. Hank hugged on. The moon rose. He still hugged. There were miners' cabins two hundred yards away. Simpkins attempted to cry aloud for help. Hank tightened his clasp. The cry died young. Simpkins was afraid to try to shout again. Hank was afraid to let loose. The pick-handle in dispute was lying close by. If he let loose, Simpkins might call on it for sympathy and assistance. He was the more nimble of the two.

The hour of midnight came. It was a solemn hour. Particularly to Simpkins. He was breathing hard. His eyes had taken up an advanced position. Hank still folded him lovingly to his bosom.

It came time for day to dawn. It dawned. Promptly. One of the miners, whose camp was in that vicinity, passed the scene of the fight as the light was shoving the darkness ahead. There lay Hank, Simpkins, and the pick-handle. Hank looked weary, but dogged and determined. Simpkins's mouth was full of bloody hair. He had been biting his opponent on top of the head. He had ceased, though, to bite. He was cold, very cold. Hugged to death. The pick-handle was quiet.

It seemed that Hank's fear of the pick-handle had increased to a wild terror. He had determined that Simpkins and the pick-handle should never join forces, and hugged accordingly.

When the miners learned how Simpkins had been loved to death, after an agreement to have a fair stand-up fight, they said it was foul play. And afterward the locality was known as Foulplay; and Hank known as Hugging Hank.

He was not an attractive-looking man, by any means. Dwarfs, as a rule, do not look like angels. He had always been unpopular with the women. But there now came a change in their feelings toward him. He had hugged a man to death. He could now have his choice among the unmarried women. He chose Mrs. Wimberly. Her husband had been killed in the Indian troubles in northern California. She was rich.

He had hugged himself into a good home. That was not all. He was elected to the legislature. Hugged himself into prominence.

Whatever talent is bestowed upon us we should use to the best advantage. Lock Melone.

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YACHTING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

The whistling of the wind, the rhythm of the rigging, the wash of the water, the spatter of the spray, are sounds which possess charms for few; yet to those whom they delight, no music is so sweet as these stirring accompaniments to the motion of the elements. He who is imbued with true yachting spirit will find unalloyed enjoyment in movements, sounds, and feelings which to others bring but abject misery and wretchedness. Yet the latter class may have a curiosity to know why this is so, and to learn, without unpleasant personal experience, what the fascination is which tempts so many to seek enjoyment on the water.

It is for these this chapter is written. The yachtsman will find nothing in the perusal of these lines which he does not already know; and the realities having been appreciated, the echoes will be faint indeed. The uninitiated, however, may be interested in hearing, in a general way, something about yachting and yachtsmen in our midst.

Yachting in San Francisco Bay may be said to be yet in its infancy, as might be expected in so young a community. As compared with the East, it has attained no importance in public estimation, yet it is the best patronized of our out-door sports. Very few of our rich men indulge in yachting, though some of them belong to the clubs because it is the proper thing. More of them, however, prefer the odor of the stables to that of sea-weed. Oakland boasts the only millionaire who owns a yacht on this coast, and that is the largest and most costly one here. Most of the yachtsmen are people of moderate means, who choose that way of enjoying themselves.

San Francisco has its peculiar characteristics from a yachting point of view, as it has in other particulars. Although we have a large expanse of water, it is shoal near the shores, except in the vicinity of Saucelito, the islands of the lower bay, the California City shore, Mare Island, and Carquinez Straits. For this reason the keel-boat, with its deep draft of water, has not flourished here. The type of yacht most in favor is one comparatively flat and shoal, with considerable beam or breadth, and built with the design of carrying sail well in strong breezes and "lumpy"

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seas. Our local builders have brought this type of yacht to perfection, apparently.

The peculiarity in rig is also due to the strong winds. Schooners and sloops with Bermudian (leg-of-mutton) mainsails flourish in no part of the United States or Europe, except here. Yet here their merits are recognized by all but the "old salts," with their non-practical prejudices. The intention is to get rid of weight aloft, by dispensing with the gaff and extra blocks; and other advantages are claimed, which it would interest only a yachtsman to enumerate. But, as before stated, this is not written for their edification.

The yawl rig is another peculiarity of San Francisco, as far as this country is concerned. A modification of the English yawl has come into vogue here, the bowsprit being an American standing one, and the jib in a single piece, and long in the foot, or lower edge. There are some seven or eight on this bay, and the rig is a favorite with those who have used it. As a matter of curiosity to those unfamiliar with such things, a line-drawing of a boat of this rig, drawn from one of our yachts, is given. It will be noticed that the largest sail is in the middle, instead of astern as in a schooner, and that the boom along the bottom of the large sail does not project over the stern, as in a sloop. In strong breezes, the largest sail may be reefed easily and without danger, or be taken in altogether, when the remaining canvas admits of the boat being handled readily. The rig is a very safe and handy one to manage, possessing peculiar advantages for a windy or squally bay such as this one. Among larger yachts, schooners and yawls predominate in San Francisco, large sloops not having been found well adapted to our strong breezes, when comfort, handiness, and safety are considered. In speed, of course, they excel, and many of the smaller yachts are of this rig.

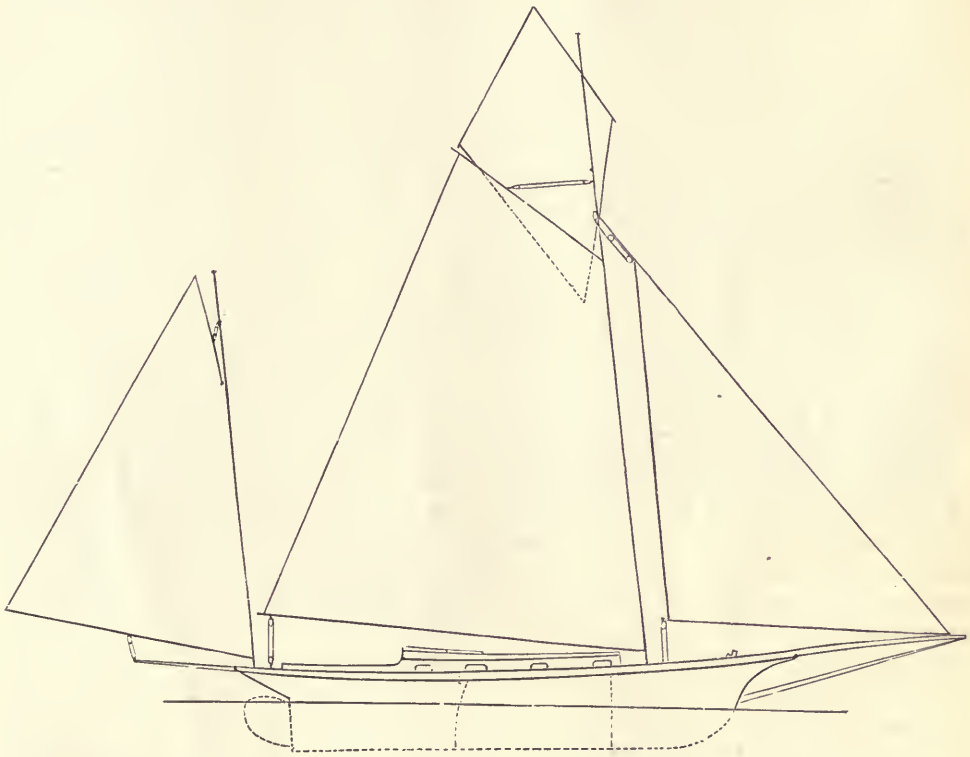
The wind is very high in summer, as every resident or visitor knows. When it comes sweeping down Market Street laden with dust and fog of an August afternoon, it is as much as the pedestrian can do to make headway against it. As it always blows six or seven miles an hour stronger out in the channel of the bay, it will be seen that there is no easy task in taking care of a yacht with lofty spars and spreading canvas.

In fact, these strong winds have been somewhat detrimental to our yachting interests. People who have been fond of sailing elsewhere have, after one or two trips, given it up here, owing to the violence of the winds which prevail. It is for this reason that sails on yachts on this bay are only about two-thirds the area of those in Eastern waters. Neither are our yachts fitted with such lofty spars. A San Francisco yacht is by no means as graceful as a New York one, under weigh. Eastern yachtsmen who visit us invariably wonder at the small sails our yachts carry, and are rather apt to poke a little fun at us at first. After one afternoon's sail in the channel they are generally convinced that our sails are twice too big. The writer can recall a number of instances of the kind, and some time since got credit for flighty romancing because in an Eastern journal he casually mentioned the speed of the wind in which a race was sailed here. Experience and the Signal Service records show, however, that it is no unusual circumstance to have an afternoon breeze in summer blowing from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour. If yachtsmen were afraid of this, they would have to give up their sport, and take to billiards or some other such amusement carried on in an atmosphere requiring neither nerve, energy, nor physical or mental disturbance. The yachts are built for the weather they have to meet here, and there is an excitement in overcoming the obstacles only to be appreciated by those experiencing it. All Eastern yachts brought here have had their spars and canvas cut down one-third, in order to be used at all.

The currents, too, are rapid, and these, with adverse winds, create a sea which it takes good boats to weather. With our ebb-tide, there is six times as much water passing through the Golden Gate as there is passing New Orleans on the Mississippi in a given time. The surface current at the Gate is often six miles an hour, and the currents all

over the lower bay are rapid. There are short "tide-rips" to be met with, which are bad, and at times dangerous, for small craft. Off Point Blunt, Angel Island, between Arch Rock and Shag Rock, off Blossom Rock, Red Rock, the Sisters Islands, and at the entrance of Mare Island straits, there are very rough places at certain stages of the tide, the seas being heavy, short, and sharp.

Compared with Eastern yachting centers, the cruising grounds about San Francisco are limited in variety. Ocean cruising, which can be indulged in at the East, is impracticable here. The strong winds, prevalence of fogs, rough water, and, above all, lack of harbor facilities, prevent coast cruising. Occasionally one of the larger yachts goes to Santa Cruz or Monterey for a few days; but on arrival, there is no pleasant anchorage free from swell. The main advantage of these points



THE SAN FRANCISCO YAWL.

is that an opportunity is afforded for the party to return by rail, leaving "the men" to beat the yacht up the coast against the northwest winds and seas. This fact is, however, usually suppressed by the yachtsmen. What is meant by a sail outside the heads is generally a beat down as far as Point Bonita, or Pilot Boat Cove. Occasionally, however, a trip to the fifteen-fathom buoy, across the bar, is made. What the character of such sailing is may be imagined from the sketch, which shows a yawl "winged out" on the way home, and the commodore signaling the rest of the fleet to return. There are few inducements for outside sailing in the vicinity of this port, even in the largest type of yachts, and the talk about it is generally more for effect than anything else.

In the bay itself, even, more rough water than is comfortable can generally be found without difficulty. The channel and San Pablo Bay, with an ebb-tide and a summer-afternoon blow, will usually furnish enough sea to satisfy most people. What is known as the channel is that portion of the bay between Angel Island and North Beach, and

extending from the shoal on the north side of Goat Island to the Golden Gate. All this is deep water, and is the point of concentration of the bodies of water sweeping down from the San Pablo and Suisun bays the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and the southern bays, on the way to the sea.

The strong westerly winds drawing in through the Golden Gate sweep with unobstructed force over this space, and, meeting the outflowing and swiftly moving water, kick up a sea that none but good boats can overcome. To go from the city to the usual cruising grounds the channel must be crossed. There is no way out of it. And it is to this circumstance, most probably, we are indebted for as expert a body of yachtsmen as there is anywhere in the United States. Timid, nervous, unskilled men cannot handle yachts under such conditions of wind and waves. The yachtsmen must have confidence in themselves, and must have boats under them which are seaworthy and staunch enough to keep on their course, regardless of adverse circumstances.

Once across the channel, a most remarkable change is often experienced. The wind is more or less tempered in coming across the land. There are quiet, calm coves where the yacht may lie quietly, and the guests disport themselves on the beach in warm sunshine, and with a sensation of security not always felt while crossing the channel.

The air coming through the Gate is charged with the moisture of the ocean, and very frequently a belt of thick fog will follow the channel, from which the shore on each side is beautifully free. People seeing this fog no doubt often wonder that others find any pleasure in sailing where it prevails. It certainly is a cold, wet, and cheerless task crossing a rough sheet of water for three or four miles in a fog where you cannot see a vessel's length, with wind howling and cold spray flying. But you suddenly emerge into sunshine, smooth water, and a pleasant, warm air—circumstances made more attractive from contrast. Beyond are other yachts and drifting bay craft, idly floating on placid waters; astern is the cheerless fog bank, inclosing and hiding the angry waves you have just breasted.

Coming down from the coves of the mainland above on a summer afternoon, it is often necessary to take the sweeps and man the small boat, to urge the yacht down to the channel breeze. All hands will be in shirt sleeves, basking about the decks, until, just before Point Blunt, the extreme point of Angel Island is reached. Here is a sharp line of rough water; and in the next minute the yacht is buried in foam, heeled over with her lee rail under, the spray flying half-way up her masts, and going like a steamboat. Sou'wester hats and rubber coats are in demand for the yachtsmen; while the timid ones, the ladies, and the guests retire below. One of the scenes our artist has depicted shows the yachtsmen taking in the foresail of a schooner-yacht in mid-channel, where the force of the wind is most felt.

The Saturday afternoon "sails," which form the most frequent yachting events, are participated in by many persons. Some of the yachts will rendezvous at the club-house, where chowder is served, then go for a sail, and return before dark. Others go to some of the many points where fish in abundance may be caught. Others, again, sail to some of the numerous coves, and pass a pleasant afternoon. Some do not anchor, but cruise about the bay, "take a turn outside," and come back early. The Quarry and Hospital Cove, the "Dead Tree," or the "Tank," on Angel Island; Glen Cove, or Kershaw's Lagoon, in Raccoon Straits; Ogden's Cove, Brickmaker's Cave, California City, or some of the other numerous inlets in the mainland; Sheep Island, with its oysters and seamosses—are all quiet places to pass a few hours while at lunch.

For longer trips, taking more than a day's time, the yachtsman may go to Mare Island, Benicia, or Martinez, or up any of the creeks, sloughs, or rivers. The southern part of the bay is not much visited. There is a stretch of water some thirty or forty miles long, and three to five wide, but it is shoal, and with wide flats extending from the edge

of the marshes out to the channel. These are bare a mile or more at low tide. All about are shell mounds which have to be avoided, or the yacht will ground. Sometimes a winter trip is made in this region, for the sake of the abundant game in the marshes.

Occasionally a cruise down to the shell banks is made, for the sake of the oysters. But the southern bay is very rough, and the

THE FIFTEEN-FATHOM BUOY. (DRAWN BY EDWIN MOODY, ENGRAVED BY A. KRÜGER.)

wind-gaps in the hills let in such furious squalls that there is little comfort and some danger for small boats. It is otherwise unpromising for lack of landing facilities, on account of the shallow approaches. There is, moreover, not a town on the bay-shore. The long creeks extending back through the marshes to the solid ground are crooked and shoal.

The upper or northern bays and streams form the favorite cruising ground. All along the Saucelito shores, in the deep water, are fishing places. The coves along the mainlands and around the islands have their admirers, and each yachtsman has some favorite spot to frequent. One may sail a few

TAKING IT EASY.

miles up Corte Madera Creek, which heads under the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, but is not accessible to boats of too much draft. Here are quiet waters and—good clams. San Rafael Creek, the Cream ranch, Lotus Cove, and Marin Islands are all open to ordinary yachts at half-tide. Petaluma Creek, with its choice musquitoes and shallow

approaches, is occasionally visited; Napa Creek, of pleasant memories (of which more hereafter); Eckley's ranch, or Southampton Bay, on Carquinez Straits, with Benicia and Martinez near by—all claim their friends.

If one wants a long cruise, and doesn't care for Napa Creek, let him head his yacht up through Suisun Bay, to the creek of that name. Once inside, he takes the first turn to the left, and then finds himself on Cordelia slough, narrow, deep, and with swift current; but passing through and leading into famous hunting-grounds, where ducks and geese abound. He may go up here a dozen miles or so, and on returning to the mouth, near where he will meet Goodyear slough, having passed the Frankhorn, well known to sportsmen, on the way, he will now enter the wider Suisun Creek. On this is a twenty-mile sail to Suisun, in water deep enough for any ordinary vessel, and anchorage, of course, anywhere. Returning down the creek, and passing for a few hundred yards into Suisun Bay again, the mouth of Montezuma slough is met. Through this, in smooth water, one may sail for twenty-five or thirty miles, passing through the marsh, and close along the Montezuma hills, until the Sacramento River is entered, below Collinsville.

Another way to go is past Benicia and Martinez, by Bull's Head Point, up the channel of Suisun Bay to Seal Island. Then pass along in the south or steamboat channel, on the south side of the middle ground shoal, by Point Edith and Seal Point, up between Chipp's Island and the mainland, entering the first opening on the right, which is New York slough. Here is a comparatively narrow channel, on the right-hand side of which are the small settlements of New York and Pittsburg, at either of which coal may be taken in.

A short distance further on we pass Antioch, being now in the main San Joaquin River. Continuing up the main river after passing the island, we keep close along the Sherman Island shore, running up some twenty or thirty miles, to Three Mile slough. Here the yacht may lie up among the trees for the night. If one chooses to go further up the river, he may continue on past Three Mile, and have a few miles sail on the Mokelumne, which most people think of in connection with mining matters. Or if not, he goes through Three Mile slough, and suddenly finds himself on the Sacramento River. Up this, one may go to the capital, or, turning to the left, come on down past Collinsville into Suisun Bay again—sailing down the north channel of the middle ground on the way back, and so into Carquinez Straits, San Pablo Bay, and home to the city. On this whole cruise there are dozens of places where a day or two may be pleasantly spent in some quiet creek or slough, or on green banks among the trees. No railroads go to these regions, no steamers visit them. It is left to the yachtsmen to discover and appreciate the beauties of many spots otherwise unknown save to the residents.

It is a peculiar feature of our sailing that within a few hours we may change our climate. Cool, windy, moist, in the lower bays; warm, dry, but windy in the upper ones; and hot, calm, and quiet in the rivers, creeks, and sloughs. As you go to Napa, for instance, the wind gradually lightens as the bay is left, the air is balmier, and finally the yacht is left becalmed. We can, moreover, in two hours run from salt into fresh water. In spring the water is fresh down into Suisun Bay; and at Antioch, fresh water is the rule. The yachts frequently sail up there so that the barnacles will be killed by the fresh water.

The area of San Francisco Bay proper is two hundred and ninety square miles; the area of San Pablo Bay, Carquinez Straits, and Mare Island straits is one hundred and thirty square miles; the area of Suisun Bay, to the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, is sixty-three square miles. The total bay area is therefore four hundred and eighty square miles; and there are hundreds of miles of slough, river, and creek. A yachtsman, starting from Alviso, at the southern end of the bay, may sail in one general direction one hundred and fifty-five miles, to Sacramento, before turning. All of this, of course, in inland waters.

The most frequent excursion made by the yachts in squadron is to Mare Island, because it is within a day's sail, and there is a good harbor on arrival in the straits, with the only town on the bay-shore so near San Francisco—Vallejo. It is about twenty-four miles from Front Street wharf to Mare Island light, but it sometimes seems a good deal farther back again. In summer the wind is always fair up, and the yachts race, carrying sail hard and struggling to get to anchorage first. The evening is passed in visiting, rowing about, and generally finishes up with a dance ashore. In the morning calls are made to the various yachts, and speculations indulged in by the yachtsmen as to the results of the day's work ahead of them. At a specified hour the commodore sets a signal, and the yachts all get under way, backing and filling, and maneuvering for position, with relation to the imaginary line past which they must not yet go. All eyes are on the commodore's signal to "try rate of sailing." As it suddenly drops, and a gun is fired, sails are trimmed, light canvas set, and away goes the fleet down the straits under a cloud of canvas, and with the wind abeam, in smooth water. Although each is striving for advantage, good-natured "chaff" passes from one boat to another as they are all "bunched" on the way down to Magazine Point.

Rounding this, the fun begins. Sou'westers and rough clothes are in demand as the yachts make their first obeisances to the swell of San Pablo Bay. We see before us a wide reach of wind-swept and white-capped water, with a suggestion of mist and positive assurances of spray. At this point, with an ebb-tide, a sea sometimes rises which will fling the spray over the fore yard-arm of a square-rigged vessel. There is ahead of the yachtsmen a hard thrash to windward which there is no way to dodge; and if old Pablo is on one of his "rusties," the work is apt to be lively.

The light sails now come down, sheets are trimmed aft, the best helmsman takes the tiller, and the others make themselves as comfortable as circumstances admit, the enthusiastic ones remaining on deck to suggest and to criticise the movements of the others.

The wind freshens as they get down toward Point Pinole, by which time there is a long procession of yachts, ranged usually in proportion to size, the smallest ones a mile or so astern. All this time lee rails are buried in foam, sheets of water and clouds of spray fly from the bows, and each yacht

ARTIST-COOK. (DRAWN BY EDWIN MOODY, ENGRAVED BY A. KRÜGER.)

is urged to its utmost. Even the little fellows, with no hope of getting in less than two hours behind the leader, do not slacken their efforts.

As "The Sisters" are reached, the two rocks dividing the lower from San Pablo Bay, there is doubt as to the "doldrums" near Red Rock. Sometimes a calm place will be found, into which the leaders will run, and there all will have to wait until the last catch up. It is not often, however; though here the wind lightens up. At the beacon on the southern end of Southampton

shoal the channel breeze awaits the fleet, and here the spray, the foam, the sea, and rushing wind again greet the yachtsmen, the water flying half-way up the sails as the yachts are crowded across the channel.

Although these trips are called races, they prove nothing, as the accidents of more or less wind or current exercise so much influence that sometimes a slow boat will beat a fast one. It is a rough-water struggle,

THE FIRST RENDEZVOUS. (DRAWN BY EDWIN MOODY, ENGRAVED BY E. SCHULTZE.)

and being frequently repeated, has taught our yachtsmen how to handle their boats well in adverse conditions. A light wind in Pablo is phenomenal in summer. The skill of the owners and qualities of the yacht are brought out to an exceptional degree.

Once each year the San Francisco Yacht-Club make a cruise to Napa, taking three or four days to it, on which occasion ladies always accompany the fleet, as they often do, by the way, at other times. This cruise is always looked forward to as the pleasantest of the season. The yachts race to Mare Island, there meet, and again race up Napa Creek to the town, at the head of navigation. This sail from Mare Island up is in placid water, with verdant shores, and usually in warm and sunny weather. The novelty, sociability, and general "jollity" of the cruise make more than a passing impression. At the town the yachts moor along the bank, in pairs. A party is given on the evening of the arrival, and the next day is passed in riding or driving, and sports on the water in the afternoon. In the evening there is usually a concert on one of the yachts. Near morning, before daylight, two steamers take the yachts in tow in divisions, and bring them down to Vallejo. Here sail is made, and a race home the result.

One of the sketches shows a historic rendezvous on this creek, at Suscol. It represents what was the first rendezvous of the yachts of this bay. The Restless, Lotus, Emerald, and Zoe met there in 1868, with Commodore Ogden (our pioneer yachtsman), Captain Eckley, Captain Moody (our artist), and Dr. Tucker, and their respective families, on board.

The first regular yacht regatta was sailed here in August, 1869. On that occasion the Emerald (the winner in this as in many other well-contested races) was sailed by John L. Eckley, the Minnie by Dr. Tucker, the Peerless by Edwin Moody, the Lotus by the writer, the Raven by Henry Howard, and the Zoe by Mr. Williams. Since then there have been many regattas and matches, which space will not even admit of our enumerating here. In August each year a regatta is sailed, and the interest manifested in the result shows how fond many of the people of this city are of salt-water sports. Last year, for the first time, a small-yacht race was inaugurated by the San Francisco Yacht-Club, and there was so much interest taken in it that this will be a feature, probably, for

years to come. As a general thing, however, the big flyers attract most attention. The course takes the yachts past the city front, and out to the Gate. The wharves, hilltops, and available points are taken by spectators, while well-laden steamers and sailing craft follow the racers.

Yachting is better patronized by the fair sex than any other out-door amusement here. The yachts are fitted with comfortable staterooms, and all conveniences for the ladies; and the domestic arrangements are such as to render the cruises so pleasant that even ladies afflicted with sea-sickness often go. There are a number who go regularly on all the excursions, wearing suitable boating costumes and heavy shoes, so as to feel perfect freedom from the restrictions of fashion. These ladies know all the yachts and their respective merits, and, as might be expected, are violent partisans on the occasion of a regatta in which their favorite yacht is a competitor. The presence of ladies on all the excursions of the yacht-club is a feature agreeable to the yachtsmen, and one that guarantees quiet behavior, as a matter of course.

The yachting season in San Francisco Bay extends from April to October, inclusive. The latter, to the cruising yachtsman, is the pleasantest month we have. Then the fierce winds are gone, and pleasanter weather prevails. In the winter the yachts are laid up, more because there is no wind than for any other reason. As we never have snow or ice, sailing can be indulged in all winter. It sometimes takes, however, three days to go where summer winds would take you in three hours. To some persons, the winter sailing is preferable, and cruises up river after the ducks are often made.

As to harbors, the yachtsmen here are poorly off. In winter, the yachts lay up in Oakland Creek, or at Antioch in the San Joaquin River. There is no other place where safe shelter is found. Mission Bay is no longer a bay; and outside the long bridge it is now so shoal that a boat grounds at half-tide. In fact, there is now no good place to keep a yacht in summer along the city front, though most of them have moorings off long bridge.

The club-houses of the two yacht-clubs are on the Saucelito shore. A sketch of the San Francisco Yacht-Club house is here given, with a number of the yachts at the

YACHT-CLUB HOUSE AT SAUCELITO. (DRAWN BY EDWIN MOODY, ENGRAVED BY A. KRÜGER.)

rendezvous. This house is built over the water, and the yachts come alongside the wharf to land their guests, fill the water tanks, etc. The Pacific Yacht-Club house is back of the cove at old Saucelito, and a wharf has been built off the point, where landing may be made. The club has indulged in landscape gardening to some extent, fitted up the house very handsomely, and made an attractive place. Both of these

club-houses are fitted up in nautical style. The Pacifics make a strong point of a handsome and esthetic fireplace, and a well-kept garden; while the San Francisco boasts of its chowders, and a collection of yacht models and pictures. The older organization, the San Francisco club, was incorporated in 1869; the Pacific, an offshoot of the older one, was organized in 1879. Many of the yachts are enrolled in both clubs. The social, and to a degree convivial, features predominate with the Pacifics, while among the San Francisco members the sailing element is more pronounced. While there is, therefore, some spirit of rivalry, the aims being somewhat different, there is little clashing of interests, each helping in its own way to keep alive the spirit of yachting.

The older club has a signal code, and the members are provided with little books, as keys. By means of flags they can carry on a conversation at a distance, find out who is on board, where the yacht is bound, send messages, etc. Each member has a number. The code is such that numbers can be signaled by waving a handkerchief, as well as by use of flags.

The regularity of the winds in this bay is an advantage, as their strength is a disadvantage. They blow so regularly that in races in the summer one can always tell exactly in what position a yacht will be in relation to the wind at a certain point. A sailing club is called to mind—the old Lotus club, the best of its kind here—which cruised every Saturday for ten consecutive summers, and in all that time they never once missed getting back in time to get the street-car home, never having to stay all night. The squally nature of the wind, however, makes it highly dangerous for inexperienced persons to attempt the management of boats in the bay. Under the high lands of the Saucelito shore, the California city shore, off the city front, and off the flats of the southern bay, these squalls are sometimes very heavy, and the only wonder is that more accidents do not happen.

Corinthian sailing is a feature with us, and has given the San Francisco Yacht-Club a distinct *status* in the yachting world abroad. Its members are known elsewhere as men who sail their own boats in cruises and in races. They boast a considerable practical knowledge of nautical matters, which is by no means a common thing in yacht-clubs.

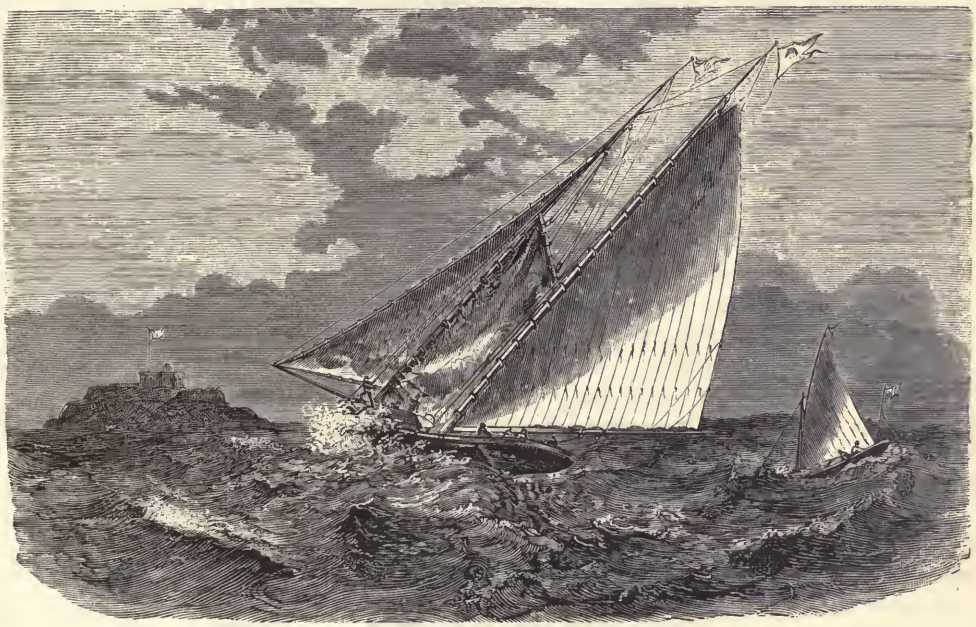
In fact, there is not a single yacht in San Francisco Bay, large or small, which keeps a regular sailing master—a man to whom the handling of the yacht is intrusted. Of course they nearly all have one or more men as crew, but the owners direct the evolutions, and either themselves or friends take the helm. The San Francisco Yacht-Club flag has already been carried and displayed on one of its yachts among the islands of the South Pacific. Another of its yachts crossed the ocean to the other side of the world, and gained a name by beating the German and English type of boats. Still another cruised among the South Pacific islands, and along the Australian coast; one is now engaged in the Gulf of California pearl fishery; and one more is cruising on the Mexican coast. All these boats were built here for yachts, so the seaworthy character of the build may be inferred.

The true "Corinthian," however, is the owner of the small yacht. These young men who sail and take care of their own boats make up the life of the yachting interest. They are ready, skillful, enthusiastic, and untiring. Their boats are the first ones out in the season, and the last laid up. They can surprise many an old gray-haired seaman by the skill they show in handling their craft. These young men clean and repair their boats, paint them, do their own sailor-work, cook, wash dishes, and, in effect, run the craft. The Corinthian is an amateur sailor, not above attending to any of the duties which might fall to captain, crew, or cook. The combination of the artistic or literary, the domestic, and the nautical instincts, such as the engraving depicts, where a memorandum in the sketch book is being made while the chowder is watched, is by no means rare among this type of yachtsmen.

It may be here noted that this skill in handling yachts among the club members is proven by the fact that in many years, in a rough, windy, and treacherous bay, there has never been a single fatal accident. The clubs have never lost a member by drowning, not a single yacht has ever been capsized, lost, or wrecked. These facts are somewhat remarkable, and it is not too much to claim that this is greatly due to the nautical skill of the yachtsmen.

There are many small yachts maintained by two, three, or four young men, who club together, take care of the boat, and pay the expenses. Five, ten, or fifteen dollars a month each covers everything in such cases, according to size of boat and number interested.

The cost of construction of yachts in San Francisco Bay is less than in the Eastern States. The cost of maintenance depends almost entirely on how the owner runs his



CROSSING THE CHANNEL. (DRAWN BY EDWIN MOODY, ENGRAVED BY A. KRÜGER.)

boat. With a large yacht, the expenses are in proportion, generally, as there are many guests, and more men are required on board. For the largest type it may cost from $150 to $500 per month; smaller ones, carrying one man as crew, may be kept in commission, from $75 to $200. Yachts such as the young men usually sail themselves may be kept all the year round for from $10 to $25 per month. Of course great variation in the cost is made in proportion to the number interested, and in the guests. The repairs, paint, and maintenance never amount to as much as the entertaining, and the owner judges for himself how much he will spend in that direction.

As to cost of yachts, there is a wide range, the style of outfit having the most important bearing on the question. Yachts of the type of the Casco, Aggie, and Ariel cost from $20,000 to $30,000. Those like the Chispa, Consuelo, Whitewings, Nellie, O'Connor, and Frolic cost from $5,000 to $10,000. The type corresponding to the Emerald, Clara, Lolita, Startled Fawn, Magic, and Annie are worth from $2,000 to $4,000. The Mist, Myrtle, and Thetis might cost $1,000 or $1,500. The Lively, Enid, Ariel, Virgin, Gaviota, Twilight, and Fleetwing class would cost from $400 to $1,000.

To the general public it must seem that there are more local yacht-clubs than it would

appear possible to maintain; and it may be a matter of surprise to be told that there are only two yacht-clubs on the coast, the San Francisco and the Pacific. The numerous sailing-clubs dignified by the name "yacht-clubs" are so called simply because of the ignorance of those naming them. A dozen or so young men hire a yacht once a month, and form an organization which they call the "Sea Foam Yacht-Club," or some such name, instead of calling it "yachting." All such are sailing or yachting clubs, not yacht-clubs. The idea of a yacht-club without a single yacht is absurd. Yet there are many such here. There are some with this title that have the sole purpose of giving an occasional party, the sailing feature having been dropped; and one is called to mind, which, as a club, has not been on the bay once for over five years. Others go once a month in the summer, and give parties in winter. As their names frequently appear in the "social columns" of the daily press, people get an idea there are a good many yacht-clubs. From these sailing-clubs some young men graduate as yachtsmen in time, and some of the boys are first-rate sailors. The accordion-and-beer feature is prominent in too many, however.

The men who hire a plunger for an afternoon sail are no more yachtsmen than those who hire a livery team occasionally are patrons of the turf. The real yachtsmen ignore their existence. But those most held in detestation are the persons who make a sailing trip an excuse for a spree. With these, the yachtsmen have nothing in common, and feel provoked to have people class them together.

Many imagine a yachtsman to be a sort of combination stage sailor and sporting man. Others imagine him to be a lazy sort of fellow, idling away his time about the water, and more or less addicted to somewhat dissipated and extravagant habits. While, as in every other amusement, people will join the ranks who abuse its privileges, the true yachtsman is always a gentleman, and knows no difference in his behavior afloat or ashore. As to betting on races, that is done by outsiders, the yachtsmen themselves very seldom doing this. In fact, the yachting fraternity prides itself on its respectability and moral tone, and any infringement on the code it has established is visited upon the offender in such a quiet but unmistakable manner that the intruder soon sees the error of his ways.

The yachtsman only sails out of hours. He cannot drop out of the office for an hour to enjoy his sport, as a horse or billiard man can his. Saturday afternoon and Sunday he can indulge himself. He enjoys the benefit of fresh air, healthful sleep, vigorous exercise, and pleasant companionship. With this is a sense of freedom from care, and a relaxation from business, which forms one of the greatest charms and most beneficial features of the amusement.

Perhaps the most frequent mistake in relation to yachting matters is in supposing that only men who have been to sea for years are proficient in handling sailing craft; and that the extent of knowledge is in proportion to sea experience. This mistake is a natural one for the uninitiated; and even the old salts themselves are, to a degree, victims of the same delusion. The hard-a-weather chaps, square-riggers, who have been to sea all their lives, are notoriously the most unreliable people to intrust with the sparring, rigging, ballasting, trimming, or handling of a yacht. All other things being equal, a young man used to small boats and fore-and-aft vessels would excel them in maneuvering and handling every time, and would get more speed out of his craft. The ordinary assertion, "I have been to sea all the days of my life," is enough to make the yachtsman keep a sharp lookout for the speaker.

In many cases, these old salts display, concerning schooners and sloops, a density of ignorance perfectly astounding. They are not used to close quarters, or working among vessels in a tide-way—want sea room, and are poor hands at making landings, picking up boats, fine "touches" in racing, etc. And the worst feature of this old sailor is, he "knows it all," and looks upon the yachtsman as a "parlor sailor." Of course there are exceptions to this general rule (and your

acquaintance is one), but experience shows it to be pretty correct. Because a man has driven a coal-wagon twenty years or so, it does not follow he could guide Goldsmith Maid to victory; and the captain of a collier or lumber droger, is not, by any means, apt to be proficient with the sensitive helm of a yacht.

The yachtsman belongs to a genus in which there are quite a number of species. First, there is the callow yachtsman, who flourishes in a uniform of blue, with plenty of white trimming, a wide collar, and an elaborate monogram on his breast. He at first belongs to a sailing-club which goes out on Saturday afternoons. He accumulates a select vocabulary of nautical phrases, with which he is apt to edify his lady acquaintances upon occasion. His outfit is in inverse proportion to his nautical knowledge. With the yacht at anchor, no one so ready to tell how things ought to be done; but when face to face with danger, with even a mild form of the allegorical Neptune, no one so useless. It is to this type of yachtsman that accidents in small boats are usually attributable, as he can by no means be brought to a proper sense of his lack of skill. This species has a wide range of habitat, and is too frequently found mingled with others of a higher organism.

Then there is the yachtsman who never owned a yacht, and never will, but who is always ready to accept an invitation for an afternoon sail. He enjoys a "brush" in the channel, and does not mind a little spray. Thinks he would like to own a yacht, and develops a confidence of criticism quite appalling to those with riper experience. He knows exactly what every one ought to do, and how they ought to do it; being only uncertain and nervous when momentarily intrusted with the helm himself. A suborder of this species is one who suddenly remembers he has an engagement at a certain hour, and must be landed by that time or dire results will follow. This and the man who wants to fish make a pair from whom all who love the pleasure of sailing pray for delivery.

The racing yachtsman is a distinct type, and a well-known one. It does not matter what boat he is on, she is expected to beat every other boat. He wants to "try" everything met, be it a hay-scow or a steamboat. The main idea he has of yachting is to beat some one. His sole purpose of building a yacht is to beat some other yacht previously built for a similar purpose. He has unbounded faith in his boat, merely because she is his. The racing man is controversial to a degree, persuading himself so thoroughly that he can beat this one or that one, that he half believes he has done it. Only on this theory can some of his stories be believed. His memory is of that peculiar character which retains impressions only of those occasions when he was ahead, and no effort will remind him of different results. He has no enjoyment if he is passed anywhere, and a rope over the stern is to him as a red rag to a bull. If beaten when he himself is at the helm, his nautical vocabulary is exhausted in ascribing the defeat to any cause but the right one. He thoroughly enjoys "scrub" races, and is never content at anchor or cruising alone.

The man who belongs to a yacht-club because it is the proper caper to do so seldom shows up except on opening days, reception days, and regattas. He affects a straw hat with ribbon, a blue tie, and a conspicuous marine glass; is apt to look wise and freely criticise the movements of the participants, after the manner of Mr. Jingle at the Dingley Dell cricket-match; is a violent partisan, and echoes the opinions of the club-rooms in a characteristic manner, with possibly some confusion of names and terms; is always willing to explain things to the reporters, which accounts for the description of races in the daily press being sometimes more amusing than correct. This type of yachtsman appears to possess a certain kind of invulnerability to anything like an attack of real knowledge of yachting. His strong point is in getting his share of the eatables and drinkables. It is due to this type that the term "parlor sailor" is often applied to yachtsmen as a class.

The enthusiastic yachtsman is one who owns a boat, and is accustomed to entertaining his friends aboard. His is a parallel case to the devoted actor described by Mr. Vincent Crummles as blacking himself all over when playing Othello. He is brimful and overflowing with enthusiasm. There is no phase of nautical experience but he can find a corresponding one connected with the boat he is interested in at the moment. Mention Mt. Ararat and the Ark, and he will tell you how the Prank got stuck on the middle ground shoal. The idea is firmly fixed in his mind that there is nothing he does not know better than any body else; and thinks his extended experience in one direction enables him to pronounce on any question, no matter whether the experience has been in that line or not. Seeing others handling a yacht, he explains how he could have done it better. In him is embodied a grand concentration of all nautical knowledge. His boat is the fastest, most comfortable, driest, and, in effect, the best that could be devised. She cannot be improved—unless, perchance, he should build again. He is a great favorite with the ladies, and having impressed them with the idea that it is only in his hands a yacht is safe, always has many of the fair sex aboard. With these characteristics are combined unbounded hospitality, a desire to make others enjoy themselves, and a love for the cause of yachting that makes him sacrifice time, money, and ease to enhance its prospects. This makes him well liked, and it is to the enthusiastic yachtsman the popularity of the amusement is, to a large extent, due.

The veteran yachtsman is apt to be a cruiser, though tolerating racing and regattas as occasions on which to show his skill or knowledge, and as tending to popularize yachting. He prefers comfortable boats and quiet coves to club-house excursions and racers. He has objections to a crowd on board, and likes a sail or cruise with a few companions. The veteran looks with calm severity on the freaks of the tyro, and with pitying complacency on experiments he has long since proven fallacious.

This sketch would be by no means complete without a few words for that most abundant species, the yachtsman who never owned a boat and never goes sailing. He is a constant visitor to the club-house, and keeps it "running," in fact. He sees the regatta from a steamer's deck, and feels sure he would have brought about some different result if his advice had been followed. This yachtsman has learned which is starboard and which is port, and has absorbed just enough nautical knowledge to be certain that the mainsail is the main-sheet. He is fond of yachting as much for its sideboard accompaniments as anything else.

All these types flourish among us as they do elsewhere, and in other places others may develop. CHARLES G. YALE.

THE HIGHER UTILITIES OF SCIENCE.

We hear much, in these times, of diffusion of knowledge and popularization of science. I sincerely sympathize with the movement, and have done something myself to carry it on. But it is seldom we get a good without a corresponding evil. In the extensive diffusion of knowledge, are we not in some danger of making the stratum very thin? In the universal popularization of science, are we not in some danger of making our science superficial? In a word, are we not in danger of being flooded with a shallow sciolism, instead of nourished and strengthened by a profound science?

Yet I do not think the danger from this quarter as great as many imagine. The chief danger is not so much in the quantity as in the quality of science; not so much in

the amount as in the *spirit* in which it is given and received. There is an evil as well as a good spirit of science. The evil spirit of science is boastful, arrogant, contemptuous; it despises art, contemns philosophy, and especially sneers at religion. Such science is hurtful to the individual and baneful to society, whether its quantity be great or small. The good spirit of science, on the contrary, recognizes the co-ordinate value and equal dignity of all the great departments of human thought, and co-operates with them in generous rivalry for the elevation of humanity. This spirit is beneficent, whether the amount of science be much or little. Like charity, "it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up"; like mercy, it is "twice blessed, blessing him who gives and him who takes."

It is this liberal, generous, beneficent spirit of science that I wish to hold up to admiration. Leaving aside the manifold and obvious ways in which science contributes to our material well-being, I wish to point out some of the less recognized because less obtrusive, and yet the far nobler, ways in which she has co-operated with all other great departments in the elevation of our humanity.

1. In comparing ancient with modern thought, nothing, it seems to me, is more striking than the difference in the mode in which *nature is viewed in relation to man*. The tendency of ancient thought was to exalt man into a demi-god, and correspondingly to despise nature; the tendency of modern scientific thought, on the contrary, is to sink man into comparative nothingness in bewildering contemplation of the infinite vastness of nature. This change is seen both in art and in science: in art, in the increase of those departments, like landscape painting and descriptive poetry, which deal with nature; in science, in the amazing advance of the natural sciences. To the Greek, nothing but man was a worthy subject of fine art, nature being valued only in its subserviency to man. That intense love of nature for nature's self, so characteristic of the cultured modern man—the passion for mountain and forest, for crag and cliff, for rushing torrent and leaping waterfall, for blue sky and drifting clouds—a passion often degenerating into dreamy reverie, and even into weak and morbid sentimentality—would have been wholly unintelligible to the active, healthy, man-worshiping spirit of an ancient Greek. The reason is obvious. The mystery of nature, the infinite in nature—and therefore the sense of awe in the presence of great nature—was unfelt; the divine in nature was unperceived, or else took the human form of nymphs and dryads. Under such conditions a high art is impossible. We must reverence what we strive to embody, or our work is mechanical. The deliberate representation of nature for its own sake, whether in painting or poetry, is therefore a modern art. Exquisite bits of nature description we indeed have in ancient poetry—wonderfully vivid and beautiful, especially in the Odyssey—but these are only for background to the human figures, for setting to the human gem.

The same change is seen far more plainly in the amazing progress of all the sciences dealing with nature. The Greek philosopher despised nature far too heartily to become her pupil. He arrogated to himself the power to deduce *a priori* the laws of nature from within—the laws of the macrocosm from the study of the microcosm. He sought to *impose* laws on nature, instead of sitting at her feet and learning her laws from her own lips. Under these conditions science is impossible. Mathematics, indeed, was possible, and was therefore cultivated because *de*duced *a priori* from within, from self-evident truths; but a science of nature must be *in*duced from external observed facts.

Thus, then, we perceive that the human mind has steadily passed from the study and contemplation of itself to the study and contemplation of nature. But this change, though necessary, is not, cannot be final. For when by the study of nature a solid basis for philosophy is laid, the human mind must again return to the study and contemplation of itself as the greatest and most beautiful of nature's works.

Now, in effecting this great and necessary change, though *all* sciences co-operated, yet two were peculiarly active; these are astronomy and geology. Nothing has so tended to exalt nature as the introduction of the *idea of an infinite cosmos*, both in space and time. Nothing has so tended to humiliate the pride of man as the recognition of the astounding fact that this earth, his habitation, theretofore imagined to be the whole universe—sun, moon, and stars being but little satellites revolving at no great distance about her and for our behoof—is herself but a little satellite, an atom in an infinite space filled with other worlds far greater than she: unless it be that other similar fact, that his *time*, the life of his race, theretofore imagined to be all of time, is but a moment in the infinite lapse of time represented by the history of the earth. But mark the difference. Astronomy leaves him there, humiliated, prostrate in the dust; geology takes time by the hand, lifts him up, and restores him to his dignity. Astronomy gives no hint that *our* earth is in any respect superior to many of the innumerable sister worlds which fill infinite space, or *our* race to many other possible material intelligences; but geology teaches us, in language that cannot be mistaken, that the whole history of the earth and all previous epochs find their culmination and significance in *our* epoch, and the whole organic kingdom, struggling upwards through all time, reaches its goal in *man*. Thus *our* time-world becomes the center of the time-cosmos, and man the crown of creation. Thus is man restored to his dignity—or rather, dignity is given in place of pride. "Pride goeth *before* a fall," but true dignity comes after.

I have said the change was necessary but not final. A few words to justify this remark.

Proud philosophy, from the dawn of civilization, attacked at *once* the highest and most complex problems which can agitate the human mind; but in vain, *because by wrong methods.* The most intricate and beautiful philosophic systems, gossamer-like, were spun from the human brain, but only to be quickly destroyed by criticism. Again other equally beautiful systems arose with their groups of eager, enthusiastic disciples, but again unsparing criticism, disintegration, and death followed in quick succession. Science, on the contrary, far more humble, acknowledging her inability at once to grapple with the highest questions, commenced first with the *lowest:* not because they are the lowest, but because they are the simplest; and making the solution of these the basis for higher work, has built up steadily, tier upon tier, story upon story, until she is even now attacking successfully the very questions of sociology and psychology which defied the utmost efforts of her more ambitious sister. Her success is the result, not of superior power, but of *right methods.* There is none other foundation possible but that which is laid in nature. This stone, rejected of the Greek philosophic builders, is accepted by science, and become the chief corner-stone of the temple of knowledge.

Thus the systems of the old philosophy are like castles in the air, beautiful cloud-castles glistening in the early dawn of thought, but vanishing with the light of day. The work of science is like a substantial castle built on the solid ground, out of enduring materials taken from the quarry of nature, and rising steadily from age to age. Or, to vary the figure: knowledge under the guidance of philosophy is like an annual: it springs up quickly, and grows rapidly, maturing its beautiful flowers of art, and fruit of industry and social prosperity, then withers and dies. From seed, it springs up again, perhaps under higher forms, but only to pass again and again through the same short and beautiful cycle. Under the guidance of science, on the contrary, knowledge is a perennial tree: increasing ever in bulk and hight by successive additions, flowering and fruiting every year, unexhausted and inexhaustible.

2. The next point to which I would direct attention is the relation of science to the *idea of human progress.* Observe: I mean, not merely progress, but *conscious*,

voluntary progress—the conscious striving after a higher goal.

Under the guidance of the old philosophy, society, though on the whole probably progressive, was so in such staggering and uncertain way as to leave the fact always questionable and often unrecognized. The idea of human progress as *we* now understand it is a modern idea. It did not exist among the ancients, unless dimly perceived by some of the prophets of Israel. What progress they made was an *unconscious evolution*, not the conscious striving toward an ever-higher goal. For them, therefore, the golden age was in the past, not the future. Whence, then, came the inspiring idea of social progress, so characteristic of modern times? It was first distinctly announced by Him whom all acknowledge (whatever else they may deny concerning him) as the divinest of teachers. He alone announced a golden age *in the future*. But what a golden age! How different from all others! A divine kingdom on earth—a kingdom of peace, truth, love, justice, holiness. Thenceforward this idea became a new principle of life and continuous growth. At that moment there was a new birth of humanity to a higher plane, and all our modern civilization is but the natural outgrowth.

Now, what is the relation of science to this glorious idea? The mission of science is to *justify and verify it to our reason*. It is the part of genius and of inspiration to *see* and announce truth. It is the part of popular insight to appropriate it by faith; but alas, how doubtfully, tremblingly! It is the part of science to verify it, and make it forever certain. Science has verified this great truth: *first, by its own example*. Amid the successive rise, culmination, and decline of all else—kingdoms and peoples, philosophies and systems—science alone has marched steadily onward with a progress which knows no ebb, and becomes thus the pledge and the type of all human progress: the pledge of its certainty, and the type of its method. But one department alone has done more than this. Geology alone has *demonstrated* that progress is a universal law of nature. This she does by that great law, so much vilified and misunderstood, but so fraught with blessings to humanity, aye, and to true religion—the *universal law of evolution*. As through infinite time the inorganic struggled upward to find its goal and completion in the organic; as through unimagined ages the organic kingdom struggled upward to find its completion and significance in man—so man must take up the progress on a higher plane, and must struggle ever upward, first unconsciously, but now consciously, to reach his completion in the free man—the ideal man. As dead forces found their completion in life, as life found its completion in reason, so reason must find its completion in holiness and freedom, in that perfect harmony of our whole nature, which is the only true holiness and the only true freedom.

3. But some will say the true test of the importance of any subject is its *utility*. Be it so. But then we must use the word "utility" in its widest sense. Utility is the capacity to contribute to human life, and therefore must sum up every kind of value. But if human life be indeed not only material but also spiritual, not only physical but also psychical, not only temporal but also eternal, then must utility be the capacity to contribute to all this life thus complexly constituted. Thus there must be two kinds of utility, a lower and a higher: a lower, which contributes to our material life; and a higher, which contributes to our higher, intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. The lower utility of science—her pre-eminent value in contributing to our material well-being—is acknowledged by all; but it is her power to contribute to our higher life which alone will entitle her to our highest love and reverence—which alone will entitle her to hold rank with art, philosophy, and religion. If I do not dwell now on the lower utility of science, it is not because I would undervalue it. I know full well that, as in the individual so in society, intellectual vigor and spiritual elevation is largely conditioned on physical well-being and material prosperity. Science is not too proud to stoop to contribute to

even the lowest wants of man, but she reaches also up to his highest. She sweeps the whole gamut of human wants, from the lowest to the highest. All honor, then, to the lower utility of science!

If, therefore, I do not now dwell on this lower utility, it is not because I do not highly value it, but because, through its obviousness, the higher utility is often entirely overlooked. Many even intelligent men seem to lose sight of the chief glory of science, her capacity to elevate our highest nature. There are many even intelligent men who seem to think that the chief end and highest function of science is to embody itself in useful art—to feed, clothe, and bear us about: to feed us more sumptuously, to clothe us more gorgeously, and to bear us about more swiftly and comfortably. There are many who think that he who spends his whole life in reverently studying the thoughts of God as revealed in nature is sufficiently rewarded for broken health and exhausted energy, if mayhap he invent a new method of ginning cotton or a better way of reducing ores. Verily, such men would turn this beautiful earth—the garden of the Almighty—into a fodder house; this glorious temple of nature, with its flowery-carpeted floor and its overarching, skyey dome, into a house of merchandise. They would pluck the lights from heaven, and put them in candlesticks. They would hew down the tree of science to make timber withal, instead of allowing it to bear its noblest fruit for the healing of the nations.

But they who think in this way know nothing of the true dignity of science, nor indeed of the true dignity of our nature. From the higher point of view, science is the *human form*, the *image* of divine truth, a revelation of the divine thought. The end of all revelation, whether natural or supernatural, is to perfect the divine image in the human spirit. The distinctive mission of science in this connection is to perfect that image in the human reason as ideal truth. The highest function of science, then, is not to lead us downward to art—this is only the second law: its first and highest law is to lead us upward to the fountain of all truth. Astronomy is more to be honored for opening the gates of heaven and revealing to us the harmonies of the universe than even for extending the limits or increasing the safety of navigation. Geology is more to be valued for opening the gates of time and revealing the harmonies of the time-cosmos as shown in the law of evolution—"for reclothing dry bones and revealing lost creations"—than even for tracing beds of coal or veins of metal. Only it has been mercifully ordered—"for our encouragement it has been ordained"—that every step in the higher walks of science shall sooner or later be attended with material benefits; that every law of nature, besides its higher function of pointing to the great first cause, shall also have its appointed duty of contributing to the material wants of man; that sun, moon, and stars, while they circle about the throne of God, and join their spheral harmony with the songs of angels, shall not forget to bless man in their courses; that streams, whether "adown enormous ravines they slope amain, filling the hills with their fierce gladness," and in their perilous fall thundering the praises of God to the silent, listening mountains, or whether they bear the image of heaven on their broad, placid bosoms, shall also turn our mills and water our meadows. But remember, it is for our encouragement it is thus ordered, not for our supreme reward. Truth is its own exceeding great, unspeakable reward.

There are three, and only three, that bear witness here on earth of things heavenly and divine. There are three, and only three, human pursuits that, passing beyond the veil of time and sense, take hold on things spiritual and eternal. These are science, fine art, religion. These three strive ever together, each in its several way, to perfect the divine image in the human spirit. Science strives ever to perfect that image in the human *reason* as truth; art strives ever to perfect the same image in the human *imagination* as ideal beauty; religion strives ever to perfect the same image in the human *will* and the human *heart*—in human *life* and human *conduct*—as duty and

love. These three seem often to us widely separate, and even, alas! in deadly conflict; but only because we view them on so low a plane. As we trace them upward, they converge more and more, until they meet and become *one*. They are indeed but the earthly, finite symbol of a trinity which is infinite and eternal. JOSEPH LECONTE.

"'49."

AIR.—"In Days of 'Forty-nine."

(DEDICATED TO THE CALIFORNIA PIONEERS.)

We have worked our claims; we have spent our gold;
Our barks are astrand on the bars;
We are battered and old; yet at night we behold
Outcroppings of gold in the stars.
And though few and old, our hearts are bold;
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of 'Forty-nine.

CHORUS.—And though few and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

Where the rabbits play, where the quail all day
Pipe on, on the chapparal hill,
A few more days, and the last of us lays
His pick aside, and is still.
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold;
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of 'Forty-nine.

CHORUS.—Though battered and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

We are wreck and stray, we are cast away,
Poor, battered old hulks and spars,
But we hope and pray on the Judgment Day
We shall strike it up in the stars.
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold;
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of 'Forty-nine.

CHORUS.—Though battered and old, our hearts are bold, etc.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

Chapter XVII.

Meanwhile, Crusty had been wandering uneasily up and down the various halls and passages of the house, and in a state of great apparent perplexity and thoughtfulness. At times, in a vigorous attempt to drive all outward care from his mind, he would retire behind his especial counter, and stolidly surrender himself for a few moments to the ordinary business of the day. Then finding that plan of relief ineffectual, he would give it up, and seclude himself for many minutes in the recesses of dark closets, for no other comprehensible reason than that these retreats seemed favorably situated for deep reflection. Then again he would emerge, shaking his head as though in despair at the hopeless condition of the emergency, and would walk up and down the passages as before, with uneasy and uncertain tread, like some belated ghost which had stayed out after cock-crow, and could not now return to its subterranean home.

"If I knew a thing that would help him," Crusty muttered to himself, "and didn't know whether— Hello, Mag! Is that you?"

It was she—Mrs. Crusty—upon whom he had suddenly chanced. She had conducted Stella safely out of the house by the back way, had seen her and her two companions following their homeward path undetected, and was now cleaning off the hall steps, with her back to her lord and master. He came upon her so suddenly, and seized her by the nape of the neck so tightly, that for the moment she had no opportunity to turn around, but merely gave utterance to a feeble squeak, like a stifled mouse. And it was with some apprehension that she awaited his first words, as tending to throw light upon the spirit with which he chose to regard her. Crusty's caresses were so similar in manner to his chastisements that it was often merely through quantity that they could be recognized one from the other; and it not uncommonly happened that a grasp of the throat or arm expressed affection or reproof merely by its degree of intensity.

"See here!" he said, struck by a brilliant conception. "Get a few oysters—Saddle Rocks—and take them up to the Colonel, with my best compliments. They will do him good, I know, and will help console him. Of course different people have different ways. When Cobweb is in trouble, he goes out and puts on his shiny collar, and it seems somehow to help him through, though I don't exactly understand how. But for my part, when in affliction, I always advise oysters."

"But, Crusty dear," responded his wife, all in a tremble, and managing now, with his relaxation of grasp, to turn around, so as to gaze furtively in his face and study its expression somewhat before answering, "I have been and taken the Colonel some oysters already—for his lunch, Crusty."

"You have taken them to him already, and for his lunch, have you?" Crusty responded, with a little ferocity of intonation, and increasing his grip upon her, so as to add emphasis to his words, with an attendant shake. "And so you have already been determining for him, have you? That's the way with you all—letting your officiousness control you about matters in which you ought always to take the advice of those who know. And of course getting everything wrong. For how did you take those oysters to him, in or out of the shell?"

"Out of the shell, Crusty dear."

"I might have known it from the first, without asking. And that is just where woman are a failure. Whenever they try to act up to a man's ideas, they reach only half of it. Whoever told you that oysters

are proper to be taken for the feelings in every or any way? Whoever advised them for trouble with the shells taken off? Don't you know that when the oysters are dead then all the cheerfulness and consolation have gone out of them?"

He relaxed his grasp and moved a step or two away, as in incontrollable disgust; then returned.

"But never mind that now, after all," he continued, in a more amiable tone, as having already relieved his feelings. "There are other things to think of. You don't suppose that I believe the Colonel did that job over yonder, do you?"

"I hope you don't, Crusty?" she responded, her face brightening up with a feeble flicker of satisfaction at his favorable tone and intimation.

"Not a bit of it, indeed. I know better than all that."

It might have been that Crusty spoke in this positive manner simply by way of asserting his private convictions. Uneducated men are very apt to be emphatic in the extreme, whatever view of a question they may chance to advocate. On the other hand, there was a peculiar suggestiveness in Crusty's manner of speaking which somehow awakened his wife's more earnest attention for the moment, and she gazed sharply into his face. It was bent down, however, so that its expression could not easily be deciphered, and gradually the expression of inquiry in her own face flickered away, as though dissipated by some baffling influence.

"And look here," he exclaimed, after a moment's silence, suddenly again raising his head. "If I knew a thing or two that I thought might help the Colonel, don't you think I would do it if I could?"

"I know you would, Crusty."

"Of course I would, old girl; and not only for his sake, but for hers over yonder," pointing not very accurately, yet understandingly, in the direction of Stella's house. "She was always good to you, you see; and then, he did me a good turn yesterday. But if I knew a thing to help him, and didn't feel certain whether I could do it or not, do you think that it would be best to tell him of it before I tried, or should I wait until after I had tried and found out whether I could do it or not?"

"Indeed, dear Crusty, I—"

"Well, that's all now. Upon the whole, that's all. I was only speculating a little about things in general. It's rather a habit of mine, perhaps. I suppose I get it from sitting so long behind the oyster counter without any body to open for, so that I fall into the way of thinking all sorts of queer nonsense. So that's all, I believe."

With that, he gave her a parting twist of the back of the neck, and shuffling off, once more descended to the bar-room and took his customary place behind the oyster counter. Then drawing forth his trenchant blade, he stuck it upright into the rough board before him, as a sign that the premises were fairly open for business at last, and that there was going to be no more nonsense about it, first, however, helping himself to a couple of the largest oysters, in order, probably, to let sunshine into his own heart. But the recipe as applied to himself seemed to prove an unaccountable failure. In fact, he now looked more surly and forbidding than ever; so much so, indeed, that one or two of his most reliable customers now appeared rather afraid to approach him, and kept away in another direction, pretending to have no appetite. An acute and practiced observer of physiognomy might have noticed that his face did not wear exactly its habitual expression of stolid stupidity, but rather bore an impress of deep thought, manifested by a wrinkling of the forehead and a peculiar pucker at the corners of the mouth; but it happened that no such close examiners were now present, and consequently these indications of mental disturbance passed off without attracting any especial remark, not even from Cobweb, whom Crusty beckoned forward while on his route from door to bar.

"Hello, Crusty! What's up now?" inquired Cobweb, a little surprised at the summons.

"I want to ask you a question, Cobweb. You see it troubles me; it's this: Suppose I knew a thing to help a fellow, and I didn't

know whether I—that is, I didn't feel certain whether I could do it or not, do you think that it would be best to tell him of it before I tried whether I could do it or not? or would I wait until after I had tried and found out whether I could do it or not, and then for the first time tell him whether, having tried as I said, I—"

"What do you mean by all that?" demanded Cobweb, a little confused.

"What do I mean? It's plain enough, I should think. I mean this: Suppose I knew a thing that—"

"Let me tell you this, Crusty: it is my opinion that you have been drinking again, and it's altogether too early in the morning for that. And besides that, one would naturally think that your escape of yesterday would have served as a warning to you, at least for a little while. When you are ready to talk sense again, I will listen to you. At present, I've something else to do."

With that, Cobweb broke away and retired behind his own counter, to help his numerous guests. For of course there were plenty of customers present, that end of the bar-room being crowded almost to suffocation. Naturally the murder still drew its throng of idlers to that favored center of the village. It was certainly not to be expected that such an exciting topic could have been exhausted during the previous day. There was still much to be said and inquired of about it; and consequently, every one who could in any way manage the matter had secured for himself a half-holiday, in complement of the half-holiday of the day before, and had at once hurried off to Cobweb & Crusty's, for the purpose of giving his own views at great length, and incidentally, when forced to do so, listening a little to the remarks of others. And in culling popular opinions, an attentive observer might have noticed that there was a certain change from the current expression of the previous day.

Not by any means as to the main fact of the Colonel's guilt. Whatever doubts there had been in the minds of any one the previous evening, the matter was now considered fairly substantiated. But though the murder might be unanimously admitted, a more charitable view of the subject had sprung up, as questions arose about the provocation and inducement to the act, and how far it might be understood to have been premeditated. The Colonel and Lawyer Vanderlock were certainly rivals for the hand of the same young lady; so far, current report allowed no contradiction. They must have met outside the house upon that fatal night, and there was no reason to assume that it was any other than a chance encounter. Words may have been exchanged, and of course not in a very friendly spirit. It was known that Lawyer Vanderlock was of a very irascible temperament, and it was not unlikely that he had said something calculated very greatly to anger the Colonel. The Colonel might have had his knife in his hand at the moment, and in sudden passion have made a lunge at the lawyer and killed him, without intending it; then the offense would be merely manslaughter. Or possibly the lawyer might have actually attacked the Colonel, who would thereby be put upon his self-defense; then it would be justifiable homicide. The concealment of the deed was of course a great point in the Colonel's disfavor; but after all, who would not be tempted, under the same circumstances, to act in the same way? A homicide committed in sudden passion, or in self-defense; a secluded grove and a dark night; no one knowing that the slayer had been within fifty miles of the spot;—why it stood to reason that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, rather than raise the alarm, would have chosen the alternative of stealing quietly away and saying nothing about it.

"But, after all, it did not succeed," remarked a quiet man in the corner; "and it is merely one more illustration that murder will out."

This brought forward the barber, who, flourishing a pocket hone to attract attention, proceeded to enunciate his views with much energy and pertinacity. There had been a murder committed, he said. That could not be denied. Whether intentional or not, it could not be denied that a murder had been committed. And when his friend in the

corner said that murder always would out, he supposed this affair was looked upon as a substantiability of that view. Being here sarcastically asked how he spelled it, the barber declined to answer. The dictionary had nothing to do with the matter. He was merely differing from the aforesaid suggested view that murder would always out. For his part, he believed that a great many murders were committed and never found out, even though suspected. Take a possible case, for instance: Some years ago he had cut the hair of a gentleman from the city, and that gentleman, feeling satisfied with the way in which the thing had been done, had run down from the city every few months thereafter to have the operation repeated. Suddenly he had ceased coming. And why had he ceased coming? It could not be known for sure; but at the same time it could not be denied that there were New York barbers who had good reason to be jealous, and if so, it might not be considered a strange thing if it turned out that the gentleman had been murdered to prevent his running down to Windward any more.

Upon this the lighthouse-keeper struck in, and said that he didn't know anything about other murders. Though it seemed to him, by the way, that if a New York barber was jealous, he would be far more likely to kill the other barber than that other barber's customers. At which suggestion the barber appeared somewhat nervous and frightened, and glanced askance at a single stranger present in the opposite corner, as though not quite certain but that he might be a rival in the trade come down for vengeance. No; he, the lighthouse-keeper, was not very familiar with other murders, or murders in general. This was the only one that now concerned him, and it might be that he had something rather singular to tell about it. There were some who might explain the circumstance in question; and then again, most likely there were those who mightn't. In his younger days he had been to the theater sometimes, and he remembered that in one play there was some one who told some one else that there were more things in heaven and earth, Horace, than he had time to dream about in his natural philosophy. Well, this was what he wanted to mention. The night the murder had been done all the lights in the lighthouse had burned dim for half an hour: no one could tell why; and last night, the very night of the day when the murderer had been discovered, all the lights had suddenly burned dim again. Now what was to be understood by all that?

Nothing at all seemed likely to be understood by it, and for a moment the little crowd remained hushed. Then—as one thing leads to another—additional complexity was given to the subject by a new suggestion. What if on a very dark night—we will say a dark and stormy night—a murder should be committed of such a deep die that the lights in the lighthouse, not content with becoming dim, should go out altogether? And what if, in consequence, there should be a wreck, and all on board lost, would the murderer be responsible for all these lives, as well as for the one life he had already taken? It was felt that there was a great deal to be said on both sides of this question, and there were some who felt disposed at once to grapple with it in argument. But upon the whole, the majority of those present felt unable to do full justice to the subject, and suggested that it was one of those things which might better be left to the minister to decide. And so, for an instant, silence once more prevailed.

Then the stranger from the opposite corner spoke up, and proved not to be a rival barber, but merely a flourishing oyster carrier from Leeward. Of course he could not venture to explain the mystery of the failing lights, he said. Possibly the trouble might have been in the lights themselves. He only knew that at Leeward there had never been any difficulty of that nature at the lighthouse. But let that pass. And he must admit that this was rather a singular murder. Yet still, inasmuch as it seemed certain that the murderer had been discovered, might it not be allowed that a great deal of that interest which naturally attends

upon mystery had been taken away from the case, so that, after all, it may be said to have sunk to the level of a very commonplace affair? Now, as an illustration of a very different style of thing, he would refer to the marvelous disappearance of the tailor of Leeward twelve years ago—so marvelous, indeed, that even the manner of the murder could not be ascertained, though three of the most expert detectives from the city had consumed a whole morning in investigating the case, and a reward of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for discovery had been advertised for six weeks in the local paper, payable upon conviction. This statement made the Windwarders feel a little abashed for the moment, until it was fortunately found that, after all, there had been no actual proof of the tailor having really been murdered, since he had been very deeply in debt at the time of his disappearance, and had afterwards been reported as having been seen in Arkansas. Therefore all the townsmen said that of course he must merely have run away, and they at once recovered their spirits again.

At this point, it happened that Dr. Gretchley entered the room. His arrival created some little surprise, for he was by no means a frequent visitor at the tavern, his office and his professional calls leaving him but little time for such social relaxations. But for all that, it seemed no more than natural that he should now desire to hear what was going on, more especially as he had become such a prominent actor in the affair. Room was therefore at once found for him in the very center of the crowd, and sundry offers of drink were made, all of which, however, he declined. In fact, there was evidently a strong disposition to treat him as a distinguished stranger, and an honored custodian of the public safety—his long concealment of the perpetrator of the crime being winked at, as an evidence of strong natural charity and good feeling.

The Doctor was dressed rather more ceremoniously and orderly than usual. He was one of the few who know the value of dress, and how much a proper and tasteful costume weighs in favor of the wearer, even among those who affect to despise such conventionalities. His face was now freshly shaved, his frock coat carefully buttoned down from the third button, his cravat tied with exactness, his hat brushed until a fly lighting upon it might have slipped up and broken his neck, and his boots polished until you could see yourself in them. From top to toe he presented a marked contrast to the mob of idlers and gossips around him, scarcely one of whom was not either ill-dressed, unshaven, or unwashed.

"Well, Doctor, how is it? And what do you think of this affair? Come now, you ought to know, of course," said Cobweb.

There was a hush in the crowd, for it seemed natural that the Doctor would yield to the universal demand, and give his views somewhat at length; and there was some disappointment when he declined to do so.

"I would rather not speak about it at all," he said. "It is an unpleasant position in which I am placed. I may be said to hold the life of a man in my hands; let me add further, of a gentleman whom I have always hitherto admired and respected. It consequently becomes a matter of extreme distastefulness for me to talk about it at all, and I intend to keep silence until, in obedience to the laws of my country, and to my regard for the public interest, I stand in the witness box, and there give my testimony."

The Doctor accompanied his refusal with one of his usual pleasant smiles, which now quite won upon the company, and softened down the rising indignation which they had begun to feel at his unwillingness to oblige. A close observer—but, as before mentioned, there were none such present—might have noticed that the smile was somewhat of a forced and artificial one, lacking its customary freedom and vitality. Mingled with it, running through it, as it were, faint lines of uneasiness could be seen, as though the Doctor had not had a pleasant night of it, and had been worn with cares that could not entirely be repressed. This, however, was no more than natural for one in his present

position, with the weighty responsibility of another life upon his hands, as he himself had said. It would not have been decorous, indeed, if he had not been somewhat disturbed. And, after all, when his smile was ended, and the fine wrinkles in the corners of his mouth had been drawn down smooth again, there was no further appearance of uneasiness. His face was again as calm and placid as if he were a stranger just stepped out of the daily stage.

Seeing that there was nothing in the shape of gossip or information to be wormed out of him, the crowd soon left him alone, and fell into the usual talk among themselves; and then the Doctor gradually worked out of the center of the group, until he stood more at ease upon its exterior. Here for a moment he remained in apparent deep thought, then began slowly to walk up and down through the clearer portion of the bar-room, still in close meditation; little by little he extended the length of his promenade, and at last happened to stop before Crusty.

"Well, Crusty, how are the oysters to-day?" he pleasantly asked.

"'Pears as though you might ask a little after myself, seeing you didn't try to come near me yesterday to help me," Crusty answered.

"A mistake of the boy, Crusty. Told me the wrong beach," said the Doctor, smilingly.

Crusty at this merely raised his head, chucked a shell out of the window at a yellow-legged chicken, scowled, and made no response. The Doctor stood for a moment looking at him, and perhaps, as he did so, a little shade of something—it might be either anger or uneasiness—crossed his own face.

"I think, upon the whole, Crusty, that you can help me to a few. They look very tempting this morning."

Again Crusty made no audible response, and he chucked out another shell at the chicken. Then, seeming aware that there was a path of duty which must be followed, no matter what might be his present state of mind, he seized an oyster, cracked off its edge at a blow, and opened it with a wrench. It was a peculiarly spiteful blow and wrench. Never yet was poor, unoffending oyster so unnecessarily abused. The blow seemed hard enough to break a man's head. Perhaps at that moment Crusty wished that it had been a head.

But the Doctor did not seem to notice the action. He wreathed his face in a perfect garland of smiles this time—all with that same forced appearance, however—and swallowed the oyster with gusto. Another and another; and as each slipped down, the Doctor smacked his lips with the most complimentary exhibition of satisfaction, until he had disposed of half a dozen.

"That will do, I think," he then remarked, and he laid down a piece of money. It should have been a shilling, but instead, it was a twenty-dollar gold piece. Crusty stood and stared at it for a moment, with a sort of bewildered expression. Then the true gist of the matter seemed to reach him, and at the same time his mouth puckered up with an indication of stern determination. He gave the gold piece a sharp, quick shove towards the Doctor.

"Haven't any change," he bluntly said.

"Nor need you look for any, my good friend. It is for you, altogether," the Doctor responded. "Take it up, and say nothing more about it."

"Take it yourself," retorted Crusty; "I've done with all that, for good. It's become a different thing, you see. There's a man's life in it now, and so that old matter is played out."

The smile faded away from the Doctor's face, like the sudden passing off of the wavy column of an Arctic aurora. He gazed yet more intently at the other's face.

"Look here, Crusty," he said, in a lower tone, "we are both in this, you know. Had you not better beware how you act?"

"What am I in it?" was the answer. "Is it because I have had money, and so have said nothing? Bah! why should I care who knows that? And there is a time for all things to stop, isn't there?"

So speaking, he again bent down his head, and moodily punched the counter with his

knife. Did he wish that also was a man's head? Meanwhile, the Doctor, thrown unexpectedly into deep tribulation, seemed for the moment at a loss how to act. Finally, however, he recovered himself, and coming partly around behind the counter, laid his hand on Crusty's shoulder.

"I see how it is. You feel that it is worth a little more now, eh?"

"Didn't I say that there was a man's life in it now?" retorted Crusty, with rather a fierce gesture, shaking off the other's grasp.

"Yes, and consequently you want more money. Of course I see how it is," said the Doctor, striving rather unsuccessfully to regain his lost smile. "Well, we will talk more about it. Where can I meet you tonight? At the old place?"

Crusty nodded.

"At eleven?"

"At eleven, if you say so," responded Crusty.

"Be it so," said the Doctor; and picking up the gold piece, he walked leisurely off, seeming now to feel a little better satisfied, as though he were looking forward to victory and success, after all. Meanwhile, the noise and debate of the room went on, perhaps more discordantly than before, since, with the increased flow of potations, the general spirits of the company rose. The editor spoke of a supplement, with a full account of the examination, and figured up in his own mind gigantic profits from the transaction. The lighthouse-keeper disclosed new mysteries in his line, which had happened, not only at the time of the murder, but before shipwrecks. The resident of Leeward treated the company, and thus re-established his waning popularity. All seemed to grow elate and jolly except Crusty, who stood with a frown upon his face, alternately chucking shells at the yellow-legged chickens and moodily striking the point of his knife into the counter, but never giving the least attention to what went on about him. So abstracted, indeed, did he appear, that when one or two of his steady customers, taking courage, and grown desperate, perhaps, with hunger, approached his counter, he utterly failed to be attracted by them, and let them go away again disconsolate.

At last he gave up business altogether for the morning, and retired to a back room, where, taking a pen and ink from the upper shelf of a closet, he sat down to write. It was a sight to see him, with his short legs stretched far apart under the table, and his short arms bent at all sorts of queer angles above it, and his head inclined low upon one side, as he strove to shape his letters. He was never an expert penman—perhaps few persons in his line of business are—and it was not with what is called a flowing pen that he now dashed away at his task. Moreover, in addition to his limited experience in the epistolary art, and the disadvantageous clumsiness of his knuckles, there was the further inconvenience of the linen bandage twisted around his forefinger, in chronic correction of the injuries received from sharp oyster-shells. But he manfully persevered, drawing letter after letter, as if each were a separate picture to be fully elaborated, and afterwards inspected and enjoyed before commencing another; leaving a blot here and a scratch there, yet all the while steadily advancing, until in the course of an hour or two he had finished three or four lines, and was apparently tolerably satisfied with them. Then folding up the paper, he called his wife.

"See here, old girl," he said, holding up the writing, "take this little letter of mine, that I have just writ, to the lighthouse. Give it unto the person that's written on it, and don't you let a soul see you at it, for it's important public business, express and with care."

Chapter XVIII.

When Crusty had finished this task, his mind seemed relieved for the time of some heavy responsibility, and his countenance slightly cleared up from its deep gloom and despondency. It could hardly be said that a smile came upon it, for that was a matter of very rare occurrence, to be chronicled

only with his birthday, wedding-day, inheritance of money, and other occasions of supreme importance; but the corners of his mouth relaxed a little upward towards a straight line, and his eyes lost somewhat of their gruff surliness of expression. This was such a cheering indication, that, as he again took his stand behind the counter, his customers at once noticed the change, and with relieved hearts flocked towards him and kept him thenceforth so busily engaged that before dark he might almost have buried himself in the piles of shells around him.

Towards night, however, he seemed to resume something of his old severity of demeanor. The task appointed for the day had properly been performed; he had taken speedy occasion to see his wife, and be satisfactorily assured of it, and consequently, as far as that went, he had been duly cheered; but now the hour approached for other labors connected therewith, and he felt once more burdened with responsibility. Therefore he appeared rather relieved, when, at a little after ten in the evening, the customers dropped off, so as to allow him to come out from behind the counter, and set up a board crosswise, in token that the shop had closed. Then he took off his apron, put on his southwester, lighted his pipe, and strolled off for a quiet smoke.

At first he wandered listlessly up and down, with apparent purposeless steps, as though his pipe and a little fresh air were all he cared about. But when the church clock struck the half-hour, he strayed off somewhat further one side, looked around rather apprehensively, as though afraid that he might be watched, continued down along the plank walk towards the wharf, thence dropped over upon the sandy beach, and, following the course of the shore, soon approached the lighthouse.

"Bother the wind, how it blows! I'm afeard one can hardly hear one's self talk to-night," he muttered, looking up at the sky. Now there was but little wind, after all—only a light breeze wafted in from over the sound, and hardly sufficient to make more than a faint ripple along the edge of the water. Muffled up as Crusty was with heavy pea-jacket, and broad, sloping southwester, it seemed scarcely possible he could have regarded such a little matter of breeze as that. But he did, nevertheless, and scowled fiercely up at the sky. The next moment, however, as though the elements had paid especial deference to his wishes, the breeze entirely died away. Crusty absolutely smiled at this, and went through the form of wetting his finger and holding it up for experiment. It seemed rather a useless thing to do, indeed, for that tough piece of horn and gristle which he called a finger could scarcely be considered susceptible to atmospheric influences, and the blow of a trip-hammer might scarcely affect it, much less the sighing of an evening zephyr. But Crusty seemed satisfied with the result, drew in his finger, again absolutely smiled as in the silence he heard the shout of men in a distant boat, and the laughter of others walking homeward as far off upon the land side; then pressed on at a quicker pace, until he had reached the foot of the lighthouse.

Here a tall figure came out from the gloom of the doorway, and met him. It was not old Ben Brattles. Ben was at that minute far up in the lantern, inspecting the lamps, for his dusky form could be seen every moment moving to and fro among the lights, as though he were a gigantic bat that had there got wedged, and was struggling to get free. The stranger was Doctor Gretchley, and he advanced with a certain affected cheeriness which shone out in strong contrast with Crusty's shy sullenness.

"Well, Crusty, prompt as ever, eh?"

"Now that I'm here, Doctor, we'll jest set down and talk the matter over. For I suppose that's what we've come for, isn't it?"

"Exactly, my friend. But not here," the Doctor said, arresting the other's apparent disposition to sit down upon the lighthouse steps. "We might be overheard. Come further out into the open ground."

Crusty growled. He had had the rheumatism, he intimated, and must sit down somewhere, for his leg still hurt him. With

that, he hobbled a little. And he must get somewhere out of the wind, so that it should not blow upon his back. Though while he spoke the air remained perfectly still, not a single breath of the late gentle breeze returning to vex him. All this time they had been slowly walking over the sand, and as Crusty's growling ceased, it chanced that they reached a small scow-boat turned bottom upward upon the beach, about thirty feet from the water's edge.

"If you are so anxious about your old back, you can sit down here," said the Doctor, pointing to the scow. "I do not doubt that it will sufficiently shelter your fair and gentle form from the angry tempest blast."

So they sat down side by side along the old scow, their backs braced against it, and their feet reaching out into the sand. It was really an excellent shelter from even a whirlwind, though Crusty still growled and grumbled, and thought that the lighthouse steps would have been better.

"Put out your pipe, my friend," said the Doctor. "Its spark may be seen from quite a distance, and thereby attract the impertinent curiosity of other people. You can forego the pleasure for a minute, since we are now here upon business."

So Crusty, with another grumble, shook out the last few ashes from his pipe, and put it into his pocket. Then there was silence for a moment, while the two men, with probably very different thoughts, looked out upon the water faintly illuminated by the thousand of stars overhead, and upon the lighthouse standing against the sky clear and white, like a giant specter, and sending out from its revolving light great cones of brightness like the shooting flame of a horizontal aurora borealis.

"Well, Doctor Gretchley," said Crusty, at length. "You've brought me up here, and you've put out my pipe. Now then, what is it all about?"

"It seems to me, my friend, that you already know what it is all about."

"I suppose I do, Doctor, likely enough. It's to talk over again the taking off of that man about six months ago, more or less, isn't it? And haven't I used the right word for it? If not, I'll try again. You see I want to be delicate about your feelings."

"O, as to that, Crusty, you can use whatever terms you please. I am something of a philosopher in such matters, and am not particular about the shadow as long as the substance is all right. The first thing to be considered in these affairs is safety, not sentiment. We should look out that not a word of any kind is spoken about it unless perfect privacy is obtained. When that condition is assured, why, you can call it killing, if you wish, or murder, or what not. Such technicalities of speech are of little consequence to me."

"Well, then—murder," retorted Crusty. "I suppose, after all, that is the word for it. You know you did it?"

"Of course I know I did it, and what is worse, I know you know it, too. That is where you have a hold upon me. I don't pretend to deny that, either. It is mortifying, too; for, in addition to the inconvenience of having a confederate in the affair, I feel that I did not do the business well. The deed itself was properly enough performed, of course, but the matter of covering over my tracks was very bunglingly attended to, I will allow."

"You mean, regarding the leaving the bond and the thing you did it with behind for me to pick up?" suggested Crusty.

"Precisely. It was a mistake, and a very stupid one, which of itself would be sufficient to show that this is my first experience of the kind. If I ever commit another murder, which is not likely, for the temptations and the circumstances will probably never again accord so favorably, I hope to do better with it."

Crusty lowered his head as he listened and looked a little askance, as though he could not exactly comprehend it all. In the course of previous interviews the Doctor had always maintained something of the same philosophic indifference, but now he rather exceeded himself. It was too cold-blooded, altogether, even for the ears of that rough, unlettered listener. But in using

that light unfeeling tone, the Doctor had an object. Having, by certain ingenious atheistical reasonings, stifled his own remorse, if he had ever known any, he felt perfectly fortified against any weakness or failing upon his own part calculated to lead to betrayal; but he could scarcely as yet answer for his companion. It was therefore his interest to talk carelessly and flippantly about the whole matter, stripping off from it any disagreeable or superstitious effects or associations, and generally imparting to it an air of calm, every-day business. By so doing, the weaker, uneducated mind of Crusty might gradually be so led and perverted by his own stronger will as in time to lose that sense of horror, fear, or remorse which still seemed to oppress it, and thereby enable the man to contemplate the deed with equal nonchalance, as a thing to be weighed against so much silver, and at last be practically forgotten.

"Well, that's all settled," said Crusty, after a moment of bewildered thought. "You did the thing, and you did it badly. What now? I suppose it's the old question again, ain't it?"

"Yes. How much this time, Crusty?"

"Let me see, Doctor. You did the work, and I kept dark about it; that makes us sort of even. Now it seems to me that consequently we should go share and share alike."

"You are crazy, I should judge."

"Not a bit of it, Doctor. You got five thousand dollars by the job. I know that, for such was the sum set out on the bond. And all this time you haven't given me more than a twenty-dollar piece now and then. It ain't much now, is it?"

"It's enough for doing nothing except holding your tongue, one would think. A great many men would hold their tongues for less."

"Just so. But then you know those great many men ain't here. It's me that is to be talked to, not them. Just as there is a great many men that would do a murder for less than five thousand dollars; but it don't make any difference now, since it's you that's concerned here, not them. Yes, Doctor, it may be that a twenty-dollar now and then isn't bad for keeping dark about what has been done; but when it comes to paying for what is going to be done, why, it ain't half pay."

"What do you mean, Crusty?"

"I'm thinking about this young Colonel Grayling, Doctor. He's in the matter now, and I suppose has a right to be considered. That's what I meant this morning when I told you that there was a man's life in the affair now, and that things had got to be different. And it's more than a mere life—it's his life. You see I rather like the young fellow, and always did. I knew him years ago, when he used to come here visiting in his vacations, and would go out fishing and clamming with the men. He would bring me in some fish occasionally, and I gave him oysters. I never charged him a cent for any oysters I gave him, for I liked him, and it pleased me to see how his face would light up with the consolation he got out of them. And the old girl—my wife—she liked him too. So you see, Doctor, it's rather hard lines to have to go against him."

"Well, yes, I'm sorry for the young man myself, since you take it so much to heart," responded the Doctor, in a sort of sympathetic tone. He began to feel that the man might prove hard to deal with, and that more persuasion would be needed than he had at first supposed. Perhaps the best method of overcoming objections and prejudices would be to first put his own mind upon the same plane of sentiment with Crusty's, and then, when they were both welded together with one common feeling, as it were, to use his greater strength of will, and draw the other down to his own moral level. "Yes, Crusty, I am sorry for him, indeed; but what is to be done about it? You see the young fellow has got mixed in with the business, and we can't help it if it goes on in spite of him."

"But how did he get mixed in, Doctor? Wasn't it you that swore out the warrant? And was that at all a thing that needed to be done? It seems to me you might have let him go his way, without troubling him. It can't be that it could have hurt you at all."

"That was another mistake, I will admit, Crusty. You see I am frank with you, treating you like the friend you are. Yes, that was another mistake. I had an object in it, but it did not turn out right, after all. Do you want to know what my object was? Well, some day I will tell you, perhaps. It did not turn out right. That's enough for the present. I never meant to harm him. But now that the thing has so happened, it can't be helped. It's his misfortune, and partly his own doing, but not my fault. Yes, poor fellow, I suppose he must go to the wall; and after all, it is not an uncommon thing for one man to suffer in order that another one may keep out of a scrape. It is done every day. And besides, what is a single life, if you look upon it in a proper spirit? A man must die after a while, anyhow, must he not? Therefore, when you kill him, you merely deduct from him a few years at the most—a little time, which he is always ready to sell to others for money, and which, consequently, can be represented by money. So it is not murder, rightfully considered, but only the taking of so much coin, more or less. Well, Crusty, how much shall it be? Shall we say five hundred, and you give up the bond, this time?"

"And suppose, Doctor, that I shouldn't agree upon anything, but should prefer to speak out. What then?"

"I hardly think that you would dare to do so, my friend. Perhaps you do not know that there is such a thing as being an accessory after the fact, with liability to the same penalties."

"I know that, Doctor; but I ain't exactly to be driven by such talk, for there is a common-sense side about such things, as well as about other things. Did you ever, now, actually hear of such a thing as a man being hung for being an accessory after the fact, as you call it? Don't you further know that if a man had the secret of a murder, and concluded that he had got tired of keeping that little secret, and told how he had been tempted, and how that he had not thought it was much account, after all, seeing that the thing had already been done and couldn't be helped, and besides all that was to point out the real murderer, so that he could be taken up and hung—did you ever know anything very bad ever done to such an accessory as that, Doctor?"

"What do you mean by all that rigmarole?" exclaimed the other, a strange, wild, uncertain, disturbed light of apprehension coming into his eyes as he turned around and gazed fixedly into Crusty's face.

"Why, simply this, Doctor," answered Crusty, slowly rising from the protection of the boat's shelter—very slowly, indeed—dragging one foot after the other deliberately over the sand, and letting out only a single word for each motion of his body. The Doctor, too, arose; a little more speedily, may be, and at the end stood confronting him, with half-suppressed fury in his face, as though for the first time becoming aware that he had been played with all the while, and that a crisis was approaching. "Simply this, Doctor Gretchley: I'm that man, and I've got tired of keeping that little secret. Perhaps I've been fooling with you all this time. Perhaps I got you here just to hear what you had to say, and to let others hear, if there was any one about to listen, which there may not be, after all. But I don't mean to be bribed again, now that there's another man's life in the business. I ain't got any ill-will to you, Doctor. If you want that I should keep still for a day or two longer, till you have time to get out of the way on the sly, why, I don't mind if—"

With a sudden, impetuous, furious bound, the Doctor threw himself upon him, and the struggle began, each rolling over the other in the soft sand, in fierce attempt for the upper hand. A struggle which was of unequal nature, however, for the Doctor was the heavier man; and though Crusty was probably the stronger, it was hardly so much a matter of personal strength as of agility, and his clumsy body and thick-set fingers were no match for the more supple, slender aptitude of the other. Therefore, there was but a short moment of frantic writhing, and then came comparative repose, for Crusty lay motionless upon his back,

with the full weight of the other pressing upon him.

"Aha! Is it so, my good friend?" said the Doctor, partially sitting up, and looking steadfastly into the overpowered man's face. "Did you think to get the better of me? Do you not know that it is a thing which has never yet been done? And now, what am I to do with you? There can be only one thing, of course. I regret it, but you must know you have brought it upon yourself. A little while ago I said that I never expected to commit another murder; but here it is again, and I cannot help it if I would. Say your prayers, now, you mad villain, if you think it will do you any good, and while you have a throat left to say them through!"

With that, the Doctor clenched the other by the neck, and with agile fingers tightly pressed the windpipe. There was a gurgle in the victim's throat; already his face began to blacken; in a moment more it would have gone hard with him, when sudden relief appeared. For all at once the Doctor was forcibly pulled down from behind, there was a renewed struggle for an instant, and then it was the Doctor himself who stood helpless between two strong men.

"Just in time, Kit Archer," exclaimed the panting Crusty. "A little more, and it would have been all up with me, and my wife would have been a fatherless widow. So you was there all the time, was you? I didn't know, for sure, whether you would have thought to mind my letter, and get under the scow, and I didn't know as I could coax him to come out as far as that and talk it over. And did you hear him?"

"Every word, Crusty."

"All right, then. And now, what shall we do with him?"

They looked at the man between them, and for a moment considered the matter. They saw that the Doctor seemed now fully composed, perhaps the only composed one of the group, standing between the two as calmly as though he were a chance acquaintance who had just dropped in for a quiet talk. Indeed, it was a specialty of his mind that he could always appear orderly and composed, except upon particular emergencies, which for a moment might require him to tax his strength or his will. Useless struggling against fate was not at all in his line; and though he knew when to strive, he also knew as well when to submit. Now he perceived that he had been outwitted—conquered—and was lost; and with that singular display of dignity which he had at such easy command, he smoothed out his features, and even let a placid smile flicker upon his face. His hat had fallen off, and his coat become crumpled in the encounter; but even under these disadvantages, he looked so like a gentleman, with his broad white brow and his well-trimmed beard, that his captors could not help feeling a little impressed by him.

"Of course, Kit, it is too late now to take him afore Squire Peters."

"And of course, Crusty, we can't let him lie here all night with a cord round his legs, like an oyster-bed thief."

"Old Brattles'll let us come into the lighthouse, may be."

"The very thing, Crusty, the very thing. Now then, Doctor Gretchley, look here. We're going to take you for the night to the lighthouse. We won't tell old Brattles what we're come for, and if you don't say anything yourself, he'll not know—at least before to-morrow. You'll be kept easy, out of the wind, and if you're hungry, we'll get you something to eat. All you have to do is to remain quiet, and you'll be comfortable. And of course you know that there's no use trying to get away. Come, now."

Upon that, the three men slowly walked towards the lighthouse, the Doctor in the middle. Brattles met them at the door, having just come down from his inspection of the lamps. He was a little surprised, perhaps, at being applied to for a night's shelter by two persons whose regular homes were only a minute or two distance off; but he was naturally unsuspicious, and considering it no matter of his, complied with their request. So he led them to the third floor, as an easy place in which to pass the night;

and there, seated upon the landing, they prepared to take what comfort they could. First they offered the Doctor a pipe, which he declined, having some cigars in his pocket; but upon taking them out, he found that several of them had been broken in the scuffle. Upon this he looked reproachfully at Crusty, as one who thereby had done him an irreparable injury; but upon close examination, he found three or four in good order, and passed them around to his companions. They declined taking any, however, professing a real or feigned preference for their pipes; whereupon he lighted his cigar alone, and seemed, if anything could be judged from his manner, to take considerable comfort out of it. Then one of the party endeavored to beguile the time by telling stories, but this recourse was a failure; for, whether in consequence of the lateness of the hour or their peculiar relations to each other, story-telling seemed to have no interest. Soon, one by one, they began to drop off into sleep, though not all at once. The Doctor slept first: rather a series of short naps than one prolonged slumber; for, though outwardly composed, he was naturally nervous inwardly, and therefore from time to time he woke up to see through the nearest window the stars yet gleaming in the darkened sky, and no apparent approach of the morning. Each time that he awoke he looked at his companions to see if they, too, were asleep, and each time he found that one of them had fallen off, but not always the same one, or ever both together. Sometimes the man on his right, and sometimes the man on his left, had his head lowly bent, and was dreaming away; but the other man was always bright awake, and watching with an eye that seemed to know no slumber, carelessness, or fatigue. LEONARD KIP.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

OUR CHEAP GREENHOUSE.

I consider my greenhouse a triumph of genius over poverty. And wishing to be a benefactor to my race, I have put no patent upon it, but gladly publish to "all whom it may concern" just how we built it.

Like all persons who are fond of flowers, I have been collecting them for years—insensibly, irresistibly, little by little. A slip of a choice rose or fuchsia here, a sprig of a rare begonia there, exchanging with some other flower lover things which I had that were choice for others that I had not; even now and then denying myself the purchase of a Sunday bonnet or needed pair of gloves, that I might have the money to send on to Eastern florists for some of the attractive novelties so glowingly advertised in their charming "Spring Catalogues." Like all who really love flowers, and take care of them, I had great "luck" in making things grow and thrive; consequently, as winter came on, our house was always overflowing with flowers, wherever they could be put with reason—or without any reason, as my husband would persist in saying. Seeing how much I cared for my plants, and, if the truth must be told, how much they were in his way every winter, my husband promised me when we came to settle down "for good" that he would build me a greenhouse, if for nothing else, to keep the "plagued things" out of the house.

At last, after buying our new place, altering the old house that was on it, putting in large, single-pane windows, instead of the small, twelve-light ones that were originally there, building the barn and outhouses, my husband said that he could not possibly build the greenhouse he had promised that year, as it had already taken more money from his business than was prudent, to buy the place and get us started as comfortably

as we were in our new home. I knew that this was true, and that he was right; and being a sensible woman, I *said* no more. Still, woman-like, I kept on thinking and planning how to do without cost what was so easy to do with plenty of money. Whilst these thoughts were still in my mind, I read one day, in an old floral magazine, this extract:

"The German market-gardeners supplement their glass houses with very efficient hot-beds made in the usual manner, except that instead of glass they are covered with coarse, white cotton cloth, stretched and tacked on to cross-beams, and treated then to a varnish made of boiled linseed oil and white of egg beaten to a froth, in about equal quantities, which, applied with a brush to the cloth, renders it waterproof and air-tight. Beds so prepared are less liable to overheating, the temperature more equable, and the structures thus made answer admirably for all ordinary hot-bed purposes, *provided they are given sufficient slope to carry off the water rapidly in case of protracted storms.*"

I sprung to my feet with a glad "Eureka!" My greenhouse was from that moment an established fact—to my mind, at least. I saw my way clear. I had thought out all the rest but the roof. That had bothered me, nor could I cipher it down one cent lower than six boxes of glass at $4 a box = $24, to say nothing of the cost of the sashes which would have to be made to hold the glass, or the setting the glass, which would certainly cost as much again, amounting in all to about fifty dollars. That seemingly ended the matter as far as I was concerned; for well I knew that fifty dollars was needed in fifty other ways far more imperatively than for the protection of my flowers. Now, thanks to the extract I had just read, I rushed joyfully up-stairs to the garret, where I had stored that great roll of coarse, unbleached, yard-wide cotton cloth which we had bought to pack around our furniture when we moved from our old house to this new one, and for which, from its coarseness, I had despaired of ever finding another use. I quickly unrolled the great bundle. There was enough, and more than enough, for all my wants, in long, perfect strips, just as I should need them.

All this time I had said nothing to any one of my secret hopes and plans regarding a greenhouse, nor did I intend to do so—until I had them perfected.

Shortly after this my husband had to leave home for a few weeks. As he was leaving, he turned to me, saying:

"By the bye, the carpenter over the way owes me a little bill, and wants to take it out in work. I told him to come over, and you would find him something to do."

Had I been one of the boys, I should have answered, "You bet your life I will!" but not being one, and not approving the use of the vulgar but expressive parlance of our times, I only answered demurely:

"Thank you; I'll keep him busy. I suppose I may use any of the lumber or 'fixings' left from repairing the house and barn as I see fit?"

"Certainly," said he. "There's no further use for them that I know of."

There was where we differed; but I said nothing more, as it is never best to tell *all* one knows to anybody—in which sage conclusion I differ from the rest of my sex. So bidding me good by again, my husband went on his journey, leaving behind him a happy heart; for his offer of the carpenter's service had solved my last difficulty in the way of making a greenhouse without money and without price.

The workman came in the morning, and proved himself to be a man of considerable ingenuity—entering at once understandingly into all my plans and wishes; and very soon, with the help of my two boys, aged twelve and fourteen, he had ready upon the side lawn—the spot selected for the site of our greenhouse—all the materials wherewith to begin operations. These consisted of a pile of old window-sashes, sixteen in all, taken from the house when the new ones with large glasses were put in their places; a pile of 1-by-12-inch planks, left from the barn, of various lengths; four 4-by-4-inch beams for the base, eighteen feet long; with about twenty 2-by-4-inch pieces, twenty feet long, to be used for rafters; and a number of 1-by-3-inch battens and odd pieces. I had drawn out

all the plans of how I wanted the house to look when completed, also the ground-plan, and the arrangement of shelves and benches inside by which I could get the most available room for the plants, and have the least waste of the space inclosed. We decided that the house should be eighteen feet long by fourteen wide, twelve feet high at the apex of the roof, and seven feet at each side.

This size, I thought, would afford all the room we should need, and when full of flowers, be all that I could properly take care of, as of course I expected to take charge of the flowers myself, with what help the boys could give me.

In a structure so simple, it did not take a smart carpenter long to get the frame up, and board the base all around, except at the door, to the hight of three feet from the ground; and on the west-end gable, clear to the top, with our foot-wide boards, and to batten securely over all the cracks, as our lumber was rough, and not "tongued and grooved."

The carpenter then divided the window-sashes, and taking six single sashes for each side, arranged them above the boards, three feet from the ground, in the old-fashioned style of sliding windows, as will be seen in the elevation, so that if, at any time, more air was needed than the open door or small ventilator in the roof would supply, these could be opened at pleasure, wherever required. There remained two large sashes like those used for the sides, which were placed at the same hight from the ground, one on each side of the door in the east gable end of the house. There was still left of our glass one small, odd window, taken from the attic, one sash of which was put into the door, and the remaining one, as we were bound to utilize all the glass we had, was placed diagonally above it.

The rafters were then put on, three feet apart, and from one to another of these was stretched the cloth, tacking it closely along both edges, and covering the place where two widths of cloth met with a three-inch batten, closely nailed down the whole length of the rafters. A twelve-inch board was "let in" from rafter to rafter along the eaves, and the cloth stretched over this, and tacked on the under side of it. Along the ridge of the roof were placed two other 1-by-12-inch planks, to which the cloth was nailed, and the joining battened over, with a space left between them for ventilation when necessary, and a small roof of two rows of pointed shingles, to make it "a little fancy," the carpenter says, is placed a little above them, to prevent leakage. When not required to be open in summer time, this ventilator should have a board fitted to it, and be closed.

The outside of the greenhouse was now completed, and a diagram of the "elevation," as the carpenter calls it, is given, for the benefit of whom it may concern, showing the north side, and view of the entrance on the east gable end of the building. The south side is the same as the north here shown. The other gable, facing the west, and just opposite the entrance, is boarded, without any glass, entirely to the top of the building. This end has shelves arranged against it, like stair steps, reaching nearly to the level of the roof. This is done for the double purpose of utilizing the room on the high shelves for the cacti, echevrias, etc., which like dry, hot places, by placing them nearest the roof, and also to shut off the strong afternoon sun, which beams on this west side so fiercely in summer, and which, with glass, would be too much for the flowers without more care and watching than I should have time to bestow upon them. These shelves extend from side to side across this west end, and project about five feet into the room, commencing with the first one three feet from the ground, and each receding step one foot higher than the last.

From these, on each side, and directly under the windows on the north and south sides, are arranged two benches, three feet high from the ground, and three feet wide, extending from the front back to the shelves. They are made very strong, with tight floors, and a ledge three inches high along the front, and then filled with a layer of coarse sand, on which to place the flower pots: having found that by so doing they require

much less care to keep them thriving, as the sand retains the moisture around their roots; at the same time it offers no obstructions to their proper drainage.

While the carpenter was finishing up the inside of the house, my boys had been busy varnishing the roof with the mixture of oil and egg. By laying planks across from rafter to rafter, on which to kneel, and using large paint-brushes, their task was speedily accomplished, and the result was a roof of a warm, creamy tint, that was very pleasant to the eye. And now the carpenter announced that his work was done, and gathering up his tools, remarked, as he went off, that he "guessed that little account we had ag'in him was 'bout squared off." I heartily agreed with him, and thanked him for having made such good use of his time for our benefit.

Let us now take a look at his work. Before us stands our greenhouse, from which we hope so much pleasure through the coming months and years. It will furnish us always, despite of wind or weather, an abundance of God's loveliest creations—fresh

THE WAY IT LOOKED. (DRAWN BY MARY E. INGALSBE, ENGRAVED BY ELEANOR P. GIBBONS.)

flowers—whenever we want them, for house or table decorations. But, as yet, it presents rather a zebra-like appearance, from the mixture of new and old lumber used in its construction. A can of good whitewash, with a dash of lamp-black in it to give it a pearly tint, was quickly applied by the boys, who, inheriting perhaps my love of flowers, have entered heartily into my enthusiasm concerning this unpretentious shelter we are preparing for their reception. And right here, a word of advice with regard to that addition of lamp-black to the whitewash. If you would save yourself much time and trouble, be sure you "wet up" the lamp-black first with vinegar, before attempting to mix it with the lime wash; or else, before you are through with it, you will have a more realizing sense than any statesman of old ever did of the irrepressible conflict between the white and the black.

And the whitewash can. I wonder if everybody finds empty coal-oil cans as great a convenience as I do. We cut out the top neatly, hammer down the sides, so as to leave no jagged edges, make holes in two opposite sides, and insert a strong wire for a handle; and there we have a handy bucket for a great many purposes—whitewashing included.

Two coats of this gray wash bring our house to an even pearly tint; and with the door and window facings done in pure white—for which we have reserved enough unmixed with black—the job is completed; and as we "retire a pace to see how fair she

looks," we all agree that the soft gray of the walls, combined with the creamy color of the roof, tone in charmingly with the scene around it, and with one accord pronounce that, outwardly at least, our greenhouse is a success.

The inside of the house was also completed, as far as the carpenter's work was concerned, but I was not satisfied with it in one respect. There was too much space wasted in the center, between the benches on each side, the shelves, and the door—a clear square of eight feet wide by thirteen feet long. Just the place for a pretty little fountain, if I could have afforded one; but the cost—that bugbear which hedges so many of us in on every side—prevented this. I was determined to utilize this space somehow, as it looked bare and empty, and was more room than was needed for the walks. At last we concluded that we might have as our ornamental "center piece," which seemed to me to be so much needed just here, a group of foreign ferns. They would really be rarer, and to my mind far handsomer, than an orthodox fountain, and cost us nothing except the time and trouble spent in preparing the bed for their reception, as we had them already, and regarded them as the gems of our collection. I felt this idea to be an inspiration, and proceeded to act upon it at once. I marked out an oval about four feet wide by seven feet long upon the ground, being careful to have its center exactly with that of the square, and leaving plenty of room for walks all around it. The boys then dug away the soil within this marked line to the depth of three feet, throwing the dirt to one side as they took it out. They had watched the masons building the chimney and cistern, with great interest, and when I expressed a wish that this center bed could be walled around permanently with bricks, and built a foot above the ground, they at once declared that they could do this for me, with the broken bricks, cement, and plaster left by the workmen when they fixed the house. They entered heartily upon their work, with more good-will than good skill at first, but soon caught the trick of doing it handily, and any little inequalities in the brick-work were more than made good by the liberality with which the plaster was applied. When at last their work was finished to a foot above the ground, and the outside given a thick coat of cement, I was very proud, both of my amateur workmen and their job. We then lined the bottom of the bed completely with old coal-oil cans, cut open and flattened out, so as to effectually prevent the entrance of moles and gophers among our treasures. Next, the boys threw into this hole three or four wheelbarrow loads of well-rotted manure, and then filled it heaping full (so as to allow for settling down afterwards of the loose soil) with a compost made of equal parts of leaf mold, soil, and sand. The leaf mold predominated as they came to the top, as the bed was to be for ferns. A liberal supply of this same mixture had been applied to the soil under the shelves and benches, after first having them spaded up very deeply. It now remained for us only to clear up the rubbish left around, to whitewash the interior, fill the benches with coarse sand, sprinkle the walks with gravel, (for we live near a small stream where these things may be had for the hauling any time,) and our greenhouse was done and ready for occupation.

We rushed off now with great enthusiasm to collect our plants for installation into their new winter-quarters. We gathered them up from everywhere: from the overcrowded ferneries in the dining-room windows, from the stand of plants groaning under their weight in the library, from the window shelves all over the house, even from the kitchen itself, to whose warmth I had consigned my choicest bouvardia, hibiscus, gardinia, etc., for fear of a cold snap. Then many a favorite heliotrope, pelegonium, and fuchsia, with slips of tender roses and other plants which the frosts might injure, were rescued from the uncertainty of their existence through the winter in the open ground, and brought into the shelter and protection of our new house. We potted them as best we could, in the absence of

proper crocks, in boxes, tin cans, or whatever else came handy, always being careful to make a hole in the bottom of whatever we used for proper draining, and placed over it a bit of crock, so that the soil might not work out; until the boys found time to make some uniform boxes from the odds and ends left of our building, and fit for nothing else.

We now proceed to arrange our plants upon the shelves and benches. To do this understandingly, one must be a sort of botanist, and know something of the habitat of the plants one handles, so as to give to them, as far as possible, the best positions to develop their individual peculiarities. We arrange them, then, with due regard to their well-known wants and preferences; for plants are like women: give them a chance to be happy in their surroundings, and they will repay you a thousand-fold.

Knowing their wishes, then, I give the cacti, echevrias, crasula lacati, and succulent-leaf plants generally, the top and highest shelves. They come from desert lands; they love the warm sunshine. They have a fund of moisture in their thick, juicy leaves, and are not often thirsty. So up they go where they may be high, dry, and happy.

But look at this maiden-hair fern (*Aidantum pedatum*). It is lovely. It would relieve the stiffness of those thorny cacti, with its gracefully drooping fronds. Shall we place it up there where it will be in such *telling* sight from every part of the greenhouse? Ask it. Read its answer in the almost transparent leaf, that a single hot breath will wither, in its hard, glossy, straw-like stem, that has no moisture in itself, but simply acts as a pipe to conduct the moisture from the reservoir at its feet, so necessary to its existence, to the spreading banners of green above them. Give it this, and it will thrive. Take it "out of its sphere," and it will die. So, my beauty, under the benches you go. There you will find, embedded in your native leaf mold, all the shade and warmth and moisture so necessary to your health and happiness. No doubt you would greatly adorn that higher sphere in which the cacti thrive, and be the cynosure of all eyes whilst your beauty lasted. But your triumph would be short-lived, and you would pay for it with all that makes life worth living, if not with life itself.

We arrange the plants also with regard to their artistic combinations, making the effect of the whole greenhouse burst upon you, as the door is opened, as a fine picture does, with its high lights here, its deep shades there, and telling "bits" of light among the shadows everywhere in blooming forms. Massing brilliant groups of crimson coleus, gorgeous camelias, cape jasmines, and hibiscus blossoms in the center of the shelves, for the high light, and deepening the shade of the dark green leaves on either side with the velvety richness of the purple and dark chocolate hues of somber variety of coleus. Then blending the whole picture to softness and unity of tone with the feathery foliage of the ferns. Of course we place the tallest flowers furthest back upon the benches, and give the little ones a chance to show what they can do in the front ranks; and just at the edge of the benches, where they grow and thrive in the ever-damp sand, we have planted a border, on one side, of the dainty, drooping Kenilworth ivy, which falls like a graceful fringe half-way to the ground; and on the other, one of the fairy lycopodium, which completely hides the rough woodwork of the bench with its feathery greenness.

Beneath the benches and shelves there is a wealth of native beauties, flourishing as if they were in their wildwood homes. No forest jaunt so brief but that we take along a basket and trowel, and bring home each time treasures of some sort for this department. Maiden-hair ferns, maiden's tears, golden-backs, Woodwardia's mosses and lichens, wild tulips and tiger-lilies, with the sweet-scented yerba buena, to give to the whole the aromatic breath of the forest; and not the least among our treasures do I prize this bit of pure nature that flourishes under the benches.

We now come to our "center piece," which is the pride of my heart. In the

middle of the mound prepared for it was placed my tree-fern (*Asplenium Australis*), and around its base were planted the other foreign varieties which we had, with their shining leaves and silver markings, their curious spores and graceful fronds, all mingling before the winter was over into a mass of beauty. We planted the ground around their roots with the creeping lycopodium. The result of our work is a triumph that calls forth an exclamation of delight from all who enter the door. The ferns have found, in this cloth-top house, just exactly the temperature that suits their nature —warm, shaded, moist, but no dry, stifling heat. They have thriven accordingly, while the lycopodium covers, as with a fairy carpet, the whole mound, brick-work and all, down to the gravel of the walks.

From those indestructible abominations, old hoop-skirts, we have made some trellises, which we have painted dark green (so that the plant, not the trellis, may attract attention), whereon to train our delicate vines of smilax, myrandia, etc., into artistic harps, lyres, and crosses. We tie the vine into position where we cannot twine it, with scarlet yarn or zephyr wool, which makes a pretty contrast with the dark green leaves. For other vines which we wish to train along the beams and up the rafters, so as to cover up the rough wood-work of the interior of our house, we find a tiny wire staple, about three-fourths of an inch long, to be of great use. It is used by shutter-makers, and sold in papers like carpet tacks, by hardware men. It allows one to fasten small vines in any position, without crushing them or retarding their growth, as wire or string attached to them would do.

The last crowning finish to our greenhouse was contributed by our boys, who brought in two small toads, and installed them among the flowers as assistant gardeners, to keep the flowers free from insects. At last, with the garden hose and its big rose nozzle we complete our work, and keep these "green things growing," by giving the whole place a splendid watering. All florists advise in the watering of plants the same course that proves so efficacious in the training of children when they require punishment: when you do it, do it thoroughly, and you won't have to do it half so often. Give the plants a regular drenching every day or so in real warm weather. In winter, or wet weather, perhaps once a week may be often enough, watering them always when they need it, which time you may clearly tell by their being dry in pots. Always sprinkle them so that the water may fall on them gently, never with a great strong stream aimed right at them. Water in the evening or early morning, *never* when the sun is shining hot upon them. And when you do it, give them all plenty; a watering that overflows all the pots (which should have an inch of space left at the top unfilled with earth purposely to receive the supply), that washes all the dust from the leaves, soaks the sand benches, and drops from all the shelves. Then shut all the ventilators and doors, and let the warm steam of the evaporating moisture start every plant-pulse throbbing with the new and luxuriant growth your skill thus induces. One such watering will do your flowers more good than a dozen of those miserable, unsatisfying little sprinkles, which dampen the leaves and top and sides of the pot, and let you go away with the blissful consciousness of having done your duty by them, leaving the mass of roots in the heart of the pot from which the plant life must come perishing of thirst in the midst of all your watering.

It is well, also, about once a month, to water the plants with a liquid manure, made by adding one tablespoonful of ammonia to a gallon of water, taking care not to apply it to the leaves or plant, but only to the soil around its roots. Peter Henderson advises in this, as in other waterings, to "water individuals, not classes"; and when plants do not need it, do not give it them, on the principle that enough even of a good thing is *enough*.

We now find the great advantage and saving of labor it is to us to have all our plants in one place, where they can be given altogether, and as often as necessary, that thorough drenching they so much enjoy, instead

of being obliged, as heretofore, to carry water to a dozen different rooms, spread down cloths to protect the carpet, and water the plants so sparingly, for fear of a damaging overflow, that they have hardly known until now the luxury of a real soaking bath.

Our work is done, and we view the result with delight. Hanging baskets, with all their varied beauties, swing here and there from the rafters, and the tall fronds of the ferns reach up from the greenery below. The whole thing seems to us like a work of enchantment when we think of the odds and ends, that would have gone utterly to waste, out of which our greenhouse has grown. And we are thoroughly convinced that in no other way can one reap so great a reward for the time and money expended, in all that makes one's home attractive, and adds a refining influence to the every-day cares of life, than by the construction of some such simple house as this which we have made for our flowers. To many who may have taken the trouble to read this "plain, unvarnished" article, the minute instructions here given with regard to the care of their flowers may seem to be unnecessary; but most of the hints herein contained are the result of knowledge gained by the writer through bitter experience, oftentimes entailing the loss of valuable plants, for the lack of just such simple instructions.

LUCY UNDERWOOD MCCANN.

A LOGICAL SEQUENCE.

CHAPTER IV.

In due course of time, that is to say, after fifteen or twenty minutes of moderate walking, Mr. Tilley arrived at the end of his journey with Miss Maud, and recorded the fact by an extra squeeze of the hand he had covertly obtained possession of under shelter of her cloak. Having accomplished this interesting feat to his own satisfaction, he opened the gate, bade her as tender a good-night as the close proximity of her mother on the upper step would allow, and stopping to pull down his hat and turn up his overcoat collar about his ears, started briskly away toward town.

It is saying no more than the truth, to state that Mr. Tilley was in a high state of mental exhilaration. A delicious lightness lifted up his soul till his feet hardly seemed to touch the ground. And occasionally, as some peculiarly edifying recollection rose in his mind, a sort of tingling all-overishness crept into his arms and legs, with such demoralizing effect that he was fain to hug himself to keep from shouting outright. All this happened in the instant, however, for he had hardly passed the adjoining house when he heard the voice of Miss Tanquary calling him again. Returning, he found her at the gate.

"I forgot to ask you if you were coming Sunday, Harry?" she said breathlessly.

"Why, no," said Mr. Tilley, with some surprise; "your brother's at home then, isn't he? I was coming Friday, as usual."

"I sha'n't be at home Friday, is the trouble; and if you don't come Sunday, I can't see you for a week."

"Well, for that matter, I can come Sunday just as well, if you're sure your brother won't be there to object."

"What makes you so afraid of my brother, Harry? He's the most peaceable man in the world," said Maud.

"Why, I ain't afraid of him," returned Mr. Tilley, "but I thought you were. I never saw him till to-night."

"You'll like him when you do know him," said Maud, with some pride; "he knows so much. He's real smart, Tom is. I believe he knows almost everything; and he's good too," she added reflectively.

"Is he?" responded Harry, with a mental reservation.

"Yes, and he tells mamma everything. O, she'll tell you that he's good. I believe it would worry her to death if she thought he did anything wrong."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Mr. Tilley, cautiously. "It helps a man wonderfully to have somebody to believe in him."

"I must go in," she interrupted. "Then you'll come Sunday, sure, will you? No! you shan't touch me again! Now, Harry!"

It may have been that the darkness gave him courage, or that a more ticklish twinge of the mania, before mentioned, for the instant rendered him unaccountable: but Mr. Tilley kissed her.

"I should think you'd be ashamed, Harry, to treat me that way," said Maud, blushing.

"Why, perhaps I would," said Mr. Tilley, "if I'd stopped to think about it. I will this time, though," and he kissed her again.

"Maud!" called her mother, opening the front door.

"Yes, mamma," answered Maud, "I'm coming."

"Good night," said Mr. Tilley, in a tender whisper, as she ran up the steps. He stood and watched her till the door had closed, and then, as the contrast and a sense of loneliness crept over him, sighed weightily and moved slowly down the street.

Mr. Thomas Tanquary, keeping his appointment in front of the Bartlett hotel, at five minutes of eight o'clock found his resources exhausted, and his patience considerably tried. He had counted the bottles in the drug-store window on the corner, and taken comprehensive stock in each contiguous display, until floored by the unknown possibilities of an underwear-and-corset house in the eastern end of the block. He had commented with critical, if not altogether appreciative, judgment on the relative charms of the fair throng who were passing into the theaters. He had kicked a stray dog off the sidewalk, in the effort to warm his feet; and then, finding even this pall upon him, had fallen to inscribing his name, with his finger, in large-sized capitals on the opaque surface left by his breath on the corner drug-store window. Stepping back to observe the effect of a peculiarly elaborate flourish, his eye was caught by the sight of two young females advancing towards him from the darkness, and he suddenly stopped.

"Hello!" he said softly to himself, "there's something; I wonder if it talks?"

Lounging back into the shadow, he gave a short, prefatory cough, that to the young ladies was full of thoughtful suggestion of his willingness to form an acquaintance; and he had just added something more seductive in the nature of a whistle, when he observed Mr. Tilley also advancing from the shadow in the rear.

The effect on the young ladies was instantaneous; and the added dignity with which they swept by him, together with the scornful elevation of their sensitive noses, so convulsed Mr. Tanquary with merriment that he knocked all the breath out of Mr. Tilley slapping him on the back, as he came to greet him.

"Where's the other man? where's Thommasson?" said Mr. Tilley, when he got his breath.

"O, his girl lives clear out in the Addition, and he had to start early so as to get her here on time. He'll meet us by the time we get the others."

"Others?" said Mr. Tilley, faintly; "what others?"

"Why, the girls, to be sure. You didn't suppose we were goin' alone, did you?"

"Why! do girls go to the Concert Garden?" asked Mr. Tilley.

Mr. Tanquary drew him under the lamp-post, and looked at him with a gaze that gradually changed to one of mingled pity and contempt. "Well, you are the softest that ever I saw," he said finally. "Of course they do—some of 'em. You wouldn't want to take your own sister there, perhaps; but if you get somebody else's sister, it's all right. Come on, this is the place," said Mr. Tanquary, five minutes later, and Mr. Tilley looking at the house, felt much as if it were a cage containing a class of dangerous wild beasts, which he was called upon to enter.

"I—I say—hold on a minute!" he said, backing precipitately out through the front gate. "Tell me about them. How many girls are there?"

"O, come along, you needn't be afraid of 'em. There's only two; and the one you'll go with is a real little thing—for her age."

"But w-what shall I *say* to her? I don't know her," said Mr. Tilley, in a perspiration.

"Say nothin'!" said Mr. Tanquary. "She talks so fast herself you won't have a show to get a word in edgeways. O, she'll make it lively enough."

"I—I guess I won't go to-night," said Mr. Tilley, faintly, "I don't feel well exactly, I—"

"No you don't," said Mr. Tanquary, kindly but firmly. "I didn't bring you up here to take one of them girls off my hands to let you get off like that"; and, before Mr. Tilley could enter a protest, much less resist, he had collared him, dragged him up the front steps, and held him there while he rang the bell on the door.

"Brace up," he added in a whisper, as the Chinaman led them into the parlor, "they'll be here in a minute. I'll tell you now what their names are, so you won't get 'em mixed. The big one's name is Fannie, and the little one's is Ida. You're to go with Ida—and—O, yes—don't be alarmed if you find 'em pretty lively—you understand—for they don't mean anything by it—it's only their way."

"O, of course not," said Mr. Tilley, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, but trembling under the sublime responsibility of the undertaking. "O, I like them lively."

"They'll suit you then," said Mr. Tanquary, reassuringly.

"I hope they will," echoed Mr. Tilley; and he sincerely did.

At this moment there was a commotion something like a whirlwind in the hall, accompanied by a sound somewhere between a squeal and a giggle.

"They're comin'," said Thomas.

"I—I hear them," said Mr. Tilley, involuntarily retreating behind a chair.

The next instant the door flew open, and the two young ladies burst into the apartment, bringing a portion of the whirlwind with them. They were about seventeen and nineteen, respectively; wore long, tight-fitting ulster cloaks and derby hats, and if it were not that their hair hung down their backs in a long, single braid, from behind they would not have been distinguishable from men. Both sheared their frontlets just above their eyes, and modeled them after the seductive style known as the "straight bang." The younger had smaller features than her sister, and a suspicion of an up-cast in her nose. But her great peculiarity lay in her voice, which was of a breathless variety that carried the impression that she never started on a conversation, but began in the middle of it. But as there were so few stops after she once did begin to talk, this feeling may have been a mere error of judgment resulting from the mistake.

"Yes, you're a nice one, you are, Tom Tanquary, to come after a girl, ain't you?" she said, as soon as she set eyes on him. "Here Fannie and me've been ready for an hour, and you just got here now. And where's the fellow you were going to bring me, too? Do you suppose I want to go tagging along after you and Fan when I know you'd rather be alone. You're a—Oh—"

This last exclamation came from catching a sudden glimpse of Mr. Tilley behind the chair.

"Are you run down?" said Tom. "Before you change the stops, let me introduce my friend Mr. Tilley. Tilley, this is Miss Ida Miller that I told you about, and this is her sister Fannie."

Mr. Tilley blushed and bowed, and Mr. Tanquary looked at his watch.

"We *are* late," he said, apologetically. "Hasn't Hank been here?"

"No," said the elder Miss Miller; "who'd he go after?"

"Clara."

"There's no use of our waiting for him here then," said the younger sister, positively. "It'll take him two hours to walk in from there, if he's with her. I'm agoing to start. Come on, Mr. Tilley."

"Well, we'll walk up in that direction," said Tom. "It won't take us far out of our way."

The procession was soon under way, and meeting the tardy couple, they all proceeded to the Concert Garden, where Mr. Tanquary, assuming the lead, with some difficulty found places for them together at a table in the first balcony.

"Now," he said, as he beckoned to a waiter, "what shall I order? Beer all around?"

"For us, of course," said Henry. "Mr. Tilley, do you take beer?"

Mr. Tilley, in the depths of his own heart, had considerable misgivings as to his powers for the assimilation of beer; but as there was a smothered suspicion in his mind that they would laugh at him if he refused, he answered immediately, with great show of willingness:

"Of course, I was going to suggest beer myself."

"Six beers," said Thomas, authoritatively, to the waiter.

"Not much of a crowd," said Miss Ida, contemptuously. "There's four, five, six tables vacant on this floor alone; why the last time we were here it was so full that I had to sit on Tom's lap."

"It's early yet," said Thomas; "wait an hour."

"Why you haven't touched your beer, Mr. Tilley," said Ida. "Isn't it good?"

"Fine," returned Mr. Thomas Tanquary.

"Bully," said Mr. Thommasson.

"Don't you like it?" presisted Ida.

"Ye—yes. O, yes," said Mr. Tilley. "But I—I wasn't very thirsty."

"You don't think it's wrong, do you, Mr. Tilley?" said Ida. "Everybody drinks beer."

"Why, certainly," said Miss Dolliver, the third young lady.

"Of course," chimed in her sister.

"If you will drink with me, I shall be happy to," said Mr. Tilley, with great hardihood.

"Certainly," said Miss Ida. And in spite of his inward misgivings, Mr. Tilley gulped down a major portion of the glass.

During this interesting conversation, and indeed ever since the first meeting of Miss Fannie Miller with the young lady who had come with Mr. Thommasson, there had been a running fire of whispers and giggles between the two, the outward evidences of the imparting of a most important secret by Miss Clara, concerning her brother, who was known to be a devoted and ardent admirer of Miss Fannie's.

"You don't know what he said about you," she added, in an audible whisper.

"What?" said Miss Fanny, blushing.

"O, he said you danced better than any one there, and that he'd rather waltz with you than any one in the world; and when I told him you were coming to-night with Mr. Tanquary, he made *such* a fool of himself. Fretted and fussed, and got so cross that we couldn't live in the house with him. It's all your fault, too, for encouraging him so. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

At this, Miss Fannie blushed redder than before, and Mr. Tanquary swelled with conscious pride. For be it known that Mr. Tanquary also aspired to the affections of Miss Fannie Miller, and took to himself no little credit for having driven his rival from the field.

"And O, he's *so* jealous," continued Miss Clara, in the same whisper, "that we're all of us frightened to death for fear he'd catch Tom out some night and hurt him terribly."

Mr. Tanquary's mouth dropped scornfully.

"You tell your brother," he said grimly, "to let *me* catch *him* outside, and I'll—wipe the street with him. Jealous, is he? Humph!"

Miss Fannie laughed gleefully.

"Aha! Listening, were you? Listeners never hear any good of themselves. Don't mind her, Tom," she added, in a whisper.

"Jealous?" said Mr. Thommasson, not catching the conversation—"who's jealous, Fannie?"

"She might well be, the way Tom cuts up," said Clara.

"You ought to have seen him to-night, and you'd have thought so," returned Henry.

"And not only that, but it was a married woman, too. I thought I never was going to get him away."

"So that's what made you so late, was it?" said Miss Fannie, reproachfully, while Clara hastened to assure her that *her* brother never would have done such a thing—never.

"And I saw him squeeze her hand," said Henry.

Miss Miller looked still more reproachfully at Tom, and Miss Clara was apparently struck dumb with amazement.

"I don't know as I blame him, though," added Henry; "for she's pretty as a peach."

As the conversation which followed dealt chiefly with a recapitulation of the supper at Mrs. Butterfield's, and a somewhat glowing eulogy of her charms by Mr. Thommasson, it would be but tedious to reproduce it here. Suffice it to say, that, influenced thereby, and further persuaded by the whispered insinuation of Miss Dolliver, Miss Miller grew somewhat cold in her treatment of Mr. Tanquary, and even encouraged Mr. Tilley, who, stimulated by the beer, had become very sociable; and from this it may be gathered that it was not long before Mr. Tanquary retired within himself in a very moody and disgusted state indeed.

"You didn't believe what Hank said to-night, did you, Fannie?" said Mr. Tanquary, as, after leaving the Garden, they neared the young lady's house. "Didn't you know he was only fooling you?"

"I know that somebody's been fooling me—somewhere," said Miss Miller, with some emphasis and an affectation of light indifference.

"O, well," said Tom, brusquely. "If that's the case, that let's me out entirely. Good night."

"Why, Tom!" said Miss Miller, her heart sinking somewhat within her, "what is the matter? I haven't done anything."

"O no!" echoed Tom, hysterically, with a fine affectation of irony. "You haven't done anything, O no. You're all right. Only six weeks spent in running after you like a blamed fool. Only used up twenty-seven dollars in taking you to parties. It ain't nothin' that I get chucked higher than a kite for a fellow like Jim Dolliver. It ain't nothin' that I placed my affections on you, and thought you were honest in likin' me. O no! it ain't nothin' at all," and Mr. Tanquary choked.

"I am sure, Tom, I did not mean to hurt your feelings," said Miss Fannie, with contrite confusion. "I am very sorry."

"Sorry!" interrupted Mr. Tanquary, sarcastically; "sorry when you're going back to Jim Dolliver—and Tilley. Let me tell you, though, before I go, that you never'll find any one who will deny himself for your affection as I have done. I am sorry, Miss Miller, that I have ever bothered you. Good night."

"There's money saved on it, anyway," he thought grimly, as he walked away with Mr. Tilley. His grief was yet so new to him that he hardly realized its strength. But as it wore upon him, he found its pain so pressing that he was fain to seek some immediate means of distracting his attention. Returning to the Garden, he called for further liquor; and an hour later, when Mr. Tilley deposited him on his doorstep and rang the bell, he was so drunk he had to be carried up the steps.

CHAPTER V.

There are new days now in California. The warm, misty spring, around which so much of poetical haze still lingers, has given place to the sharper, more prosaic maturity of summer; the picturesque mining camps have passed away; the occasional cabins on the hillsides and in the cañons are deserted and empty; the long lines of flume are broken down and abandoned; the tunnels have grown dilapidated and mossy; the snap of the teamster's whip and the more fatal crack of the pistol are no longer heard; the traditional miner works no more the water-worn claims, nor shocks the "tender-foot" with the vividness of his flannels and his lawless freedom from conventionality. The

days of gold have reached their twilight, and in this twilight the glitter is all gone. The colors now are all subdued; but among the practical, serious, humdrum quiet of this new life are many beautiful symphonies in gray.

The "'forty-niner" has not perpetuated himself. He was a grand figure in early California history, and in those days he was a giant. But to-day he is no more; and like the giant, he lives only in the recollection of a generous fancy. He was strong and rugged; but his battle was with society, and civilization is invincible.

The grass creeping over the deserted claims has largely hid the unsightly rents and huge piles of rock that marked the place of these old mining battles; and even so, conventionality has wrapped around the old miner a veil of softening influences that hides completely his stronger, early personality. Yet here and there, through the grass, a ledge of white quartz still crops out, and in some places the ground sluicing has been too deep not to have left indefaceable marks on the miner's character. He is not altogether happy under these new restraints. His collar hurts him and his coat is too tight. He lives in cities, and has pleasant homes. But he clings to his old pipe, and dreams furtively of the days when he sat before his cabin, and dozed in the sunshine to the music of the birds.

Mr. Tanquary was one of these socially reformed pioneers. He had had his long days of work, and had acquired a reasonable competence. He had married in early days; and while his wife was blessed with a temper worthy of a Xantippe, the happy-go-lucky philosophy acquired during his nomadic life served him in such stead as to prevent her making his existence anything more than lively.

But on this morning, as he sat in the dining-room before the fire, he was more than usually meditative. In their matrimonial differences, Mrs. Tanquary had ever pointed out to him the nobility of their son's character as the one thing that had upheld her in her trying existence with him, and Tom's return home drunk on the preceding evening had produced an outburst that had forced him (even callous as he was) to be reflective.

Finally he stopped reading, looked up thoughtfully, squared his chest, and said slowly, as he folded his paper across his knee:

"It 'pears to me that I recollect when I was just wild to run with the boys myself, and hev a little spree. If anybody hed blowed me up for it, or said that it was wrong, I think it ed a riled me a little. But what a case I was!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tanquary, who had come in unobserved, "a thoroughly disreputable case, if ever there was one. I should think, though, Mr. Tanquary, that you were old enough to know better now."

"What's the matter now, Maria?" said Mr. Tanquary, unconscious that he had spoken out loud.

"Nothing," rejoined that lady, with a patient smile. "You have done nothing, of course. I know that, William. Of course there was no reason in my saying what I did; certainly not."

"Why, my dear—" began Mr. Tanquary.

"Dear!" interrupted his wife, with a scornful sniff; "yes, William, I know how dear. You need not speak of that."

"Well, well, Maria," said Mr. Tanquary, "don't get mad about a little thing like that. I didn't know that I said anything to hurt you."

"Probably not," said Mrs. Tanquary, cheerfully. "I understand what you mean. Of course you never know when you hurt my feelings. Of course not."

"Why, Maria, I wasn't thinking about you at all. I was just thinking about old times and the boys, and it came to me what good times they used to have. How could I hurt your feelings?"

"There, that will do, William," said Mrs. Tanquary, with an air of Christian resignation. "If you hadn't spoken of it, there would have been nothing said about it. Such feelings between married people, in my opinion, are much better left alone. It was not that my feelings in the matter were hurt, but that what you said reflected on our son. It was

enough to bear that Tom should come home in that fearful state; and yet I have been obliged to hear his own father say that he approved of such behavior. I knew he never got it from me, William. There, don't speak of it again."

"All right," said Mr. Tanquary; "as I don't know what you're driving at, I won't mention it again."

"Well, I should hope you wouldn't," rejoined Mrs. Tanquary.

"And honest, Maria, I wasn't sayin' a word about Tom," continued her husband, pleasantly.

"You didn't say anything about Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Tanquary, catching her breath in well-assumed astonishment. "You didn't say anything about Tom! But of course you have told he truth, Mr. Tanquary, and I was mistaken. No, you didn't say anything about Tom; O no, of course not! It wasn't you!"

"I thought you wasn't going to say anything more about it, Maria," said her husband.

"Nor am I," said Mrs. Tanquary, with a sort of solemn giggle. "I am sure I never forced my conversation upon anybody; and I am certain, Mr. Tanquary, that I shall not force it upon you. I did not ask you to marry me, William; but I am sure that I have never neglected my duty by you as a wife. I have always felt that it required great fortitude and forbearance to live with any man; but I never thought that my husband would ever tell me to my face that my conversation was not wanted. But I will not say anything. I will not complain. I will do *my* duty. I will keep still, even if it kills me!" and Mrs. Tanquary gave a subdued, hysterical sob.

"My God, Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Tanquary, driven to desperation, "I didn't mean that at all. Because I used to run with the boys in the old times, it's no reason that I should look easy at Tom for doing it. You hadn't ought to find anything to get mad at in that."

The entrance of Maud at this moment gave a new turn to Mrs. Tanquary's somewhat uncertain temper, and she allowed herself to be quieted a little; and finally sat down with her work in a sepulchral and injured silence, while Maud, in a burst of affection, threw her arms around her father's neck, and seated herself in his lap.

"Keerful, Maudie, keerful," said Mr. Tanquary, in a whisper. "The old lady's a little off this morning, and she don't always approve of these little shows of affection. What a comfort ye are to me, though, Maudie!" he added slowly. "What would I do without you?"

"What is it, papa? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, little one, except that the old lady's been lovin' this morning, and it's kind of broke me up." I suppose, though, she is cut up about Tom, and that's what makes her so lively. It is kind of hard on her, to be sure, but the boy'll get over it. Let him get married and settle down, and that'll be the end of it. I tell you, Maudie, it's the duty of every nice girl to find some young fellow she can love, and then look after him. I'm sorry Tom ain't steadier, and more like—well, like that young fellow that comes here so much to see you—what do you call him?—Tilley? But I guess at heart there ain't anything worse in him than there is in your man. But I'll tell you what it is, Maudie, whether you marry this man or some other one, don't you lavish on him your affections in the way your estimable mother does. It's sometimes struck me that old Solomon hed somebody like her in mind when he wrote that proverb about 'him thet he loveth, he chasteneth'; he hed three wives, you know, and if they was all like Maria, I can judge that they lashed him round pretty lively. But how is it about this young Tilley fellow? Ho! hold up your head, I want to see you. You needn't be ashamed of it, girl, if you do like him. What, crying? Why, what have I said now?"

But Maud, with her head on her father's shoulder, was sobbing hysterically, and did not answer. There were two reasons for her doing in this way. Tom had always been to her a model of all that was good and manly. She had believed, with her mother, that he

was a shining light among the young fellows of his age, and he had so carefully concealed the traces of his excesses as to thoroughly deceive them both. She had been proud of him, and perhaps it was the blow to this pride, more than anything else, that affected her, in finding that there was a flaw in his character. She had not mingled much in society, and hearing only her mother's diatribes on temperance and virtue, had come to attach an over-sense of wrong to the use of liquor. Indeed, so puritanical had been her bringing up on this subject, that Tom's weakness seemed to her an almost unpardonable sin. She had brooded over it all night, and the more she thought the more wicked did the offense become; and in the morning she was still nervous and unstrung from her consideration of the case. But there was an undercurrent, too, that helped the matter along. Mrs. Tanquary, alert to the fullest sense of maternal duty, had watched the last interview of Maud with Mr. Tilley, and had been a witness of their affectionate parting. She had met Maud at the door with an expression of her sentiments as to the propriety of young girls allowing liberties to gentlemen to whom they were not engaged. She had liberally enlarged on the enormity of the offense, and with and without opportunity had nagged and worried the poor child till she was almost beside herself with shame.

Now, however, Mrs. Tanquary felt called on to add a word of comfort to her husband's efforts at consolation, and did so by reminding Maud that it was not alone she that was overcome by this trial; that her affliction was nothing to the damper that had come over her mother's spirits; that she must remember that these continued troubles were but the fate of all womankind, and especially of mothers, who must expect nothing through life but such besetting trials, and must reconcile themselves to bear up under them with such fortitude and patience as might be in them. These restoratives, not serving to lessen the hysterical nature of Maud's grief, her mother further counseled her to know her weakness, and be warned by it. That, though by her present vacillating and frivolous conduct she was greatly endangering a happy future with any man, yet that sometime she would probably so far forget herself as to be married; and that if she were married, she would probably in time become a mother; and that in that case she hoped she would remember the sorrow and anguish that come of having ungrateful children; and with tears in her eyes, begged her to try and engender that spirit of Christian duty which alone had enabled her to go on silently with her life, she being crushed all the time by the unfeeling and unsympathetic conduct of her family; and that she might profit by her mother's example, that she need not, like her, go down to an early grave, a victim of a husband's tyranny; and further, she even expressed a faint hope that her expected death would leave before her misguided but forgiven—yes, fully forgiven—husband a monumental character that would ever be a lesson to him, and perhaps teach him to respect, in some degree, thereafter the lovely character of woman.

But Maud seeming to grow worse, rather than to improve under this treatment, Mrs. Tanquary turned her attention to her husband.

"Can you stand all this, William?" she asked, in a sepulchral voice, laying down her work and turning toward him.

"Well, it ain't over-easy, Maria," responded Mr. Tanquary; "but I'm keepin' my temper down the best that I can."

"There, papa," interposed Maud, in a whisper, "let me go up-stairs, if it is only to keep peace in the family."

"All right, Maudie," said her father affectionately. "Only take that warning your dear mother giv you, and if you ever get married, don't be like her. I'll tell you what it is, littlè one, you never ken be happy if you don't make your husband happy; and again I say, Maudie, don't be too hard on him."

With this advice, Mr. Tanquary kissed Maud affectionately, and set her on her feet, when she at once left the room and went quickly to her own chamber, where, closing

the door, she cast herself full-length on the lounge, and cried very much.

Then as she became calmer, she began to think. The affair with Mr. Tilley was not hard for her to settle in her mind. If her mother was right—and she had no reason to think she was not—Mr. Tilley must have much the same contempt for her that her mother had. I think she really cared for Mr. Tilley; and so caring, it was not difficult for her to form the conclusion that she must hold him more at a distance if she would keep his respect, and this she determined to do.

"I wish that he'd asked me, though," she said, gulping down her tears.

Then, having made up her mind on this point, she commenced to think of her brother. It was no simple or easy matter to settle in her mind. She had got beyond the bitterness of the first thought of his fault, and felt less inclined to be harsh in passing judgment on him. He was still asleep in his room across the hall. She could hear his heavy breathing as she listened. What should she say to him when he awoke? How should she greet him? To do something for him—that was the vague wish in her heart; but what to do, that was another question.

She cast about her for some one to whom she could go for sympathy and advice. Her father was the first who suggested himself to her; but she remembered that he had been inclined to treat the matter somewhat lightly in the few words she had had with him that morning, and she hesitated; and then, too, it was not at all sure that she would be able to see him alone. Opening the door, she stood for a moment and listened; there came floating up through the stairway a shrill solo with various modulations of querulousness, that evidenced that her mother was still recurring to her original theme with apparently undiminished vigor.

She went back into her chamber and closed the door. Evidently there was nothing to be gained in that quarter. Her father had his hands full while he was in the house, and it did not even suggest itself to her to seek her mother's confidence. And yet she still felt the longing for some one to go to with her trouble, and the feminine desire for comfort and support. If Harry would only come! But then, she had just determined to keep him at a distance. Finally her thoughts settled on Mrs. Butterfield as one who would give her counsel. She knew that Mrs. Butterfield had a warm corner for her in her heart, and that she had displayed no little interest at various times in Tom himself. To whom, then, could she more fitly take her troubles than to Mrs. Butterfield?

Her resources were so slender that it did not take her long to make up her mind. She got up from the lounge, straightened her dress, paused before the glass to arrange her hair, and pat her eyes with her handkerchief; and smiled at herself, in a watery way, to see how far she could hide the traces of her tears by this device, before going out onto the street. Slipping on her cloak and hat, she went quietly down-stairs, and passed out of the house without attracting her mother's attention.

But as she neared her objective destination, she walked slower and become less confident. It was not a pleasant thing—this she had come to tell Mrs. Butterfield. It made her cheeks burn even to think of Tom's disgrace, and she questioned in her mind whether it was really right for her to make this thing known outside the family. But her indecision conquered, and she finally went into the house. There was no one but Mrs. Butterfield at home, and she, not expecting company at that hour, was just preparing to do a little sweeping, when Maud's coming interrupted her. She had barely time to whisk things into order when she recognized her visitor.

"O, it's you, is it?" she said laughing. "If I'd known who it was I wouldn't have hid my broom. One has to pretend not to do anything in San Francisco, or people wouldn't think you were fashionable. I guess I won't finish it now, though. Come up-stairs, and I can talk to you while I do up my work there."

If it had been hard for Maud to think of telling Mrs. Butterfield before, the difficulty

now seemed redoubled. The little woman rattled on impulsively as usual, and Maud found herself discussing all sorts of things, without apparent opportunity to broach the real subject of her visit. The two families were on such terms of intimacy that her running in in this way excited no comment on Mrs. Butterfield's part, till, noticing a somewhat unusual quietness in her guest, and perhaps a little of the wistful inquiry in her eyes, she stopped suddenly, and said a little more earnestly:

"What 'it it, Maud? Did you want to ask me anything?"

Maud looked at her tremblingly but in silence, and her lips began to quiver. Mrs. Butterfield put her arm around her, and drew her down on the edge of the bed. They were both so interested that they did not hear the street door open and a slow step come up the stairs.

"Tell me all about it, Maud," said Mrs. Butterfield.

"There isn't much to tell, Dollie—only I wanted to talk to you about Tom. I—he has got into a little trouble, and I felt somehow that I could talk to you about it more freely than I could to papa or mamma. Mamma is so nervous, you know, and papa—well, Dollie, he's a man, and don't understand."

The slow footsteps came nearer, the carpet deadening their sound. At the chamber door they stopped, and their author stood looking into the room. It was Mr. Butterfield. The two women had their backs toward him, and did not notice him. For the moment he stood bewildered. He had expected to find Mrs. Butterfield alone, and Maud's presence discomfited him. Then he caught Tom's name as the women talked. It startled him into activity. Stepping quietly back, he ensconced himself behind the half-opened door, and bending forward with his ear turned to the crack, began to listen attentively to what was said within.

WARREN CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AN EASTER WISH.

Two flowers are of all most richly blessed,
In deeper meaning clad than all beside:
The sacred bloom whose snowy petals hide
A heart so pure that there, a willing guest,
The Holy Dove sits brooding on its nest;
And that fair emblem of the Crucified,
That wears the halo, and the mocking pride
Of purple, shows the thorny crown that pressed
His brow, the nails that tore his hands and feet,
The cruel hammers, and the blood-drops poured
From side and limb. May both these flowers meet
A likeness, friend, in thee—the Dove accord
The perfect peace, and all thy life be sweet
With faithful service for thy Risen Lord.

CHARLES S. GREENE.

A NOTABLE ESCAPE.

Less than twenty years ago the name and enterprise of Ridgeley Greathouse, or "Ridge," as he was familiarly called, constituted subjects of much public attention throughout this coast, and became the topic of more than ordinary interest upon the Atlantic side during the hight of the war period, on account of his desperate and disloyal designs, and the action of the Government at Washington, together with his own extraordinary escape from its clutches. He had, in conjunction with others as bold and disloyal as himself, or as desperate, engaged in a well-planned conspiracy to put afloat upon the Pacific Ocean, to prey upon American commerce and commit depredation upon the high seas, one or more cruisers, commissioned as were the Confederate Sumter and Florida, and the more famous Alabama; he had, in common with two of his fellow-conspirators, been betrayed and informed upon by two others of the number, and with them arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment and heavy fines; had, equally with one of these, been released by order of the United States District Court of California, after having served only a few months of his sentence, upon the general pardoning proclamation of President Lincoln—the other having been sooner granted a special pardon by the President, through the interposition of powerful friends in England; but he had been subsequently, and alone of the three, rearrested, conveyed East in double irons, under military guard, from this State, and lodged in the strong and dreaded Government war-prison of Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor, from which it was his remarkable fortune and curious distinction, out of the large number confined in those dungeons during the war, to have made his escape, and his way out of the country beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal authority, although proclaimed, hunted, and, with a large reward upon his head, everywhere advertised and watched for. It was in this manner, and for these exploits, that he became an object of uncommon public interest, and in such wise distinguished.

Ridgeley Greathouse was of Virginia and Kentucky stock, the younger of three brothers of the name once widely and favorably known in northern California, southern Oregon, and in the eastern portion of Washington Territory and in southern Idaho, as very successful business men, packers, traders, stage-owners, mail-contractors, and bankers. His elder brothers, Henry and George Greathouse, had preceded Ridge to this coast, and earned the reputation of shrewd, acute, active, enterprising, thorough, sound, solid, and honorable men in every calling they engaged in. Years of unvarying success and sagacity in their various enterprises and pursuits, with careful accumulation of profits and earnings, had made them comparatively wealthy, and established them as trustworthy men in every business relation. They were as prompt and as conscientious in the performance of every obligation as they were cautious and studious in their manifold transactions. Their success induced Ridge also to seek his fortune upon this coast, and few young men ever came to it equally or better qualified. He was naturally bright, and of quick, comprehensive intellect, with a frank, manly, prepossessing face, and singularly winning manners. His clear-cut, handsome features, beaming with the sparkle of his lustrous, large blue eyes, and the firm set of his finely formed mouth and chin, betokened intelligence and pluck, while the symmetry of his form, and his grace of action combined, wrought that elegance of appearance and that charm of person which so readily attract and captivate to win acquaintance and mold warm friendship. To these endowments of nature

he added the cultivated qualtities of an accomplished gentleman, and in every society and among every class he possessed the happy faculty of adapting himself to the surroundings and circumstances; so that wherever he happened, or with whomsoever, he was equally at home and agreeably regarded. But it was as business man that he excelled. Keen, bold, and gifted with the ability to instantly perceive and adroitly grasp whatever of advantage there was in a proposition or bargain, he had also the cunning and judgment, and the determination or daring, to push forward or drive through, to the utmost limit of accomplishment, any project or undertaking he embarked in, without apparent care of risk by money loss or fear of personal consequences.

Before the breaking out of the Civil War, the brothers had established a banking house in Yreka, of which George was the nominal head and resident manager. Ridge was associated with him in conducting the business, and Henry gave his time and attention more to staging and other outside operations. It was peculiar of the brothers that, although they were each and all so prompt and careful and exact in their business matters with others, between themselves their money capital was as common stock—free to the one and the other at pleasure, without accountability further than the mere memorandum to show the draft; and similarly were all their possessions and profits regarded in common. No misunderstanding, dispute, or quarrel ever occurred between them; and in the event of a losing investment by either, the loss was sustained without captious remark or cavil by the other brothers. In this fraternal spirit of kindliness and forbearance their business transactions had always been conducted. A chief source of profit in the banking business was the purchase of gold-dust in Yreka and its transportation to San Francisco, which generally included insurance charges. Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s express was the only organization which engaged in the transportation of treasure; and though the charges, with insurance added, were comparatively low, in the carrying of considerable amounts there could be saved, or made as profit, a very handsome percentage. But it was very hazardous to send or carry gold-dust or coin by any other means, because of the danger of robbery by highwaymen, or "road agents," who infested every road and trail, and with their accomplices or pals in the various towns and mining camps, maintained sharp watch of every large shipment. Bent on securing this large aggregate profit to the bank, Ridge Greathouse resolved to pay no tribute to Wells, Fargo, & Co., but to add it to the banking account of profit and loss. Accordingly, he regularly carried the treasure himself—gold-dust and coin—to and from San Francisco during the years he continued in banking. These long, tedious, and perilous trips were made through the wild and sparsely inhabited country between Yreka and Red Bluff, by the old stage route or pack-trails over Scott and Trinity mountains, the rough Shasta region, and sometimes by the more lonely and equally dangerous route direct to Red Bluff, upon which the hostile Indians in earlier years attacked the stage and murdered the driver. Every mile of the entire distance—above two hundred miles—was beset with deadly peril, as well from Indians as from highwaymen; yet Ridge Greathouse, either on his own riding animal alone, with treasure bags, or driving also a pack animal laden with the precious cargo, always braved the journey, and though often watched and followed or waylaid by those bent on robbing or murdering him, he invariably pushed through safe and unharmed, notwithstanding some hairbreadth adventures, desperate encounters, and almost miraculous escapes. His immunity from harm on these hazardous trips begat in him a fearlessness of every danger, and a disposition to court or incur risks that would have warned or appalled others fully as brave or as reckless. He grew to such condition of implicit confidence in his own ability to overcome difficulty and danger alike, that he at last became possessed of the conviction that to him indeed the consummation of the heroic sentiment which Bulwer

puts into the mouth of Richelieu—"There is no such word as fail"—was absolutely assured.

After the war actively opened, the Greathouse brothers retired from banking in Yreka. As born Kentuckians, devoted to their native State, they naturally sympathized with the South, and more or less with the Confederacy. Ridge was more intense and more pronounced in this respect than his elder brothers. Upon retiring from banking, he made a visit East and South; and to enable him to pass through the lines of the hostile armies, he had obtained the official passports of Union and Confederate commanders alike. One of these was given to him by the Confederate General Sterling Price, of Missouri, and as he had many old friends on this coast, as well as sympathizers, Ridge preserved the document to show it here on his return. It subsequently proved the cause or the pretense of the most trying and terrible of his hardships and sufferings. And it is proper here to remark that the story of this passport, and all which now follows, was narrated to the writer by Ridgeley Greathouse himself, in 1868, shortly after his return from Europe, and his trip overland from Texas, with a band of cattle, in company with his younger brother John, who had sickened and died on the way. Ridge then looked an aged man: his light hair turned to gray; his bright, winsome look changed to that of a man bruised in spirit and without heart for the joys of life; his once lithe figure become as one wrecked by miseries beyond nature's power to withstand; his clear, blue eyes worn to leaden hue and haggard expression; his face wrinkled and grooved into deep, hard lines; his cheery tone of voice fallen to a low, gruff monotone; his light, smart step altered to a sluggish, draggling pace; and his glad, inspiring presence and manner past all recall, in the gloomy indifference and the soured and saddened nature which seemed incapable of mirth. Stoned against encouragement, palsied of every enlivening emotion, and almost corpse-like in the passive submission to every condition and situation; utterly regardless of crowds or solitude, as though he no longer recognized the one nor feared or held unwelcome the other; it was the wreck of one who had been alike gifted and favored, but upon whom the world's reverses and acute sufferings had so wrought as to make the life once so prized now barely supportable, the death so dreaded in earlier days the chiefest of boons to be bestowed.

It was on his return to California by the Panama route that Ridgeley Greathouse met and formed the acquaintance of Aubery Harpending and Alfred Rubery. Harpending was a man of adventurous turn, and disposed to warlike life. He had obtained from a Confederate agent at Vera Cruz, Mexico, letters of marque and reprisal, to authorize him in privateering expeditions upon Union shipping in the Pacific, and was on his way to California to raise the means to procure and equip a vessel for the desperate purpose. Rubery was a young Englishman, the son of an English country gentleman who was a warm friend of John Bright and a hearty sympathizer with the Union cause. He had been seduced by Harpending into his privateering scheme, and accompanied him to participate in it. Money was the principal want of the two, and this Greathouse had. During the voyage out, on both oceans, Harpending had so effectively won the confidence of Greathouse, and so aroused his sympathies and excited his passion by depicting his own devotion to the Southern cause and citing the exploits of Moffit and Semmes of the Confederate cruisers on the Atlantic and in the Gulf of Mexico—instancing that even greater prizes were possible and easier of capture in the Pacific, which was barely protected by Union war vessels, and bore richer bottoms; among them the Panama and San Francisco steamships, with their immense treasure of gold-dust and bullion every trip—that before the three reached this port the arrangements for the project had been fully agreed upon between them. Greathouse was to furnish the money, Harpending would take command of the vessel, and Rubery had a part assigned him—the three to share the proceeds in stated

proportions. The schooner Chapman, of New London, fleet, new, and well adapted to the service, was purchased. The war between the native Mexicans and the French invaders under Bazaine, one of the Emperor Napoleon's marshals, was then raging; and under pretense that their design was to aid the cause of Juarez, it was not difficult to procure a suitable vessel and her warlike equipment, with officers and men, in this port. The story of the schooner Chapman and her formidable equipment, which cost above $25,000; of the denouncement of the real purpose of the vessel to the Federal authorities by Law, the captain, and Libby, the mate, employed by Harpending and Greathouse; the capture of the schooner just as she was passing out of the harbor to sea by the Government officers; the immediate arrest of Greathouse, Harpending, and Rubery, and their incarceration in the dungeons of Fort Alcatraz; their trial before the United States Circuit Court, Judges Field and Hoffman, with their conviction upon the testimony of Law and Libby; their sentence and imprisonment, and their subsequent release by special and general pardon;—all this is well enough known to California readers.

It was in October, 1863, they were imprisoned. Rubery was set at liberty in a few weeks. In March, 1864, Harpending and Greathouse were discharged by order of Judge Hoffman. Harpending left the country. Greathouse returned to Yreka to re-engage in business. The pardon or release of the two greatly incensed loyal men throughout the State, and Secretary of War Stanton was enraged at it. He determined to take the law into his own hands to punish Greathouse, as Harpending was beyond his grasp. Accordingly, one night in May, the United States Deputy Marshal selected for the duty, assisted by Major Ed. McGarry of the California Volunteers, formerly Whig State Senator from Napa, by two soldiers, and Robert Baird and Jerome Baird of the Yreka Loyal League, seized Greathouse in Yreka, at an entirely unexpected moment, clapped him in double irons, hurried him away to San Francisco, and again he was put in the dungeons of Alcatraz, there to rest one night, and the next day to be taken aboard the outward-bound steamer for Panama, *en route* for New York and Fort Lafayette, in charge of McGarry and three soldiers. The passport from General Sterling Price, which was found upon Greathouse at the time of his arrest on board the Chapman, was the cause or pretense for this second arrest. He was taken all the way to New York in heavy double irons, and while on the steamers was closely confined in a strong place in the lower portion of the vessel. He experienced very rough treatment. On the arrival of the vessel at New York he was at once conveyed to Fort Lafayette, there delivered to Captain Burke, the commandant, and by him placed in solitary confinement in a small, close cell, outside of which he was never allowed to go during the three months he occupied it, nor was he permitted to speak or hold any kind of communication with any person. His jailer was instructed to observe the strictest silence and severest discipline with him. This rigorous treatment having so visibly affected his health that its continuance was likely to result fatally, he was removed into a casemate cell, in which he had the companionship of a Confederate prisoner named Glassell, and was allowed to take daily exercise upon a parapet wall, adequately guarded. When arrested in Yreka he had just come from the collection of a debt of twelve hundred dollars in gold, and this money he was permitted to keep. Gold was then selling in New York at high rates, and greenbacks could be bought at from forty to forty-five cents on the dollar. Among the prisoners was a New York bounty-jumper named Allen, whose wife was permitted to see him once a week. Through her, Greathouse received word that a prison broker named Airy, who had influence at Washington, could effect his release for a fee of three hundred dollars. He gave the woman the coin to buy currency and pay the fee. In time he found he had been swindled—the fellow was not able to do anything in his behalf. Next

he had recourse to the power of money with his guards. He found one susceptible to its seduction, but he determined to move and act with due circumspection and caution. He found in Mrs. Allen a true and trustworthy friend. At every visit he gave her gold coin, and regularly she brought him greenbacks, until he had exchanged his whole sum of coin. As the weather was insufferably warm, Captain Burke allowed him to procure from New York a suit of seasonable blue flannel and a drab silk cap. His trusty friend Mrs. Allen had so far gained the confidence of the officers and guards that she was no longer subjected to search on her weekly visits, and he got her to procure and smuggle to him a silk cord, long and strong enough to let him down from the wall into the water, some small saws to cut off his irons, and tide tables and charts of the bay and shore lines. He had sewed his currency, now less than a thousand dollars, in the lining of his cap, and with it were several dollars in fractional pieces.

Thus provided for his desperate venture for liberty, he studied upon a plan of action, and chose for the attempt a night in the dark of the moon, when the flood-tide would set in just before midnight. He had observed that the surgeon had become less careful in his daily examination and treatment of him, and he took advantage of this neglect or indifference. He feigned greater exhaustion, and kept to his cell more closely, not even availing himself of the daily allowance of an hour of exercise upon the wall. The day before that on which he had fixed for his attempt, Captain Burke looked in upon him during the morning, and in the afternoon called again, accompanied by the surgeon. As a result of the double visit the guard was directed to carry Greathouse from his cell into the open casemate, and not again to lock him up in the cell at night until so ordered. This new and unexpected turn in his favor resolved Greathouse to defer the attempt no longer, but to make it that very night, as he dreaded that the next day the surgeon might more closely examine him and discover his feigning or the silk cord concealed about his person. Accordingly, at a little past eleven o'clock he dressed himself, fastened on his cap with the chin strap—as to lose it would leave him without a dollar—and crept stealthily upon the wall toward the guard, who was then on duty, and with whom he had arranged matters. Greathouse distinguished him as he stood in the gloom of the night just upon the verge of the wall, rose from his crouching position, and whispered to him for the promised assistance. A movement the fellow made instantly satisfied Greathouse that he intended to betray him. It was the critical moment of success or defeat, of life or death, as he felt it. His action was as prompt as it was desperate. With all his force he pushed the guard from the wall into the water, and then, from a point just around the near jutting angle of the massive wall, plunged in himself, head foremost. He had distinctly heard the splash of the guard as he struck the water, and knew that it would be heard by the guards on the adjoining rounds, who would thereupon give the alarm. As he arose himself to the surface, he heard the quick clattering of feet upon the wall, and in a few moments more, the commotion in the fort. He was a good swimmer, and exerted himself to the utmost of his powers. But suddenly there came the glare of rockets, the illumination of the fort with far-expanding bright lights, the report of guns, and, more to be dreaded, the lowering and manning of boats to start in pursuit of him. He ceased swimming, and floated as motionless as he could float, with his face barely above the water, to breathe. Minutes seemed hours, and he had determined to sink sooner than to be recaptured. He could plainly see the men moving upon the parapet and about the fort, and as the light shone at times full upon his face, he surmised that the officers on the lookout with marine glasses must inevitably discover him. Twice the pursuing parties in boats were close upon him, and once he had resolved to sink, when the nearest boat sheered off in another direction. At length the sound of the rowers died

away in the distance, and soon afterwards the firing and the shooting of rockets ceased. Then the lights disappeared, and he felt relieved; but there were yet many dangers to undergo after he reached the shore, if he should have the strength to reach it alive. He knew that the tide was bearing him upward in the bay, and shoreward; but he had no other knowledge of the region except that which he had derived from the charts. He felt it important to reach the shore before day-dawn, and there were but few miles to swim. Accordingly he swam, and rested by floating, so as not to exhaust his strength, for he might need a good deal of it after he got upon the land. Just before day-break, in the uncertain gray of the morning, he struck the shore in Gowanus Bay, not far from the landing to Greenwood Cemetery. He stripped himself, wrung out his soaked flannel suit and cap, dusted his clothes to look travel-worn, and walked through the rear country around the suburbs of Brooklyn into Williamsburg, where he took the Grand Street ferry to New York. There he found a cheap German boarding-house, and solicited menial employment. He had exchanged his clothes in a second-hand shop for a suit more appropriate to his situation and for protection against detection. He daily saw posters describing himself, and offering heavy reward for his recapture, and read accounts of his escape and advertisements of reward also in the city dailies. After a few days' stay in his low retreat on the East River side, he walked one night over to the North River, and took lodgings in a common boarding-house on West Street.

The next morning he saw some boys about starting to row over the river in a small boat. He asked to go with them, and they consented. Finally he persuaded them to take him to Hoboken, where he treated them to beer, and started to walk to Newark, where he took the night train for Philadelphia, and thence to Pittsburg. At Harrisburg two companies of soldiers got aboard, and he spoke to one of the officers about enlisting. At Pittsburg the officer made him acquainted with others then awaiting orders there. He went thence to Cleveland, and at that point shipped as a deck hand on a steamer going to Detroit. He found it not difficult to cross from that city over to Windsor, in Canada, notwithstanding the strict watch maintained at the time to prevent the escape of fugitives like himself. And now, for the first time since his rearrest in Yreka, nearly six months before, did he draw the sweet breath of liberty, or feel that he was out of the merciless power of the implacable War Secretary. From Canada he wrote to his brothers and a few friends in California, and in due time received drafts for money enough to enable him to go to Europe, and there live comfortably until the close of the war, or till such time as he could return without fear of further trouble or imprisonment. He visited young Rubery in Birmingham, at the paternal home, and was there made an honored guest. After a tour of Europe, which gave him little satisfaction, he sailed for Mexico, and there remained until the General Amnesty Proclamation of President Johnson gave him assurance that he could safely return to the United States. But he made assurance doubly sure, by first writing and ascertaining positively that he would not be molested on his return. He then went to Texas, there bought and gathered together a band of two thousand cattle, and with his brother John and a force of herders, started for Idaho, where his brothers Henry and George were engaged in staging and as mail carriers between all the principal towns and camps on the routes from the Columbia River to the southern portion of the Territory, through Oregon and Washington Territory. He remained in Idaho a few years, passing his time mostly in Idaho City, where he could daily meet and hold pleasant conversation or recount harsh war-time recollections with old friends and ex-Confederates, who had likewise there sought quiet refuge or new business fields, to repair either their health or their fortunes. But at last his brothers disposed of their stage routes and mail contracts to good advantage, and resolved to leave the Territory, George to return

to California, Henry to go back to Texas, which he most preferred. Ridge chose to cast his lot with Henry, and the brothers approved of his decision, as California was no longer a place of cheerful residence for him, and they were determined that he should never more in life be separated from one or other of them. He had still left from the wreck of his once large fortune a fair competency, to suitably maintain him the remainder of his days; but so long as either brother had means all were sure of equal share of the purse always held in common between the three. George was soon afterwards appointed Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s agent at Salt Lake City, a position he ably filled until his death a few years ago. His widow and family are now residents of Santa Rosa, Sonoma County. Henry is a banker in Texas; a man of wonderful powers to resist the encroachments of age and fatigue, shrewd as ever in making money and driving bargains; and he adds cattle and live-stock operations to his banking transactions. Ridge has his home with Henry. He is broken in health, of less buoyant spirit than the gay and dashing "Ridge" of early years, prematurely aged, and wears a haggard and exhausted look. His terrible sufferings, and the unhappy manner of his refugee life during the period of his incarceration and throughout his wanderings as a fugitive in foreign lands, so deeply and perceptibly wrought upon his frame and his nature, that he seems the wasted form and the spiritless presence of his former self. He endures—as a hopeless wreck upon the dismal shore of life—without ambition, by the toughness of the fiber which so distinguished him in early manhood, and that tenacity of purpose which ever characterized his action in the period of his brilliant and successful prime. JAMES O'MEARA.

WATCHING THE SHIPS.

How strange it seems, walled in, secluded so,
So sheltered from the noisy world's unrest,
Looking through feathery treetops to the west,
To see yon stately strangers come and go—
Great ships of traffic, borne from far we know,
Followed and wafted by the self-same breeze
That lightly tossed some crested billow's snow
Three thousand miles away, in foreign seas.
So, hither and thither, just beyond our own,
Great souls, like stately ships, as fair to view,
So near, yet ever to remain unknown,
Our ports of daily life are passing through;
And we, in peaceful shelter, softly pray:
"Fair ships—brave souls—God speed thee on thy way!"

S. E. ANDERSON.

THE LONDON NEWSPAPER.

One of the incidents in that extraordinary but unintentional farce which Sardou designed to satirize American manners was the arrival of a Hudson River steamer in New York. No sooner had she touched the pier than an army of newsboys rushed on board her, and a minute afterwards every passenger was provided with a newspaper, which he read with extreme intentness, and, of course, with his legs high in the air, quite regardless of the necessity and cares of disembarkation. It was almost the only incident in the silly play possessing that essential grain of truth which vitalizes parody. The Americans undoubtedly are inveterate and insatiable newspaper readers, and nothing strikes a visitor from abroad more than the sight which meets him in the hall and portico of his hotel after breakfast, when every man is screened behind his morning paper. The impression left on his mind, in the imaginative state which new experiences create, is of a long, white card of paper extending along the sides of the apartment, like a frieze, with bebooted extremities in the same continuity below it, like a dado; that is, of course, the mental picture produced by the inexact observation with which even intelligent and conscientious visitors satisfy themselves on their arrival. When this appetite is left unsatisfied through a sea voyage, for instance, the avidity with which gratification is sought at the first opportunity shows how great the deprivation has been; though if the voyage has taken them out of their own country into a new one, the pabulum which Americans obtain is apt to sadly disappoint them.

You see them at Queenstown or at Plymouth. The newsman who comes off in the tender to meet the inward-bound steamer from America finds his best customers among them, and they buy up his stock at a premium which an Englishman would not dream of paying. In going up the channel to Liverpool not long ago, we had among us a member of the staff of the Associated Press, who provided himself at Queenstown with copies of all the London papers the vehement little newsman brought on board, and then wrapped himself up in his rugs and sat down, with a sybaritic look of pleasurable expectation, to examine his purchases. One after another was abondoned discontentedly, and the pleasure was banished from his face by an expression of dejection. "There's nothing in them," he said wearily; and that, from an American point of view, is, we think, a general opinion.

The American searches a London paper in vain for those graduated paragraphs which increase from a line at the head of the column to a dozen or more lines at the bottom, and which increase in interest and piquancy also; for the summarizing headings and subheadings which divide the contents into digestible and easily-disposed-of chapters; for the scraps of imformation extracted from the magazines and reviews, and the fugitive witticisms with a distinctly indigenous flavor; and for the smart and often reckless personalities which season the literary compound to which he is accustomed, and relieves it of the didactic and forbiddingly serious character of its English contemporary. When he is better acquainted with London, he discovers that the taste there is much the same as it is in New York or Philadelphia; that there is as much love of variety, as much indulgence in personalities, and as much straining for sensational and picturesque description as there is in the barbarian world across the sea. The average English reader likes those things, but he has to go to half a dozen different sources, and pay a considerable sum for them. Providing himself with reading for a journey, he buys the "Times," perhaps, for its political comments, the "Telegraph"

for its descriptive articles, the "Saturday" for its essays and reviews, "Punch" for the mere possibility of an amusing thing, and "Truth" or the "World" for its personalities. He sips at all, and reads none through. The American gets the controversial editorial, the telegraphic dispatches, the graphic descriptive article, the literary review, the social essay, the *facetiæ*, and the personal intelligence in one paper, which he reads from end to end, and for which he pays two, three, four, or, at the most, five cents.

The London morning or evening newspaper in itself is singularly narrow and incomplete. Of course we can only measure a thing fairly by taking into account what it proposes to be, and the success with which it fulfills its purpose. The vivacious editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" once set up that cheery little newspaper as an example to London editors, and it undoubtedly contains many things which might be imitated in London; but the newspaper of that city does not pretend to be as "spicy," as varied in its contents, or as frolicsome in its comments as the "Courier-Journal," and we fancy that its readers would not wish it to be so. After all, the English are heavy; and dinner off the everlasting joint is a leading idea with them, which shapes their taste in many other matters. The prospectus of a new journal, designed to be brief and paragraphic, saucily says: "Our newspapers have got their wheels into ruts, they rumble along ponderously, one after the other, like a procession of omibuses, from a given point to a given point, always taking the same route, and moving always at the same pace." It may be said that it is not their purpose to amuse; that their mission is one of enlightenment. But the "Times" and other great dailies, at least, profess to give the news with due accuracy, dispatch, and fullness, and there is no commercial obstacle to their doing so.

All of them are rich properties, yielding more than handsome profits. The "Times" is in a position to ignore the consideration of cost, and it has opportunities for the collection of news such as are possessed by no other paper in the world. Where the representative of any of its contemporaries would apply in vain, the correspondent of the "Times" is received courteously, and favored with ambassadorial confidence, and admitted into the arcana of the most despotic governments. Is there a military expedition from which the other papers are excluded, the "Times" is privileged to send its commissioner. Should a minister wish to give publicity to any idea of his cabinet, he chooses the "Times" as the medium; and so every Englishman who has information to impart, whether it is a suspicion of trichinosis lurking in his cutlet, or an account of the wiles of continental inn-keepers, or still more novel and valuable matter, he prefers this paper to all others. The confidence in the "Times" which exists is not because the circulation of that journal is large, but because of its reputation for integrity and discretion. Its integrity is greater than its perspicacity; and its discretion, than its enterprise.

Neither the "Telegraph," the "Daily News," nor the "Standard" has the same facilities for obtaining information as the "Times"; but all of them are so successful that their defects cannot be excused on pecuniary grounds. The "Telegraph" has publicly proved its circulation to be over 220,000, the "Standard" probably prints not less than 200,000, and the "News" 130,000. The "Times" circulates only about 70,000 copies; but the price of it is three pence, or six cents, while the others charge a penny, or two cents. The advertising patronage is large. The "Telegraph" usually has about thirty-eight columns of advertisements, containing nearly double the number of words in a column of the "New York Herald" or the "Philadelphia Press," and the charge per line is high. Nor are the salaries paid to the editors insufficient to procure ability. They are quite as good as those paid in New York. A subeditor receives about £500 a year; an accomplished "leader" writer from £750 to £1,000; and the editor in chief from £1,500 to £2,000 or more. A special correspondent who has once distinguished

himself by daring exploits in the battle-field commands scarcely less than the "chief" himself. As a rule, too, the members of the staff are all men of fine education.

But taking into account the circumstances which necessitate a difference between the London press and the press of New York, and giving the former credit for the caution exercised in verifying the information brought to it, for its anxiety to avoid exaggeration, and for its scrupulous desire to limit itself to what may be called legitimate subjects, it remains to be said that, compared with the New York papers, those of the English metropolis do not know what news is nor how to collect it, what a perishable article it is, and how much its value depends on its instantaneousness. News-gathering in London is an accident, or at the best a formal, protracted, semi-official process. In New York, and indeed in the United States generally, it is often an inspiration, and always a science, which requires the greatest foresight, diligence, and a peculiar class of abilities in its practitioners.

In one field only do the London papers show the spirit and brilliancy of American journalism. Their war correspondence is usually excellent, and they do not spare money or effort to secure the fullest news, and set it forth at the earliest moment. The competition among them for information of this sort has brought to the front a small number of men who possess the journalistic instincts and talents in a degree which has never been surpassed. They write fluently and graphically, speak a dozen languages, and are capable of acquiring others on the shortest notice. They have the preciseness which leads them to the scene of every crisis, and the courage which sustains a calmness of mind amid the thunder of battle. When a man has all that should make the world precious to him, and him precious to the world; when he has an iron physique, unfailing intrepidity, abundant health, and the self-denial which contents him with all sorts of hardships—he is fit to be a special correspondent, provided, of course, that he not only has the literary faculty, but is capable of exercising it lying in a trench, after thirty-six continuous hours in the saddle, or seated on a bowlder in a mountain pass, with the thermometer below zero. There is an idea among some people that the special correspondent always chooses a safe point for his observations, and that under no circumstances does he put himself in the way of danger if he can possibly avoid it. There are a few such men who take more care of themselves than of their newspapers, and who remain on the field only until the battle begins, when a fine sense of duty discovers to them the fact that they have business elsewhere. We are not writing about those who never become valuable to their employers, or achieve what Forbes achieved at Ulundi, or, more recently, the correspondent of the "Standard" at Majuba Hill. A special correspondent must be a man of supreme courage to succeed in the service of a London newspaper. He must, as Forbes once vigorously put it to the writer of this article, "care more for his employer's interest and his own reputation than for his miserable carcass." It is essential that the soldiers and officers should have respect for him. If that "miserable carcass" is too precious, and he seeks to preserve it, he can get no help from them; but if he gallantly plunges into the van, his behavior is more talked about than that of any other man in the field. Forbes, who confesses that he has never yet entered an engagement without a shiver, and who writes out his notes in the field with the greatest care, in order to keep his mind off the danger, has won his reputation by keeping well to the front, which is the only place for the successful war correspondent.

Of about half a dozen men who since the Franco-Prussian war have shown the almost superhuman requisites of this difficult sort of journalism in which alone the London paper shines, two have been Americans. Poor McGahan was for a long time Forbes's lieutenant, and not inferior to him in his devotion to the interests of his paper, his fearlessness, his activity, his perseverance, and his endurance. His early death, which he had often escaped almost miraculously in

other forms, came to him with fever in Constantinople, a year or two ago. The other American is F. W. Millet, who, while his constitution is still unimpaired, has renounced journalism for art, though his career has been so brilliant in the former pursuit that he is not likely to easily alienate himself from it. It is not many years since, that he went abroad to study art. Soon afterwards came the news that he had captured prize after prize, and stood first among all of his fellow-students. The pictures which he occasionally sent to the American exhibitions proved his success to be well merited. Then during the Turco-Russian war we heard of a new correspondent attached to the London "Daily News," who was doing all sort of gallant things, and had been decorated by the Czar; who was enduring the privations of winter in the Balkans, and writing the most graphic descriptions when no shelter was near, and the weather was so cold that he had to thaw his ink under his armpit. This new man was venturing where no one else would go, and moving from place to place with a smaller outfit than any other correspondent possessed. He had made himself such a favorite in the Russian camps that special sources of information were opened to him, and this advantage increased the value and interest of his dispatches, which were all vivid and well written. It was Millet, who had quietly left his art for a time to devote himself to journalism, the "first love" he cultivated when, after his graduation from Harvard some twelve years ago, he worked with us on the staff of the "Boston Journal." Millet is one of the most striking and promising of the younger school of American painters; but painters are not scarce, and a year's war sometimes fails to develop one man possessing the qualites which make an efficient correspondent, and with which this versatile young American is pre-eminently endowed.

Admirable in this one feature, it is anomalous how slow and indifferent the London newspapers are in the treatment of matters of local and general interest, how unsystematic they are, and how unprepared to cope with any unexpected event. They report parliamentary and other meetings with great detail. Anything of which they are forewarned—the University boat-race, the Derby, a royal procession, or a military demonstration, for instance—they describe with sufficient fullness and scrupulous accuracy. But when anything unforeseen occurs, the defectiveness of their organization is revealed, and they show what, to a man trained in the best American newspaper offices, seems a pitiable blindness to the urgency of the occasion, and none of that readiness in every emergency which is the life and nerve of American journalism.

On the morning following the sinking of the steamer Princess Alice, with about six hundred persons, not one of the London papers had a consistent or full account of the disaster, though it occurred at about eight o'clock on the previous evening, at a place not ten miles from London Bridge. Such an accident occurring under the same circumstances near New York would have been described with the minuteness and fullness its gravity deserved on the following morning. Instead of the column or column and a half which the "Times" gave to it. The "Herald," the "Tribune," the "Times," or the "World" would have given a page or more, and would have had a score of men co-operating on the spot within an hour of the receipt of the first word, each men working in some particular direction, and not repeating the others. It took the London papers two days to prepare an adequate narrative; and considering their hap-hazard, unmethodic ways of collecting news, this was doing unusually well.

They not only lack organization, but they often show a strange and lamentable dullness in estimating the relative value of news. Some time last summer an Atlantic liner foundered at sea, and the only account of it published was contained in about a dozen lines—the brief telegraphic dispatch, without any elucidation or addition. In New York this dispatch would have been supplemented by a description of the vessel and her cargo, her history, the names of the

crew, and the statement of the agents. No effort was made by the London editor to increase the meager imformation which came to him; he did not conceive that to be part of his business: his duty was simply to put a head-line to it and punctuate it. But while this dispatch, insufficient and inconspicuous as it must have been in any position, was put in small type at the bottom of an out-of-the-way column, another telegram of the same length relating some escapade of the notorious *comedienne* of the Theâtrè Français was honored with "long-primer," and a place in the middle of the page. The disposition of the two dispatches in this way was not because the editor wished to satisfy any prurient curiosity in his readers by the personality, but because he probably did not understand that the wreck of a big steamer is a piece of news in which all the public were likely to be interested. This is not an exceptional instance.

The same obtuseness is quite common, and it was strongly displayed last winter when the steamer Bohemian, bound from Boston to Liverpool, struck the rocks near Fastnet and went down, with many of her crew, almost immediately. The London papers were again content with a telegram of a few lines, and the survivors were allowed to reach Queenstown and remain there several days, and then to proceed to Liverpool, before any reporter met them to learn the details of the disaster from them. At Liverpool a few particulars were obtained from them, but it was at the Board of Trade inquiry, some two weeks later, that the thrilling narratives of the ship steaming at full speed in the fog against the cliffs were elicited. The earliest notification of such a disaster in New York would call representatives of every paper to the scene, and the probability is that they would be anticipated by some local news-gather whose occasional services had been bespoken in view of the possibility of such an accident. At well-ascertained points where some news is *sure* to accrue, the London newspapers have their representatives; but the reporters and correspondents of the New York newspapers are omnipresent and ever on the alert, even where occurrences of public interest are not at all likely.

The "city department" of a New York paper employs a staff of about thirty men, whose business it is to look after local matters; and the sleeplessness, the watchfulness, and the preparedness of American journalism, the completeness of its system and the thoroughness of its operations, have no better example than this. The reporters are placed not only in official quarters—at police stations, fire stations, municipal offices, civil and criminal courts, and other points where more or less news is always obtainable: their scruting and inquiries cover the whole city. They do not wait for imformation to be given to them, or for official disclosures. They investigate for themselves, and very few things indeed escape their vigilance, or are considered unworthy of their attention, or not legitimate subjects for their supervision. Sometimes their curiosity is excessive and impertinent, and their pertinacity misapplied. In the past this was much more commonly the case than it is now. But the effect of their inquisitiveness is generally of some public benefit, and though they occasionally meddle with private affairs, on the whole they (more than any other journalists in the world) are conservators of public morality and guardians of official integrity. The reporters of the London papers are usually stenographers, whose work is limited to public meetings, Parliament, and the courts. In addition to these, there are writers of special descriptive articles which cannot usually be designated as news matter. But the costly and elaborate arrangements made in New York for encompassing every incident, by flood and field, have no counterparts in London. The various unannounced happenings which often comprise the most exciting news are left to the ubiquitous "free-lance," or some so-called association or agency which very imperfectly supplies local news in "manifold"—the one account being sent to all subscribing papers. There are similar agencies, and large numbers of unsalaried

men in New York, who earn a living by chance paragraphs, but they are only used there as supplemental to the regular staff; while in London all contingencies are left to them. The London paper loftily claims to be national, not local; but while it omits altogether or gives but an incomplete account of a great disaster, it devotes a column or more daily to the commonplace and some scandalous details of the minor police courts.

Outside of local matters it is also incomplete. Certain of the booksellers in Paternoster Row do a large trade in pamphlets on current matters of interest which would be exhaustively treated in America, where, in consequence, there is no similar trade; but which in London are handled in such a way that there is always an inquiry for the pamphleteer. Thus a new cabinet is formed, and he finds opportunity in a biography of the ministers; a war in Afganistan gives interest to a six-penny *brochure* on that country; the *debut* of a famous actress creates a public desire for some information as to her life, which he satisfies in a little volume; and the obstruction in Parliament affords him a subject for a score of pages on the operations of the *clôture*. These things are very briefly touched upon by the London papers, but in New York, or any other large American city, they would be included with the news; they would be an essential part of that wonderful "spread" in which all well-conducted American newspapers concentrate their energy, and with which they focus the supreme interest of the moment.

One word may be said in extenuation of the deficient information given by the London papers. Any one applied to in the United States yields all he knows to the reporter, as a matter of fact, feeling it to be more or less of a duty upon which the maintenance of a national institution depends. He gives his time freely, allows himself to be examined and cross-questioned at the greatest length, and very often opens his cigar-box and his decanter to his indefatigible interrogator; whereas, in England, unless the applicant for information is distinguished, or has some special recommendation, he would not think of asking an official for any lengthy information, nor would an official think of giving it to him.

As to the English in which the London paper is written: we have never listened to a controversy on the relative merits of the press in England and the United States which has not always evoked an admission, always by the American side, that the literary style of the "Times," the "Daily News," and the "Telegraph" is much purer than that of the papers in New York. The admission is a long-settled conviction in England, where both magazines and newspapers show a fondness for repeating abroad quotations from American journals, such as the following description of a fire, which is attributed to an American penny-a-liner:

> "About this instant of time the rear wall of the back edifice came down clash, with a stunning crash which shook 'all natur' in the neighborhood; and the fire-fiend, grinning with malignant glee, kicked his heels about the rear portion of the stores and clerk's offices adjoining the deflagrating structures."

We wonder in which little settlement between Bangor and Battle Mountain such a paragraph became current, and what editor-compositor-agent-publisher had exuberance enough, with all his easily imagined griefs, to write it; but we doubt more than we wonder that it ever appeared at all, for it has the touch of the cockney humorist, who portrays the miners of the Far West from the reflection left in his mind of Bret Harte's vigorous stories. We do not deny, however, that the style of the London paper is more cogent and more finished than that of the "Herald," or any of the New York papers; and we only wish the reader who is uninformed in the matter to understand that the inelegance and extravagance which may grieve him in his own paper sometimes are exhibited in the London papers. Without selection, we just now take from a file a copy of the London "Telegraph." It contains, among other news, a Berlin letter from "our special correspondent," descriptive of a debate in the Reichstag, and it tells us that, though the legislative session was opened on a "fine, sunny day," a redundant expression with which its

faults begin, "the weather became very bad as the week wore on"—a fact of no great meteorological importance, which nevertheless gives the correspondent an opportunity for "picturesque writing" of the following description:

"The skies lost their luster and gradually darkened. The soft Indian-summer breeze grew chill, and took to moaning dismally. Clouds gathered over Berlin, heavy with rain and edged with lurid tints symptomatic of the electric fires hidden within their gray and murky folds."

How much more satisfactory reading the clouds would have made had they simply been lurid with signs of lightning! But the tawdry stuff which we have quoted is an example of the style which finds acceptance on at least one London newspaper. The fire-fiend grinning with malignant glee, is absurd, and was likely written with a consciousness of its preposterousness; but the "lurid tints symptomatic," etc., are vulgarly pretentious, and no man to whom his mother-tongue is precious could find it in his heart to write such nonsense.

The London papers have much to recommend them, however. They are honest, serious, independent, and untainted with the suspicion of venality. Many of their editorials are written with simple grace and deep thoughtfulness. Still, though we admire them, we cannot say that they are interesting. One may read them as a matter of duty; but for amusement, never.

William H. Rideing.

CALIFORNIA APRILS.

The winsome April days are almost here. After February's cold—unusual for this balmy climate—March brought warmth, sunlight, and hosts of flowers upon the southern slopes of the Coast Range. Those who love wild blossoms as they should, in spirit and in truth, for themselves, and without logical reasons, find always a rare delight in the first one of any favorite flower, and begin to search for it with hope and ardor long before there seems the faintest chance of its discovery. Yet in the California hills such faith not seldom is richly rewarded. No matter how unpropitious the season may appear, stray flowers bloom in places hid from the profane, and have shrines found not by careless feet. At spring-moistened bases of vast masses of rock which jut like giant fortresses from the sides of steep ravines, one will often find buttercups, and dozens of other spring flowers, two months before they become common and multitudinous over broad pasture lands, and in the lush grass by the woodsides: beautiful always, to be sure, but never quite as charming as was the first of the season, found by one's self after long and dubious quest.

Happy thou, young seeker for these earliest fern leaves and nemophila flowers, if there be indeed, in some place not to thee unknown, nor ever quite out of memory, a glad face and sweet look to welcome thy treasures and thee; to listen smilingly to the narration of how you climbed the Berkeley hills in the sunlit afternoon of latest January, finding not even a mustard bloom in sight; and how you brought all your flower-craft to bear on the subject, skirting the southern borders of the tree-fringes along the ravines, peering into oak openings, and examining the nooks between the rocks, the sharp, sheltering turns of the gulches, the bases of ancient landslips, and the steep head of each cañon; and how, turning aside, led by some subtle instinct of yours, or by the fine attraction of the flower itself, you found, where no one else would think of looking for it, that hand's breadth of spring perfection, which you tried to keep in all its charm—a maiden's-hair fern cluster, crimple-leaved and graceful, with white blooms of wild strawberry peeping out from underneath. But it is already a long story. You will have to shorten the tale of

the afternoon's search and discoveries, and call for a vase, tall, shapely, graceful, and unobtrusive, that leaf, bud, and blossom may be arranged by deft and tuneful fingers.

All this, however, is only a might-be reminiscence—a possible imagination of California Januaries long past and nearly forgotten; for two whole months have made bloom, rapture, and mirth in dell and forest since. So, because we have fallen on other times, let us consider the full meaning of happy April in this our realm. In January, though the long slopes under foot are sweet and elastic with tufted grass, yet there is too much cold and chilly damp to warrant any successful picnicking and rambling, gossipy explorations. If you wish for blossoms, you go out in adventurous mood: you return muddy-booted and moist. But April is quite another affair, and holds a sweeter fascination. If you know the right sort of people, and they are duly gracious, and if the fates are kind—this being supposed to mean the folks who put up lunches for the party—you may, perhaps, find so much healthy happiness in a day under the redwoods or on the hills as to wish that life might flow on thus forever.

April, in English poetry, is the changeful, coquettish month of earliest blossoms; but in California, it is the first sweet flush of roses, the farewell smile of lilacs and spireas. By this time the gates of the garden world are flung wide open. It is the season for wandering on the grass-green slopes, purple with dodecatheons, brown and golden with nodding violets, snow-white with earliest gillias, blue with the heavenly azure of the mountain children's pet nemophilas. It is the season for reawakening botanical ardors, and the commencement of many amateur collections of flowers, ferns, butterflies, and outdoor curiosities, whose gathering leads one into the fields and ravines, breaks the chains of habits and the bonds of dull routine, brings back the merry dreams of childhood, and gives to tired ones the sunlight's royal chrism, the day-break's virgin glow, and tints of opal, beryl, and amethyst, seen at sunset along the slopes of Tamalpais.

April in California may be named by many names and painted in many pictures. Through the southern counties, and in fertile, sheltered vales of the central and northern portions of our State, it is Nature's fairest holiday and cheeriest season. The May and June of the Atlantic States mingle their varied charms, and brew the secret of their spells in one delicious cup. Yet through this month such rivers as the Merced, Mariposa, Calaveras, and Chowchilla flow along the borders of the lowlands, full to the brim with melted snow from the cloudy walls of the east, the realm of primeval rocks above the region of pines, where only the scarlet snow-plant blooms, and that, not until July. The orchardist on these lowland ranches may stand in the midst of his pink-blossomed apple-trees and watch the mountain rivers hurrying past his farm, wild torrents in the afternoon, but easy to cross at day-break. California Aprils are crowded with such contrasts. Farmers are sowing wheat and planting potatoes on moist lands. Not twenty miles distant are fields where the emerald barley heads are bursting their delicate sheaths, and spring-time birds have already built in the fragrant maples. In the northern coast region many roads are still muddy and hard to travel. Towards the south they were dusty long ago. Along the warmer belts of the foothills the charm of wild flowers is now at its prime. Higher up the ridges new grass blades begin to pierce the earth, and scarlet oak leaves unfold, and it is an Eastern April, that the modest mountain children, going by with their school books, can tell you about.

And April days in California have other and not so pleasing aspects. To some of our rural friends they are apt to bring regrets, and even sorrow. Now is the time when the lazy man, who has planted no garden, and has neglected his peas without excuse, and has failed to sow his peppers and serenely tend his doubtfully fragrant tomatoes, begins to feel the stings of conscience and the premonitory pangs of retribution. It serves him right. Plenty of people warned him, months ago, that April

was coming, and pea blossoms would swell into fair, round pods, turnips wax large, beet leaves grow purple, and the whole garden become a dividend-paying institution. Unhappy, gardenless, dilatory, and somewhat envious householder, go out and take note of these omissions. Make horticultural resolutions of scope and dignity for another season, buy your vegetables, haggle with the basket-laden Chinaman. Write your neighbor down as wise in his generation, and take what comfort you may from lawn and flower garden. If therein are roses white, creamy, pink, crimson, scarlet, in nameless combinations, all your vegetarian peccadilloes are no more remembered. Willful, playful, happy-hearted April smiles, chides, and forgives. But if you, sir, have a roof to shelter you, a margin of land about it, a pair of hands, and any daylight or moonlight at your disposal, and yet cultivate no flowers; no sweet-brier by the door of your cottage to give fragrant sprays for your button-hole, that all men many envy you with genial, generous envy; no passion vine to clamber up lattice and porch till its royal purples say good morning at your bedroom window, when the east begins to glow with rosy dawn; no loving forget-me-nots growing under leaves of lilies, freighted with sweetest meaning for lovers, and immemorial grace for friends—then, indeed, you have no part in this royal April, and in none of your moods discover her guarded secrets. You build here in our beautiful blossom-land, but you are a stranger, and of alien spirit; you miss that fine charm which is not in food, nor raiment, nor glittering equipages; so the shadows lengthen, and the zest has gone from your life. Ah! if you could but learn a wiser lesson, and make, as it were, a lyric-like poem of a garden about your home, to fold it in, as the glorious Easter lilies border the sacred texts on the pages of ancient missals, whose richly illuminated leaves are the results of painstaking labor and beautiful devotion.

Yet even the gardenless man might well forget his misery if he could yield himself to the pleasures and absurdities of April picnicking, with a chosen few, on the slopes of San Mateo, Alameda, or Marin, each of these districts affording many delightful nooks from which to choose, and easy ways of reaching them. What if you chance to go where the signs of revel and former lunches are found: a little further, and you shall find untrampled grass and unroiled brooks, and silence that at your peril you break except with innocent mirth and right royal jubilance. Picnics are no places for gossip nor petulance. Large-hearted sympathies and placid unselfishness should reign supreme. For one day we are to live as poetry would have us believe all humanity did in Arcadian ages; before we start on our merry jaunt we are to steep ourselves in the very spirit of the pastorals, gathering into our deepest natures the lovely sunshine and unaffected melody of the Elizabethan outdoor verse. If one might in such mood approach these too brief hours of communion with the world of spring-time, they would assuredly prove of almost ideal beauty; therein, in those brimful moments of the luminous day, in the heart of sunny April, the glorious pulse of Lowell's gleaming lines would be distilled, as when for instance, he says:

"The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice;
And there's never a leaf nor a bud too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

. . . . . .

"Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it.
We are happy now because God wills it."

This was written for New England's June, but fits marvelously the ways of California Aprils, when balm and spice of redwood boughs begin their wooing, and maple buds open, and the first columbine nods its coquettish blossoms in gay defiance. Ah! pluck them not; bring all your merry group of youths and maidens about the woodland shrine, in

the sloping glade, to admire the saucy scarlet clusters, but let the moonlight fairies have their summoning trumpet still. May be, too, if you take some unfrequented path of winding and sweetly inconsequential caprices you will find stems of fritillaria, with their freckled green and gold. But through all this woodland search kindly human sympathies should run. Who would sit lonely, on the top of a wind-blown, wide-armed oak, even in leaf-month April, though a wilderness of blackbirds throbbed jubilance from the hazel bushes on the brow of the hill, and though the sky was clear azure, the waters of the bay sapphire and amethyst? But suppose that in such a tree a dozen of the smiling picnickers should climb, to carve names and plan for future expeditions, to look down on valleys and farms, to fling back snatches of song at the swinging blackbirds, and so to pass happy moments in genial, healthy comradeship. How wan and pallid the thought of a picnic ramble by one's self at once becomes! Our good times in this pleasant world (and not merely at picnics) depend almost always on the sort of people we are with. That is a very simple sort of a moral for an April-day sermon; but nevertheless it seems to take some people all their lives to find it out. They keep worrying about the surroundings, the "fixin's," as it were. But if we truly know our friends, an herb dinner will taste better with them than seven courses and all the rules of etiquette with those whom we like in lesser degree. And so in picnics it isn't baskets, boughten lunches, grand preparations, new straw hats, and gypsy attire that give the air of success: it's the people you persuade to help in the affair.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

AN INTERNATIONAL TREATY.

In the western part of the great Indian Territory there is a low mountain range, known at its southern extremity as the Wichita Mountains, and in its northern portion as the Red Hills. This range is composed of vast, square-shouldered buttes of crumbling red clay, interstratified with thin seams of gypsum and sandstone. Through this decaying wall flow the Salt Fork, Cimarron, and Canadian—mere spectral ghosts of dead rivers: each being but a channel, floored with drifts of white sand, through which scanty rivulets of brackish water are winding. A few half-dead trees fringe the banks. Higher up in the cañons thickets of elm and red cedar still linger. At the eastern base of the range lie the Great Salt Plains, everywhere traversed by trickling rills of brine, or frosted by saline crystals. In some places there are solid strata of rock-salt, looking like white marble. Vegetation hardly exists here; the earth seems dead and leprous. On the western side of the range the dry, desert plains extend to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The bones of the strange birds and monsters of an ancient ultra-tropical type are often dug out of these deserts. This heart of the American continent had once the gross, fervid life of the upper Nile and Zambeze. What strange atrophy, what wasting marasmus, has smitten and withered it?

In the winter of 1872–73 this landscape was not so lifeless as it is to-day. The last of the great southern herds of buffalo was that winter slaughtered by the Indians on the margin of these salt plains. In the sheltered valley of a little stream called Kaheka Huela, or Eagle Chief, three Indian camps were clustered together. There was a little band of Lipans from the west side of the Rio Grande, and a larger group of Apaches from New Mexico. Strangely contrasting with the dainty little conical tents of these human panthers, stood the shapeless lodges of the large encampment of the Black Dog band of Osages. These giant dandies from beyond

the Arkansas had made a temporary truce with the long-haired Bedouins of the south-west, and all were amicably hunting, smoking, and dressing their buffalo robes together. In a sort of neutral ground between the three groups was a large, rude tent of skins, which I was occupying for the winter. Not a soul that spoke English could be found within a day's journey, but I had learned somewhat of the ways of the wild men, and felt safe, even in my loneliness. My tent was full of furs and Indian goods, but there was around me an armor of mutual confidence and good-fellowship which cast out fear.

On the 24th of January my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a white face. Two wagons, loaded with merchandise and escorted by an Osage guide, came into my camp with intelligence which made it necessary for me to put my business in the charge of my old friend Shontah Sahpay, the Black Dog, for a few days, and take a journey to the camp of the Big Hill band on the Salt Fork, some fifty miles to the northward.

We started on the 25th. It was a clear, sunshiny day, but a recent snow-fall lay in little patches. We drove all day toward the north, across the gently undulating plains, and lay down at last under a brilliant star-light. My Osage guide, whose name was "Mozhun-Tumpe," or "View-the-Land," seemed restless and ill at ease, but I saw no cause for anxiety. However, a little after midnight he wakened me hastily. A faint mist was stealing across the stars from the north-west. With much excitement, he told us to start at once, as a storm was coming.

Our little train was speedily in motion, but the sky was soon shrouded, and we could not follow the trail. View-the-Land told us to drive straight into the wind, and we aimed to follow his direction; but the darkness interfered, and we were soon compelled to pause and wait for daylight. By the time that a dim, gray dawn began to reveal the outlines of the plains, a furious Arctic norther was sweeping over them, filling our path with snow. We attempted to face the storm, but the cold grew more intense, and the hurricane more irresistible. We soon lost the course; our food was gone, and no fire was possible. Staggering on in desperate fashion, we at last found ourselves upon the Great Salt Plain. The sun was hidden, and all sense of direction had been lost through the shiftings of the cyclone. At last our exhausted beasts would advance not another step. "You may as well stop here," said View-the-Land, in his Osage language; "we shall all die to-night."

We fastened our mules to the leeward side of our wagons, wrapped them in all of our blankets, crept into the furs inside, and fought for life till another day dawned. It was a night of hopelessness; of intense darkness, blinding snow, and raving wind; of bitter, deadly cold, slowly drawing nearer to the centers of life. Only one picture was before my mind that night; the vision of a little cottage hundreds of miles across the north-eastern plains, of curly baby heads in unconscious slumber, of a wife looking out anxiously upon the midnight tempest.

Once again the day dawned. We were starving and freezing, and the snow was deeply drifted over the plains, but we made one more struggle for life. By ten o'clock the air had cleared, but the north wind, as we breathed it, pierced us like stinging needles. But away to the north-west we saw crest of leafless trees above the horizon, and knew that human help was only fifteen miles distant. That day several hunters perished upon the plains not far to the northward; but somehow we won the fight. At four that afternoon we drove into the Osage camp, which was the goal of our journey, sheltered in thickets of dwarf elm and cotton-wood, and hospitable with roaring fires and soup-kettles. I bade good by to boots, and limped for months upon sloughing and clouted feet, but was happy, nevertheless.

I found the camp crowded by a strange company. The Pawnees have always been known to be the most adroit horse-thieves of the plains, and the southern tribes had a custom of always shooting a Pawnee on sight; but on this occasion the biter had been bitten, and the Pawnee thieves robbed.

While hunting on the plains of western Kansas, they had been assailed by a party of Cheyennes, and all their horses had been stampeded and driven away. They lost some fifteen hundred at one blow; and now their delegates were come to make a treaty, and endeavor, by diplomacy, to recover the stolen property. Some forty-five of their chiefs and young warriors were in the party. They had walked all the way from their Nebraska reservation, and had reached the Osage camp on the preceding day. After much talk, the preliminaries of a treaty were agreed upon.

Being the only white man within a great distance, I was called in to frame the wonderful instrument. I was naturally somewhat embarrassed; my recollections of Vattel were rather misty, and I doubted if even that renowned essayist upon international law had prepared a form exactly suited to my needs. However, I forgot my frozen feet for a while, and produced an International Treaty: certainly my first, and probably my last. Its tenor was as follows:

"*Know all men by these presents*, that we, the chiefs and counselors of the Osage and Pawnee nations, in joint convention assembled, do hereby, in behalf of our respective nations, make, confirm, and ratify forever the following Treaty of Peace:

"We acknowledge that at various times we have committed many depredations and crimes against each other; and we hereby pledge our mutual forgiveness of all that we have suffered in the past.

"Furthermore, we agree to refrain from all such acts in the future, to seek each other's peace and happiness in all things, and to live henceforth as loving brothers, in good-will and harmony.

"It is hereby ordered that two copies of this Treaty be prepared, to be deposited in the archives of the Osage and Pawnee nations, for the perpetual guidance of ourselves and our children.

"In token whereof, and in order that our respective nations may be fully bound by our action, we have set hereto our hands and seals on this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord 1873, at this camp of the Big Hill Osages, by the Salt Plains."

This, for a first effort, seemed to me eminently satisfactory. I took it into the council, and translated it into what I fear was rather bad Osage, but quite intelligible, nevertheless. An Osage interpreter repeated it in equally doubtful Pawnee, and all the assembled diplomats pronounced it good. Each in turn laid his finger upon the tip of the pen while I wrote his name as nearly as the Roman letters would express the Indian gutturals. The names, translated, would have formed a grisly menagerie of bears, dogs, wolves, and buffaloes. The afternoon was spent in singing and feasting, and the following morning the Panwees started with the dawn toward the camps of the tribes to the southward.

That day Leotasa died. She was the wife of my particular Indian "guide, philosopher, and friend," Ah Humkemi, the sentinel. She had been educated at the Mission, and was always sweet-voiced, refined, and gentle. I cannot well recite the particulars of her death; she was murdered by the malpractice of two horrible hags who professed to act as her nurses and physicians. A dead babe, newly born, was laid on the breast of the dead mother. This domestic tragedy was the pivot upon which a darker tragedy turned.

It was the strange and terrible yet immemorial custom of this tribe always to send out a war party one month after each funeral —a band of lurking Thugs, who went forth to murder some wayfarer, either a white man or a member of another tribe, in order that the dead might be duly honored by a fresh scalp hanging over the grave. This custom is not without its parallels in the records of the Heroic Age; but the scalp of some lonely and unknown pioneer of the border seems an ignoble and murderous offering, compared with a Hector, sacrified in order that the shade of Patroclus might sleep. The motive in the two cases is not dissimilar. The Indian ghost haunts the living unless the dead is duly honored.

When the Pawnees started southward that morning they told the Osages that one of their own number had been left behind hunting; that he had strayed from the main body, was doubtless camped in some sheltered place, and would follow their trail into camp as soon as the tempest abated. They asked that he be kindly treated, and sent on to

join the rest at the Cheyenne Agency on the North Fork; to all of which the Osages cheerfully assented. But with this woman's death the old savage fire blazed forth. The ink was not yet dry upon the wonderful treaty, the body of the dead was yet warm, when the young men came swarming about Ah Humkemi, asking him to waive the usual month's delay, and at once to organize a war party for the purpose of killing the lonely Pawnee hunter. He reluctantly yielded, and furnished them with food, ammunition, and all things needful. Seventy warriors, painted black, rode northward with the clear, cold dawn of the following morning. A hush of grim expectancy settled upon the camp. Wrapped in her gayest apparel, and decked with her choicest ornaments, the dead wife was buried under the salt sod. The dead baby, its eyes wistfully half open, its little forehead hideously daubed with vermilion, was laid on the frozen bosom of the mother. In gloomy silence, hardly speaking to each other, the mourners waited for the event to come.

At sunset of the second day three reports of rifles were heard toward the north. Instantly the whole population swarmed out of the lodges, shouting, "They bring scalps!" The signal was one which they recognized. Fifteen minutes later, seventy black, yelling demons rode madly into camp. The leader bore a bloody scalp dangling from his spear. The victory had been an inglorious one, according to our standard. Seventy warriors had killed one lone, cowering hunter; but it was such an event as lets loose a legion of devils in the heart of the savage. The ghosts of the brutish, beetle-browed, anthropoid ancestors ruled the hour. That night I caught a glimpse of the life of the men of the European Stone Age. I knew what tigerish fires once blazed out from under the hideous eyebrows of the giant of the Neanderthal Cave.

While the victors feasted, the women made ready for the great festival of victory, the scalp dance. An oval track, some two hundred feet in its larger diameter, was cleared of snow, leaves, and brush-wood. Two huge fires blazed at the foci of the ellipse. In the center the orchestra sat, a crowd of men beating Indian drums and playing upon rude whistles and "medicine gourds." Some four hundred men and women, in their gayest apparel, plumed and painted, joined in the dance. They sang fierce songs, telling how they had conquered and mutilated their enemy. I give below a translation of one of these songs, omitting the "Hi-i-i Ha-a-a," and the jargon of the refrain; omitting also the most emphatic phrases of threat and hatred, which are untranslatable on account of their foulness:

"The Pawnee is a thief and a liar;
He eats dogs; he eats wolves;
He has a woman's heart;
He hides by day, and creeps at night like a snake;
He is the son of a dog; he was hatched from the egg of a buzzard.

"He will not face his enemy like a warrior;
He comes to steal horses.
He seeks to murder and scalp babies.
May the wolves gnaw him!
May the buzzards eat him!

"The Pawnee came to our country;
His brothers were like him, full of lies,
We went to his hiding place,
We pierced him with bullets and arrows,
We scalped, beheaded, mutilated, disemboweled him.

"If other Pawnees come to us,
We will eat their hearts and drink their blood.
We will cut their tendons, burn and flay them;
We will burn their squaws and tents;
We will feed our dogs with their babies."

The above will suffice to express the lyric poetry of the noble red man, so far as one may venture to express it to ears polite. The memory of that, as of many other nights upon the plains, comes over me like a dream of some pre-existent life in hell. Of all our artists, Tavernier alone has caught some glimpse of that plane of being. The red firelight in the wintry forest; the brandished tomahawks and the spears; the demoniac, painted faces; the bloody, new scalps dangling beside a hundred others, trophies of former victories; the unspeakable gestures; the horrible yells and songs;—if Dante had stood that night beside me,

viewing all these, another, the most terrible, page would have been added to the Inferno.

From that orgy a wave of blood-thirst rolled outward to all the outlying camps of the tribe. From village to village went out the order to kill all the Pawnees. The door of escape closed behind them. Escorted by a strong military guard, they barely reached Kansas with their lives, bearing with them, I suppose, their copy of the International Treaty. My only wonder was that such knaves and sons of knaves as the Pawnees were should have been for a moment deceived by it. The Pawnee ghost haunted the Osages, to their great annoyance, till it was laid, in due form, by their sorcerer.

H. B. NORTON.

MOUNT HOOD.

O, white and silent!
Across hot spaces of the weary land
I look to thee!
A waiting, white-robed priest art thou to me.

Far from my feet
Stretch browning fields, where red-winged grasshoppers
Themselves repeat,
And spring unceasing in the withered grass;
The scattered trees,
All spell-bound with the heat, stir not a leaf;
No vagrant breeze
Relieves the sultry hush; but, reach on reach,
The hot air lies
Shimmering above the land, until afar,
Where 'gainst the skies
The sleeping hills lie lap on lap, it grows
A warm blue haze;
Then thou, Celestial Mount, above it all—
The summer blaze,
The panting land—dost rear thy calm, cool front.

O, white and silent!
Across waste places of a restless life
I look to thee!
A waiting, white-robed priest art thou to me.

Thy strong repose
Shames the distraction of my changing moods;
Thy cold, still snows,
The fret and hurry of my fevered life;
And its wild surge
Of vagrant forces that have drifted wide
Calm and converge
In thy clear sight, O mountain, strong and white.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

A VISIT TO A KING.

Upper Guinea, generally and more loosely spoken of as the West Coast of Africa, consists of a strip of country about one thousand miles long, and from one hundred and fifty to three hundred miles wide, lying between the Kong Mountains and the Atlantic, and extending from Liberia to the Cameroons. The interior of this territory contains the powerful kingdoms of Ashantee, Dahomey, Yoruba, and Benin; and numerous independent or tributary tribes occupy the region near the shore. The Ashantee war made us familiar with the peculiarities of that barbaric realm, and the horrors of the kingdom of Dahomey have been recited so often as to have passed into a proverb; but of the kings of Benin and Yoruba, and their dominions, very little is known.

More than twenty years ago I was engaged in mercantile pursuits at the various settlements along the west coast, chiefly in the rivers forming the delta of the Niger, bartering tobacco, rum, guns, powder, Manchester goods, etc., for palm-oil and ivory. During our stay in the Benin River an event occurred which gave me the opportunity to visit that mysterious potentate, the King of Benin.

In the Benin River, which is a broad and stately stream, the navigation of which, however, is prevented by a shallow and dangerous bar at its mouth, were located at that time three forts or trading posts belonging to firms in Liverpool. One of the traders, hearing of a large quantity of oil in the possession of a chief named Cham Wanna, in order to forestall the other buyers, sent his clerk with a canoe load of goods to Cham Wanna's town, about twenty miles up the river, to negotiate for the purchase of the same. Cham Wanna was not disposed to make a hasty bargain, but evidently thinking it would be folly to neglect an opportunity so providentially thrown in his way, he seized the canoe and merchandise, flogged the young man, to silence his remonstrances, and held him a prisoner for ransom. A squadron of British men-of-war constantly patrolled the coast, with the double purpose of suppressing the slave-trade and protecting the English merchants; and the trader, as soon as he heard of the outrage upon his subordinate, sent an application to the commodore for aid and redress. With the promptitude characteristic of the British government in avenging any injury to its subjects abroad, but few days elapsed before two frigates were anchored in the roadstead, and a gun-boat was inside the river. A summary demand was made for the release of the prisoner, and insolently refused. The native towns are all situated on shallow creeks inaccessible to boats, and the river banks present an unbroken wall of mangrove-trees. So these people, who had never seen a war vessel, fancied they had only to retire to their dwellings to be out of reach of all harm. But the exact position of each village was well known to the traders, and one of them was promptly shelled and destroyed by the gun-boat firing over the tops of the trees. This brought them to terms: the young man was surrendered the next day. The commodore then notified Jiurra, who, as the most powerful chief in the river, was held responsible for the good behavior of the rest, that a meeting of all the Jakri chiefs with the naval officers and traders would be held, to determine what reparation should be made. Cham Wanna himself was beyond the reach of punishment; but it was perfectly safe to inflict the penalty upon those within reach, relying upon them to pass it on, with interest, to the proper party.

The meeting was held as announced; but an amusing incident that happened very early in the proceedings nearly deprived it of all its solemnity. The naval officers were assembled in the large business room of a

trading post on an island in the river; marines paced the verandas, and the band from the flag-ship were grouped in front of the house, awaiting in silence the order to play. A fleet of war canoes approached, some of them containing over three hundred men; drawing alongside the little wharf, each landed its owner and paddled off into mid-stream. When the native dignitaries, in a variegated diversity of costume, had all landed, they moved in procession toward the house, headed by Jiurra, who, in virtue of his position as head chief of the Jakris, wore a consul's uniform of blue and silver. All were barefoot, as shoes were fetich to them; and Jiurra, to facilitate wading, had cut off the legs of his official pantaloons at the knee. As he had omitted to hem the edges, the cloth had frayed into a fringe almost to his waist, making the otherwise prosaic uniform unutterably picturesque. Before they reached the house, the signal was passed to the band, which immediately struck up a grand march, beginning with a crash, a bang, and a roar. A band had never been heard there before, and the chiefs, in mortal terror, flung their dignity aside, and made frantic haste to jump into the river and swim to their canoes, which promptly approached to the rescue; and it was a long time before they could be persuaded to trust themselves ashore again. Finally the matter was explained, more soothing airs were played, and the business of the day proceeded. A fine of a large quantity of oil was imposed upon them, and all trade forbidden for the space of three months.

Idleness in that climate is dangerous. Sickness and death wait closely upon it. The mail comes only once a month, and other means of recreation are few. I had long wished to know something of the city of Benin; so disregarding the advice of those who urged the danger of the journey, and the impossibility of relieving us if we fell into any danger, I loaded a canoe with presents for the king and his chiefs, and with sufficient cloth, rum, beads, and brass wire to pay necessary traveling expenses, and started. I took with me twenty Kroomen, well armed, and a Jakri guide and interpreter. We ascended the river for several miles, and then branched off into one of the numerous creeks; and after pulling laboriously the whole day, we arrived after dark at Gato, a little town on the frontier of the kingdom of Benin.

We were hospitably received by the chief of Gato, who entertained us in his own house; and having refreshed us with supper, he inquired the purpose of my visit. Two men were then introduced, wearing immense steeple-crowned hats, and huge petticoats of brown cloth, which bulged out as if they wore crinoline. They bore the stick of the official, who is styled the "Captain of War"; and it was explained that it would be neither proper nor safe to proceed further into the dominions of his Majesty until these fellows had reported my arrival to their master, and obtained instructions as to my further advance. The legal fee for this service was stated to be one cotton handkerchief—value, six cents—to each; so I paid them, added a bottle of rum as an extra gratuity, and hurried them off. As their duty evidently was to watch the place, and report anything unusual, the exaction of a fee from me was no doubt a swindle.

It is necessary to explain that for thirty miles or so above its mouth the banks of Benin River are vast mangrove swamps, completely covered at high tide. In these swamps live a tribe called the Jakris, in little towns built on artificial islands made by filling in the swamp with logs, brush, and sand. As these islands sink slowly but continuously into the mud, a new coating of logs and sand is necessary every two or three months. The houses are slightly built of bamboo, and are readily torn down and rebuilt. Each town has its own chief. The Jakris spend most of their time in their canoes, some of which are very large, and in the water; they provide nothing for their own subsistence except fish, but rely for their living solely upon the profits of trade with the interior. All trade with the white men goes through their hands, and the chiefs acquire considerable property in the way of wives, slaves, canoes, and arms. They have no domestic

animals, but a few fowls are kept in their houses. They are fierce and savage when their anger is roused; but the keen desire to "turn an honest dollar" inclines them usually toward peace.

Above the country of the Jakris a tribe called Johmen is found. These people cultivate the soil, but their principal industry is piracy—robbing the loaded canoes as they pass up and down the various creeks winding through their precincts. They are ferocious and dangerous, and are said to be cannibals. The country of the Johmen extends to the boundaries of the King of Benin; and it is probable that both this tribe and the Jakris pay tribute to that monarch.

Every native chief has what is called a "stick"—a stout malacca cane, of a size to correspond with the dignity of the personage to whom it belongs, surmounted by a copper or gilt knob, on which is engraved some mystic symbol, or the name of its owner. This stick serves several purposes. In matters of business it authenticates the act of an agent: any agreement made with the bearer of a stick is as valid as if made with his principal; on occasions of ceremony it represents the person whose name it bears when he finds it inconvenient to be present; and when a public official employs a deputy the stick confers upon the person so employed the necessary authority.

Gato is a small town of perhaps fifty houses. The houses here are built of clay, colored red, and are thatched with palm leaves. All the houses are built on one plan, and differ only in size. Every room is roofed over around its sides for a distance of eight or ten feet from the walls only; the middle is open to the sun and rain. The floor is of clay, like the walls; and against each wall is a divan, also of clay, on which the inmates lounge by day and sleep by night. The middle part of the room is a foot or two lower than the sides, and has no floor; it is usually littered with rubbish, and is tenanted by the chickens and goats. Polygamy is general, and the women, excepting the slaves, are secluded in apartments of their own. The only object of interest in the town was the grave of Belzoni. This great explorer died of dysentery at this place, and was buried with all his papers and possessions under a great tree. Negroes will steal anything but shoes and soap from the living; but a dead man's belongings are fetich, and therefore secure. No monument marks the grave; but an old fellow, who said he had helped to bury him, showed me the grave, and described his death.

During the three days I remained in Gato I was busied in gathering a company of bearers, and allotting their several burdens. The only conveyance in Benin is a hammock slung under a pole and borne by four men; and as they change every few minutes, three sets of bearers are necessary to transport one passenger. They carry all burdens in the same manner; no man would carry anything singly: two men and a pole were required for even the smallest package. Consequently a modest traveler, with only an ordinary quantity of baggage, is compelled to travel with a rather princely retinue. When we fell on the line of march, we mustered forty-two in number, including ten Kroomen whom I took with me, leaving the rest at Gato in charge of the canoe. A decrepit old ruffian, who looked like a superannuated pirate, led the van. He at first begged for employment as guide, but as all the men knew the road well, his services in that capacity seemed superfluous; when he added that the jungle was full of wild beasts, and proposed to *guard* our column of well-armed men, I could resist no longer, but engaged him at once.

The road is only a footpath, obstructed at frequent intervals by fallen trees, which they never think of removing. The bearers travel in a kind of dog-trot, making at the same time a peculiar noise: a rapid opening and closing of the lips, with a detonating sound during the inspiration, and the syllables "haha" at each expiration of the breath. The route lay through a forest of mangrove, tamarind, and cotton-wood trees; palms, and a tall, straight tree, called the ebbywood, were also abundant. Smaller trees and chapparal

grew beneath, forming an impenetrable wall on each side of the path. Every few miles we came to a town; and frequent diverging footpaths suggested others not far distant. Solitary as the jungle appears, it is yet thickly inhabited. The news of our coming had spread, and every chief along our line of march had a repast ready for us, and each insisted that I must eat. Of course a present was expected, and sometimes demanded, in return; but a piece of cloth, a coil of brass wire, and a string of beads seemed to gratify them abundantly.

Our progress was relieved of monotony by the constant quarrels among the bearers. In distributing the baggage among them, it was not possible to make every package of the same size and weight; and each pair of coolies insisted that their burden was heavier or more unwieldy than any other. Sometimes a fight would seem imminent, and prompt interference was necessary to prevent bloodshed. Again, several of them would drop their packs in the road, and it took a skillful admixture of threats and promises to induce them to return to their duty. Thus frequent dinners and endless squabbles consumed the time; and although the distance could not have exceeded fifty miles, we spent two nights on the road. The chiefs of the towns where we halted for the night made sumptuous provision for our entertainment; and they became radiant with joy at my liberal *douceur* when we left. On the third day we reached the suburbs of the city of Benin. We hove to, and sent a messenger forward to announce our arrival. In a short time there appeared a squad of wild-looking rascals, armed with guns and enormous machetes, and wearing the same voluminous petticoats as the embassadors I dispatched from Gato. They said they were soldiers sent to escort us into the city; and thus reinforced, we resumed our march by devious ways through plantain and cotton-fields, interspersed with patches of jungle, until we came to a halt in the courtyard of the Captain of War.

In a few minutes I was conducted into a long room, at the upper end of which, squatted on a divan, was this redoubtable warrior himself. He was a young, fine-looking negro, attired in a petticoat of fine white muslin; he wore many necklaces of beads, and his wrists and ankles were ornamented with ivory rings, brass wire, and what appeared to be strings of small bones. Along each side of the room were ranged his attendants, and in the lower center space was spread a piece of blue cloth for me to stand upon. Before me knelt his two interpreters; beside me knelt my own; and through these two sets of interpreters question and answer was tediously passed. He asked me who I was, why I had come, and other particulars, to which I made suitable replies. Having thus satisfied the demands of official etiquette, he gave some directions to an attendant, and I was led away, and at once introduced to him again in a private capacity, in another room. He came down, took my hand, and seated me beside him on the divan; and the crowd which had followed me from the other room stretched themselves out on the floor to examine me at leisure. Slaves appeared with a gourd of water and a bowl to wash my feet. When they saw my shoes, they seemed to be in a quandary; but with great presence of mind they washed my hands instead. Four large baskets were then brought in, each containing perhaps fifty pounds of different sorts of cold boiled meat, cut up into small pieces. I was invited to eat, and tasted the contents of each, and the baskets were then passed to my men, who basked in the sunshine in the middle of the apartment, and they immediately dispatched the whole of it. The captain, who had been hitherto beaming in silence, now took my hand, and stroking it softly, repeated over and over again the usual salutation of the country: "Ah do, Nugay, do, ah do!" to which I replied in the same words. They apply the name "Nugay" to every white man, and also to their king; whether they imagine white men to be kings, or their king, whom comparatively few of them have ever seen, to be a white man, I did not learn.

After an hour or so of this kind of dalliance,

my entertainer informed me that he was instructed to provide me with a lodging, and that he would now go and do so. Mustering a platoon of his soldiers, he sallied forth, instructing my party to follow. A crowd of curious people gathered around us, but any one who approached too near was promptly slashed by a soldier who carried a rhinoceros-hide whip, which drew blood at every stroke. Our leader soon found a house that he thought would suit us, and his men quickly turned the proprietor, with his family and all his possessions, into the street. The captain formally put me in possession, saying it was mine as long as I remained in Benin. The house was large, so I interceded for the unfortunate owner, and he was graciously permitted to occupy so much of it as I had no use for. He was profoundly grateful for this favor, and did me many little services during my stay, an involuntary trespasser, in his dwelling.

By the time I had my traps comfortably bestowed, a delegation from the court arrived, bearing the king's stick. To them I delivered the present I had brought for the king: two rolls of crimson velvet, some silk embroidered with gold, and a quantity of heavy bullion fringe. They said the king was glad I had come, that he would give me audience the next day, and that he would supply me and my men with food while I tarried among them. We indulged in an interchange of compliments for an hour, when thirty or forty little naked boys arrived with our supper, each carrying a covered basket on his head. The baskets contained gourds and earthenware dishes piled with various kinds of food; and having spread them out in tempting array on the floor, the assembled company squatted around the room to observe how the Nugay comported himself while eating. There were several kinds of palm-oil chop, and plenty of yam foo-foo, and a variety of stews made from the flesh of some wild animal; they said it was leopard, but I judged it was monkey. Palm-oil chop is chicken or goat's flesh stewed with its own weight of red pepper, and smothered in palm-oil, and is eaten by these people at every meal. They use no forks or spoons, so it is eaten by taking up on the first two fingers a lump of foo-foo (yams boiled and pounded in a mortar until the mass acquires the consistence of dough), and dipping it in the stew and swallowing it. When I had finished, my retainers emptied the dishes; and the baskets were taken away by the boys, the rest of the visitors considerately followed them, and I was left to the repose I stood very much in need of.

Next morning the king's stick, with the chief of the eunuchs and sundry other officials, was on hand to escort me to the dwelling of the king, and to instruct me in the official routine of the reception. We marched to the palace, which differed from the other houses only in point of size. I was furnished with something to eat, which I was informed was a special delicacy prepared for the occasion; and then I was shown to a divan covered with mats, on which to lie down and smoke, while two boys fanned me with immense bullock-hide fans. I rested undisturbed for over two hours, and was growing somewhat impatient, when the room, which was fully eighty feet long, began to fill with the dignitaries of the court. These, after saluting me, arranged themselves in rows along the walls, and conversed with one another in low, decorous tones. They all wore the voluminous wraps of muslin reaching from the waist to the feet, and white as snow. The upper half of the body was naked; but decorated with brass or ivory rings on the arms, and many necklaces. Some had, in addition, strings or carnelian beads of native manufacture around the neck and wrists. These were grandees of great tonnage, and were styled "fidoos"; while a select few, who wore similar strings around their ankles as well, were entitled "omigrands," and were the very cream of the aristocracy. These particulars I owed to the courtesy of one of the company, who sat by me and explained what I should not otherwise have understood.

After the lapse of another hour the king's body-guard filed in—a band of gigantic fellows, each armed with a Brobdingnagian

machete, and entirely naked except a string of human bones around the neck. Then came the three official interpreters, who squatted themselves in the dust in the middle of the room. Several little fellows not more than three feet high next arrived—quite gray and evidently old. I was told there is a tribe of such dwarfs farther in the interior. Just at the moment the slanting rays of the afternoon sun fell upon the spot where he was to be seated. The king entered, followed by a crowd of attendants. Two men joined their crossed hands to furnish him a seat, another stood braced for his majesty to lean his back against, one on each side supported the royal arms, and a sixth crouched on his elbows and knees on the floor, to serve as a footstool. The king, who was quite young, very black, and with ordinary negro features, was wrapped in a robe of crimson silk shot with gold; and the time was chosen when the sunlight, falling upon it, should dazzle the eyes of the beholder. Every man in the room except the guards, who stood impassive, bowed his head to the floor when the king entered; and the interpreters absolutely wallowed in a pile of dust in the middle of the room, which was probably placed there for that purpose. A piece of cloth was spread for me, I was requested to walk forward, and it was intimated that the correct thing would be to bow to the ground, as I had seen the others do. I declined, but offered to compromise by shaking hands; but my offer was not entertained. Then the king spoke, the interpreters rolled their heads in the dust, and one translated to my men what the king had said—the others listening carefully to prevent mistakes. My men, not to be outdone in politeness, rolled their heads in the dusts, and translated to me. He asked my name and business, and said he would be glad if I would come to Gato to trade directly with his people, as the Jakris in the river swindled them; that he had plenty of oil and ivory, and wanted cloth, guns, powder, and salt; that my present was very acceptable, and that I was to ask for anything I wanted in return, as he was a great king, and could get anything he wanted. While we talked, he moved no muscle, but fixed his eyes steadily upon me. When he had concluded, he dismissed me with, "Ah do"; the court dispersed, and I returned to my domicile.

The next day I went out to inspect the city. It is built on a plain, with patches of jungle and large open spaces intervening between the blocks of houses; more like an aggregation of villages than a town. There are few streets, the houses being built in any position that suits the taste of their owners. It covers a large extent of ground; but being so straggling, it is difficult to estimate either its actual size or its population. It is said there are one hundred thousand inhabitants, but the statement is open to doubt. On the south and west the forest comes close to the edge of the city; but on the north and east are cultivated fields. They raise sugar-cane, cotton, rice, indigo, plantains, and cassava; the yam is the principal food crop. Yams grow to an immense size; one given to me was five feet long, and required two men to carry it. The soil is of a chocolate tinge, and is very fertile. Bananas and Guinea pepper grow in abundance, and the forests abound in palm-trees from which the famous Benin blood-oil is obtained. On the top of each tree, between the fronds, grow large burs, oval in shape, about two feet long by one foot wide, dark green in color, and covered with spines. Among the spines grow hundreds of orange-colored nuts, larger than walnuts; by boiling these, they obtain the oil.

Palm-oil is properly a fat, being about the consistence of butter. The oil of Benin is darker in color and more fluid than any other, hence it is called "blood-oil." Palm-oil is a much esteemed article of food, and is really very nice; it is also burned in lamps, and used to anoint the body.

The houses in Benin are built of red clay, and have many rooms. One curious feature was that most of the houses had from one to half a dozen ruined rooms, roofless, and with crumbling walls. Whether this indicated that the city was falling into decay, or whether for some reason whenever a room

becomes untenable they build a new one, I could not satisfactorily ascertain. They have no furniture except their cooking utensils, lamps, and water jars, all made of unglazed earthenware, a few curious wooden stools about six inches high, a number of gourds of various shapes and sizes, and the mats they sleep on. In every house is a room devoted to religious purposes, in which the family idols are arranged in a row on a bench. Close by, another room has dozens of little earthen pots arranged on shelves, filled with water in which herbs are steeped. At every movement throughout the day the head of the family goes to one of these pots, dips in a finger, mumbles some words, and touches himself on the head or breast. I watched the old fellow in whose house I lived. When the meat was put on to cook, he went to a pot and dipped his finger; when the pepper was put in, he repeated the ceremony at another pot; when the palm-oil was poured, again at another. When he rose, when he lay down, when he ate, when he sneezed, even, he went to his battery of little pots and performed this rite. I could not induce them to tell me the meaning of it; they seemed to be in an agony of terror at the mere mention of it.

Their idols are made of red clay, like the houses, are about two feet high, and represent the head and breast of a man; they are preposterously ugly. Some of them are decorated with brass crowns and bead necklaces; and around them on the bench are displayed pieces of broken crockery, bits of looking-glass, pretty buttons, and other articles of virtue. Generally there were from five to seven of these hideous figures in each house; but in the king's dwelling were seventeen arranged in two rows. Probably he enjoys wider opportunities for wickedness than most of his subjects, and it takes more and uglier deities to attend to his case. The king himself is worshiped, and is popularly supposed to need neither food nor sleep. None of his subjects but his officers and court have ever seen him. When he goes abroad, which is only on occasions of religious ceremony, anybody who peeps is instantly slain. Human life is held very cheap. Every offender against the law is confined and kept for sacrifice. Once a year the king, after notifying his people to stay within doors, sallies forth at midnight, accompanied by his officers and priests, and performs a general jail delivery. All the prisoners, all captives that have been brought in by the soldiers, and any stray citizen who may have disregarded the proclamation, are cruelly tortured and murdered. The butchers drink the blood of their victims, and return home before daylight, reeking from the sanguinary solemnity. This is repeated night after night, until all the stock on hand is disposed of. When a king dies a grand foray is made on neighboring tribes, to procure the thousands of women and children which it is the custom to sacrifice on such an occasion.

There are but two seasons in central Africa. The dry season lasts from the middle of October to the middle of May, no rain falling except occasional thunder-showers; in May it commences to rain, and pours down a deluge, without any intermission, until October, when it ceases as suddenly as it began. If the rains do not come at the expected time, a number of young girls are bound naked to the limbs of great trees set apart for this purpose, and left there to starve, or be torn to pieces by the vultures. This sacrifice is said never to fail; but judging by the bones beneath the trees it seems to be frequently necessary. Notwithstanding those shocking ceremonies, the people of Benin do not appear to be either bloodthirsty or cruel; but always spoke of them with respect, as solemn religious observances.

Polygamy is the rule, and every man has as many wives as he can buy and support. The women do all the work, carrying water and cultivating the ground. The poorer classes of both sexes wear nothing but a cloth around the waist; while persons of wealth wear the ungainly petticoats previously described. Children go entirely naked. They seem to be kindly and affectionate in their domestic relations; though the head

of the house exacts implicit obedience, and punishes any breach of discipline with the whip. Families are usually very large, one man told me he had two hundred children. Their manner of treating the dead is remarkable. While the body is yet warm, the disconsolate relatives bring a pole, suspend the corpse from it with withes, hoist it on their shoulders, and, carrying it a little way from the house, throw it, pole and all, on the ground. Thousands of vultures sit waiting on the walls; and they pounce on the carcass, and fight over it, and tear it to pieces in a short time. Skeletons lie scattered all over the city, picked clean by these scavengers, and polished by the ants.

Grazing around the wide, open spaces were hundreds of pretty cattle, small, mostly dun and black in color, and very gentle. They are fetich, and are made no use of except for sacrifice; and their hides are then made into fans. For milk, the people depend upon their goats, of which, and of chickens, they have great numbers. Horses are raised in large numbers, but they likewise are fetich, and unvexed by the bridle.

I spent two weeks in this place very agreeably. I received many callers, and paid numerous visits to the most important citizens. Many presents were made me; tusks, monster yams, alligator cloths, and earthen pipes of native manufacture. These people make all sorts of articles of earthenware, of an infinite variety of shapes; but, as they do not understand glazing, the vessels are porous. The women weave stout and serviceable cloth, which they dye with indigo; laying a dead alligator upon the cloth, they first embroider its outlines with red worsted, and then remove him and fill in the details. One day I went to the house of an extremely old man who was totally blind, and whose wool was white as snow. Down in the river I had a good store of medicines; and I soon found out that the more nauseous a dose was the more it was appreciated, both by Kroomen and Jakris. I had frequent applications for medical assistance; so I fixed up a savory compound of asafetida, bromide of potassium, and other palatable drugs; and when I prescribed for any one I always flavored the dose with some of this mixture. The result was that I achieved a reputation that no regular physician enjoyed; and I had scores of patients, many of them only malingering for the sake of having their palates tickled and their bowels griped by the loathsome brew I served out. This reputation had accompanied me to Benin. The poor old blind man, feeling my face with his skinny hands; implored me to restore his sight. He was rich, and offered me stacks of ivory if I would only do as he wished. He would not believe that I was unable to help him, and laid my refusal to other causes. I regretted that the difficulties attending conversation through ignorant interpreters rendered it impossible to explain to him that he could never see again.

One day there was a kind of a fair, or market, held in the street; and several hundred venders of goats, chickens, cloth, peppers, pipes, and crockery ware sat under the trees offering their goods for sale. There was a large crowd of people, some wandering aimlessly about, others sitting or standing in groups engaged in conversation or singing monotonous songs; but I did not observe that much business was transacted. The currency for petty transactions is cowries—little shells strung on strings; but larger dealings are conducted by barter. Salt sometimes passes as money, but is usually too scarce to serve as a circulating medium.

Another day was passed very pleasantly in watching a review of the troops. They claim to have a standing army of fifteen thousand; and in time of war they can turn out ten times as many, as most of the able-bodied men go on the warpath. The soldiers all wear petticoats, but of a coarse cloth resembling sack-cloth in color and texture. They were armed with guns and machetes, or with bows and arrows and spears; some carried shields of rhinoceros hide, that will turn a musket ball. They had a band consisting of tom-toms, or wooden drums, and a kind of fife made of

reed, with a hole half-way along it, to which the lips are applied; the sound is varied by inserting one finger in each end, and moving them slightly. To this music, which is shrill and monotonous, they went through various evolutions, including a kind of war-dance, accompanied by hideous grimaces and blood-curdling yells.

The last few days of my stay several delegations arrived from the interior tribes. They had heard of the presence of a white man, and never having seen such a curiosity, they sent embassies to verify the report, and to bring a description of the phenonenon. The Benin folks were proud of my presence among them, and readily allowed these strangers to enter the city. Some citizen would escort them to my door, state whom he had in charge, and beg that they be permitted to see me. I always received them, and was much amused with their comments, which were translated to me. They examined my hands, tracing the veins with their fingers; looked up my sleeves and down my back to see if I was all one color; and discussed my appearance with great coolness, but without any disrespect. One cunning varlet, who had evidently determined not to be humbugged by any West African Barnum, having first obtained permission, produced a wet cloth and rubbed my arm vigorously with a view of removing the white stain. When he found I was "dyed in the wool" his chagrin was ludicrous, and his companions jeered him tremendously. Red hair is much admired by negroes everywhere; and as mine was long at the time, I gave a lock to each deputation, to their great delight.

I had demanded of the king that he should make me a fidoo. Such an unexpected demand created some consternation; but it was considered advisable to gratify me, in the hope that I might be induced to establish a trading post at Gato. I had applied for and received leave to depart at the end of two weeks, and the day previous to my departure was fixed for the presentation. I was received at the palace with the same ceremonies as before, and the necklace and bracelets, inclosed in a basket, were handed to me. It was carefully impressed upon me that the possession of that decoration conferred great distinction and power upon its owner; which I found to be literally a fact, as far as the authority of the king of Benin extended.

The next morning I packed up my things, and bade adieu to Benin. A large concourse gathered to see us off. I sent my men ahead, and walked in company with the chief of the eunuchs and other officers of the house of the Captain of War. He was almost affectionate in his manner, and seemed to be very sorry to part with me. He detailed a guard to escort me to Gato; and after expressing my thanks for their many kind attentions to me, I took leave of them all. I had hardly overtaken my bearers when we were stopped by shouts in our rear; and two men came running, out of breath, carrying a large basketful of hard-boiled eggs, which my friend the captain had sent as a farewell present.

Before I left the city I had watched the opportunity to pick up one of the mumerous skulls lying about the streets. I wrapped it in a piece of cloth, and having no chance to put it among my baggage without being seen, I carried it under my arm. They suspected nothing, until I tried to slip it unobserved into a bale of cloth. The cover dropped off, the men saw what it was, and instantly the whole caravan dropped their loads and fled. Nothing would induce them to touch my traps while anything belonging to a dead man was there. So I threw the skull away, noting where it fell; and that night, while they slept, I returned alone through the forest, partially illumined by the moonlight, and picked it up again. Before morning I had it safely packed in one of the boxes; and when I finally left the coast, I brought it home with me.

We were abundantly supplied as before, at the towns along the road, and arrived at Gato in due time, without misadventure. The Kroomen left in charge of the canoe had been alarmed at our long stay, and were very glad to see us again. I spent two days

in Gato, settling with the bearers, who each demanded double what we had agreed upon. I appealed to the chief, who flogged the most boisterous of them; the rest were then content to accept their proper pay. I added something extra in paying those who had been most dutiful, dismissed the soldiers with a gratuity, and made liberal presents to the chief. Loading my canoe, I bade them good by, and started off down the creek.

As soon as we were fairly under way, I lay down to sleep. In a couple of hours or so I was awakened by the rapid striking of the paddles, and the unusual quivering of the canoe. The Kroomen usually pull a long, slow stroke, and I knew that something was wrong. I rose up and found the boys pulling for their lives: the Johmen were after us. The creek is quite deep, but very narrow and sinuous, and our pursuers were, for the moment, out of sight around a bend. In the canoe I had a Jacob's rifle, used for elephant hunting, carrying a steel shell instead of a ball. By the time I had reached this, they appeared, some two hundred yards astern, probably fifty or sixty of them, laboring to overhaul us with a diligence worthy of a more commendable business. I fired at them and struck the canoe; the shell exploded, and whether it was that, or the sudden apparition of a white man which changed their purpose, or whether they had forgotten something and were compelled to return, they immediately turned back and troubled us no more. In a few hours more we were safe on board the ship.

W. F. Bray.

POOR AH TOY.

When the Siddons family in Virginia first heard from their son in California, after the four years' silence enforced by the Civil War, they learned that he was a stock-rancher, living on a foothill pasture farm, a day's drive from San Francisco, taking such care as he might of his three motherless children. His young wife slept with her baby in her arms in a grave near her home, and a hired servant ruled the household. Grieved as were his father and mother at his loss, they were hardly prepared for the prompt decision of the youngest daughter to go at once to her brother's relief.

The soft-voiced, dimpled girl was the pet of the home; but her gentleness meant firmness, and the reluctant parents sent the dearest thing they possessed on her errand of mercy. In six weeks from the receipt of Mr. Siddons's letter, his sister stood at his door to be received by his astonished kinsman with grateful tears; by the neglected children, with wondering delight; but with somber discontent by the slatternly housekeeper, who had aspired to become permanent mistress of the situation. A fortnight of the new administration, with its searching inquiries into culinary methods, and pointed suggestions of a want of cleanliness, caused an angry retreat of the incumbent, with a muttered statement that Miss Siddons was only fit to be served by "them nasty Chinamen, for no dacint woman would stand the likes of her domineerin' ways."

Then followed in dreary procession through the kitchen a Mongolian horde: Ah Sing, who washed his feet in the dish-pan; Gee Hop, who stole his master's watch; Sin Yet, who boiled the flannels; Ah Foo, who resolutely abode in "invincible ignorance," and would "sabe" nothing that savored of work; Lum Kee, who entertained three cousins at a time; Hop Lee, who would not remain for fear of the grave in the yard; and Fun Ling, who turned the cook stove into a cremation furnace for defunct pole-cats, whose ashes he sold for medicinal purposes.

The house being empty of the last of this unsavory crew, Fanny declared herself unwilling to endure any further experiments

with the heathen rabble, and desperately undertook the labor of the house.

The brave little woman fought the demons of hunger, dirt, and disorder that confront every establishment; her zeal and perseverance wrought success, but at painful cost. Her blistered hands, cut fingers, and look of unutterable weariness betrayed her in spite of the gayety she assumed to reassure her anxious brother. Robert's heart ached at her fading bloom and heavy eyes. The hundred petty details to be attended to in paying sacrifices to the exacting Moloch of neat housewifery, in addition to the watchful observance of the children, wore on the conscientious and diligent girl; but she gallantly denied the charge of breaking down, and every morning spurred her jaded energies on to the duties before her.

A month of this unwonted toil had left her wan and thin; but she pressed back the tears from her eyes, and mended the children's pinafores, while keeping an oversight of their play, and also browning coffee. She sang with steady voice an old camp-meeting chorus:

"O, stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by"—

little dreaming how near her troubled bark had come to port.

A light footfall on the piazza, and a soft tapping at the casement of the open door, drew her eyes toward a Chinaman, tall, youthful, comely, jauntily dressed. With a decent bow, this Mongolian exquisite presented a delicately tinted, faintly perfumed billet, addressed—

MISS FANNY SIDDONS,
Mountain Home,
Cala.

Urbanity of Ah Toy.

Fannie opened the envelope, to read, in a firm but lady-like chirography, a letter of most gratifying import.

Thus it ran:

"MY DEAR MISS SIDDONS—Your brother dined with us last week, and gave us a graphic account of your trials with Chinamen. He also told us with deep feeling of the generosity and self-sacrifice that had brought you to a wilderness to be a mother to his children. His wife was very dear to me, and I would gladly have united her little ones to my own flock, but their father would not part with them; so that I have often mourned my inability to do more for them. Now that you have undertaken their charge I am not willing that all the sacrifices shall be yours; and therefore tender to you my own private and particular *factotum*, Ah Toy, hoping that he will lighten your burdens as he has mine. I know you have lost faith in his pagan race; but be persuaded to make trial of this shining exception. He has lived with us for three years. He came to us untrained, but has become the best servant I ever knew. He is fully competent to undertake the *role* of 'general utility man' of your establishment; he can cook very satisfactorily, is a superior laundryman, can milk, cut wood, drive the carriage, and even run the sewing-machine. He is cleanly, honest, faithful: but, lest you disbelieve in my paragon, I must own that he is unduly sensitive, and has been somewhat spoiled. He will need all the praise you can reasonably bestow, and will deserve it; so I hope you will be ready to conciliate his morbid approbativeness.

"Should he fail to meet your wants, please return him at once to us, as he will be very welcome.

"I hope ere long to enjoy a personal acquaintance with you. Mr. Sheldon joins me in love to Mr. Siddons and the children.

"Your friend,
"ALICE SHELDON."

Fanny turned with a delighted face to the new-comer, who had watched her with his keen, almond-shaped eyes as she turned the pages with nervous haste.

"Toy," she asked, with an eager smile, "will you stay and work for me?"

"You likey me stay? Mis' Sheldon say me good boy?" he asked suspiciously.

"She says you are a very good boy; I shall like you very much."

His clouded brow shone at once with unctuous self-complacency. "You no more tlubble; me heap sabe eberyting: cook, makey pie, cake, puddin', sabe wash, sew, milkum cow; me heap *clean*, me no tellee lie, me no stealee, me heap smart—me thinkee you coffee burn *now!*" he confidently asserted, winding up with a practical climax that led to his instantaneous introduction to his new center of operations.

Leaving him to enter at once into full possession, Fanny ran out to hug the children in her rapture; and spying her brother riding

up the foothill trail from the valley, she lightly flew down the path to meet him, accompanied by the shouting trio of youngsters. Relieved of the overwhelming burden of care, she whispered to herself: "Or ever I was aware, my heart made me like the chariot wheels of Amminadib," as she fleetly hastened to carry the good tidings to Mr. Siddons; but when she reached him, she burst into glad sobs, and handed him Mrs. Sheldon's letter, in mute explanation. He dismounted, lifted her to the saddle, and walked on with the riotous children—a family of wonderful happiness for the present moment. Supper awaited them, and Ah Toy, in a jimp, white blouse, stood behind his master's chair, like the well-trained servant he avowed himself.

Comfort and order descended at once on the storm-tossed household. "Beauty for ashes, indeed!" said Fanny, as the shining stove and glistening copper tank refreshed her vision, the kitchen assuming a trim, coquettish air, in vivid contrast to its slovenly aspect during the reign of the banished Mongols. Evidently Ah Toy was of another ilk; and, in compliment to his exceptional tidiness, his bedroom was hung with cheerful paper, a dozen flaming lithographs were bestowed to adorn the walls, and a bright-colored matting laid upon the floor. He proved a miracle of versatility in filling the places of cook, laundryman, dairy-maid, stable-boy and gardener. His slim, yellow fingers appeared equally dextrous in each of these varying crafts, and a short experience of his trustfulness sufficed to induce Mr. Siddons to leave his family to Ah Toy's guardianship for days at a time.

Some weeks ensued without a display of the Chinaman's jealous sensitiveness; but when the changes of the cook's bill of fare had been all produced, Fanny suggested a variation in the *menu*.

He was instantly aggrieved. "You no likey *me*, you no thinkey *me* good cook; I go way, you catchey one *good* cook," he said with injured countenance.

Only by adroit compliments could Fanny obtain his consent to the preparation of any dish heretofore unknown to him. "*You* makey one time; next time *I* heap sabe, you no more makey," were his largest concession.

Robert soon grew impatient of this undue sensibility, and more than once administered a sharp reprimand, insisting that Fanny's wishes should be obeyed without question.

The result of this was generally a sulky fit on the part of Ah Toy, which lasted till Fanny coaxed him by emollient flatteries into beaming good-humor.

"Be patient with his whims, Robert, he is the very center of our domestic economy; being human, he must be allowed one foible," she pleaded; and Mr. Siddons, looking at the fair, girlish creature who had rehabilitated his home, was fain to curb the expression of his wrath.

Fanny was not entirely selfish in her consideration of Ah Toy's weakness; she had that all-embracing household affection for every living thing around the family dwelling-place that caused her to desire the happiness of the dog and cat, and even the big brown toad that lived under the doorstep.

She had loved and been beloved by every negro on her father's plantation in antebellum days, sharing their humble griefs and joys with unfeigned sympathy; now her zealous, trustworthy, though notional, Ah Toy had become in like manner part and parcel of her new roof-tree. He appreciated her generous championship of his cause, and condensed his opinion of the family into the following brief statement: "Bossman heap too muchey talkey to me, I no likey he, no good; womin-man, velly good, heap putty, me heap likey he; likey too litty girl; no likey one litty boy, heap too muchey sass, allee same fadder."

It was hardly surprising that he, like the colored servants, developed a dog-like fondness for his young mistress, being never too busy to black her boots or to saddle her pony; nor could he be persuaded to stop pumping water before midnight if her flowers were languishing from drought.

To the relatives in Virginia, Fanny's

isolated life on her brother's fifteen-hundred-acre ranch seemed inexpressibly lonely, and they bewailed her exile from society.

She, however, was too busy and interested to repine for lost social privileges. The tranquillity of her existence, after the turmoil of the past four years, was doubly restful: the needs of the children occupied her thoughts every hour, the womanly delight of being mistress of the establishment was no small item of pleasure, and the large content of her generous soul in making Robert happy by self-sacrifice made her days blessed.

She felt no sense of monotony as she taught the children, busied herself among the fluffy chicks and callow ducklings, brightened the homely dwelling with womanly devices, drove or rode her mustang pony over the hills, and entertained Mrs. Sheldon or some shy girl from a ranch in the valley.

Winter approaching, Mr. Siddons was often absent for a fortnight or longer, trusting his establishment to the guardianship of Ah Toy, who looked to the interests of the ranch with amusing ostentation, and regarded Fanny and the children with looks of radiant patronage.

A small upright piano came from the city, crimson curtains shut out the storm, a bright fire blazed on the hearth; so that however dreary the night outside, "aunty" made the little parlor gay with music, and "bed-time stories" for the children.

Ah Toy, solitary in the kitchen, one rainy evening donned his best silk blouse, and, tapping at the door, timidly begged leave to join the little circle. As the dog and cat were outstretched in lazy content on the rug, it seemed hard to deny the one lone servant admission to the hearth; so he was welcomed to an humble seat corner, where he shared the mirth and good cheer in a deferential way: popping corn, cracking nuts, and making ingenious little toys for the children. Henceforth, in Mr. Siddons's absence, he often joined the group, never presuming to do so when the master presided.

Sometimes, encouraged by the general absence of constraint, he waxed communicative, confiding to Fanny his aspiration to amass wealth and return to China. "I go back my Chiny-place, my mudder buy me one wife, putty womin, litty foot, no walkee. Me no git wife big foot. You sabe heap man come here no Chinaman, allee same you call him T-a-r-t-a-r, heap black, no smart. *Me* heap white, velly smart, allee same gentyman. I come Californy, my mudder heap cly. Putty soon I go my Chiny-place, he velly glad. He heap good man, he no tellee me lie, he allee time tellee me true."

The little girls tittered with amusement at these fervent praises of Ah Toy's exemplary mother; but Fanny's smile was sympathetic: she honored the reverent filial heart that found maimed expression in pigeon-English.

During the rainy season Robert often brought in a half-dozen wet and hungry vaqueros, demanding a hurried meal. Ah Toy always responded with prompt cheerfulness to the call, firmly declining Fanny's proffers of assistance.

"I no likey *wash* ten men, but I heap likey *cook* ten men," he would say, at which cannibal sentiment his mistress would laughingly retire.

As the grass became abundant, a plentiful supply of milk induced Fanny to propose assuming charge of the dairy interests.

"No; *you* makey one time, I see you; next time *I* heap sabe," was the *ultimatum* of the autocrat of the kitchen; and after a single lesson, at the close of the churning he used to come grinning with delight, to exhibit his fragrant, shapely roll of butter.

All winter he looked anxiously for a letter from China, and in March Fanny brought one from the office. She felt a genuine interest in the good Mongolian matron whose virtues so impressed her son. She delivered the treasure to Ah Toy, whose eyes danced with pleasure; and hastening to doff her wraps, returned to ask what tidings he had received.

She found him sobbing passionately. "My mudder die! My mudder die! Me all burn here when me thinkey my mudder die!" he wailed, laying his hand on his breast. Honest grief is always touching,

and the whole household mourned with him: even the little girls came with tears in their eyes to ask, "Toy, haven't you got an auntie?"

The poor fellow gave himself up to his sorrow, neither eating nor sleeping, till he developed a nervous fever. His master, after exhausting his efforts to console Ah Toy, or to persuade him to take food, sent for a doctor; and Fanny waited on him with the womanly tenderness her mother had shown to a favorite slave.

Her careful nursing and medical attendance restored him to his post in two weeks; but his care-worn face appealed so pitifully to Mr. Siddons that in future the small foibles that had caused vexation were wholly ignored. The solicitous attentions of his employer knit more strongly the Chinaman's attachment to the family.

"Me no go to my Chiny-place, me allee time stay here," he often declared with painful earnestness; and the listeners heard with grateful hearts, for how could they replace this faithful and accomplished creature if his place were vacant.

One breathless June day Mr. Siddons, galloping after a band of cattle, paused to toss to his little son, playing in the yard, a letter for his aunt.

The child bethought himself an hour later of the commission, and discharged it. The placid little lady gave a nervous start as the address caught her eyes. She read the letter in haste, and then stood with bated breath. The happiness of her life seemed trembling in the balance; there must be an answer sent by telegraph—but how?

Robert was gone; even her pony had been pressed into service. She would ask Ah Toy, though it was a cruel thing to do.

She hurried to the kitchen to find him perspiring at the ironing table over a labor of love, the fluting of a ruffled muslin dress for her. He was performing his task with elaborate nicety, and looking up to smile at his mistress, continued his work.

"Toy," she asked, hesitating at thought of the hard service she desired to exact, "will you take a letter to the office for me? I will give you ten dollars."

"Heap far, heap hot, horsey all gone," he answered, watching the crimped ruffles as they slowly flowed over the table; "twelve mile go, twelve mile come."

"I know," she responded with a beseeching face; "it is something very important, or I shouldn't ask."

"Who go for—boss-man?" he asked, carefully folding the dress and hanging it on the clothes-rack.

"No, for me," she replied.

He put on his blouse and caught his hat. "Me go," he said with ready cheerfulness.

"O, you good, good boy!" cried Fanny; "here's the letter and the money. Go to the telegraph office and give it to the operator; wait two hours for an answer."

He set off down the path at a swinging trot, while Fanny took possession of the kitchen.

"It's as good as doing something naughty to have the place to myself for awhile," she gleefully declared, as she fell to manufacturing pastry and cake with great zeal, much to the delight of the children, who were permitted to bake samples in small patty-pans. The heat of the stove, added to the high temperature of the air, was something almost unendurable; but the mistress of the house sang and laughed, wiping the perspiration from her glowing face, without a single murmur at the thermometer. Night came, and the supper-table was spread, before Ah Toy limped in foot-sore, but triumphant with the reply for which he had waited.

Fanny bade him be seated, thanking him with such graceful earnestness as to bring a flush of pleasure to the yellow face. "Here is your money, Toy," she concluded, offering him the promised reward. He pushed back the gold with an air of wounded pride. "Me no takey *money*, me no go for *money*; me go for *you*. You likey me walkee one hundred mile, I lun quick; you heep good, allee same my mudder. I sick, you makey tea, fixee med'sun; no can forgetty you; I no T-a-r-t-a-r, I allee same gentyman.

"You are the best boy in the world, Toy. I can never pay you for to-day's trouble; you make me very happy," she answered, with her

grateful smile. "Don't wait on the table, you are too tired."

He sat still, intently regarding her with admiration unspeakable in his black eyes.

She was a very pleasant object to contemplate, with her curly brown hair rippling around her white forehead, her roses and dimples coming and going as she laughed and chatted with the children. A new gladness brightened the brown eyes, and Toy smiled in conscious delight, as being the cause of her happiness. Her exhilaration continued all the evening, finding vent in exultant music, and at midnight Robert found her awaiting him.

"Either of the children sick, dear?" he asked, alarmed at her excitement.

"No; but I have something to tell you," she said, taking his strong, cool hand in her tremulous grasp.

"Bad news from Virginia, then?" he continued with anxiety.

"No, good news, Robert; but it needs explanation. Are you too tired to listen?"

He drew her down on his knee, and expressed his readiness to hear her story.

"It began four years ago, when there was a skirmish near father's, where brother Frank's company caught some Federals. One was an officer who had been a classmate of Frank at West Point, and being badly wounded, he was brought to our house to be nursed. Mother and I felt quite bitterly toward him before he came, for being an invader; but he was cruelly hurt, and at sight of his pale face we relented, and cared for him as if he had been one of our own soldiers. He was a real Yankee, but a gentleman, intelligent, accomplished, agreeable. He staid three months, and was so brave and patient that we grew fond of him. When he went away he wanted to ask me a question that I would not hear. I liked him more than any one else, and it broke my heart to send him from me forever; but I would never marry a man in arms against my country. When he told Frank, brother scolded, and got father and mother to join him; they laughed at my scruples, and said I ought to have married him, and made a Confederate soldier of him. It was very bitter to have given up my happiness for the good cause, and not to have my patriotic feelings understood; but I had forbidden him to write, or to come to see me again. All these long years I have thought that page of my life forever turned; but to-day I received a letter from Captain Ward. It was so strange, Robert. He is a cousin of Mrs. Sheldon, and came to San Francisco a month ago. She knew nothing of our acquaintance, and accidentally spoke of me in his presence. He wrote me, asking leave to come to see me. The letter lay in the office a week, and to-day was the latest date that he would await my answer. Hearing nothing from me, he would sail on the eastern-bound steamer to-morrow morning.

"I was in despair; you were gone, and I was half wild; then I bethought myself of our good, faithful Toy, and the devoted fellow trudged through the broiling sun to carry a telegram and bring the reply. It was very short, only this: 'Coming, start to-morrow morning.' Did I do right to invite him? Shall you make him welcome, dear?"

Mr. Siddons stroked the soft brown hair, and kissed the candid brow of the questioner. "Fanny," he said with emotion, "there isn't much gift of expression about me, but there is plenty of feeling. Do you think me insensible to all you have done for me and mine? When you came here my children were fast lapsing into barbarism; they were really unkempt little savages, and I was getting into a fit condition to marry that wretched 'widower preferred' housekeeper, out of sheer desperation. You have restored my home to order, comfort, and domestic affection. Since Julia died, I know you are the best and dearest little woman in the world; and if the king of the Cannibal Islands came as your friend, I should gladly entertain him. Be sure, you dear little reconstructed rebel, that I shall willingly take your gallant Yankee captain to my heart, even if the ungrateful rascal comes to steal the sun of my household system."

"No, brother, I won't desert you and

your babies for any one; but indeed, I never hoped to be so happy again"; in proof of which she sobbed on Mr. Siddons's broad shoulder.

Robert kissed her tenderly; he knew what depth and fervor of affection existed in his sister's nature; he could readily fill up the modest romance so quietly outlined; but he had a man's practical sense, and dispatched the heroine of the idyl to bed, lest her pretty bloom should suffer from late hours.

Next day found her in a fever of delighted expectancy: flitting from room to room, to prepare for the coming visitor; making the poor guest-chamber dainty with muslin curtains and bright with flowers; peeping into the kitchen to say a kindly word to the Chinaman, whose blistered feet prevented comfortable locomotion; patting her pony, and feeding him sugar; kissing the children, and dancing out to the gate to hug Robert—trying in these different occupations to chase away the snail-paced hours.

Toy was puzzled at her restlessness, and queried, "What for you allee time laugh to-day, allee time sing, allee time go window look see?"

"Because you were such a good boy yesterday to carry my telegram and bring one back," she gayly replied, flying to the door to see if there was a cloud of dust visible down the road. The dog looked into her beaming face with wistful, loving eyes, as she scanned the highway; she caressed the shaggy head that rubbed against her ruffles, then ran to feed her poultry, anxious that on this happy day nothing should feel hunger or neglect.

Just at night-fall the guest arrived—tall, dark, gentlemanly, as Robert noticed when he advanced to greet the stranger. The host was frankly cordial in word and manner; but Fanny's smile of welcome was more eloquent than speech, for Captain Ward took both her hands, and boldly kissed her lips.

At supper Fanny duly presented her errand boy: "This is our invaluable Ah Toy, but for whose swift feet you and I should not have met to-night. He walked that dreadful twenty-four miles yesterday to please me, refusing all compensation. Toy, this is my very good friend, Captain Ward."

The visitor graciously acknowledged the introduction, while the Mongolian regarded the new-comer with curiosity rather than with favor.

The fortnight that followed was one of rapture to the lovers, who were blissfully absorbed in each other. Robert had found Captain Ward much to his mind, and had readily sanctioned the betrothal; so the pair had a thousand confidences to exchange in reference to the years of separation, and as many anticipations to indulge of the future.

Fanny was unconscious that Captain Ward had so usurped the places of other interests and affections, till reminded of the fact by Toy.

"How longey one man stay?" he resentfully inquired.

"I can't tell: perhaps a month; why do you ask?" was the good-natured response.

"What the matter *you?*" he continued, with increasing vexation; "you no more carey you bludder, you no carey litty girl, no carey litty boy, no carey dog, no talkee me, no likey me; one man no good, he allee time fixee your horsey, no *he* business, allee same *mine;* you allee time talkee he, allee time sing he."

"O, he is my best friend, Toy; he likes you very much; I haven't seen him for four years. I like you all the same." The captain had indeed striven to ingratiate himself with the Chinaman, but had signally failed, to Fanny's surprise and chagrin.

"Poor fellow," she thought, as she retreated. "I *have* neglected him; he can't be happy without being noticed and praised. It is so abominable of me that when I am so blessed I should forget the comfort of other people."

Thus reminded of her sins of omission, she conscientiously petted the children, caressed the domestic animals, ran to meet Robert, and paid sedulous attention to Ah Toy, whose good-will Captain Ward also made strenuous efforts to cultivate.

All was fruitless; after a week more of the presence of Fanny's lover, Ah Toy first waxed sullen; and after nursing his wrath for a day or two, gave way to his irritation.

He assailed the unconscious guest, who was smoking on the piazza, with angry vehemence.

"What for you too longey stay here? Why you no go home? You makey me heap tlubble; I no likey cook and wash you; you too muchey costey boss-man money; too muchey sugar, too muchey butter, too muchey meat; what for you allee time fixee Miss Fanny's horsey; I likey fix um; no *you* business."

"Toy," cried Fanny sharply, entering in time to catch the last of this impertinent harangue, "how dare you speak so to my friend? Go to your kitchen, sir; I am ashamed of you."

The discomfited orator slunk off in haste, while the captain indulged in a hearty laugh.

"He has a frugal mind, Fanny; but there is much pith in the fellow's suggestions; and they remind me to lay before you an arrangement that Robert and I contemplate, if your serene Highness approves.

"That is, for me to enter into partnership with him in the stock business, to build a new and comfortable dwelling large enough for us all, and for you to add me to your cares, without giving up Robert or the babies. If your rampant Mongol can't be tamed, we'll try a new one; and now signify your views by the usual sign of the Order."

The affirmative sign of the Order of Lovers being given, the young people devoted a few moments to consideration of these important changes; and Fanny said: "O, we must keep Toy; he is quite a marvel of good temper for a pagan; I'll go and make the chicken salad, and praise him a little; and he'll be as sweet as if this little flurry had never occurred."

She found the offender miserably penitent. "You mad me, Miss Fanny?" he submissively questioned.

"I won't be any more, if you are good to my friend; but you must not be saucy to Captain Ward. Now see me make this salad; next time you will know."

He brought the materials, and stood by the table watching her skillful movements, and looking with piteous entreaty at her face. She wore the dress which had occupied him the morning he had carried the telegram, its crisp whiteness shielded by a coquettish bib-apron; her hair was tied with fillets of rose-colored ribbon, her pretty sleeves were pushed up, displaying her prettier arms, her dimpled hands deftly prepared the celery, and her expression was one of good-humored interest in her task.

The yellow features of the spectator grew ashen with suppressed feeling, his black eyes glittered with a strange light, as he caught her hand and pressed the jeweled fingers to his lips, in imitation of a salute he had seen when the captain fancied himself and Fanny unobserved.

The girl shivered from head to foot, in mingled fright, anger, and disgust, as she drew back.

"How dare you!" she cried; "you are a bad man, my brother will kill you!"

"I no carey, I likey die, I too muchey likey you, I all burn here," repeating his former gesture of laying his hand on his breast.

She darted from the room, white, cold, heart-sick, to throw herself on her bed in an agony of shame and apprehension, sobbing to herself: "I am to blame, I am to blame; and if I tell Robert he will kill the miserable wretch. I can only send him away."

She locked her door, and refusing supper on the plea of a headache, waited till the gentlemen went out to smoke. She came out, sent the children to their father, and sought the kitchen.

"Toy," she said, deathly pale but sternly resolute, "you must go away, Robert will kill you if you stay; come in when your work is done, say you want to leave, get your money, go at once, and never come back."

He dropped on his knees, and caught the hem of her dress in passionate beseeching.

"Miss Fanny, no sendee me away, I no

more talkey bad; I no can see you, I die. Jest now, me heap clazy; you mad me, I no carey you bludder kill me."

She motioned him away in shuddering aversion.

"Go as I tell you, or Robert will shoot you before you can go," she repeated, returning to her room to hide her self-condemnation in darkness.

Her brother's voice called her from solitude. "Fanny, here's Toy asking for his wages, and wanting to leave; what does it mean?"

"He had better go," she replied; "he's been sullen and disagreeable for some time, and this afternoon he was very impertinent to Captain Ward." Her hard, high-pitched tone of voice amazed the gentlemen.

"Come, Fanny, don't be cross; I guess Ward didn't care. Toy's been a good, faithful boy. Say, old fellow, you'd better stay; you won't find as good a place in a hurry."

The Chinaman's face twitched with nervous contortion at his employer's appeal, but he did not attempt any response.

"No," said Fanny sharply; "I don't want him to stay. I won't endure his caprices any longer."

Mystified at such a display of temper from his gentle sister, Robert handed the money to the culprit.

"Good by, Toy, I'm sorry to part with you in this way, but your mistress must decide"; and he shook the yellow, trembling hand of the Chinaman, the children sobbed their farewells; but Toy lingered till Fanny curtly dismissed him, saying, "You can go now."

He turned from the threshold, made a few steps toward the gate, then came to the door. Looking in with a ghastly face to say, "You wantee know why I go away? I tellee you. I heap sick; allee same one month I die." With which he vanished into the night.

"Do you think he is really sick, Fanny?" queried Mr. Siddons, in astonishment.

"Very likely; he has acted very strangely for some days. He may have smoked too much opium," she answered.

A telegram to the city resulted in the arrival of Gong Wah to fill the vacancy. He was old, ugly, deeply scarred, and had lost his front teeth; and was as different from Ah Toy in competency as in comeliness. Fanny bore herself to him with an icy *hauteur* that astonished Robert. She kept entirely aloof from the kitchen, and refused to correct any of his short-comings. In the place of the alert and vigilant little housewife, who had been interested in all domestic concerns, a listless and negligent mistress abode. Indeed, she might have been a changeling, for the frank, sunny girl had been displaced by an irritable, absent-minded, and dejected woman—a metamorphosis that dumbfounded the men to whom she was dear. She grew wan, care-worn, and strangely nervous. The truth was that she was harassed by vague forebodings and by constant self-reproach. Womanly shame and remorseful anxiety for the unhappy creature whose fondness for her was so repulsive wore on her by night and day.

Captain Ward, after much perplexity, decided that she was unhappy in her engagement, and generously offered to release her, refusing to claim an unwilling bride. She assured him with tears that her only prospect of happiness lay in her approaching marriage, and besought him to be patient with her. "Take me away from here, Louis, and I shall be well and cheerful," she added.

The brother and lover discussed the alteration in her health and spirits, deciding that it must arise from too great monotony, and planned a lengthy bridal trip.

A fortnight after the unfortunate day that had brought such grief to Fanny, Robert, returning from the office, remarked: "I saw Toy to-day. The poor fellow was right, he looks very ill; he has wasted away like a man with quick consumption. I asked him to come home with me, when he asked so pitifully about you and the children; but he shook his head, saying, 'Miss Fanny mad me,' and sobbed like a child."

The sister made no reply, and looked out of the window with an impassive face.

"How hard-hearted you seem about that poor sick Chinaman, Fanny, who used to fetch and carry for you like a dog. I don't

understand it of you," said Robert, with a troubled air.

"I never want to see one of the race again so long as I live," burst out the hitherto silent listener, with great bitterness, while her brother glanced in consternation at Captain Ward. That gentleman said, with kindly tact, "You are right, Fanny, if this Gong Wah is a fair sample of his tribe"; and changed the obnoxious subject.

This news brought fresh cause of disquiet to Fanny. The pitiable condition of the wretched creature and his presence in the valley filled her with apprehension that drove her half wild.

Her lips were sealed by maidenly delicacy, and by a fear of the consequences that might be visited on the miserable victim of her well-meant kindness; and she now shuddered in dread of his appearing before her any hour, and betraying himself before her brother or her lover.

In her distress of mind, the comfortless state of domestic affairs passed unheeded, though Gong Wah was little better than the pagans who had afflicted her before Toy's advent. A sudden bettering of things gratified the gentleman, but only served to arouse a suspicion in Fanny's mind that Toy had returned, and was lurking about, assisting the cook. She looked in every possible hiding place, and questioned the stolid Gong Wah, but found no justification of her surmise but the increased comfort and cleanliness of the table and the laundried garments. The pony, who had fared less comfortably since the new order of events, grew sleek and comely, and neighed with pleasure when he was fed; but no sign of the banished culprit greeted Fanny's eager quest for him.

As time went by, she grew less nervous, and smiled at her overwrought fancies; but as she sat in the parlor giving her oldest niece a piano lesson, she faintly caught the sound of a voice in the kitchen. She ran to the spot heretofore carefully avoided since Ah Toy's departure. Gong Wah was fluting her white dress, and crooning monotonously to himself. "Who is here? Whom are you talking to?" she questioned, with stern authority.

The ironer calmly replied, "No man here, me talkey to *me*," and continued his labor. Four ruffles of the garment were already finished with dainty exactness, but she imagined, with agitated distrust, that his clumsy manipulation was not equal to so delicate a task.

"Don't tell me a lie," she said, eyeing him with severity.

"Me no tellee lie," blandly returned the imperturbable Mongolian, "you allee same look see you findee one man."

She returned to her music. "I have thought about that wretched boy till I am almost insane," she thought.

That night the house was aroused by her frantic cry, "Robert, there is some one in my room!"

Mr. Siddons rushed in, to find her sobbing and trembling.

"Some one touched my face," she said, shuddering.

Her brother opened the wardrobe, shook the wire window-screens to see if they had been moved. "My dear," he said, smiling, "there is no one here, it must have been a dream."

She shook her head. "No: it wakened me; I can feel those cold, bony fingers yet," and she shivered afresh.

"Poor little girl! It seemed very vivid, I don't doubt; but I have searched every hiding place, and he couldn't have escaped before I got in."

"I shall not sleep another minute here," she insisted.

"Put on your double-gown then, Fanny, and I'll watch with you," said Robert.

No further visitant appeared, and at breakfast Mr. Siddons made merry over the vision of the night, till Captain Ward, seeing her sensitiveness, excused himself from the table, and took Fanny out on the piazza. She drooped her head on his shoulder, and his arm stole around her waist—a freedom that Gong Wah, the child of the older civilization, on his way to the stable, saw with disapproving eyes.

He passed the lovers with a sardonic smile, reflecting on the modesty of Chinese maidens and the superiority of Mongolian customs.

A moment later a shrill cry from the stable summoned the household, to find poor Ah Toy hanging from a beam. He had managed to suspend himself with the long and thick cue which had been the object of his pride.

Robert and Captain Ward carried Fanny, who had fainted, to the house; and a vaquero was dispatched for the coroner and a doctor.

The latter gave Fanny a sedative, and then poor Ah Toy's remains were taken possession of by the officer. He was dressed in his best suit, and a paper covered with Chinese characters was pinned to his blouse.

Gong Wah acted as interpreter. He surveyed the document with a contemptuous smile, for he had recovered from his first alarm. "He litee allee same he too muchey likey Miss Fanny; allee same he go die; he no wantee bones go back Chiny; he wantee puttee in glound here, so he allee time see Miss Fanny. He allee same clazy, allee same fool," was the free rendering of Ah Toy's last wishes.

"How long has he been here?" inquired the coroner.

"Two weeks; he come here one night, say he likey see Miss Fanny; he hidee, she no findee; he likey fluty Miss Fanny dless, likee feed pony, likee cook Miss Fanny dinner; she no come kitchen, she no see, he heap likey hear Miss Fanny sing, likey look in window night see Miss Fanny; yes'day she hear Toy in kitchen, she come, he lun behind barrel; she heap mad; I tellee him he no can stay. Last night he go 'way, this mornin' he in stable allee same dead. He one fool; China womin velley good, white womin allee same one debbil," thus ran Gong Wah's artless statement.

When Fanny wakened from the long sleep occasioned by the draught she had taken, Robert sat beside her. "My dear girl," he said, kissing the pale cheek, "what a terrible burden you have carried these weeks. Why didn't you confide in me?"

"I feared it would cost the poor wretch his life—as it has," she sobbed; "and I felt such self-reproach and misery that I could not tell my trouble to any one. Take me away; and let me never see this place again if you love me."

"This very day, my love; Louis will take you and the children to Mrs. Sheldon, and you need never return unless you desire it."

Fanny *Siddons* never returned to the spot; but Mrs. Louis Ward came more than once to see an humble grave whose headstone bore the brief inscription, "POOR AH TOY."

MARY T. MOTT.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The prospectuses of the Homeier Concerts had been in the hands of the public about a week when it was announced that a Philharmonic Society was about to be organized by Mr. Gustav Hinrichs. Shortly afterwards the new organization's first concert was advertised for the evening of the same day already publicly chosen by Mr. Homeier. Public interest was naturally stimulated by this attempt at rivalry; but it soon became apparent that concerts so widely different in their aims as those of Mr. Hinrichs and Mr. Homeier could scarcely be called rivals. While Mr. Homeier's programmes aimed to keep abreast of the times, by representing the latest progress of musical thought, the predilection of Mr. Hinrichs was plainly limited to ancient history. His programmes, so far as the style of the works was concerned, might have been heard any time within the past forty years. Some of the composers represented certainly belonged to later days; but they were modern only in name, the form and instrumentation of their works belonging to the antique. This remark holds good with barely two or three exceptions, one of which, the Hungarian March of Berlioz, introduced as a novelty, had in reality been played for the first time in San Francisco at the fourth Homeier concert last year. The true character of the programmes will be

more than fairly indicated, if we mention merely the four leading works which constituted the *pieces de resistance* at each of the four concerts; these were Haydn's Symphony in D, Beethoven's First Symphony, Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, and Mozart's Symphony in G minor. Now Haydn and Mozart belong to the infancy of modern music; Beethoven's First Symphony, written under the immediate influence of those two masters before he had thrown off the trammels of imitation, belongs to the same period; and the symphony of Mendelssohn, though an admirable exercise in composition, is, with the exception of the second movement, so completely devoid of musical value that there is no necessity for taking it into account. These works were the best that Mr. Hinrichs gave us. We think they sufficiently support our assertion of the intimate connection of these concerts with ancient history. The absurdity of the assumed rivalry with Mr. Homeier's programmes is self-evident.

At the same time, we are far from denying that such works as Mr. Hinrichs offered hold an important place in musical culture. They may be deficient in the rich polyphonic treatment of more recent works; they may also be monotonous in tone-color, and lack that brilliancy of instrumentation which has come with a knowledge of the modern resources of the orchestra: but they will always hold their place, inasmuch as to understand them is the first requisite for entering into the spirit of modern music. It will be long before the musical culture of San Francisco stands so high that it can afford to dispense with them. The manner of interpreting them was also in some respects surprisingly good. Having chosen to perform works written almost wholly for strings, Mr. Hinrichs was governed by this purpose in selecting his orchestra, which was little more than an enlarged string quartette. Their admirable rendering of the first two concerts left little to be desired. Two facts contributed mainly to this result: first, the great simplicity of the works performed, as compared with modern music; second, the long familiarity of the musicians with all the difficulties of the leading works, which have been played in this city repeatedly for the last twenty-five years, and forced home to the knowledge of the players by the able drill of Mr. Herold. With the third concert, however, began a considerable falling off in excellence. Mr. Hinrichs experienced the difficulties of giving concerts in the evening, when all the best musicians have permanent engagements, and must therefore find substitutes before they can play in concerts. The enthusiasm which had obviated this difficulty at the beginning apparently subsided. Many changes were noticeable in all parts of the orchestra. The wood and brass, weak from the outset, became still weaker. These instruments, with very few exceptions, were in the hands of unknown, inferior performers, and sometimes of amateurs. It was even found necessary to substitute cornets for horns. Under these circumstances the last two concerts showed many blemishes. The overture to "Midsummer-night's Dream," at the third concert, was full of torture to the ear; and as to Mozart's G-minor symphony at the last concert, simple though it is, and written almost wholly for strings, it may be doubted whether any such confused and miserable rendering of a symphonic work has been heard in San Francisco for many years. This inglorious termination proves the futility of attempting to give evening concerts in San Francisco under present conditions. The great merit of Mr. Homeier's concerts, apart from the high character of the programmes, was that by giving the concerts in the afternoon he was able to secure the best musicians, and to keep them together with steady improvement in their performance until the last. With Mr. Hinrichs, unfortunately, the only thing permanent in his so-called "Society" was the list of officers, which remained unchanged. His excellent beginning deserved a better fate.

An interesting feature of the concerts was the performance of a piece for strings, by Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, which, in a simple but none the less charming way, confirmed the impression created by the "Defeat of Macbeth." Of the vocalists there is nothing to be said, except of Mr. Ugo Talbo, an English tenor, who, by his fresh and powerful voice, proved himself a valuable addition to local talent. We hope he will give up his occasional habit of bellowing, which makes his face grow red and his veins swell, without advantage to his singing or special interest to his audience.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY. By Sebastian Hensel. Two volumes. 1882. New York: Harper & Bros. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham, & Co.

Some years since, after the appearance of a complete edition of the "Life and Works of Moses Mendelssohn," in seven volumes, and the superaddition of certain memorials of the composer Felix, it was said that English literature had as large a contribution from that one family as the public would accept. That was the complaint of more than one reviewer; and while Felix's songs were heard in almost every

household, and his oratorios moved thousands in Exeter Hall, his biography had by no means so general a recognition. How lamentably the critics erred in their estimate of the public taste, is fully answered by the warm reception given to this last work. It is true that in all the essentials to a readable book the present publication has the advantage over all those on the same subject which preceded it. That relating to the philosopher, as Moses Mendelssohn is called in Germany, is not of a character to interest the reading public, made up as it is of disquisitions on questions of metaphysics, imitations of Plato's Phaedon, a translation of the Pentateuch, and lectures on God's existence. Discussions and essays of that technic nature were interesting, doubtless, to his contemporaries—Kant, Lavater, Lessing, and Baumgarten and their schools; but in merely speculative philosophy there is little or nothing to entertain the general reader of to-day. The book we now treat of, made up of letters and journals, contains every element to render it popular. It swings wide open the door, and we see what we can call the subjective life of that extraordinary family—a family which, independent of the distinction of certain of its members, is shown to be, by its correspondence and diaries, one of the most interesting of which literature has any record.

These volumes, by way of enhancing the struggles, labors, and success of Moses, its founder, open very pertinently with a short but satisfactory relation of the harsh measures which both law and conventionalism put upon the Jew of that period. They give sufficient biographical facts to deeply stir our admiration of him as a scholar and man, developing certain strong qualities which we recognize in their transmission through two generations. And *en passant*, we will remark that, in his obscure struggling youth, there is a marked coincidence with the trials, poverty, and industry which made Garfield's early days so notable. This strong principle of exaltation and worth is as acute and as widely diffused with the women of the family as the men. Dorothea, the wife of Frederick Schlegel, had unusual literary taste and ability, aided him in his studies and works, and wrote a volume which was published as his. Henrietta removed to Paris, and was a teacher of such merit and accomplishments as to bring about her many of the most eminent persons of that period and capital, among whom was Madame de Stael; and Leah, the mother of the composer and Fanny, not only "drew exquisitely," but had an unusual knowledge of German, French, and Italian literatures, and read Homer in the original text. With such examples, and living under such influences, we can scarcely wonder at the beauty of the lives of Felix and Fanny especially, and the tenderness and strength of that relation between them, which makes the charm of the book. All the correspondence and journals are deeply interesting, but those of these two lead us into something like enthusiasm.

Felix as a composer occupies a subordinate place in the book. It seems to have been the purpose of the editor—and he has admirably succeeded—to bring out his merit as a sensitive, exquisitely strung, and educated gentleman as quite distinct from his position as a musician. His "Songs without Words," which seek by musical sentiment to supply the absence of language, the dramatic passion of "Midsummer-night's Dream," and the calm religious quality of his oratorios, long before we knew anything, or at least but little, of his private life, prepared us to believe that his compositions were the outpourings of a gentle, lovable soul, and that the spirit of music controlled and shaped his life. But his letters and journals declare a superexcellence, a supereminence of finished manhood, as rare as beautiful. Fanny, his sister, who was born, as her father said, "with Bach's fugue fingers," was a most accomplished musician, and, in natural quality, with more spontaneity and poetry than he, and a woman of great force and beauty, and sweetness of character. It was a sad testimony to her worth and the strength of their intimacy that her death hastened his own, at the early age of thirty-eight.

In a short review, to which we are regretfully limited, it is impossible to do full justice to this book, which is as readable as any we have ever met in its department of literature. The editor, who is the only child of Fanny, has done his work exceedingly well: reaching the Dryden standard of composition and arrangement—the distribution and orderly placing of things both general and particular.

CUBAN SKETCHES. By James W. Steele. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne, & Co.

There is a candor and fearlessness about Mr. Steele's book that is much to be commended. It is a record of his experience during several years' residence as United States Consul at Havana; and he has certainly had in his position the advantage of facilities for observation which could not be hoped for by the casual traveler. He is not always flattering in what he says. He pictures Cuba as being far behind the average civilized country, not only in means of locomotion and in diet, but even in the common conveniences and necessaries of life. An amusing picture is that of the way in which a Cuban paper is carried on. A censor is appointed by the government, who overlooks the press generally, and sees that nothing slips in to awaken or alarm the public mind. Accidents and casualties pass unnoticed, and the editors make leaders out of such subjects as "The Birds," "Virtue," "Sociability," "The Domestic Arts," and "Temperance." Everything in the way of news is carefully avoided, and there is not a redeeming feature in the papers to relieve the universal dullness.

There is a little of the common stock matter, as to bull-fights and the like, in the book, but the major part is made up of details concerning the domestic life and habits of the Cubans, which are at once novel and interesting; while the descriptions of places are often very vivid. It is a pleasant and clever book, and one which will find favor with those who like to read about a country without bothering their heads with a guide-book's prosiness of detail.

PAUL THE MISSIONARY. By Wm. M. Taylor. New York: Harpers & Bros. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham, & Co.

Several lives of St. Paul have been written, considering him as a preacher and minister, but this late work from the pen of Dr. Taylor is the first that views him from the standpoint in which he was so permanently a founder and leader, namely, that of a missionary.

The author has taken up the different missionary journeyings of the great apostle, and has endeavored, with success, in each chapter to give a short, accurate, and comprehensive account of the different countries visited, the nature and mind of the people, and the method pursued by Paul in dealing with and preaching to the people. Each chapter closes with practical lessons for modern life, which are suggested by the personal experience and missionary labors of the apostle.

The work is a collection of lectures, or discourses, delivered by the author before his congregation, and is written in a pleasing style, calculated to hold the interest of the reader till the last lines are reached. One arises from the study of its pages with a greater appreciation of the somewhat slighted missionary cause, and with a more enthusiastic admiration for the character and work of Paul of Tarsus, who, in our author's words, "bade adieu to his home and friends, to begin that missionary work among the Gentiles, in the prosecution of which the church emerged from its cradle, and walked forth, deserted by the swaddling bonds of Judaism, to benefit the world at large."

THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited by Peter Cunningham. In four volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham, & Co.

Than "poor Goldsmith," blundering and ridiculous as he was attractive and inspired, no writer ever had a stronger personal hold upon his readers. An affection for him is one of the inherited things in English literature. In this personal regard for the man, there may be, perhaps, a danger of underestimating the force and value of his work.

Prior to Goldsmith, English literature was permeated with pruriency. As delightful as was Fielding's better work, it was marred throughout by this fault. Goldsmith came as an apostle of decency, of elegance in style and purity in thought. It was reserved to his rare genius to produce the best poem, the best novel, and the best comedy of his age. Indeed, in the whole brilliant range of English literary work, the productions of Oliver Goldsmith will always be placed in the first rank; while the charm of the author's personality will make the world ever more eager to know whatever is to be known concerning him.

This edition of Goldsmith's works contains the first publication of a manuscript by Garrick, giving an account of the production as Retaliation:

"As the cause of writing the following printed poem, called 'Retaliation,' has not yet been fully explained, a person concerned in the business begs leave to give the following just and minute account of the whole affair:

"At a meeting of a company of gentlemen who were well known to each other, and diverting themselves, among other things, with the peculiar oddities of Dr. Goldsmith, who never would allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe, the Doctor with great eagerness insisted upon trying his epigrammatic powers with Mr. Garrick, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Mr. Garrick immediately said that his epitaph was finished, and spoke the following distich, extempore:

"'Here lies NOLLY Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.'

Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not or could not write anything at that time; however, he went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed poem, called 'Retaliation,' which has been much admired, and gone through several editions. The public in general have been mistaken in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the Doctor; it was just the contrary: the whole on all sides was done with the greatest good-humor; and the following poems in manuscript were written by several of the gentlemen on purpose to provoke the Doctor to an answer, which came forth at last with great credit to him, in 'Retaliation.'

"D. GARRICK [MS.]."

HARPER'S POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY, from the aboriginal period to 1876. Containing brief sketches of important events and conspicuous actors. By Benson J. Lossing. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham, & Co.

This profusely illustrated cyclopedia of American history will be found to be an admirable book of ready reference. A careful examination shows that it is at once complete and compact. It is just that sort of work which every person ought to have at his elbow, as a constant invitation to accuracy. At the

end of the second volume is a profuse index, which will be found of assistance where the "catch-word" cannot immediately be found. All the prominent topics of United States history are fully treated, and the minor ones have each a paragraph. There are also valuable cross-references to cognate subjects.

THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, their legend and scenery. By Samuel Adams Drake, with illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham, & Co.

This beautiful volume is one of the most perfect productions of the late holiday season. The White Mountains have become so famous for their beauty and grandeur that, notwithstanding all that has been written and said about them, one could never find it in his heart to pronounce such a book as this a superfluity. In one point of view this volume is especially interesting; i. e., as an indication of the wonderful progress made during the last seven years in the art of wood engraving. There are, in all, fifty-eight cuts, each one of which will bear close scrutiny as to its mechanical and artistic workmanship. The name of the engraver is published in the table of contents, with that of the artist—an excellent plan for securing conscientious work. Most of the designs are from the facile pencil of W. H. Gibson, an artist who is coming more and more each year to the front as an observer of Nature who sees something more than her rigid outlines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. L. Bancroft & Co. publish a *History of the Capture of California and Oregon by the Chinese*, by Robert Woltor. It is a weak expansion of an idea embodied in an article entitled, "The Battle of Wabash," published in THE CALIFORNIAN in 1880. Mrs. Mary Olmsted Stanton has brought out a second edition of her work, *Physiognomy*. Macmillan & Co. publish *Le Cid, Tradedie en Cinq Actes de P. Corneille*, with biographical notice, historical introduction, and literary notes, by G. Eugene Fasnacht. Philip I. Figel of San Francisco has published *Jim Skaggs of Skaggsville, a Sierra Sketch*. A convenient little volume of reference, for sale by Billings, Harbourne, & Co., is *The First Book of Knowledge*, by Frederick Guthrie. A number of other books have been received, and will be reviewed in the next number.

IN PRESS.

The California Publishing Company have in press, and will shortly publish, *Californian Verses*, by Chas. H. Phelps.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN.

Dear Sir—Will you kindly permit me to correct an erroneous statement, doubtless unintentional on the part of the author, which appears in the first installment of "The Cruise of the Corwin," published in the February number of THE CALIFORNIAN? At page 94, near the top, it is stated (speaking of certain of the native people of Alaska) that "they enjoy the privilege, inestimable to a savage, of getting drunk as often as they please, in spite of all the stringent anti-liquor laws in Alaska"; that "there is no general *or local* law to prevent the fermenting of the intoxicant (meaning a liquor fermented from flour, sugar, and water); and that there is no penalty for getting drunk or wife-beating—so these sports are indulged in without restraint, and the natives are happy."

However true this state of things may be of Alaska generally—where there is, indeed, a minimum of national law—it is not true of the Pribylov Islands in Behring Sea, which are by Act of Congress made a Government reservation, and their native inhabitants (Aleutians) placed under the immediate control, care, and protection of the Secretary of the Treasury, who is represented at the islands by officers of his appointment.

To break up the practice of clandestine beer-brewing and drinking, so injurious to the native people, the Secretary, in 1874, 1877, and 1878, made regulations, having the force of local law, which, when enforced, have proved adequate for the purpose. These regulations prohibit the manufacture and use of *krass*, or native beer, and direct the agents of the Treasury there to break up the injurious practice, by destroying the liquor when found, and by depriving offenders of the privilege of purchasing at the traders' stores sugar and other articles out of which the intoxicant can be brewed. The infliction of "moderate punishments" in aggravated cases is also authorized.

These regulations have been very faithfully, impartially, and rigorously enforced during the past five years, both by my immediate predecessor and myself and assistants, the result of which is that the

evil has generally been kept under complete control.

During the year ending with July last, stoppages of sugar, supplies, etc., were enforced, under the Secretary's standing instructions, in forty individual cases, for infractions of his orders; the deprivation lasting for periods of from one month to six months, according to the nature and magnitude of the different offenses. At one time all the villages were cut off. Besides which, fines were inflicted on the few aggravated cases that occurred, and the proceeds devoted to the general welfare of the natives. A complete record of these offenses has been kept in the Government office at the islands, and the facts reported to the honorable Secretary of the Treasury from time to time.

The evil has been substantially broken up, notwithstanding the persistence of the liquor-loving islanders; and the condition, both moral and physical, of the Pribylov Aleutes has by consequence vastly improved.

Be kind enough, in the interest of justice and correct information, to give place to this note, or the substance of it, in THE CALIFORNIAN, and greatly oblige.

Yours very truly,

HARRISON G. OTIS,
Special Agent U. S. Treas. Dept.
(In charge of the Pribylov Islands, Behring Sea, Alaska.)

February 12th, 1882.

OUTCROPPINGS.

TOM CORWIN'S MILITIA SPEECH.

We print from an old copy of the "American Review" the following extract concerning Corwin's celebrated speech:

General Harrison was nominated for President by the Whig National Convention which assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., in December, 1839, and the signs of the times indicated a vehement and doubtful contest. A determined onset was made upon the personal character and military services of General Harrison at the opening of Congress, with the obvious intent of placing him *hors du combat* in the outset, and thus preventing that concentration of the elements of opposition upon him, which ultimately proved so overwhelming. The debates in Congress were naturally the channels of this onslaught, and among the assailants was Mr. Isaac E. Crary, then sole member from Michigan, who, on the 14th of February, seized the occasion presented by a debate in Committee of the Whole on the *Cumberland Road* to enlighten mankind with his views of General Harrison's deficiencies as a military commander, his mistakes at Tippecanoe, etc. The attack and its author would have long ago faded from the general remembrance, but for the fact that Mr. Corwin obtained the floor for a reply, and on the following day overwhelmed the assailant with a torrent of humor, sarcasm, and ridicule, such as has seldom been poured out in any deliberative body. The following well-remembered passage will give the reader not already familiar with it some idea of the entire speech:

"In all other countries, and in all former times, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms and strategy, and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular and casual, and irregular onslaughts, would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully, and digested the science and history of his subject. But here, sir, no such painful preparation is required: witness the gentleman from Michigan. He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment. That he is a lawyer, we know, tolerably well read in Tidd's Practice and Espinasse's Nisi Prius. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment in the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse to us, as from high authority, upon all the mysteries of the 'trade of death.' Again, Mr. Speaker, it must occur to every one that *we* to whom these questions are submitted and these military criticisms are addressed, being all colonels at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers, are, of all conceivable tribunals, best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science. I hope the House will not be alarmed with the impression that I am about to discuss one or the other of the military questions now before us at length; but I wish to submit a remark or two, by way of preparing us for a proper appreciation of the merits of the discourse we have heard. I trust, as we are all brother-officers, that the gentleman from Michigan, and the two hundred and forty colonels or generals of this honorable House, will receive what I have to say as coming from an old brother in arms, and addressed to them in a spirit of candor,

> 'Such as becometh comrades free,
> Reposing after victory.'

"Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I

take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title-page of 'Baron Steuben.' Nay, I go farther: as the gentleman has incidentally assured us that he is prone to look into musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the least from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understood him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give knowledge of a subject, comes before us with great claims to profundity. But this is a subject which, of all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us his brother-officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes through which we know from experience and observation a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade day. That day for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion—umbrellas, hoes, and ax-handles, and other like deadly implements of war, overshadowing all the field; when, lo! the leader of the host approaches!

'Far off his coming shines.'

His plume, white after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of awful length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms or points of dress; hence his epaulets may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming—gloriously gleaming—in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on these occasions? No! I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hinder limbs is best described by that most expressive phrase, 'sickle hams,'—for hight just fourteen hands, 'all told'; yes, sir: there you see his 'steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear'; that is his 'war horse whose neck is clothed with thunder.' Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war horse Bucephalus, at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx; but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times, that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle ham, would totally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the history of the parade day. The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be there occurs a crisis—one of those accidents of war, which no sagacity could foresee nor prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun. Here is an occasion for the display of that greatest of all traits in the history of a commander—the tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account unlooked-for events as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal! A retreat is ordered, and troops and general in a twinkling are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery. But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the heroic events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with energy and remorseless fury he slices the watermelons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whisky, Mr. Speaker, that great leveler of modern times, is here, also, and the shells of the watermelons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin's halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whisky assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after a parade day. But alas, for this short-lived race of ours! all things will have an end, and so is it even with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day, 'when the hamlet is still,' the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

'And glory, like the phœnix in its fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires.'"

It need hardly be added that the Michigan general, who was alluded to in debate a few days after by J. Q. Adams as "the late Mr. Crary," retired from Congress at the close of that term, and has not since been in public life. Not even in its palmiest days has his party ventured on the perilous experiment of attempting to lift him out of the abyss of ridicule into which he had presumptuously hurled himself.

———

The Rev. Dr. Dumbell (a newly fledged divine): "Hello, what's this, Essie; a picture of me? Do you think it's a good likeness?" Essie (after a pause): "No! Guess I'll put a tail on, and call it a dog."

A German shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman whose financial integrity he doubted replied to him when he called: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

A MARCH SUNSET.

Above the blue-ridged hills the mist is lit
With a swart splendor; the short sunset hour
Works fugitive enchantments in the sky.
Vague shadows gather clearness, through conceit,
Of outline; and I see a shoreless flood,
A surge of clouds and streams of yellow air,
Colossal shapes of vessels sailing slow
To some late harbor; and my eyes grow full
Of my great sea, that lapped its hither strand,
Bright in the flush of childhood's sunny past;
My sea that, raised to manhood's vision, rolls
A dim, unquiet, shoreless flood afar
(Like yonder varying phantasy of mist),
With phantom vessels sailing wierd and slow
Into some harbor of the years to come—
A surge of clouds and streams of yellow air.

W. C.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

The "Youth's Companion" is responsible for this:

The trustees of a school once offered a prize to the scholars in it for the best composition. All the boys were compelled to write, and were allowed to choose their own subjects. One boy declared that he could not do it. He could not think of anything to write about. Nevertheless, he was obliged to become one of the unwilling competitors. When the day of trial came he read his composition—or rather a part of it, for he was not permitted to read it all. He began: "My composition is about spring. Spring will soon be here. How do I know that? Because it came last year, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"The grass will soon grow green, and the trees will put forth leaves. How do I know that? Because the grass grew green and the trees put forth leaves last year, and the year before that, and the year before that, and the year before that.

"And the little lambs will come, and they'll gambol and play, and have a good time. How do I know that? Because the little lambs gamboled last year, and the year before that, and the year before that, and the year before that, and—"

"That will do, Johnny," interrupted a trustee, tired of the iteration; and Johnny marched from the stage to his seat, repeating:

"And the year before that, and the year before that, and the year before that."

The audience screamed with laughter, but Johnny's composition did not gain the prize.

"GOOD NIGHT, PAPA!"

"Good night, papa!"
Her hand in mine is softly laid;
Her evening prayer is sweetly said;
I bend and kiss the little maid.

"Good night, papa!"
She stands and holds the door ajar;
My thoughts go wandering afar;
I know like her the angels are.

"Good night, papa!"
Like cry of sentry on his beat
It reaches me, low, soft, and sweet,
From out her pillowy retreat.

"Good night, papa!"
Her voice sounds faintly through the halls;
Thus to me each night she calls,
Until sweet slumber o'er her falls.

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

TENAYA.

Beautiful Lake,
With silvery light
Sheening thy surface on moonlit night,
And granite floor as hard and cold
As palace hall of the days of old—
A fay is dwelling in every brake
That fringes thy shore,
O! beautiful Lake.

Silvery Lake,
With rippling face,
Each mimic billow the line of grace,
Lapping the sympathetic shore,
And lisping some tale of mountain lore—
Telling of bird, or of water snake,
Mystical stories,
O! silvery Lake.

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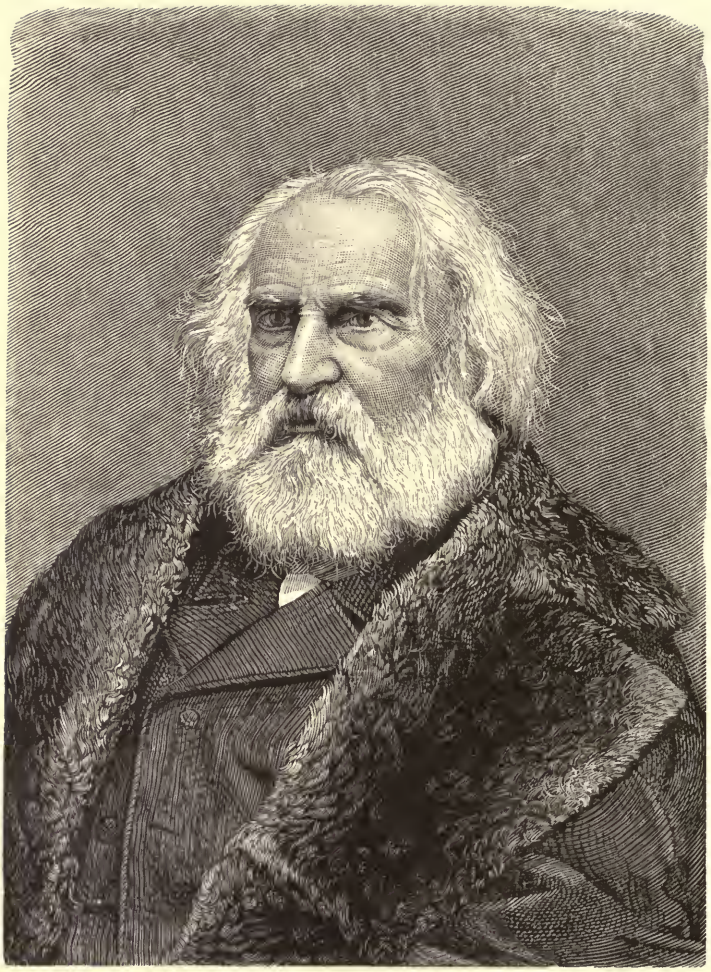

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From a photograph. Engraved by A. Krüger and E. Schultze.

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STUDIES OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.—I.

With the idea of Spanish conquest on the American continent has long been associated that of pomp, power, and cruelty, the avarice of noble adventurers, and the cunning of a bigoted priesthood. How vivid are the pictures drawn by historians of the career of Spain's armies in Mexico and Peru, and even of the expedition of the unhappy De Soto across the Florida swamps to the Mississippi! How wildly romantic were the explorations undertaken by land and sea for a century afterwards—always in search of wealthy countries to plunder!

The Spaniard, as devout as he was overbearing and adventurous, never undertook any exploit without the personal presence and spiritual sanction of the Fathers of the Church. Indeed, the Fathers often themselves became the explorers, as eager to discover infidel wealth to bestow upon the Church as infidel souls to bring within its saving influence. The Spanish imagination seems to have been as brilliant and inflammable as the Spanish heart was strong and courageous; and the career of that power, in wonderful deeds of valor, in striking successes following upon daring undertakings, in all that goes to make up the poetry of achievement, must always stand unrivaled in modern history.

A great deal of this splendor and success came from the perfect sympathy of Church and State. The Church divided the seas and undiscovered countries between its most Catholic kingly servants; and, in turn, its kingly servants defended and upheld the Church. Together they were powerful enough to overawe Europe for a period, until heresies grew so strong in some quarters as to shake both Church and State to their foundations. Put upon the defensive, the Catholic powers became gradually ever less able to prosecute their former aggressive undertakings, and Spain was reduced to the merest makeshifts to retain her hold upon those possessions on the North American continent to which in her grander period she had acquired undisputed title.

As heretofore, in this dilemma the Church gave all the assistance possible to the State; that is, all it could give without prejudice to its own authority. When it

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became necessary to plant settlements on the western coasts of America in order not to be obliged to yield dominion to rival powers, the Spanish clergy were encouraged to great missionary efforts; and the Jesuits, who combined in their order what was left of the old fiery valor and enterprise of the Spanish character with scholastic acquirements and great religious zeal, had extended their missions to Lower California, when the government, becoming jealous of their influence in politics as well as religion, decreed their expulsion from the Spanish dominions in 1767.

The missions, however, were not to be abandoned; and among the religious orders which presented themselves as successors to the Jesuits, the Franciscans were chosen to occupy their places in the several establishments of the peninsula of California. The person chosen to the presidency of the missions designed to be established in Upper California was a man already fifty-six years of age, having been born in the Island of Majorca, on the 24th of November, 1713, his baptismal name being Michael Joseph Serra. His early studies were pursued in the convent of San Bernardino, after which he was sent to Palma to acquire the higher branches of learning taught there. Having received the kind of education to fit him for the life of a religious devotee, he joined the order of St. Francis September 14th, 1730. In August, 1749, he embarked for the City of Mexico, where he arrived on the first day of 1750. The name of Junipero was assumed on entering his order, in honor of the companion of St. Francis, the founder of it.

Serra, by his own account, was an enthusiast, and enjoyed nothing so much as reading the lives of the saints, and emulating their examples of self-sacrifice and devotion. By others he is said to have been a man of splendid physical appearance, and possessed of both learning and genius, though his order was one bowed to poverty and not given to scholarly pursuits. Further than this we can only judge of him by his works. It is recorded of him that when he preached, in order to impress his hearers with an abhorrence of and compunction for their sins, he was in the habit of beating himself unmercifully in their presence, for his own. With what sentiments of approval and admiration should we behold some of the clergy of enlightened and Protestant California doing the same!

Having replaced the expelled Jesuits of the peninsula by men of his own order, according to the wishes of the government, if not with pride at being their successors, he next proceeded to fulfill the order of the Viceroy of Mexico in the founding of three new missions in the hitherto almost unknown country north of the Colorado River. As before remarked, these establishments were the result of a necessity to colonize California. As Spain was unable to people new countries with her own citizens, her only resource in this respect was to reduce the natives to subjection, and depend upon the growth of a mixed race resulting from the union of the soldiery with the native women.

As the soldiery alone could not be trusted to deal with the Indians, the reduction of these wild people was wisely intrusted to religious missions, while only troops enough accompanied them to protect the missionaries in case of a revolt. The expedition which was fitted out by order of the Marquis de Croix, for the purpose of bringing Upper California under the actual dominion of Mexico, consisted of three vessels, the San Joseph, San Carlos, and San Antonio. The first never arrived at La Paz, the point from which they were to sail for the Upper California coast; the other two, after being refitted and freighted with everything needful, comprising, besides, articles for the mission churches—an important matter—provisions for the whole expedition for one year, agricultural implements, seeds, cannon for forts, and mechanic tools of various descriptions, sailed on the 9th of January, 1769, and 15th of February, respectively, for the port of San Diego, the initial point in the scheme of missionary labor in California.

Besides the vessels, their freight, crews, and soldiery, another expedition was organized to proceed by land, which was to drive a herd of two hundred black cattle from the most northerly mission on the peninsula to stock the new missions, and enable them to commence farm labor. President Junipero Serra accompanied this division—or rather one-half of it, for it was again divided, in order, should one company be lost, the other might survive to reach San Diego. Neither was lost, but that which Serra accompanied wandered far out of its route, besides having taken time to found a mission by the way, and arrived last of all at San Diego July 1st, 1769, the other division having reached that port May 14th, and found there both the vessels.

No more significant commentary could be needed to show the declining power and intelligence of the Spanish government than the wretched condition of these vessels which took four months to perform the voyage from La Paz in the Gulf of California to San Diego, and which had nearly all their sailors, as well as some of the soldiery,

MISSION SAN GABRIEL. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

down with scurvy. Only two sailors of the San Carlos survived; so that it became necessary, in order to carry out the intentions of the Viceroy, to send the San Antonio back for recruits as soon as the remaining crew were able to perform the return voyage, which was not for a couple of months.

The persons immediately connected with the founding of the first missions of Upper California were, besides Serra, Fathers Juan Biscayno, Fernando Parron, Francisco Gomez, and Juan Crespi. Those having in charge secular affairs were Don Gaspar de Portala, Governor of California and captain of dragoons; Fernando Rivera y Moncada, his lieutenant; Don Miguel Constanza, an engineer; with several other officers belonging to the military service and the vessels. The army which was to reduce Upper California to the dominion of the government of Mexico consisted of twenty-five cavalrymen, and a few infantry, this branch of the service having lost more than a third of their number by diseases contracted on shipboard.

The design of the Viceroy, decided upon in conference with the Visitador-General of Mexico, was to establish at once three missions, with presidios, or garrisons, attached. The points selected were San Diego and Monterey, the third being left to the Governor or the President to determine; but it

was to be intermediate, Monterey being the most northern port of any consequence known to the Spaniards at this time. The names also of the missions were determined beforehand by the government.

On the arrival of Governor Portala and President Junipero Serra at San Diego, affairs were not allowed to procrastinate unnecessarily. The San Antonio having departed to procure recruits, and also to bring back further supplies of provisions, no food being obtainable in the country, Governor Portala set out overland to Monterey, taking with him all the officers and people of the land force except eight soldiers and some Indian servants from the Lower California missions; and was accompanied also by Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez. Historians differ as to the route taken. Some say that Portala became confused among the hills, and took a route east of the Coast Range, which led him past the desired port; while others assert that he really proceeded to Monterey, but that he was doubtful of its being the famous bay discovered by Viscanio in 1602. After marking the place with a cross, he continued his march northward until he came to the bay, which he named in honor of the patron saint of the order of Franciscans.

The story is told by historians that when the names of the three Upper California missions were given to Serra, he remarked upon the slight put upon the founder of his order, and that the Visitador-General had replied: "If San Francisco wishes to have a mission, let him show you a good port, and then let it bear his name." Governor Portala and the Padres remembered this *bon-mot* of the Visitador, and immediately placed the beautiful harbor at which they so unexpectedly arrived under the patronage of Saint Francis. They were not prepared, however, to form an establishment at this place, but having set up a cross and taken possession, returned January 24th to San Diego, without founding the Monterey mission, their supplies by this being nearly exhausted.

On finding that the San Antonio had not arrived, though she had been absent more than six months, Portala was on the point of abandoning the enterprise of settling California. He ordered an account taken of the provisions left, and informed the President that unless the vessel should arrive by the 20th of March, he should set out overland for old California. This news greatly afflicted Serra, who, aside from his religious zeal, would have been inexpressively mortified at such a termination of the enterprise he had undertaken on the part of the Franciscans, whom it would have placed in very unfavorable contrast with the successful Jesuits. He privately determined not to leave the country, whatever happened; but devoted himself to earnest prayers to have this calamity averted from the heathen, of being left to perish in darkness.

The 20th of March arrived, being the festival of St. Joseph, and Serra celebrated mass with unusual pomp and solemnity, still relying upon the interposition of that saint to change the Governor's mind, who had made every preparation for departure; when lo! there appeared on the horizon the vision of a vessel, which again disappeared. But as such a vision had been vouchsafed them, even the Governor accepted it as a sign that he was to wait, and accordingly the day of departure was postponed. Four days afterwards the San Antonio made the harbor, having been beating about unable to enter during those four days. The vision of the vessel was none the less accounted a miracle, and it certainly served the purpose of one. In gratitude to San Jose, Serra vowed to celebrate this miracle by an anniversary mass yearly, which he performed to the end of his life. This incident having determined the future of California, let us now turn to the founding of the mission establishments, and their subsequent history.

No sooner had Governor Portala set out upon his expedition to Monterey than the President resolved to found forthwith the Mission of San Diego. Up to this time there had not been much if any intercourse between the Spaniards and the natives, who,

while watching with interest the movements of the strangers, held themselves aloof with characteristic suspicion. Serra now attempted to draw them to him by every means in his power.

On the 16th of July the foundation of the Mission of San Diego was laid by dedicating as a church one of the rude huts first erected, and also by imposing religious ceremonials. The church bells were hung upon trees, and rung jubilantly; while the President himself shouted an invitation to the "gentiles" to come and be baptized into the holy church. These novel acts naturally attracted the curious attention of the Indians, who drew near to behold the

MISSION SAN LUIS OBISPO.

showy church furniture displayed, though a good deal frightened at the, to them, unintelligible noise. Whenever they approached within speaking distance, they were invited by gestures of affection, and also by a display of presents, to come still nearer.

As it was not unknown to the Indians that the greater part of the Spaniards had taken their departure northward, they yielded after a time to these repeated solicitations, and accepted the simple gifts of the Padres. For cloth of any kind, being naked, they expressed by their avidity to possess it the greatest desire, even going so far as to purloin any of it that came in their way; also visiting the vessel at night in their rush canoes, and cutting away the sails.

As it was desired to conciliate the Indians, no punishment was inflicted for these thefts, though means were used to prevent their recurrence; seeing which they grew bolder, imagining the Spaniards to be cowards, and took their property before their eyes. Misinterpreting the forbearance of the Padres, by whose orders the soldiers acted, on the 13th of August the Indians made an attack with the design of plundering the huts of the Spaniards, but were driven off by the fire-arms used to frighten them away more than to kill them. Not being killed, they returned to the charge on the 15th, precipitating themselves suddenly upon the Mission at a time when a part of the soldiery and one of the Fathers were gone on board the vessel, and taking everything they could lay hands on, even the sheets which covered the sick.

It was against the policy of the Padres to do any fighting openly. If the historian may be believed, they did nothing but retire within their house, and pray, Serra entreating that no lives might be sacrificed on either side, that the souls of the gentiles should not be lost, "which might be saved by future baptism." The affair seems to have been in all respect like thousands with which this generation on the Pacific Coast are only too familiar—a noisy, yelling, dastardly, Indian raid; but the whites again drove them off with their fire-arms, which this time were permitted to do execution, many being killed and wounded. Of the Spaniards, Father Biscayno, one soldier, and the blacksmith were wounded, though not severely. One converted Indian boy belonging to the Mission was killed, and an Indian servant wounded.

The Indians, now convinced of the superiority of the whites, conducted themselves more discreetly. But the work of conversions proceeded slowly, none of the "gentiles" being willing to be baptized. They accepted eagerly whatever the Christians had to spare, except their food and their religion. Concerning the former self-denial, the President was convinced it was a miraculous distaste for Christian food, the supply at that time being alarmingly short; and to us who know something of the rapacity of Indian appetite, as well as the capacity of Indian stomachs, there seems to be ground for the conviction. The rejection of the proffered religion was attributed to quite other influences, such as led Serra in the following spring to make the procession of Corpus Christi, "in order to scare away whatever little devils there possibly may be in this land."

After many ineffectual attempts to obtain even a single convert, a young Indian who had been taught a little Spanish was instructed to go to his tribe and persuade some one to bring a child for baptism, explaining that if it should have a few drops of water put upon its head, it would be clothed like the whites, and become the kindred of the soldiery, as well as a son of God and of Father Junipero. To the delight of the zealous missionary, the Indians came in great numbers, offering a child for baptism. Impressive preparations were made for receiving this first gentile's soul into the church, all the people being invited to be in attendance.

When the child had been clad in civilized garments, and everything was in readiness for the ceremony, just at the instant the President was about to put the holy water upon its head, it was suddenly seized by relatives, who ran away with it to the hills, followed by the remainder of the tribe. Tears of sorrow and mortification succeeded this exhibition of Indian strategy in obtaining clothes and rejecting religion; and, to the end of his life, the humble Serra was accustomed to impute this trial to some of his own sins. At what time the first convert was received at the San Diego Mission is not recorded by historians; but that many were not long after baptized, is a matter of history.

The establishment at Monterey was only deferred until the arrival of the San Antonio should have given assurance of the continued assistance of the government. On or about the middle of April two expeditions set out: one by land, under Governor Portala, who took with him, as before, the greater part of the officers and people, and Father

CARMEL MISSION. (From a Sketch by William Keith. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

Crespi. Serra embarked on the San Antonio, which carried the chief part of the supplies, and which was forty-six days in sailing from San Diego to Monterey, the land expedition arriving first. Serra seems not to have been favorably impressed with Monterey, which had been selected for the capital, but spoke of it as "this horrible port," in his letters to a friend in Mexico.

On the 3rd of June, the holy day of Pentacost, occurred the formal founding of the Mission of San Carlos, when all the officers and people were assembled at the foot of an oak tree, where an altar was erected, and the bells, being hung, were joyfully sounded. Serra says: "We then chanted the *Veni Creator*, blessed the water, erected and blessed a grand cross, hoisted the royal standard, and chanted the first mass that was ever performed in this place. We afterwards sang the *Salve* to our Lady, before an image of the most illustrious virgin which occupied the altar, and at the same time I preached a sermon, concluding the whole with a *Te Deum*. After this, the officers took possession of the country in the name of the King, our Lord (whom God preserve). We then all dined together in a shady place on the beach; the whole ceremony being accompanied by many volleys and salutes by the troops and vessels"; all of which noise greatly frightened the neighboring Indians.

A faithful historian should, no doubt, correct a slight error of Father Junipero, in asserting that mass had never before been said at Monterey; for the truth was that this religious ceremony had been performed at this place by three Carmelite friars one hundred and sixty-eight years before the founding of San Diego Mission, when Viscanio was exploring hereabouts; and hence, probably, came the name of San Carmelo which the river bore when Serra first beheld it; and it might justly be said that Fathers Andrew of the Assumption, Anthony of the Ascension, and Thomas of Aquinas, were the real first founders of the Upper California Missions.

From their consternation at the proceedings of the missionaries and soldiers in making so much noise with bells and guns, the Indians were slow to be recovered, and it was the 26th of December before a single baptism had taken place. Monterey was to be the home of the Father-President, as well as the Governor, both of whom were interested in exploring the neighboring country for the site of the intermediate establishment contemplated in the Viceroy's orders. So thoroughly was this performed that when the San Antonio, the same year, returned to Mexico, Serra wrote to the Chief of the Franciscan College of San Fernando in Mexico, that so many were the good situations for missions, and so numerous the natives, that though a hundred missionaries should be sent, there would be sufficient employment for all.

This report had the desired effect. Ten Franciscan friars arrived at San Diego on the return of the San Antonio, March 12th, 1771. Not only were missionaries furnished, but church furniture and ornaments, besides ten thousand dollars in money to assist in establishing the missions proposed by Serra. When a portion of the recruits had reported themselves at Monterey, the President was eager to begin at once the Mission of San Antonio de Padua. Accompanied by Fathers Michael Pieras and Bonaventuara Sitjar, he proceeded to select a beautiful spot at the foot of the Santa Lucia Mountains, where the stream was shut in by towering cliffs, and the solitude was eloquent with romantic suggestions.

Here, hanging his mission bells upon a lofty tree, Serra tolled them with enthusiastic joy, shouting to the natives to come and receive the religion he offered, and enjoy its great benefits. It is not probable that any came at that time. The usual ceremonies were celebrated July 14th, 1771, and the two Fathers were left in this romantic wilderness with the embryo mission outfit, a few cattle and farm tools, seeds and provisions, furniture for a "church"—which was at first but a hut of any description most convenient to construct—a few converted Indian servants and assistants, and a guard of a few soldiers. All the buildings were

inclosed in a palisade to make them secure from Indian attacks, which more than once threatened them in the first years.

On returning from this expedition Serra decided to change the location of the San Carlos Mission from the port of Monterey, which he never liked, and which was not suitable for a farming establishment, to the valley of the Carmelo River, about four miles from the presidio. Here was all he could desire—a stream of pure living water, pasturage for cattle, a lovely landscape, Italian skies, and invigorating breezes from the sea; and here was begun that establishment which was his home during the remainder of his active life.

About this time, also, two of the newly arrived recruits, Father Pedro Benedict Cambon and Angelo Somera, with a guard of ten soldiers, set out from San Diego to found the Mission of San Gabriel. The site selected was on the margin of the Rio de los Temblores, near San Pedro Bay. As the cross was about to be planted, they were rushed upon by the natives, and, according to priestly historians, saved as by a miracle, by the sudden unfolding of the banner of the Blessed Virgin. As their eyes fell upon the figure of Heaven's Queen emblazoned on the azure folds of that standard, the Indians were immediately checked, and instead of hostilities showed only friendship, and brought offerings to the Virgin, who they believed desired food and other gifts.

So far all went well. But in the early days a Spanish soldier treated scandalously a woman of the tribe the Fathers were desirous of converting, and brought down the wrath of the Indians upon the Mission, which was attacked and nearly destroyed. The soldier was expelled and peace restored, says the historian; but the happy effect of that assurance is much deadened by the knowledge that this sort of violence was by no means uncommon, and that the Fathers either never seriously interfered with, or were not able to prevent, this conduct on the part of the soldiery, which grew worse instead of better as time advanced. Some writers have represented that out of repugnance to a maternity often forced upon them by the whites, the Indian women strangled the offspring of the Spanish soldiery. Those who are more conversant with the habits of the degraded tribes of the Pacific Coast know that they also strangled the children of native parentage, to save themselves the trouble of taking care of and providing for them. This knowledge removes the odium which has been imputed to a Padre of San Gabriel Mission, at a later period, for punishing with exceeding severity the crime of child-murder. Not being able to reach any moral sentiment in the minds of his converts on this subject, he endeavored to effect a reform by other means.

The climate or the Indians of San Gabriel becoming distasteful to its founders, they retired to Lower California, while Fathers Antonio Paterna and Antonio Cruzado took their places. Perhaps the situation was unhealthy; at all events, before any permanent improvements were made, the Mission was removed to its present site, several miles north-east of its first location, and where it grew and flourished.

Serra had now exhausted the means at his command, though not his zeal in missionary work. But one of the Fathers at San Diego, being driven to go to Lower California for provisions, brought back with him three other friars to replace some that had desired to be excused, and probably some other assistance of a material form: for soon after this accession Serra determined to establish the Mission of San Luis Obispo; and having selected a knoll in a beautiful plain, sheltered by low, wooded hills, and easy of access from the sea, the cross was here planted September 1st, 1772, and buildings immediately begun. In the following year the present church was commenced, of materials furnished by the neighborhood, and put into shape by native converts, directed by the knowledge and skill of the Fathers. This would seem to show that converts were now more easily obtained than at first; as to build a church, even such as that of San Luis Obispo, and

all the other parts of a mission establishment, required a good many laborers to be industriously employed; and we know that the California natives were not given to industry, besides not being possessed of any mechanical skill.

The question naturally arises at this point, How were so many converts obtained among a wild, unspiritual, and suspicious people? How could people who would not consent to taste Christian food be brought to live upon it daily? Serra indirectly answers this latter query in a letter written less than a month before the founding of San Luis Obispo. "Thanks be to God, I am in good health; hunger, which in this country mortifies and has mortified so many poor people, has not been felt, either by me or the Fathers, my fellows. There is no fear of being under the necessity of abandoning any of the missions now established. *The people are chiefly maintained by the Indians;* and *they* live—God knows how." Further remarks show that garden vegetables and milk were the "two great sources of subsistence for these establishments."

From these glimpses of early mission life at Monterey, it would appear that in the three years already spent no efforts had been made at farming; that some garden

MISSION SAN DIEGO. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

vegetables had been raised; but that food was not sufficient for the few Spanish people about the missions, and that they lived off the provisions of the Indians, who lived—"God knows how," being deprived of their own scanty subsistence. This state of things was not encouraging; yet Serra was not in the least tempted to yield to these discouragements. The Indians, brought in contact with a strange race, with that fatality which attends the introduction of white people among the dark races, sickened and died. On this subject Serra touched but lightly in his correspondence. "The consolation is," he says, "that, troubles or no troubles, there are various souls in heaven from Monterey, San Antonio, and San Diego." It was consoling to know that if they brought death to the Indians, they saved their departing souls.

San Gabriel, which had been established but one year, had not yet any souls in heaven; but it had among its Indians many who praised God, "whose name was in their mouths more frequently than in that of many old Christians." Yet neither could understand the language of the other; and Serra regrets his inability to learn strange tongues, imputing to his sins this defect, and saying how great a misfortune it was "where no interpreter or master of languages can be had until some of the natives learn Spanish, which requires a long time." This remark seems to refer more especially to the upper missions; for he adds that they had overcome this difficulty at San Diego, where they already baptized adults, and celebrated marriages.

A little explanation here may not be amiss. When Serra said that the name of God was in the mouths of the natives more

frequently than in those of some Christians, he uttered a literal truth; yet in a manner to deceive one not acquainted with the facts. The Indians were taught to say *Amar a Dios*, as a parrot might be taught to say it, without knowing its meaning. As this phrase constituted their whole vocabulary of Spanish words, they doubtless often repeated it in their efforts to pronounce like their teachers, and *always* when the Fathers were in hearing.

At the end of three years, according to Serra, they had "begun to explain to the youth in Spanish"; the young being more easily taught than their elders. "If they could return us a little assistance in another way, we should in a short time care little about the arrival of the vessels, as far as respects provisions; but as affairs stand at present, the missions cannot much advance; upon the whole," says Serra, "I confide in God, who must remedy all."

This, too, requires that it should be stated why the coveted assistance was not forthcoming. It is doubtful if the missions in their first years could show a voluntary convert. To the superstitious minds of the Indians, the desire of the Spanish Padres to put water on their heads seemed, no doubt, something uncanny. Perhaps they regarded it as a means of bringing them under some evil spell or power of witchcraft. It is asserted that they considered it a degradation; but to place their aversion to the rite upon that ground is imputing to them a greater sensibility than they possessed. If they lost caste with their own people by becoming Christianized, it was because they made themselves one with the strange enemy by being baptized into slavery to him—for that was what it meant.

But, as already said, they were not voluntarily baptized. Every means was used to draw the Indians to the Mission—first by kindness and presents of gay cloth and ribbons. Having found that they could not be prevailed upon to consent to baptism, the presents were used simply as decoys; and when the Indians were gathered by this means, the infant children were forcibly subjected to the rite. The mothers refusing, they were separated from the children until maternal affection overcame every other motive, and they consented for the sake of being restored to their babes. The child and mother being in the hands of the Christians, fathers and sons were gradually brought to yield. Once consenting, they became "Mission Indians." They were not wanted by their own people, and had they been, the soldiers stood ready to prevent their return, for now they belonged to the church, and would not be allowed to associate with the unbaptized.

In this peculiar situation the Indians found themselves. From being free as air, they were suddenly without the power and almost without the motive to struggle. To labor they were unaccustomed, except to gather the spontaneous fruits of the earth; and this service they now performed, not only for themselves, but for their masters, the Spanish "people," to keep them alive, whom they must have wished dead. It is easy to understand why they were unwilling to return that assistance which the Father-President desired, and how difficult it would be to teach farming or any mechanical employment to such a people so situated.

That the Spanish people about the missions feared an uprising among the converts Serra confesses when he says in his correspondence: "Some think that from mild lambs, which they are at present, they will one day return to be lions and tigers. This may be so, if God permits, but we have three years of experience with those of Monterey, and with those of San Antonio two years, and they appear better every day." How was it, except through terror of the soldiery, that these lions and tigers were held in a hated bondage? These chance expressions let in the light upon what would else be unconfessed as to the methods used to increase the numbers and improve the manners of mission converts in the beginning. There was no mystery about it afterwards.

That San Luis Obispo proceeded at once to build a permanent church, and became rapidly self-supporting, only shows that its

founders resolved not to wait for the slow results of moral suasion, but used, instead, other means to procure the needful labor; and that while the Fathers taught them a Spanish phrase or two, and certain gestures of reverence, the "assistants" and the soldiers taught them obedience by the lash.

Concerning the people whom the missionaries were expected to reduce to submission to Spanish authority, a few paragraphs might not be amiss. Serra found them utter barbarians, naked, living on seeds, roots, and all kinds of flesh they could procure with bows and arrows; and when hard pushed for food, eating any living things, down to snakes and crickets. Brave they could not have been; but sometimes fierce and tumultuous. Morality, as understood in the civilized world, was unknown to them; and they were at least as superstitious as those who came to teach them.

There are some pretty legends attributed to these Indians, with many of the characteristics attaching to them which distinguish Grecian mythology—the wildest imaginings united to the greatest license in *affaires du cœur*. The most poetical perhaps is the story of the origin of the first woman, which exceeds in ideality the story given in Genesis and enlarged upon by Milton. It runs to this effect:

The two Great Spirits who primarily created the earth and the animal world rested from their labors. The elder creator then ascended into the heavens, leaving the younger upon the newly organized earth to superintend affairs. Being lonely in the solitude of the uninhabited world, the youth resorted to the creative power vested in him, and formed a number of sons for himself out of the earth, whom he brought to life, and who resided with him in his *wickiup*, or tent of tules. They lived very happily together without other society; but one of their chief pleasures was the nightly visit of the moon, who kept watch at their door while they slept, and whom they all regarded with great affection.

At length the sons observed that the habits of their father were becoming erratic. He was not content with the visits of the moon at the door of his tent, but roamed abroad with her, leaving his sons to wonder and fear at his strange conduct; and finally they found themselves deserted for whole nights by both their father and the moon. One morning, after a long, dark night of sorrowing for the absence of their parent and his love, on rising with the dawn, they found a basket at the entrance to the tent, containing a new-born babe. Considering it was a girl-baby, they gave it a very cordial welcome. That evening they had the pleasure of seeing the moon again, ascending full, bright, and serene into the heavens, and once more her gentle radiance illumined the darkness of their tent at night. They now understood that this female child was a gift to them from their father and the moon, and cherished her accordingly; and though their father never returned to them, and the moon retained her place in the heavens, they were no longer lonely or languishing on earth, since they had charge of the mother of mankind. [Some writer has flippantly remarked upon this legend, that it refers to the variableness of feminine character merely—all women being in this respect daughters of the moon. Comment would be superfluous.]

Another legend bears evidences of having been translated by Christian authors. A young girl of the tribe bore a child, whose father was the lightning. At its birth, this wonderful child could talk, and claimed to be the son of God. Being threatened with death, he said, "Put me to death: in three days I will arise again." In order to thwart this purpose of arising from the grave, the people hit upon the plan of burning his body, which they did, thus preventing his reappearance. A schism then arose among them. Some said, "There is no longer any God, because we have destroyed him." Others contended that his body only had been destroyed, but that his spirit had ascended into heaven.

There is usually very little connection of thought or imagery in the Indian legends.

Those that read best have undoubtedly been retouched by the hands of scholarly scribes. Anything so intangible as legends and superstitious beliefs could have been comprehended by the Spaniards only after years of intercourse and a thorough understanding of the Indian tongue, by which time their neophytes were able to color their stories to please the ears of their Christian auditors.

When the Spaniards first appeared among the California Indians, on horseback, they, never having seen horses or mounted men, mistook them for gods, or creatures of another world. They exhibited some reasoning faculties when they came to the conclusion, seeing them kill birds with their fire-arms, that only mortals would take life wantonly. Subsequently, the behavior of the strangers to the Indian women, having first bound the hands of the Indian men to prevent interference, convinced these savages that not only they were not gods, but that they were a beastly order of men.

To the power of these men, armed with

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

weapons greatly superior to their own, and possessed of an intelligence which to the Indians appeared marvelous, these weak and ignorant barbarians soon succumbed. As to their opinion of the Padres, it is probable they comprehended their religious character, and attributed the respect shown to them by the rough soldiery to some supernatural influence which they possessed. To this view, the ceremonies observed in the founding of the missions, and on other occasions, must have given positive coloring. Such was the material out or which Serra resolved to build up the Church in California.

Before proceeding to found other missions, certain affairs connected with the permanency of his order in this country, and its success, called him to Mexico. When he went, the government was threatening to abandon the port of San Blas, a way station very important to the safety of California. The Dominicans, also, were endeavoring to get control of the California missions. Serra left San Diego in October, 1772, in the packet vessel Don Carlos, and returned again by sea in March, 1774. In that time he had accomplished all his aims—that of continuing the marine occupation of San Blas, of having the Dominicans confined to Lower California, and of having his hands strengthened in Upper California, by the addition to his force of more missionaries, more military officers and soldiery, and a grant of twelve thousand dollars' worth of provisions and

clothing. Besides this, he procured the appointment of a land expedition which was to open a route by way of the Gila and Colorado rivers, that should secure communication with Mexico without the risk encountered in going to sea in the wretched vessels belonging to that un-maritime country. The commander of this expedition was Captain Juan Bautista Anza, commandante of Tubac, in the Province of Sonora. He performed his duty well, arriving in Upper California before Serra, having found it entirely practicable to establish land communication with Mexico.

Anza, who had been at Monterey, met Serra on his way up from San Diego, where he had chosen to land, and informed him of the privations to which the Spanish people at Monterey had been subjected in his absence—there not being so much as a cup of chocolate to enable them to break their fast —which recital caused the amiable President to shed tears. Why they had nothing to eat at Monterey but milk and vegetables, after five years of settlement, is not explained by the historian; but the conclusion is unavoidable, either that there were no adult Indians at the Mission, or that they could not be made to work. Probably that difficulty was remedied when more soldiers arrived.

For another year Serra applied himself to the work of advancing the missions already commenced. But in the autumn of 1775 his prospects were suddenly clouded. Leave had been obtained and orders issued by the government to establish four presidios, or garrisons: one at San Diego, another at Santa Barbara, where a site for a mission was already selected, a third at Monterey, and the fourth at the bay of San Francisco. That at San Diego was first in order, and for that reason should have been in better condition than even Monterey; yet, as we shall see, it was unable to prevent the destruction of the Mission, which had been removed the year previous from the port to the narrow but beautiful valley of San Diego River, shut in between wooded hills, and withdrawn from the pernicious influences of the fort. The better, so says the historian, to gain the confidence of the Indians, who were now attached to the Mission in large numbers.

The Father who had furnished an account of the affair ascribes it to the discontent of the enemy of souls, whose "infernal fury could not suffer him to see that, in the neighborhood of San Diego, his party of gentiles was coming to a close, so many being brought over to the true religion by means of the ardent zeal of the ministers; and the more particularly as they were about to plant another mission between San Gabriel and San Diego, which would effect the same with the Indians in that district."

Two of the neophytes of San Diego seem to have been of the same opinion with Satanus, for they one day, about the beginning of November, ran away from the Mission, and though the soldiers were sent to bring them back, they could not be found. These two converts employed themselves stirring up their tribe to mischief, telling them "that the Fathers intended to put an end to the gentiles, and to make them become Christians by force; and in proof of this, desired them to consider how many had already been baptized." On this representation, and being tempted by assurances of a rich reprisal, about a thousand Indians entered into a plan to attack the Mission and fort, which they did on the night of November 4th, 1775.

Fearing that some of the Mission Indians might give the alarm, the conspirators set a guard over their doors, to prevent them taking part in the attack, for or against, after which they set fire to the house of the priests. Father Luis Jayme being suddenly awakened, and hearing the yells of the Indians, supposed the fire accidental, and came out with his usual salutation, "Amar a Dios Hijos!" only to be seized by the savages, stripped of his clothing, and cruelly murdered; "so that from head to foot nothing remained whole except his consecrated hands." His associate, Father Vincente Fuster, escaped with two boys to the house of the guard, a corporal and the soldiers, which being set on fire, all were driven to take refuge in an adobe kitchen open on one side, and having for a

roof only some branches of trees. The blacksmith of the Mission was killed before reaching this shelter.

Finding that the enemy were assailing them with arrows through the opening of the adobe wall, some of the men sallied out under cover of the guns of the remainder, and fetched bales of goods from the burning building to stop the gap. Having successfully accomplished this, all their efforts were devoted through the night to defending themselves, and picking off those Indians daring enough to come within range of their guns. Two of the soldiers being wounded, there remained to do the fighting only four persons. One soldier and the carpenter loaded the guns, and the corporal, being a good marksman, fired them, while Father Vincente kept the powder covered by his gown, lest a cinder from the conflagration should ignite it.

At daylight the Indians drew off, with their dead and wounded. At this time every inmate of the little kitchen had a wound, though none of them were fatal. The church was plundered and destroyed, and in fact

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

the whole establishment was demolished. The destruction of the parent Mission was a heavy blow to missionary hopes, and some were in favor of abandoning the country. But to this Father Serra would not listen. "Thank God," he said, "that the ground had been watered by martyr blood."

And undoubtedly he was right; for whether it was zeal for the conversion of gentile souls, or the desire of conquest which is to be attributed to the Spanish priests and soldiers, such an event as that of the burning and pillage of a church, and the murdering and wounding of priests and people, must stimulate to renewed efforts. The Viceroy ordered the re-establishment of the Mission, the pardon of the ringleaders, and that the natives be treated with greater kindness than heretofore, "as the best way to pacify their minds and subdue the neighboring gentiles."

In this spirit, prudently, and with the aid of twelve soldiers, the Mission was again commenced two years afterwards, as the parish record relates, "to the great joy of the neophytes, who labored at it with much zeal"; and by June, 1783, the church was completed, which appears in the accompanying engraving: not by any means a triumph of architectural beauty and skill, but a grand building, nevertheless, to be erected out of crude

materials by the hands of a barbarous people, directed by a single brain, in which the artistic sense was probably not highly developed.

The California mission establishments had one general form—a parallelogram with a frontage of from one hundred to several hundred feet, and a lesser depth. The church usually occupied one corner of the quadrangle. Extending along the front was a row of offices, dwellings, and shops. An adobe wall inclosed all that portion of the court not surrounded by buildings, and the houses opened both upon the street and upon the court. A gateway in the wall admitted whomsoever it was designed should have entrance. In the inclosure grew the sacred palm trees whose branches were carried in procession on Palm Sunday; the air was cooled by a fountain; and in this inclosure, also, were performed the games which constituted the Sunday-afternoon amusements of the Spanish people and the Indian neophytes. However, the amusements belong to a later period than that with which we are now concerned, as do some other matters to which reference will be made in another place. To conclude this mere outline of an establishment, it is only necessary to add that the Indians lived outside the Mission buildings, in rude huts of native construction.

With regard to the particular Mission of San Diego: it lay near the base of a range of hills, on an eminence, or plateau, commanding a view of the entire valley and the mountains back of it. The church, always the main feature, was ninety feet in length, and sixteen in width, inside measurement. Its walls were four feet in thickness, and built of adobe. The arches of the doors and windows were constructed of burnt tiles. The dwelling of the Padres, the barracks, storerooms, offices, guest-chambers, and other apartments were built around the court, in the manner described above.

To return to the work in which the Spanish Goverment and the Catholic Church were engaged.

On the 30th of October, 1775, Fathers Lazvan and Amurro, in obedience to the Viceroy and the President, proceeded to a small valley on the coast opposite the Santa Barbara channel, together with a guard of soldiers, with the object of founding that other Mission which the historian says provoked the devil to stir up the Indians to attack the parent Mission. San Juan Capistrano was to be dedicated to the memory of a rich and pious Italian who, in times long past, had contributed liberally to the support of the only true church. The cross had been erected, the bells had been rung to call in the neighboring gentiles to be converted, the presents were ready to captivate their simple tastes, and the Fathers and their guards were about to settle themselves in their first rude shelter, when all their plans were suddenly brought to an end by the shocking news conveyed by a courier from San Diego that murder, arson, and pillage had laid low the hopes and labors of five years. The bells and other sacred and valuable articles were hurriedly buried in the earth, and the place abandoned; while the soldiers hastened to the relief of the threatened garrison at San Diego.

When Serra heard of these things his high spirit rebelled at being beaten by a horde of naked savages—beasts (*bestias*), as they were called by the Spaniards. He would have repaired to San Diego, and restored everything to its former condition at once, had it been possible, which it was not. He was obliged to wait until one of the vessels should go down in the spring. In the mean time, the inmates of the lonely little presidio were in no comfortable state of mind, but lived in constant dread of an attack from the enemy.

Fortunately, the expedition from Sonora, under Anza, for which the founding of the presidio and Mission at San Francisco had been waiting, arrived during the winter; and Anza, finding the garrison of San Diego in so much fear of the Indians, did what he could to assist them, and when he left for the north allowed twelve soldiers of his command to remain with and strengthen this post.

Early in the spring Serra arrived at San

Diego in a vessel, and against the protests of all the people set about rebuilding and repairing, pressing into the service the sailors and every soul that could be found to work. But again a panic seized upon them all, including the commandant, the work was discontinued, and Serra forced to return to Monterey.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE POET'S SECRET.

O Poet, singing your consummate song,
  You wonder why it is such perfect art
  Touches no chord responsive in the heart;
You marvel greatly that the stupid throng
Withholds the words of praise for which you long,
  And gives them to some simpler singer, who
  Nor dreams of fame, nor claims it as a due,
Whose songs than yours seem not more true nor strong.

To help or guide another who may dare,
  We all do grope and wander in the dark;
  But in an old book—legends of the wood—
I've read—may we discern the meaning there—
  That every arrow surely finds its mark,
  If first 'tis dipped in the brave huntsman's blood.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

DEATH THE DELIVERER.

Nay, hear us, Love, imbitter not thy breath,
  Nor break thy perfect mouth with sobs and sighs
  Around the bier where pallid Beauty lies,
For on the dark way that man traveleth
There is no healer mightier than Death—
  The pitying god in struggle with the skies—
  Till on our doom the stars of slumber rise,
And set us free from Night's wild Nazareth.
See where his soul through the starless planet flees,
  And with sweet sorcery unbinds the woes
  Of captives pale with blind, dispiteous blows,
Cast down in pits by dark Eumenides—
  Yea, Death, the bright Deliverer, dispreads
  An azure heaven above their baffled heads.

CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

Chapter XIX.

Next morning, about the hour for the opening of the Court, the three men could be seen slowly strolling up from the light-house to the tavern. The Doctor was in the middle, each of the other two holding him fraternally by an arm. Their appearance caused no excitement, and very little comment. None of the three men had been missed. The Doctor, as a matter of course, was expected to be called away from home at any hour of the night. The Sergeant was little known to many of the village people, few caring closely to investigate the coming and going of one among the many tarpaulined, slouching figures who came and went at will during the navigating and clamming season. As for Crusty, he had his recognized habit of wandering off upon occasional tours along the shore to watch over the safety of the oyster-beds, and consequently even his absence for a night had occasioned not the slighest uneasiness to anybody. To one or two persons, who now happened to observe the little party, it may have seemed a little singular that Doctor Gretchley, who was universally noted for the nicety of his taste and the refinement of his manner, should be seen walking so intimately between two such rough-looking characters, and with an arm for each; but after all, in small villages no one can afford to be particular in his companionships. There was probably some satisfactory reason for the present appearance of familiar association, if any one could but know it.

Advancing without divergence straight onward to the court-room, the three men entered it, still arm in arm; nor was it until they were fairly inside that they stood dissevered. Even then the two outside men retained the Doctor watchfully between them, as though too much engrossed in his society to be parted from him for a single instant. As yet, only a few persons chanced to have been collected within the court-room, there being still a few minutes to spare. At the farther end, and already in position behind his elevated desk, sat the Justice, conversing in a low tone with the minister. The minister had desired to attend the examination, being incited thereto not merely by his own curiosity, but also by the suggestion of many members of the Dorcas Society, who were naturally of the opinion that a clear logical transcript of the proceedings from an eye-witness would prove of great advantage in making the meeting appointed for that afternoon an interesting and profitable one, and even might recompense them for a temporary postponement of the review. On the other hand, the Justice was rejoiced to have the minister present; inasmuch as the clerical brain, being privately and in extrajudicial manner consulted, might very likely throw some light upon those vexed matters of evidence that had proved so puzzling the previous day. At the moment the three men had entered the room, the Justice had propounded his dilemma; and the minister having a notion that the whole question of life and death might be comprised directly or indirectly in his answer, was thrown into a state of great embarrassment and confusion, so that it appeared extremely doubtful whether any elucidation of the case would ever enable him to make up his mind at all. But before he could stand fairly committed to the most vague reply, he found himself relieved from any further consideration of the subject: for at that instant the Doctor and his two watchful attendants entered the room and advanced to the other end, and the Sergeant, as the proper spokesman in the affair, touched the Justice upon the arm, to bespeak his attention.

"Well, what now?" said the Justice, somewhat sharply, being a little vexed at an interruption upon the very instant when possibly his doubts in the matter of evidence were upon the point of being definitely settled. "What is it?"

"More about this murder affair, your honor," said the Sergeant. "An application for a warrant against this — against Doctor Gretchley, your Honor."

"God bless my soul! What do you mean by that?" exclaimed the startled Justice. "An application for—you don't surely mean for murder? All that must be nonsense, you know. Who has been talking to you about Doctor Gretchley, that you bring up such foolishness as all that?"

In speaking thus, the Justice certainly had no intention of acting unfairly or unmagisterially; and probably a warrant applied for in a more formal manner would have met with due attention. But it was certainly hard to believe that this slouching, clam-digging stranger could have any valid charge to make against a man of such well-admitted respectability as the Doctor, or could have anything at all to allege against him, other than the merest heresy. Seeing the affair taking this complexion, the Doctor himself now began to take a little hope. After all, why could he not, with the respectability of his personal appearance and his unblemished reputation, as contrasted with anything that his accuser could present or allege, continue to act upon the prejudiced mind of the Justice, and secure personal freedom even for such a little time as might enable him to get out of the way before the charge could be put into such formal shape as to meet attention?

"You speak very properly, Judge," he observed, in his mildest and most courteous tones. "I think, moreover, that I should be entitled to some recompense, were I disposed to exact it, for the gross outrage to which I have been subjected by those two ruffians who have forcibly detained me from my home, and exposed me for the whole night to the inclemencies of the weather."

"Nothing more true, Doctor—nothing more true," responded the Justice; "and I shall certainly make it my duty to see that something is done about it."

The Sergeant and Crusty gazed dumbfoundedly at each other. Was this, after all, to prove the sum and end of their exertions—their appeal disregarded by the prejudiced Justice, and the Colonel not in the least assisted or benefited? But while in this troubled manner they stood and gazed in bewilderment at each other, and dubiously reflected upon what to do next, a new element appeared upon the scene; for a light, low wagon drove up to the door, and a stranger entered.

"This is Judge Proctor, your Honor," the Sergeant, appearing all at once greatly relieved, said to the Justice.

In appearance, Judge Proctor was strikingly in contrast with the Justice, being larger and taller, and with something of the air of one accustomed to force his way through crowds, while Squire Peters was retiring and unostentatious in manner, easily confused, and generally less at his ease than elsewhere when on official duty, and consequently most in need of freedom from embarrassment. More especially did the heads of the two men exhibit a perceptible variation: the Justice's head being small and round, and nearly bald, while that of Judge Proctor was large, with protuberant bumps and forehead, and a thick crop of hair, curling so closely that it was like the shaggy coat of a Newfoundland dog, and stood out two or three inches on every side. He had little, deep-set eyes, which seemed to take in at a glance not only what he chanced to be looking at, but everything else in the room, appearing to fasten themselves intently upon the face or object before him, and yet to put out little feelers, as it were, of side glances, which strayed around at will in every other direction, losing nothing. Yet the Judge's success in reading the thoughts of others and extorting unwilling confession did not, as might be supposed, consist in keenness of vision as much as in its persistency. It was not merely that he held an

offender immovably in place by fixing his gaze upon him: he would follow it up with a placid, earnest power of observation that seemed little by little to compel the truth, and without the slightest power of resistance. It was not as though he plunged after the truth as with an instrument, but rather as though from a distance, by some magnetic power of attraction, he drew it forth to meet him.

The instant Judge Proctor entered the court-room, and while he was unrolling his dust-muffler from his neck, he took in the whole scene and every person belonging to it with a single, sweeping, careless glance. A nod of self-introduction to the Justice, whom he had never before chanced to meet; a nod of recognition to the Sergeant, who, now standing with his hat removed, appeared more nearly in his real character than when shrouded in his flapping sou'wester. Upon the Doctor, Judge Proctor did not seem to bestow even a passing look, sweeping his swift glance past him from Crusty to the Sergeant. But he must have quietly taken him in, for all that; else why did Doctor Gretchley suddenly turn even more pale than he had been before, gathering at a flash that disturbed and frightened expression which already the Sergeant had twice observed in him?

"Judge Proctor!" exclaimed the Justice, immediately descending from his bench—"you have come here about the murder case, I suppose? Am glad to meet you, Judge. More especially so," he hesitatingly continued," as a matter has just come up—a very absurd matter you will say—about which I might like your advice. Of course it cannot have the slightest weight. A charge of such moment against one of our most distinguished and respectable townsmen, one whose business it is to save life rather than take it, connecting him, in fact, with the murder; some mistake about it, of course—perhaps conspiracy—eh, Judge Proctor?"

"Of course," responded the Judge, but in a tone which seemed to indicate that he spoke more from a spirit of polite assent than from conviction. Without appearing in the slightest degree to do so, he was at that moment letting his little bright eyes wander over the Doctor's face; and perhaps it did not surprise him to note an expression there which made him think that a further consideration of the matter might be desirable.

"Some mistake, of course," reiterated the Justice. "Can all be explained in a moment, no doubt. Come with us into the side room, Doctor, and let us hear what all this is about."

There was certainly some irregularity in this style of proceeding. The Sergeant and Crusty had entered the court with a captured prisoner, and prepared to give their evidence preliminary to the issue of a formal warrant for his arrest and examination. And here was the Justice, in his ardent spirit of confidence in outward respectability, about to take the prisoner off into a side room, and there sit down with him confidentially and talk the matter over, as though it were a horse trade or any other business transaction. The Sergeant was about to make some strenuous objections, therefore, when Judge Proctor interposed and stopped him, merely raising one finger, and giving him a quick, knowing little glance, but in that way abundantly impressing upon him the propriety of letting things for the present take their course. After all, there could no harm come of it. The prisoner could not escape. At the worst, there could be only a few minutes' delay. So the six men together stepped in a friendly way into the little parlor adjoining the court-room, and there took their seats at and around the center table. Then for the moment there was silence, each seeming to wait for the others to open the conversation.

"Allow me to send for a little wine," said the Doctor, at length. "I have had rather a cold and unpleasant night of it, and I feel that my system needs reinvigorating. You are nearest the bell, Squire Peters. Will you have the kindness to touch it for me?"

The Justice did so, and the Doctor ordered some port wine, that was brought in a decanter. He poured out and offered to the others, but they all declined.

"And you are right, too," said the Doctor,

sipping slowly from his own glass, as though carefully testing the quality of the wine. "Of course I do not speak as a friend, anxious to have your company, but merely as a physician. Wine should never be taken upon an empty stomach; and not in the morning, either, as a general thing. Even now I feel that I am violating one of Nature's first laws; but at the recollection of that cold lighthouse —ugh!"

He shuddered at the thought—a little affectedly, perhaps—and continued slowly sipping his wine. Meanwhile, the silence, being resumed again, continued for a minute or two, during which the Doctor mentally reviewed his position. It was not a pleasant one: nay, not to disguise the fact, it was a hopeless one. From the moment of Judge Proctor's entrance upon the scene the Doctor had felt that there was no escape from the toils in which he had involved himself. Even had Crusty been alone in offering evidence, the matter would have looked very critical, for the man would not have given his evidence unsupported. There would be, besides, a certain paper and implement offered for inspection; and how could their appearance in such hands be accounted for satisfactorily? It was true that a moment ago he had felt that no charge having as yet been made in a formal manner, under ordinary circumstances the poor little, confused, timorous, and unsuspecting Justice might be led astray with some well-contrived story—might even be induced to decline entertaining the charge at all; but now the situation was changed, for close behind him was the Judge, bright, active, and ferreting. He, indeed, could not so easily be put off. Even now the Doctor could see that, though the Judge appeared to be rather inattentive than otherwise, holding his hands behind his head with the air of a tired, uninterested spectator, brought as a matter of business into a case for which naturally he could have no interest, and at the moment about ready to go to sleep from the fatigue of his early drive, he was all the while furtively watching him, drinking in every line and feature, and storing up for future reference each chance expression. To be looked at in that manner could not but be trying to any guilty man; for any one, guilty or innocent, to be looked at inquisitively by Judge Proctor was not a pleasant ordeal; for Doctor Gretchley to feel himself now under the harrow of that legal scrutiny was torture. Whatever might be the past secret in his life of which the Judge was cognizant, whatever the mystery of gone-by years of which the Judge held in his hands the proofs ready at any time to be produced, might matter nothing. It was sufficient that Doctor Gretchley felt the ground sinking away beneath him—realized that all was at last hopeless. And yet his fortitude did not all at once quite desert him. Perhaps, warmed by the wine, he gained for the moment a little vicarious courage. Certainly he succeeded in holding up his head with well-assumed confidence; and a stranger to the party would have been very slow to select him as the one accused. Then, too, the silence was so oppressive, as all sat looking toward the table, as to a common center, each person seeming to be waiting for some one else to speak. And who, after all, was so much interested in breaking that dreadful silence as the man held a prisoner?

"An unfortunate situation—this of mine," he suddenly exclaimed, with a feeble laugh; "but easily to be explained, I trust. And at least I cannot find it in my heart altogether to complain of it, since it brings me face to face with the celebrated Judge Proctor. Will you permit me to express here, Judge, the interest with which for some time past I have watched your upward career?"

The Judge bowed slightly. Around the thin corners of his mouth flickered a faint, almost imperceptible smile; not the smile of gratified vanity, however, but of sarcastic humor: to think that any man should be so blind and unreasoning as to believe he could be conciliated with fulsome flattery. Now more than ever he seemed to feel assured that he had the speaker in his power. With increasing fatuity—if it be fatuity at all to attempt even the most desperate expedient

for safety, when there seems to be not the slightest hope for anything else—the Doctor continued:

"Yes, with great and increasing interest, Judge Proctor. You can scarcely imagine, perhaps, that in this obscure village I have been led to take note of many of your great lawsuits, and yet—let me ask in this connection, by the way—did you ever recover the missing deed in the great case of Archer against Archer?"

At the instant the Judge changed his manner, as in a flash. No longer with him the pretended, sleepy air of unobservant listlessness. He drew his chair closer to the table, placed his arms firmly before him, and gazing steadily into the Doctor's eyes, sternly said:

"I have not yet recovered the missing deed, Doctor Gretchley. But I know very well where it is to be found. It is in your possession; and here is the owner of it, commonly know as Sergeant Archer, and the defendant in the action, awaiting its restoration by you."

The Doctor started at this unexpected response, and for a moment gazed back as intently at the Judge. It was a duel between the two, as it were, each endeavoring to face down the other. Should the Judge succeed, he would have won a victory yielding him much moral support, considering that he had offered little besides rash assertion upon which to engage in battle; should the Doctor conquer, a point would be scored in his favor, through a collateral issue, and affecting in merely an inappreciable degree the general result of life and death. But there could be no question from the very first as to where the victory would incline. The gaze of the Judge was keen, powerful, and unwavering; not altogether penetrating, but persistent and unrelenting; the small gray eyes stationing themselves like sentinels outside the other's guilty soul, as though to enforce his self-betrayal, while each instant the labored return look of the Doctor seemed more and more to falter. At last—it was only the contest of the moment, after all—the Doctor gave way, and raised his baffled glance towards the ceiling, abandoning the contest. It might have been that he could have held out longer, but for a thought that brought partial relief, and a transitory hope of safety as well.

What if—such was his thought—the deed being now surrendered, Kit Archer were to prove grateful? Surely the young fellow, being thus freely put into possession of his endangered property, would not too readily consent to call to mind any of the conversation he had overheard while beneath the old boat. The Sergeant thus becoming properly forgetful, it might not be difficult to get rid of Crusty's unsupported testimony. No one would be apt to believe the wandering and unaided narration of a poor, shiftless, ignorant tavern-keeper, who only two days before had been dragged out of the bay while in a drunken stupor. The Doctor's eyes kindled with new animation as he grasped this feeble hope of rescue.

"Go into my office," he said to Crusty, beckoning him forward and handing him the proper key, "look into the upper right-hand pigeon-hole of the mahogany desk in front of the door, and bring me the paper that lies beneath all the rest."

A minute longer, and Crusty returned with the desired document. The Doctor unfolded it, satisfied himself that it was the one required, then extended it to the Sergeant.

"It gives me pleasure to surrender this to you," he said. "Had I known before that you were its real owner, I would earlier have afforded myself the present gratification. The missing deed, is it not? I had it from the deceased, Mr. Vanderlock, obtaining it, I may as well confess, after his death. That proves nothing, however, I believe. It is not always necessary to murder a man in order to get possession of his papers, is it? You would not think of asserting such a thing for a moment, would you, my dear young friend?"

There was a wild, hungry, yearning pleading in the Doctor's expression, as he handed the document to the Sergeant, clinging desperately to that last frail hope, and striving to convey all his meaning, and yet not betray himself to others. The Sergeant was not

slow in comprehending the secret wish; his face flushed, and he made as though he would have handed the paper back to the Doctor, refusing to become a party to any bargain which might have for its basis the purchase of his own integrity. But the Judge, reading his purpose, stepped forward alertly and took the document into his own hands.

"What are you about?" he exclaimed. "Is it not your own, the paper that confirms you in all your rights? That should have been put in your possession months ago? Should you feel at all obliged to Doctor Gretchley for doing at this late date what it was incumbent upon him to do long past? For what purpose, Doctor Gretchley, may I now ask—"

"Why have I kept it so long?" was the rather fiercely spoken answer. "Well, why did Vanderlock keep it? He—the relative of this young man, and interested in no manner in the suppression of the paper—why should he have retained it, filing it away among his own family papers, except to make his own affair out of it when the proper time might come? Would it be worse for me, a stranger, so to use it, were I that way inclined? And yet, I do not think I would have done so. Nothing more natural, indeed, than to linger long over the possession of a valuable paper; and yet, when the time came, I do not think that I would have tried to make my bargain out of it. Look upon me in other respects as unfavorably as you will, I am not thus avaricious and scheming. And now that I have answered you so far, how is it, Judge Proctor, that you knew—"

"How did I know that you held the missing deed? Why, it is simple enough. When you betrayed your knowledge of the lost evidence—a knowledge known only to myself, for I had not confided even to the defendant anything beyond the fact that something was not as it should be—was it not natural that I should credit you with more intimate relations in the matter: knowing, as I also did, that Vanderlock, as a collateral branch, might hold the missing, controlling power, and that you might somehow have had access to the dead man's papers? And now tell me, Doctor," once more the keen, inquiring look, mingled now with a little spice, as of friendly interest, "you see we are both embarked upon the matter of gratifying each other's curiosity; let us therefore go a little further. Did you procure this paper from the dead man's office, or was it on his body? Come now, it is a particular which it would greatly gratify us to know. And as you must see, there can be no benefit in any further reticence upon the subject."

"No, not the slightest hope or benefit." Why, then, should not the Doctor now confess, and have done with it? Why struggle longer against the inevitable? Sitting silent for a moment, once more the whole desperation of the situation flashed through his mind, and arrayed itself in proper form—its certain future and result springing into full light and life. The formal charge made, and in exact detail reduced to writing; the tidings spreading swiftly around; the public detestation, all the more pronounced because of previous admiration; the commitment to jail; the trial, with all its vulgar, disagreeable incidents;—and what after that? What though the course of justice were even to falter there, and he should be released through some quibble of the law? Rather old to begin life over again in another place, was he not? More especially as his bad repute would be sure to follow him into any part of the world. There could now be no escape from evil fame, in these days of universal intelligence. Even after a year or two of imprisonment, impertinent public curiosity, and popular scorn, to be forced to begin the world again in poverty. That, surely, would be very hard. Physical pain, remorse, even death itself, the Doctor need not hold in dread; but all the vulgar, commonplace, disagreeable concomitants of public exposure and trial would certainly prove exceedingly offensive to him. He possessed in an eminent degree that neat, nice appreciation of the smooth side of the world which belongs to a refined nature. There was, moreover, a melodramatic phase in his mind, impelling him, when cornered, boldly to avow himself, and not fritter away his dignity or degrade his spirit by recourse to base and useless

sham or expedients. He raised his head, smoothed out from his face the wrinkles of thought and anxiety, and said:

"A very laudable curiosity, Judge Proctor, and one that should be gratified. I will therefore answer frankly, as you desire. The deed was on the body, where I suppose Vanderlock kept it for especial safety against the time of need."

"And do you really mean," gasped the Justice—"do you actually intend to say—"

The Judge here gently pressing his arm, arrested him. The Doctor detected the inconsiderable movement, and said:

"You need not stop him, Judge Proctor. Having once made up my mind, whatever he may say can have no influence to change me. I am now prepared to tell everything. But it must be upon one condition: Colonel Grayling and Miss Stella must both be present.

Upon which it became the turn of the minister to start up.

"You do not mean that, Doctor Gretchley? Colonel Grayling, perhaps; I say nothing against that, if you will have it so. But as for Miss Stella, if you have anything dreadful to tell, surely you will not expose her to—"

Once more an interference by the Judge, now pressing the minister's arm.

"Let it be so," he said, "since Doctor Gretchley requires it. Miss Stella doubtless has suffered much already—should be spared all the suffering possible; and yet, if one more pang will assist in relieving her from any future anxiety, and in bringing to a more speedy issue a painful business—I take it that Doctor Gretchley has some especial reason for his demand, and will, perhaps, speak more freely if it should be gratified?"

"So much more freely, Judge, that if she is not allowed to be present I will not speak out at all. An especial reason, do you say? This, indeed: that I would desire she should think of me in future more charitably, if possible, than she might if she did not now hear me. If I am to confess a deed, I would wish her to realize that there was no mere vulgar, commonplace motive for it. The knowledge of that fact might—even the worst of us are sometimes anxious for the good opinion of our friends—and Miss Stella has been to me more than a friend. Send for her, therefore, and Colonel Grayling as well. Otherwise, I can assure you that I shall decline to utter a single word."

With that he folded his arms resolutely, and sat stiffly back. It was evident that he meant what he said; it was as evident that he was prepared to make some kind of confession, if the circumstances were arranged to suit him. Therefore, Crusty was sent off at once for Colonel Grayling; and Mrs. Crusty, in a covered wagon, for Stella. Pending their arrival, there was an interval of silence. Scarcely did any one move, except once when the Doctor abstractedly drew his little note-book from his pocket, and opening it, took out his pencil and began to write, then arrested himself.

"Of what use now, after all?" he muttered; and with that he closed his note-book and slipped it back into his pocket.

Chapter XX.

Silence again for a while; little to be heard excepting the loud click of the clock upon the mantel-shelf, and an occasional hushed cough. Outside, occasionally the scraping of feet, as men entered the court-room; and a low buzz of voices, as those already inside became impatient, and wondered that the Justice and the prisoner had not appeared. This was all; and the group in the parlor remained gazing at the table in such hushed reverie that one would have imagined the long table was a coffin, and the occasion a funeral. The Justice sat disturbed and nervous, speculating how he must act as events unfolded themselves; the minister was pale and motionless; the Judge quiet, apparently lost in thought, but thoroughly, as usual, observant, and in every way master of the situation. Possibly the most cheery appearing person of all was the prisoner. Hope of disentanglement from his

dilemma had departed from him forever; the recklessness of despair had come in its place. Perhaps already he had determined upon his course; certainly, with the struggle for safety now past, and his doom foreshadowed, there had come to him a complete abandonment of himself to utter disregard of terror or compunction. Almost a vivacious gayety —a striving for dramatic effect—an intent to play his part bravely to the last, as there he sat, with his head well braced upon his uplifted hand, and his keen eyes roving from face to face, as though he was the only innocent party present, and the sole judge of criminals awaiting his despotic decree. During which—and it was commented upon afterwards as a striking trait, exemplyfying the Doctor's desire to conclude everything with polished and exquisite ceremony—he put on his gloves, fitting each finger with as extreme care as though preparing for a reception at some royal palace.

A few moments later, and the Colonel arrived from his upper chamber, attended by Crusty who entered with him, and the constable who was left behind. It was evident, from Grayling's reassurred and animated expression, that Crusty had already informed him of the new condition of affairs. Seeing this, the Sergeant would have crossed the room and placed himself more intimately at his friend's side. But the Judge seemed to forbid this, with the mere bending of his finger motioning him to remain where he was. It was not yet time for any demonstrations of attachment: there would be ample scope for that, before long, without doubt. Therefore the Sergeant remained where he was, and the Colonel silently seated himself just inside the door, with Crusty a few feet away.

Fifteen minutes more of waiting; and then the covered wagon drew up, slowly and ceremoniously, as though it were the hearse arriving. Stella, descending, was silently ushered into the room, and seated against the farther wall, in such a position that she could see and hear all that was necessary, without being herself made too conspicuous. Not with the pleased assurance of Grayling did she enter: for Mrs. Crusty had not been able to tell her what had happened, or how near her lover had been brought to safety. All that Mrs. Crusty could tell her was that a crisis of some kind had happened, and that her presence was needed to meet it. This was all; and pale with uncertainty and partial dread, she sat motionless, her veil partly thrown back, her eyes lowered, her lips fixed, to bear with resignation and fortitude any ill fortune that might yet transpire. Grayling, gazing across at her, watched the settled pallor on her face, and knew that as yet she could have been informed of nothing; and he longed for the time when he might take her freely to his heart, and let her realize that his safety and their mutual happiness were at last almost assured. The Sergeant also sat looking at her, and for once found his perspicuity not altogether at fault; no longer now misinterpreting her calmness, but searching into the deep current of painfully restrained feeling that ran beneath, and thanking Heaven that the Colonel had indeed found one who in her ample love and sympathy could make him happy. Thanked Heaven incidentally on his own behalf, also; feeling so thoroughly blessed in his restoration to kindly fortune, and in his ability once more to sympathize unselfishly in his friend's great joy of love; seeing that with Stella her faithful Minnie had entered, to all appearance as composed and sedate as ever, but from beneath the projecting brim of her straw hat casting toward him a quiet, meaning glance, responsive to his own yearning after sympathy, and suggesting, apparently, that since all else seemed likely to turn out so well, she would forgive him for that great offense of not knowing at the first exactly what to do about it.

Now, at last, all being present who need be there, Judge Proctor looked up inquiringly at the Doctor, as requesting him to begin what he had to say.

"You were about to tell us, Doctor—"

"This," responded the Doctor; and with the elation of a spirit of desperation into which he had worked himself, his voice did

not falter or quaver, there was even a pleasant ring of melody in it: "I desired to see both Colonel Grayling and Miss Stella, that they may hear at first-hand, and without misconstruction, what I have to say; and hearing, may give me credit for anything of value that they can find in my intentions or impulses: little of good, perhaps; and yet I would not live in the memory of their lives as a sordid, commonplace criminal. And first, are you aware, Miss Stella, that for a long while I have loved you deeply?"

A singular question, indeed, and one which certainly it was not necessary that Stella should answer. In fact, the Judge hastened to her rescue.

"Probably, Doctor Gretchley, Miss Stella never gave much thought to the matter. If I have understood aright, you have visited at her house more in the character of a friend than of a lover; and being, moreover, so much older—"

"Precisely, Jugde, I am much older, to be sure. But then, I am not old-looking, and I had been so long her friend that I hoped in time to win her more tender regard. This, however, Miss Stella, is not what led to the killing of Mr. Vanderlock, whose removal from the scene was due to a much more creditable motive—if you will allow me so to call it—than a low and ignoble desire to get rid of a rival. Nor had the fact of an indebtedness on my part to him anything to do with the matter; though, as it turned out, it has controlled me, in the end, to my destruction. Not as a primal cause, however, must it be regarded, but merely as a collateral effect. But let that pass, now. Give your attention, Miss Stella and gentlemen, and I will begin at the commencement."

The Judge nodded assent, and composed himself into a position of even greater interest, looking all the while at the speaker with a quiet smile, as though pleased at the opportunity of inspecting some curious phenomenon of mind. The Justice made no motion, but sat apart, open-mouthed and horror-stricken at the strange turn matters were taking. The Doctor indulged in a preliminary sip from the glass before him, and began:

"Your health, gentlemen, since I am obliged to drink alone. Well, now to business. It will not occupy us long. I presume that there is no use denying the charge against me. So I will carry my information back for a few months. It may be no secret to some of you that I am the author of a little work on Mental Emotions. I have fancied, as is natural with an author, that it has merit; and therefore for the last two years have been engaged in preparing a new edition of it. I have endeavored to verify everything in it with actual experience; without which, I take it, a work of that character would be almost valueless. Now there is one chapter that has occasioned me much preplexing thought, being the chapter upon Conscience. You may remember," he added, turning to the minister, "my discussion of the question with you two days ago; the main point being whether conscience is an innate quality of the mind; or, on the contrary, a product of education, association, and prejudice."

The minister nodded assent.

"Well, it is really, to me, a very grave question, gentlemen, and has caused me a great deal of perplexity; and so, very naturally, the idea has often come upon me—more forcibly each time—that the only way to settle the question would be for some one deliberately to commit a crime, without bias or interested incentive thereto, and to publish the result of his experience. With constant reflection, the thought grew upon me; and very often, at last, I found myself vaguely wondering whether the duty did not, after all, fall upon myself. This may be considered the prologue of my little drama, Judge Proctor."

"Proceed; you deeply interest me," responded the Judge.

"Well," continued the Doctor, "it happened that about six months ago, while having been for many days particularly under the influence of such investigating impulses, upon returning one evening from a sick call, I took a well-known, often-used, short cut

across Miss Stella's grounds. And there, whom should I see in the dim light but yourself, Colonel Grayling? I saw you, but you did not observe me, for I was hidden among the lilac bushes. I had supposed that you were away with the army, and being suspicious as to the reason for your presence, I watched you for a while. In a moment I saw how it all was. You have been rather inclined towards Miss Stella for some years, I was aware; and now that you believed she was engaged to Mr. Vanderlock, you had evidently slipped up to steal a farewell look at her, and then go away again without having been observed. After a little while you took out your knife and cut off a rosebud, seemingly as a memento; then laid down your knife, and in the act of putting the bud into your pocket-book heard steps approaching. With that you hurried away, forgetting to pick up your knife again, leaving me to step forward, take it, and put it into my own pocket. I did not mean to keep it, but to return it to you when I saw you again, charging you with your stolen nocturnal visit—making a little pleasant jest out of it, as it were. And so ends the first act. Nothing very wrong about that, so far, gentlemen, was there?"

"Nothing, indeed," said the Judge, in a quiet, composed tone. "Continue if you please."

"Well, having done this, I passed through the shrubbery and approached the gate; and there, as ill-luck would have it, I saw old Tim, one of the family servants, leaning over the fence and contemplating the road. Now if there was a person I did not at that moment care about meeting, it was Tim. He was a faithful enough servant, to be sure, but to me he was a terrible nuisance. For in his early youth he had lost two of the fingers of his left hand; and he had an idea that I, being a doctor, could give him a mixture that would cause them to grow again. Therefore, he never neglected an opportunity to come after me, holding out the old rounded stumps as though they were a rare curiosity; and no matter how often rebuffed, would start the history of the accident all over again the next time he saw me, as though it were an entirely new thing. Finding him at all times a weariness to me, I dreaded meeting him at that moment more greatly than ever, being somewhat nervously disposed from long thinking over my liabilities. And knowing that the old negro would probably stand leaning over that gate for an hour or so, I turned back to pass through the shubbery again, and return by the longer route, rather than be forced once more to inspect those old finger-knobs. And so ends what might be called the second act."

"And the third," said the Judge, with a quiet smile. "Believe me, I am all excitement and curiosity."

"The third act, with the *denouement*, is close at hand, gentlemen. I had passed nearly through the shrubbery, coming thereby close to the side of the piazza, when I heard voices—the voices of Vanderlock and of an old lady living at the house, and commonly spoken of as Aunt Priscilla. I will not deny, Miss Stella, that your Aunt Priscilla is a charming old lady, just as Tim is a good enough old negro; but yet there are times—well, she is somewhat much too fond at times, as even you will admit, of hearing herself in conversation with anybody, and is strong upon the subjects of the war and the usual politics of the country. The voices came first from the parlor, and then louder, as from the piazza; and I knew just what had happened. It was early for Vanderlock to leave Stella, and therefore I understood perfectly well that Aunt Priscilla had succeeded in capturing him, and was driving him, so to speak, out of the house. For, as they came still nearer, I could distinguish every note of her voice, and heard her discoursing most earnestly and incorrectly upon the subject of General Butler in New Orleans; and I discovered, also, by her victim's short, monosyllabic answers, that he was retiring from her as rapidly as propriety would admit. And at last he did escape, cleared the last step of the piazza, hurried down the path, passed into the shrubbery, and so stood before me—the victim before the executioner, as of course you will have anticipated. And here let me

remark to you, gentlemen, how difficult, after all, it may be to commit a murder. Even if the will be not wanting, it may often be difficult to secure opportunity. And for proper opportunity, several features are often necessarily needed in combination—a thing which even accurate and cautious foresight will not always succeed in arranging. In my case, you will see, there were requisite a state of mind causing great irritation and nervousness, a tiresome old negro to throw me back into the right place for the murder, and a still more tiresome old lady to send my victim there, also, in order to be murdered; all these three requisites now happening to cooperate favorably.

"Well, stumbling thus across Vanderlock, we naturally stopped and talked about business. I had seen him that morning, and had arranged my indebtedness with him. He had handed over my notes, and I had given him a bond and mortgage for five thousand dollars upon my house and lot. Being himself a lawyer, he had drawn up the papers, so that it happened no one else knew about the transaction; and I felt sure that the mortgage had not yet been put upon record, for the county town is nearly twenty miles off. In fact, as we talked, I saw the papers sticking out of the inner pocket of his coat. This was merely incidental to the rest, however. And it happened that while thus talking to him, a devil's temptation beset me—if there be a devil. Do you believe in one, gentlemen?"

"He has often been invoked as a witness in court, but so far, to my knowledge, has never appeared," responded the Judge.

"I presume, however," said the Doctor, "that it makes no real difference at present whether he or I may constitute the principal in the affair. Of course I must suffer for it. But I must state, by the way, that he came in reputable guise. Not sordidly and meanly tempting me to attempt possession of my bond and mortgage, as some of you may imagine, but appealing to my love of science and philosophy: telling me that as I was the man destined to settle forever the great question about a conscience, so now was the allotted opportunity. With that, I knew my duty, and felt that I ought not to think of resistance to it. I passed my arm behind Vanderlock's back: it is rather a well-known and affectionate style in conversation with me, and gives no offense. I thus drew his breast up closely opposite to me, and with one motion I thrust a sharp, needle-like probe, longer and thinner than a lancet, and which I usually carry in my vest pocket—I thrust it, I say, directly into the upper region of his heart. Perhaps I can better show you the manner by practical illustration. If you, Squire Peters, will stand up and let me put my arm behind you—"

"No, no! keep off, keep away!" exclaimed the terrified Justice, nervously retreating before the Doctor, who had arisen and approached him.

"Perhaps it is quite as well," rejoined the Doctor, seating himself again at the table, and sipping his wine. "No doubt you comprehend me fully. It was well done. None but a surgeon could have managed it half as well; and Vanderlock fell down without a groan. It was all over in three or four seconds. So far all was well. And after that, I did this: it occurred to me that the wound in the heart, having been made with such a small instrument, would present too minute an appearance—so like the work of a real surgeon, in fact, as easily to cast suspicion upon me. I thereupon laid down the little probe, and taking out the Colonel's knife, enlarged the wound so as to give it the look of being made with a broad and somewhat blunt weapon—with such a knife, it may be, as a boatman or sailor would carry. This was an easy thing to do, for now, as you see, the man was dead, and I had too often dissected bodies to mind it."

At hearing the process so coolly described, the Justice turned pale, and seemed as though he would have liked to leave the room. Even the Judge, used as he was to villainous tales, bit his lip, breathed hard, and muttered something about there being a devil, after all. But no open remark was made by either.

"Now comes the foolish part of the whole

affair, gentlemen. So far I had managed admirably; but after that, the main error of my procedure crept in. Some people say that a man who kills another always leaves some loop-hole for detection; that there is a Providence that so arranges it. That, of course, is nonsense. Every day there are men skillfully put out of the way, and no one the wiser for it. And that is why I reproach myself, having in the end become guilty of a meanness, as well as of what might be called an artistic incompleteness in the performance. Perhaps, after all, it was the devil again, craftily tempting me to pass out of the region of fixed scientific research, and descend to sordid cares and impulses. However that may be, the thought now came to me that, inasmuch as the man was dead, I might as well as not take repossession of my bond and mortgage. Certainly I would never have demeaned myself to kill him for any such purpose as that; but now that he lay motionless before me, no one the wiser for the manner of its bringing about, why should I not benefit by it? It was merely picking up my spent fortune from the ground, where it lay awaiting its restoration to me. Therefore I drew the papers from his pocket to transfer them to my own. This took time, however, and before I had well completed the transaction, I heard, or thought I heard, a noise. With that, closing and pocketing Colonel Grayling's knife, I crept away, forgetting that I had left my probe lying upon the grass. Moreover, though I slipped the mortgage into my pocket, I did not take heed about the bond, which had been loosely folded inside; and, as it chanced, it fell out, and was left behind, alongside the probe."

"And that bond and probe?"

"Both of them were found the next morning by Crusty, who had, as usual, been out all night about his oysters, and happened to take the same short cut home. Of course he saw the body, and gave the alarm, but he put the implement and the paper into his pocket, and said nothing about them to any one but myself. Equally, of course, his idea was to bleed me, and for the past eighteen months he has very successfully done so, getting from ten to twenty dollars at a time out of me, and making himself, in fact, quite comfortable out of the affair. But now, having become tired of small profits, and somewhat repentant, perhaps—for he is not a strong-minded man, and cannot persevere in one course long—he has determined to inform against me. And there you have the whole affair, gentlemen."

"You have exceedingly entertained us, Doctor Gretchley," said the Judge, in his most bland accents. "I do not know when I have ever listened to such a succinct account of a transaction of this nature, developing a method so well planned and carried out. To be sure, at the conclusion you spoiled it somewhat by—shall I say precipitancy? But these accidents will often happen. In my own business I sometimes lose my self-possession, and make mistakes which I afterwards find reason to regret. But about our mutual friend here—Colonel Grayling? How did it become necessary to cast suspicion upon him?"

"Well, I will tell you that, too," responded the Doctor, with a wonderful appearance of frankness. "I hold no grudge against you, Colonel, not the slightest; and I do not intend that you shall endure any more inconvenience in this matter. It all came from this: caring for you as I did, Miss Stella, I thought that Vanderlock being dead, there might be some chance for me, after all, and that, by constant assiduity and attempts to please, I might in a few months longer succeed in gaining your regard. And steadily persevering, I imagined that I was succeeding, and I was almost ready to declare myself, when the Colonel turned up alive. You were her old lover, Colonel Grayling, as I have said, and I felt that you should somehow be got out of the way. So I told her that it was you who had killed Vanderlock—there really seemed no other course for me to take—and in proof of it I showed her the knife. At first I thought that she believed me, for she sent you away, telling you never to come near her again. But I feared lest she might afterwards repent, that

I might have overacted my part, that after all she might end in not believing my story—perhaps had not really believed it from the beginning—and that she would all the same promise to marry you, if you should happen to come back and ask her to do so. What, then, did I feel it necessary to do? I simply came down here, made complaint, and procured the warrant to be issued. But this is the real truth of the matter, gentlemen: I did not intend the Colonel any harm. I had that morning seen him go off in the stage, and I supposed he would return to the army. Being there practically exempt from criminal process, I presumed that the warrant would be ineffective. But I imagined that he would of course hear of it, and thereby be deterred from ever coming back; rather seeking shelter, after the war, in some obscure portion of the country. I did not dream that he would return and be arrested the same day. In fact, my object was not his arrest, but his absence."

"Another grand mistake, Doctor. In fact, you did one thing very well, and then made two subsequent errors to counterbalance it. So, after all, you did not seem to have shown as much ingenuity and penetration as I should have expected, in view of your great reputation for intelligence. But in connection with this, let me ask, did you never, in any of these operations, feel fear?"

"Not of anything that man could do to me, Judge. I considered that I had taken my precautions too carefully for that. Not of anything that other than man could do—unless, perhaps, on one occasion and for a single moment. I will mention it, as it constitutes a singular instance of the way in which one who has no belief in another world may yet, in some abnormal condition of the body, find himself influenced by a passing dread of the supernatural, even as though he had been fed from youth upon old wives' fables. It was the night before last that I was strolling past Miss Stella's residence, and I stopped to look over the gate. Doing so, I chanced to turn my eyes towards the thicket of locust trees on the right, and there, standing just where I had killed him, it seemed to me as though I saw Vanderlock himself. Standing bareheaded, with his face turned one side and chin protruding, just as the deceased used to stand. The circumstances were such that for the instant my knees shook under me. Then I reflected that it must be some chance resemblance, and I grew more composed; though I must confess to some remaining agitation, even after I had passed far beyond the house. As to the singular appearance among the shrubbery, Judge, for a long time so incomprehensible to me, I now realize that it must have been my young friend here, Sergeant Archer, happening at that moment to be passing out. And knowing what I now recall about his history and relationship, I see very clearly that the resemblance to Vanderlock was not so much one of chance as of mutual descent from a common stock. Altogether, though, it was a very singular circumstance, was it not? Showing, indeed, how easily stories of supernatural nature can be originated."

"Very singular indeed, Doctor Gretchley; and now one thing more, since we are in the way of investigation. It may be interesting to learn the result of your experiment. Did it convince you that conscience is not an innate principle of nature, making itself always felt when one has done wrong? Or did you fully satisfy yourself that it is merely a morbid effect of education or prejudice? It would please me very much to ascertain the conclusion to which your investigations have brought you."

"Ah, Judge Proctor! that is the most lamentable part of the affair; for I find myself compelled to regard my experiment as altogether incomplete and inconclusive. Had I persevered in leaving it an unbiased and disinterested procedure, it might have been different. But, as you see, I had yielded to the temptation of regaining possession of my mortgage; and moreover, had subsequently cherished the hope of gaining Miss Stella's affections, in consequence of Vanderlock being out of the way; and these two circumstances uniting to give me a direct interest in his death, I was unable to argue the matter

in my mind with that degree of disinterestedness and comprehensive clearness that I felt was necessary for the elaboration of such a vexed question. Then, too—and this is what singularly enough had never occurred to me—supposing that I had settled the pending problem most satisfactorily and beyond a peradventure, how could I ever venture to publish the result of my experiment without committing myself?"

"Precisely so, Doctor Gretchley. Dilemmas and difficulties all around, as you must see. Well, I suppose that you are aware of the effect against you of all this clear and lucid narrative?"

"Perfectly, Judge. I have perceived from the very first that I could do nothing to extricate myself, and I have therefore been anxious only to give such an explanation as will clear others—having, as I have said, no malice. And now, is there anything which you might wish to have stated further in detail?" he added, nervously fumbling with his thumb and forefinger in his vest pocket.

"Nothing, Doctor."

"You are entirely satisfied that what I have already said will prove sufficient to clear Colonel Grayling of any suspicious participation in the affair?"

"Entirely satisfied, Doctor Gretchley."

"Then I suppose I have done, gentlemen. By the way, my dear sir"—and he beckoned the minister close to his side; so close, indeed, that he could whisper into his ear—"you remember my skeleton I showed you two days ago, do you not? How particular I have been that it should resemble me in every respect? The likeness would be somewhat lost if in a few months hence I should have a broken vertebra, would it not? Anything to avoid such a mischance as that—is it not so?"

With pale face and choking throat—unable to utter a word even if he could have thought of anything to say—the minister turned away. The Doctor laughed; and while the Judge and the Justice retired apart into the corner for a moment's consultation, he leaned his head upon the table, and passed into a train of deep and intricate thought. What was it upon which he now so silently reflected? Was he already regretting that momentary impulse of good which had led him to make confession, and thus absolve his unoffending rival from the terrible charge of murder? Was he thinking how much wiser it might have been, since he himself must surely suffer, to have invented some plausible story whereby that rival would also be implicated, and thus with him be dragged down to equal disgrace and destruction? Was he, in prospective train of thought, regretfully looking forward to Grayling's now certain release, amid the boisterous cheers and congratulations of all the village? Did he survey, with bitter and malicious envy, that near future in which, he himself filling a nameless and dishonored grave, and little memory of him being left except as a hideous dream, Grayling should at last take Stella to his loving arms, to lead with her a well-deserved life of joy and happiness, in which the years should glide along undreaded, and looked on merely as the landmarks upon the road toward a life of unbroken serenity and peace?

"Of course, Doctor Gretchley," the Judge remarked, advancing from his secret consultation—"of course we must now have a formal examination, after which you will doubtless be committed for trial. And it is likely that— Why, what is all this? For God's sake, Mr. Peters, look there! And let some one take care of Miss Stella!"

Grayling and Mrs. Crusty lifted Stella, who had fallen apparently lifeless upon the floor; the others hurried across the room, and raised the Doctor, whose head at the same instant had sunk upon the table. With Stella, it was a momentary faintness, caused by the overpowering pressure of terror and excitement; with the Doctor, the eyes were strained, the lips bloodless, the pulse and heart ceasing to beat, the life already gone.

"Heart disease?" murmured the Justice, looking up inquiringly at Judge Proctor.

"Aconite," calmly remarked the more sharp-eyed Judge, examining a few loose grains of powder that still adhered to the closed thumb and finger of the dead man's glove.

LEONARD KIP.

[THE END.]

A TALK ABOUT A POET.

Let outsiders criticise and sneer as they will, the undeniable fact remains that Boston is the center of literary culture. We are told that even the boys in school are taught it is a good thing to be a Boston boy, and to look with compassion upon the less favored youth belonging in other cities. John Codman tells stories, well flavored and not without point, of the exhibitions of "culture" he has come across, from time to time, in the capital of Massachusetts; yet, despite all jokes and excellent good sayings, the city is looked upon from all sides as one of concentrated and solid literary fruitfulness. To it drift writers of every class, and those whose homes are in other places turn their eyes and hands toward Boston for recognition and recompense.

One may scarcely walk half the length of Tremont Street without meeting men of celebrity: the small, sprightly figure of Doctor Holmes, whose genial countenance overflows with good humor; Professor Longfellow, dignified and cordial; E. P. Whipple, reliable and forcible critic and essayist; T. B. Aldrich, whose brilliant prose and dainty verse have given him wide fame. Any one of these we may meet as an everyday occurrence; and not alone these, but many hardly less well known than they.

Here, coming across the Common, erect and with a soldierly, straightforward carriage, is John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of "The Pilot," author, poet, and courteous gentleman. "The most romantic figure in literary Boston," a recent writer in "Harper's Magazine" says of him. Possibly so; but it is not upon the romance of his career that O'Reilly has builded surely and well; it is not because ten years ago this great Irishman had no money, and seemingly little chance of being anything but the second mate of a vessel; not because fourteen years ago he was a corporal in the British hussars; nor that thirteen years back he was a Fenian prisoner in Australia, and two years later was picked up at sea in an open boat, an *escaped convict* (God save the mark!);—not because of these things is it that to-day in the whole city of Boston there is no man better loved or more ardently admired than O'Reilly; but by his open, honest manhood, by his freedom of thought and action, through his grand poetic faculties, and his strong, earnest fighting for the right and true, he has won to himself hosts of stanch friends, both in and out of the literary craft.

Let us shut ourselves up with him for a while, and look at him and his poetry. We will find in his verses, whether they be conventional (if aught of his work can be called that) —as, "The Rainbow's Treasure"—in treatment, or free and untrammeled by rule of rhetoric and prosody—as, "From the Earth a Cry"—the same magnetic force and tumultuous sweep of thought as in the personal man, who, with all his fiery impetuosity and physical strength, has a heart as tender and warm as that of a noble, affectionate woman.

Here are two verses from "The Rainbow's Treasure," the first poem in the book published by him early in 1878:

"There were two in the field at work one day—
Two brothers, who blithely sung—
When across their valley's deep winding way
The glorious arch was flung;
And one saw naught but a sign of rain,
And feared for his sheaves unbound;
And one is away over mountain and plain,
Till the mystical treasure is found.

. . . . . .

"'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the selfsame mill,
You may bind them, heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plow."

In direct contrast to the smooth, easy-going rhythm of this is the treatment of that other poem mentioned above, "From the Earth a Cry." This poem is among those issued in the new volume of poems by O'Reilly.

"Can the earth have a voice? Can the clods have speech,
To murmur and rail at the demigods?
Trample them! Grind their vulgar faces in the clay!

"The earth was made for lords and the makers of law;
For the conquerors and social priests;
For traders, who feed on and foster the complex life;
For the shrewd and selfish who plan and keep;
For the heirs that squander the hoard that bears
The face of the king, and the blood of the serf, and the curse
Of the darkened souls!

"O Christ! and O Christ! In thy name the law!
In thy mouth the mandate! In thy loving hand the whip!
They have taken thee down from thy cross, and sent thee to scourge the people;
They have shod thy feet with spikes and jointed thy dead knees with iron,
And pushed thee, hiding behind, to trample the poor dumb face!

. . . . . .

"As sure as the spirit of God is truth, this truth shall reign,
And the trees and lowly brutes shall cease to be higher than men.
God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire."

This poem was received with shouts of applause when read at the "Papyrus Club," and has been generally praised, although some few critics here and there rail against its style, and that of "Prometheus Christ," "A Song for the Soldiers," "Muley Malek, the King," and one or two other poems in the book, as "imitations of Walt Whitman." They are wrong. This poet cannot imitate; and Whitman never flew so high as these flights of O'Reilly have carried him. Here all the fiery passion of the author is given full sway, untrammeled by the conventionality he hates, and against which his bold, great nature rebels. The words are thrown forcibly, unerringly forth, as shots at a mark. Read this:

"Grimly they close their ranks, drinking his face like wine;
Strength to the arm and wrath to the soul, and power—
Fuel and fire he was—and the battle roared like a crater."

And this from "A Song for the Soldiers":

"Any song for the soldier that will harmonize with the life-throbs;
For he has laved in the mystical sea by which men are one;
His pulse has thrilled into blending tune with the vaster anthems
Which God plays on the battle-field when he sweeps the strings of nations."

Very clearly he puts before us the life of daily living. We all know that he has lived, and does not smirch and blur out from sight the duties and needs of life.

"The wise man is sincere; but he who tries
To be sincere, hap-hazard, is not wise."

"Temptation waits for all, and ills will come;
But some go out and ask the devil home."

"A Savage" is unmatched any where in treatment, I believe. There is not one superfluous word in the entire poem.

"'RETURN ON FRIDAY TO BE SHOT TO DEATH!'
So ran the sentence—it was Monday night,
The dead man's comrade drew a well-pleased breath;
Then all night long the gambling dens were bright.

. . . . . .

"'He will not come.' 'He's not a fool.' 'The men
Who set the savage free must face the blame,'
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

"Silent and stern—a woman at his heels;
He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute flame the guns, the woman reels
And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead."

The Australian poems are justly celebrated. Here is one:

"WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

"Nation of sun and air,
Thy flowers and crimes are red,
And thy heart is sore within
While the glory crowns thy head.
Land of the songless birds,
What was thine ancient crime,
Burning through lapse of time,
Like a prophet's cursing words?

"Aloes and myrrh and tears
Mix in thy bitter wine;
Drink, while the cup is thine,
Drink, for the draught is sign
Of thy reign in the coming years."

The first volume of O'Reilly's poems, "Songs from the Southern Seas," was published in 1873; the second, "Songs, Legends, and Ballads," in 1878, as remarked above. In 1879 he published a prose book, "Moondyne," which has had a wonderful success. "The Statues in the Block, and Other Poems," appeared through the house of Roberts Brothers, Boston, early in March of the present year. In this little book is a diversified set of poems. The first, from which the book is entitled, is founded on the thought that in every block of marble is a statue, waiting only to be dug out. Four men in a Roman studio stand before

"A tall and shapely mass of Alp-white crystal,
Fresh from the heart of a Carrara quarry."

Each finds encased therein a statue suited to his life and mood, and portrays it in vivid words, as real as any statue could possibly be.

The first finds love:

"From brow to foot her lissome form stands forth."

The second sees revenge:

"I see her in the marble, where she shrinks
In shuddered fear, as if my face were fire;
. . . . . .
I see him breathe, the last deep breath, and turn
His eyes upon me horror-filled;
. . . . . .
And my heart
Is there between them, petrified, O God!
And pierced by that red blow that struck their guilt."

The third reveals his suffering motherland; and the fourth, grief with hope:

"The marble fades—behold
The little hands still crossed—a child in death.
My link with love—my dying gift from her
Whose last look smiled on both, when I was left
A loveless man, save this poor gift alone."

The poem is filled with beautiful lines—so filled that one can hardly pluck out separate beauties to show.

"Who loves a greater sinks all lesser love,
Who hates a tyrant loses lesser hate."

"And I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with love, but sorrow."

This book has already met with a larger sale—and deservedly—than any volume of poems issued in Boston this year.

Here and there between the longer poems are set bits of verse, strong and clear, as some great pianist now and then, for a rest, strikes one chord alone. Here are one or two of the poet's touches:

"Life is a certainty,
Death is a doubt;
Men may be dead
While they're walking about.
Love is as needful
To being as breath;
Loving is dreaming,
And waking is death."

"A man will trust another man, and show
His secret thought and act, as if he must;
A woman—does she tell her sins? Ah, no!
She never knew a woman she could trust."

"Soldier, why do you shrink from the hiss of the hungry lead?
The bullet that whizzed is past; the approaching ball is dumb.
Stand straight; you cannot shrink from Fate; let it come.
A comrade in front may hear it whiz—when you are dead."

The love poems, too, are very fine. "Love's Sacrifice" went the rounds of the press after being read at "The Papyrus Club" on "Ladies' Night." "Her Refrain" is well known.

Here is a stanza from "Jacqueminots":

"My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the sighing,
All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for its bliss;
And tell her, tell her, roses, that my eyes and lips are dying
For the melting of her love-look and the rapture of her kiss."

"The Bursting of the Chains" is one of the strongest poems in this new book, and ranks with the poet's older Australian stories, "The Dukite Snake" and "The Day Guard," in power. O'Reilly is strong always,

however; his hands never strike the lyre feebly.

The editor-poet-author Irishman has a home in Charlestown, Massachusetts—a hospitable home. Here is his study—this long room occupying half of the first floor. Artistic in all its arrangements, from the draperies at the windows to the statuettes, bronzes, and pictures scattered about. No doors bar out the visitors; heavy, soft hangings cover the doorways. Perhaps the most striking thing in the room (if the owner himself is out) are these two grand bronze busts: one the agonized head from the "Laocoon"; the other the head of "War," from the "Arch of Triumph," in Paris.

The books are kept in low shelves passing around, or nearly around, the room. Easy of access, open to all. "I hate closed doors over my books. I will not have curtains. Books were never injured by dust; and I wouldn't put a decent book behind glass," he says.

This is a rambling sketch of a great man's work; bits here and there out of a life of thirty-five or thirty-six years. How much more will he do? Will these talents grow year by year, increasing in vigor and use? Let us hope so. The man is one who will not be content to leave rough edges to his work, nor half-columns in the chapel in the Temple of Fame he is erecting for himself.

One of his best teachings is contained in the poet's own favorite stanza from his writings:

"Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw."

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

A LOGICAL SEQUENCE.

CHAPTER VII.

Several moments elapsed, however, before Mr. Butterfield heard anything further. Maud was still timid, and debating in her mind how she should begin, and what disclosures she should make; and it was not till after some little gentle encouragement from Mrs. Butterfield that the sound of her voice was heard.

"I am sure that it would make me feel very badly to think anything bad about Tom," said Mrs. Butterfield.

"That's what I've told him fifty times," said Maud, earnestly—"that all of us would."

"And what does he say to that?"

"Nothing; except that he gets red, and seems to feel bad sometimes about it; and then again he gets angry when I speak to him, and won't talk to me at all; and occasionally he is so blue that if even you saw him I know it would make you pity him. Hark! Who is that I hear moving?"

"No one," said Mrs. Butterfield, stopping a moment to listen. "There's no one in the house but us—unless it was a team outside, on the street. But Tom—he never used to be like this."

"No, indeed," said Maud, earnestly. "He is very different from what he used to be. I was so proud of him then, and I think he was happier too. It is not a very pleasant thing to think about."

"I am very, very sorry to hear this, Maud," said Mrs. Butterfield. And indeed she was.

"I know you are," said Maud, glancing up at her gratefully. "You always were a good friend to me, and that is the reason I came to you with this. There is no one else that I can talk to about Tom—unless it is papa. I never felt till last night that there was anything really wrong with him; but now that I come to think of it, there are a great many little things that make me fear that if I had looked I might have found it so, long before. Perhaps it is this, more than anything else,

that makes me feel so bad now, in seeing him so changed."

"He will change again, Maud," said Mrs. Butterfield. "He will settle down sooner or later, and be what he was before."

"That is what papa says," said Maud, through her tears. "But somehow I cannot bring myself to think so. I believe Tom cares more for me than he does for papa or mamma, and he used to tell me things sometimes; and I am afraid he has a reason—or thinks he has—for acting so."

"Maud, dear, you must not give way so to your feelings; I cannot bear to see you," said Mrs. Butterfield. "It will all come out right in the end."

"I hope so, surely," said Maud. "I do try to hold myself in, but sometimes it seems to do me good to let go for a moment. I like to tell you my troubles, for somehow it seems to me as if Tom would not care if I told you; and I know that nobody else will ever know of it."

The little woman stooped and kissed her tenderly.

"You are right, dear, in what you have just said. I do indeed think a great deal of Tom, and altogether too much of you, to ever betray your confidence. But you said a moment ago that you thought there was some reason for Tom's behaving badly. What was it?"

"I don't know as I have any real reason to think so; but from what I have heard him say—and especially lately—I am afraid that he thought a great deal of some one once, and that she did not treat him right in some way. At any rate, he speaks very bitterly about her now."

She paused here, as if for encouragement. But Mrs. Butterfield was silent; and if Maud had not been so intensely self-interested, she would have noticed that her face flushed very much. After a moment, however, she went on of herself.

"Not that I think that he doesn't care for her now," she added earnestly; "for I believe really it is this which has made him worse of late. He still sees her sometimes, and talks with her, I know, for then he comes home late nights, and is gloomy and unhappy for whole days afterward."

"And did he ever tell you her name?" said Mrs. Butterfield, faintly. Mr. Butterfield, outside the door, bent lower, and pressed his ear to the crack.

"No," she said finally; "though I have often wondered about it. But he saw her only last night. I am sure of that; for when he came home he was—O Dollie, he was drunk; and he talked about it all without knowing it. I am going to tell you what he said, but you must promise me not to breathe a word of it to any one. He spoke about you."

"Maud!"

"Wait," said the girl, laying her hand on Mrs. Butterfield's arm, and nodding to command silence; "let me tell you all. When Tom came home so late last night, and in that dreadful state, papa and I put him to bed. I did not know what was the matter with him at first. I thought he was sick, he talked and acted so strangely; then I smelled the liquor, and knew what it was that made him seem so weak and unsteady. After we had got him into bed and left him he wouldn't keep still, but kept talking and muttering to himself, and once I thought he called. I was a little bit afraid of him, but I got up and went in to him, and heard him say to himself that he would not have done it if she had not treated him so; and that he might have been somebody if it hadn't been for her keeping him running after her so long; and then afterwards he cried that she had come back to him before, and she should do so again; and he swore and talked so horribly that it frightened me. I can hear him yet." And she bent her head and shuddered, as she closed her eyes.

Mrs. Butterfield, too, was trembling, and turned away her face.

"But did—he did not say this about me, Maud?" she said agitatedly.

"Of course I did not think that," said the girl. "His words were so broken I could not tell when his thoughts changed, or when he was thinking of the same person. But he did say how kind you were, and how

unworthy he was of the interest you showed in him; but only for a moment, and then went off into the same talk again about the woman who had hurt him. He was still asleep when I came away, and I want you to tell me, Dollie, what I shall say to him when he wakes up."

Mrs. Butterfield had stopped trembling, and become more calm.

"Treat him just as you always do," she said. "Don't be over-affectionate—that is, so that he'll notice it; but don't act as if he had done something you never could forgive him for, and don't try to reprove him. I imagine," she added with a smile, "that your mother will see to that."

Maud smiled gravely, and pressed Mrs. Butterfield tighter with her arm.

"I wish you had been my sister, Dollie," she said gratefully. "I wouldn't have felt then so much as if I were imposing on you, telling you all this."

"You are not doing that, Maud; I not only love you, but I am very much interested in Tom."

"I wish that I could tell him that," said Maud, earnestly; "it would help him very much."

"He knows it already, Maud," returned Mrs. Butterfield, after a moment's hesitation. "I have a little confidence now that I will make to you. I have been, and talked with Tom, a great deal more than you know, dear: more than I ought, perhaps."

"Why, you never told me before!"

"I know it: it was Tom's wish that I should keep it secret, and I have never told even my husband. I used to see a great deal of him before I was married, and we have always kept it up."

"And you will not think less of him for what I have said to you, will you?"

"No," said Mrs. Butterfield, rising. "If anything, my pity would make me even more tender toward him—would make me care for him even more."

As she rose, Mr. Butterfield outside the door stood hurriedly up, and tip-toeing noiselessly along the hall, went down the stairs to the front door, opened it, and passed out in silence. The two women were not disturbed by the occurrence, and did not hear him go.

A moment later a child playing near the corner saw him pass, walking rapidly, still holding his hat in his hand as if he had forgotten to put it on, and muttering and looking about him in such a way that it shrunk back in fear, and went in to tell how it had seen a crazy man.

But Mr. Butterfield, occupied only with the conversation he had just heard, went hurriedly on toward his office, without a thought as to his looks. He was conscious only of the fact that this conversation had added corroboration, and given definite shape to the suspicion he had held—had furnished proof of it, and in so direct a manner as to leave no loop-hole for avoiding its full force and weight. It is true that he had gone home with the direct intention of ascertaining in some way the truth of all these things; but he had forced himself to believe that the balance would turn as his inclination desired it. Now the balance had turned, and he would have given everything he had to alter its decision. He walked faster and faster, till he almost ran along the street. He strove by physical activity to escape from the mental incubus that followed him. The perspiration stood out in beads upon his forehead, from the violence of his exertion. He panted as he wiped it away. He had heard from her own lips that she still loved Tom—that she was still in the habit of meeting with him in secret. In secret—why should she keep it from him if there was nothing wrong in it all? Familiar as he was with the office stairs, he stumbled heavily in ascending them. He did not expect to find Tom in the office now; and closing the door, he passed through to the back room. In spite of his overcoat and the heat of his exercise, he shivered. His hands trembled, and he felt cold. He moved mechanically, and shook as if he had the ague. A fire had been laid in the grate, and getting down on his knees, he scratched a match and touched it off. Presently it blazed up brightly. The

warmth seemed grateful to him, and he remained on his knees, rubbing his hands and spreading them to the heat.

His thoughts still wandered confusedly over what he had learned from his wife. He had wanted proof, and he had got it. He felt that with his prior knowledge he could not judge, with Maud, that Tom's broken ravings had referred to any other woman. Not only that, but his wife knew it too, else why did she tremble and grow pale when Maud had told her of it? She had said, too, that Tom knew of her affection for him, and looked to her for moral support. It was this very thing which Mrs. Tanquary had warned him against. Maud had heard Tom say that she had come to him before, and should do so again. Such language could admit of but one interpretation.

"It is no use," he said sorrowfully. "I cannot but believe it."

For a long time he remained on his knees, gazing stupidly into the fire. Finally some one came into the outer office, and he hastily stood up. It was a man with paper to sell. Mr. Butterfield stood looking at him dazedly, without speaking, and the man repeated his request; with a somewhat curt dismissal, he returned to the back office and sat down at his desk.

He now recognized that but one path lay open to him—to separate himself from his wife. Believing, as he was forced to do, that this matter was true, he saw that he could never be happy with her again. Nay, more: he felt that to live with her with all this in his heart would be unbearable torture. Yes, he would get a divorce. He would put away from him forever this thing that had polluted him. She would go on alone, and he would go on alone. He would go away where he was not known. He was not a very old man; he would begin life again. She should never say that she had ruined him.

And then he thought of the shame the disclosure would bring upon him. He would be the nine days' wonder of the town. The newspapers would have sensational accounts of the trial. His good name would be dragged in the dust. His friends would look at him askance, and come to shun him. This woman had not stopped at injuring him personally; she would injure him through his friends. And then, too, did he have evidence enough to insure his obtaining a divorce? There could be but one result if the verdict came in for her. The jury might not see the case as clearly as he saw it, and the result would be that she would still be left bound to him, and that would be utter ruin. No; he could not afford to risk the publicity and possible failure to get a divorce.

Then he asked himself if all this were not mere selfishness on his part. If he had any right to hold back from the world the knowledge of this woman's guilt. She had sinned, not only against him, but against society; would he not be making himself an accessory to her crime—to his own shame—if he withhold his knowledge of its commission? Was it right—was it just—that he should leave his wife to prey upon other men, without giving them a warning when it was in his power? Ought he to consider the small evil to his own happiness and name in the light of that greater evil which it lay in his power to prevent? And then, too, again, was it not right that he should have his revenge? Revenge is not Christian; it is human. But then this man, too, was only human. He only felt that he suffered. This woman had wronged him. She had laid waste his life. She had betrayed him, Judas-like, with kisses and caresses. Nothing could be too bad for her. His brain was on fire. He was almost mad. He cursed her in his mind. He trembled with the violence of his passion. The sweat stood out in beads upon his forehead, and his face grew almost livid. He said he would take the matter in his own hands. He would not wait for the law's delay. He would end it all at once. He would kill her. He would silence her effectually.

"But that would be murder," he said suddenly. In his preoccupation, he spoke out loud, and his voice was almost a shriek. He started clear out of his chair.

"Who is there?" he called tremblingly. There was no answer. In truth, he had expected none. He looked into the front room. It was empty.

"Tom?" he called again. Again there was no answer; but still he did not feel secure. Going to the front door, he turned the spring lock and locked it. He was frightened at himself. He stepped lightly, so as to deaden the sound of his own footsteps. The severe mental strain was beginning to tell on him bodily. His eyes were sunken and haggard, and he stooped perceptibly. He retreated again to the back room, and closed the door between.

After the first moment, he felt no further horror in having thought of this thing. This women had brought it on herself, and she deserved to die. She had given no mercy; she should be shown none. It was not alone himself he was avenging; it was society. And then, too, was it not the unwritten law of California? If he should be held for doing this deed, could there be found twelve men who would convict him for thus taking the law in his own hands? He was lawyer enough to recognize the rarity of jury conviction in such a case, and he resolved to take advantage of his knowledge. He felt a sense of exultation swell within him, at the thought of his power over her, that was hideous. It pervaded his whole body, and made his eyes shine and his breath come quick. Her fate was in his hands alone. It was the exultation that comes when the brute nature usurps divine power and stands rejoicing in its strength. He could do with her as he pleased. He had gone outside of himself. In relation to this woman's fate he had deified himself; for the moment he was a god. In his strength he felt himself divine. It was an excitement that would not allow him to remain quiet.

"Let me see," he said; "there are some things to be done before I can carry this out."

He took down his ledger and looked over his accounts. There was a sufficiently large cash balance for his more immediate needs. He drew a check, payable to himself, for the amount, tore it off, and put it carefully in his pocket-book. Then he arranged his papers with mathematical accuracy, labeling and cataloguing them so that they could be understood by any one, and put them carefully away. He moved slowly and methodically, but a certain trembling of his hands as he moved, the occasional restive glances of his eyes, and the furtive way in which he stopped to listen to passing sounds, betrayed the diseased condition of his mind. He was too near mad to feel fatigue.

Directly opposite Mr. Butterfield, as he sat, was a second desk. It was a convenient affair, made below with rows of little drawers for legal blanks and paper, and with a place above for a copying-press. Above this was another set of drawers, more like pigeon-holes in their form. From the outside, these latter drawers could not be seen, being hidden by two doors that swung to and fro, and could be locked or left open at pleasure. Just now they were hidden, though the doors were not locked. The room was lighted only by one window, and for the greater part of the day caught but the reflection from a white wall opposite. It did not take much in this room to make a heavy shadow, and to-day there was so little light came in that this desk was almost masked by the darkness.

As he sat and looked at this desk, it seemed to have for him a peculiar fascination. He smiled and nodded to it, as if it was a friend with whom he shared some important secret. He shook his head at it as he muttered, as if in caution to it; and at times his eyes flashed and his manner grew commanding, as if he urged the need of something on it. In one of these hidden pantomimes he rose to his feet and went cautiously toward it. One of the doors creaked sharply as he opened it. He started and stood listening. He heard nothing, however. There was in the room a quiet that was horribly sinister and hideous. It seemed as if the whole room was waiting and expecting the approach of something horrible.

With cautious steps he returned to the first desk, and picked up a package of papers.

With equal caution he returned to the copying-press, and stood beside it again. He took out the blotters, and seemed about to copy a letter. He did actually do this, and turned slowly the wheel that served to screw down the press. But as he did so he allowed his other hand to move carelessly among the upper drawers. Finally, without seemingly paying attention to anything but the letter, he opened one of these drawers and put in his hand. There were evidently a number of articles in the drawer, for he fumbled among them as if looking for something he could not find. Once, when he heard a sudden noise, he withdrew his hand altogether and partially closed the drawer. After listening a moment he returned to his search, and presently drew out the object that he sought. It was dark in the corner, and he came forward to the light. The light glanced from this object as he carried it.

Sitting down at his desk, he scrutinized it closely. It was a small, ivory-handled revolver. Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped the barrel with it, threw open the chambers to see if they were all right, and finally cocked it. The pistol, in cocking, made a sharp, clicking sound.

Mr. Butterfield started, and thrust it hastily into his pocket. For a moment he fairly held his breath; then rising from his chair he went rapidly into the other room and tried the outer door. It was fast; and he returned, with a smile at his own fears. He looked at his watch and saw that it was almost four o'clock. He was astonished, for he had taken no note of time. Putting on his overcoat, he cleared up the litter on the copying-press, and went slowly out of the room.

Chapter VII.

The day had long faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night, when Mrs. Butterfield sat before the fire in her chamber, and listened for the first sound of her husband's footsteps in the hall below.

She was thinking of the complications that had arisen from her connection with Maud's affairs, and trying to straighten matters in her mind; and though she had puzzled her busy little head with it all day long, she still found new food for reflection in every recapitulation that she made.

"I cannot believe," she said at length, gazing into the fire with the air of one who is seriously reflecting—"I cannot believe that Tom meant me altogether in what he said last night. It is not like him at all; and then he had no reason for acting as he has done, from what I said to him last night."

She became thoughtful again, and poked the fire slowly with the stove-holder.

"I wish I knew whether it was right for me to keep this matter from Amos," she continued. "I know there isn't anything wrong in what I have done toward Tom; but somehow my conscience pricks me a little, and makes me feel as if I wasn't altogether sincere. I wish I had never promised Tom to keep it from him."

People who are false and hypocritical are seldom troubled by the thought of their hypocrisy. To them, the candor that makes them know themselves as false becomes something in which they pride, and by which they set themselves apart from other men. For they do not see this personal candor in other people, and therefore take to themselves a sort of virtue in possessing it, which, if fallacious, is still extremely edifying to the one indulging it. Only the thoroughly good and loyal-hearted suffer from the recollection of doubtful actions innocently done. Their sense of introspection is morally too strong; and they suffer much uneasiness where there was really no call for it. And it was so with Mrs. Butterfield.

Having accused herself as thus related, she poked the fire again, as if to add emphasis to her thought, and was just mentally recommencing at the beginning of this perplexing moral tangle, when her reverie was broken upon by the rattling of a latch-key, and the opening of the outer door, caused, as she knew, by the arrival of her husband, and his entrance into the hall.

Rising quickly to her feet, she went eagerly

to the head of the stairs, and stood looking down on him with a smile of welcome. He heard her, but he did not appear to notice her presence, and made himself very busy with his hat and wraps.

"My God!" he murmured to himself, "what am I to say to her?"

She smiled and stretched out her hand to him from the landing.

"Pshaw!" he said, glancing at her steadily from under his eyes, "there is something about her that makes a fool of me, even in looking at her. Why must she always seem so lovable?"

She was still standing there and stretching out her hand.

"I might as well have it over as quickly as possible," he muttered; "but it's no easy task."

He turned doggedly toward her, and went slowly up the stairs. She came down a step to meet him.

"My dear husband," she said, clasping her arms about him, "how long you were coming!"

"I have not been uncommonly long."

"But were you not later than usual?"

"Yes, yes; I may have been a little later."

They had passed into the little chamber that often served them for a sitting-room, and stood before the fire. Mrs. Butterfield bent above the mantel, as if to rest her cheek on the hand that lay there; but it was gone. With a little, mild-eyed surprise, she went around to the other side, and stood in front of him.

"What is it, Amos?" she said gently; "are you not feeling well?"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Butterfield, peevishly. "There is nothing the matter with me."

She looked hurt at his impatience, but said nothing in reproach. Going quietly away, she did not disturb him again till she had got the supper on the table, and then in her gentle way she called him.

The meal was eaten in silence, neither partaking heartily of the food. And after dinner, when he had taken his paper and sat himself down with it by the little table, she came noiselessly with her work and sat on the opposite side; but beyond an occasional wondering and wistful glance, was silent, and deftly busy with her rapid fingers, altogether on her needle.

Yet Mr. Butterfield's thoughts were hardly on his paper, and it was not many moments before he found himself watching her as she sat. She grew uneasy under his gaze, though not conscious of it directly. Finally she discovered his eyes on the work she held.

"It is one of your old stockings, Amos," she said, darning away as she spoke. "I am going to mend them all up, and though they're not very good, they will last you for at least one more wearing. Mother always used to say that a penny saved was a penny gained."

He simply shrugged his shoulders, and turned impatiently to his newspaper. Her nimble fingers paused, and her eyes followed him with questioning solicitude.

"Let me get you your slippers, dear," she said, rising from her chair. "It will make you more comfortable, I know."

"My shoes are comfortable enough," he answered. "I don't complain of them. Don't trouble yourself about the slippers."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but his tone was so brusque and curt that she paused a moment doubtfully. Then with willing feet she went on noiselessly with her errand of love, and returning, laid the slippers beside him without a word. Yet her lip trembled a little as she sat down again to her work.

"It comes to me sometimes, Amos," she said timidly. "That I don't do half as much for you as I ought. You have done so much for me—taking care of me, and giving me a home, and being so good to me in everything. But I see so little of you during the day that I don't find time for half that I would like to. I am so much alone, Amos, that I think a great deal, and it almost frightens me sometimes when I remember what an obligation rests upon me as a wife. I am not very old, Amos, and I lack experience, and perhaps I am not so strong and self-reliant as I ought to be; and

for all that I try to be so brave, it almost awes me sometimes to think that I do so little."

The mending had dropped into her lap, and she was bending forward, her eyes big with thought, and her whole face fixed in deep and earnest reflection; so she did not see the nervous twitching of his lips nor his impatient moving in his chair.

"And there are so many to think about and care for," said Mrs. Butterfield, clasping her plump little hands in her lap, and following a line in the carpet with her foot. "There's the mother, and Maud, and —all of them; and I like to have them all love me; and even Tom comes in for a share—perhaps for more than his share—because I pity him so."

Mr. Butterfield rose from his chair and walked nervously up and down the room. His moving disturbed her, and she stopped speaking.

"You needn't have delivered that little lecture on constancy," he said contemptuously. "The balance of your friends are seemingly getting their full share of your affections, and I have not complained of your treatment of me. There is no reason for your talking about it."

She lifted her head, and turned and looked at him.

"I say there is no need of your making excuses for distributing your affections," he repeated. "I understand the impossibility of a woman's being able to fix her mind on any one person. It is no especial fault of yours, I dare say."

She rose from her chair, and came to him where he stood by the mantlepiece.

"There is no need of your regretting that you have not been more constant," he said again. "I have asked no explanations of you. Your other friends will probably be as lenient. I have said that it is probably no fault of yours, have I not?"

"And do you really think, Amos," she said, standing in front of him, and stretching out her head so as to look into his eyes, "that I have ever forgotten for a moment my duty toward you as a wife—my marriage vows?" resting her hand on his arm and smiling at him in incredulous and innocent astonishment.

"I believe nothing," he returned, "but what I have seen and what is common talk. You have a lover whom you are pleased—I use your own words—to have to love you. I may make more and perhaps less of it than the matter is worth. You can draw what conclusions seem best to you."

He shook off her hand, and turned impatiently away.

She stood still for a moment, and her face grew very grave; then turning again to him she said with dignity:

"Amos, have you not forgotten one thing?"

"I do not remember anything," he answered. "What is it?"

"That I am your wife."

"My God!" he replied, with a bitter, little laugh. "It is the one thing that troubles me."

She said nothing more, but went back to her work. Gathering it up, she put it carefully away, and then went quietly around the room arranging it for the night. This finished, she came back to him by the fire, and with two great tears in her eyes, waited patiently till he gave her his attention.

"I do not know how long you have felt in this way," she said, "but I think it cannot be long. I would gladly tell you the truth about it all, but you do not seem to care to have me. I think there will come a time when you will think differently about this matter. I know that you believed in me once, or I would not now be your wife. And when our baby died I think you still believed in me. I think you must be afraid that I am so young I did not know any better, and did wrong; but I assure you I have not. I have grown older than I look since I have been your wife. I know now, as I never could have known as a girl, how much it is possible for you to grow into my life. But even if I had been only a girl, I would have been hurt by your unjust suspicion; and you owed it to me—if for no more than that I was the woman you loved once

—that you should have come to me first with this. It is this that hurts me; and it hurts me very much."

She was very quiet in it all, and very patient. There was no show of anger or loud-tongued indignation; but the quaver in her voice and the appealing atmosphere that surrounded her altogether touched him more than indignant remonstrance would have done. She was gone, however, and preparing herself for bed without again turning her face toward him.

He stood by the fire and watched her moodily till she had settled herself on her pillow, her face still turned away from him; and then, with a vague, undefined sense of loneliness, drew up a chair to the fire and sat down. For a long time he sat there, with his face distorted and pale, his right hand raised to his lips, and his eyes fixed on the fire.

Occasionally a sound or motion came from the white figure on the bed. At such times Mr. Butterfield turned his eyes toward her for the moment, and then brought them back again to the fire; which, with its dying embers and diminishing heat, told plainly that his thoughts were far away from it.

And it was very true. Loneliness that he could not shake off; bitterness, that his wife should so deceive him; anger, that she should keep up the pretense of fidelity through it all; mortification, that she had thus betrayed him; hatred, that he could not overcome his feelings of affection for her; and a passionate and hideous longing for revenge engendered by them all;—these were the wild and deadly impulses that, crowding madly on one another, rushed through his mind and stirred to active life the fierce brute nature, the blind animal rage, that smoldered in his heart.

The lamp on the little table was shaded, and gave small light outside of the bright ring immediately around it. The shadows were heavy elsewhere in the room, and lay in fantastic groupings over everything. As Mr. Butterfield crouched in the firelight, it lingered strangely on his face, bringing out unpleasantly the harsh angles and depressions of his features. There was a sinister and expectant quiet over everything.

He sat without materially changing his position, and absorbed in his meditation. There were twitchings of his lips, and sharp, abrupt gestures with his arm that told of the inner workings of some fierce, internal colloquy. Once, when thus arguing with himself, he thrust his hand suddenly into his pocket and drew out the small, ivory-handled revolver, and examined it closely in the firelight. Assuring himself that it was loaded properly, he returned it to his pocket and left it there. The slow, regular breathing from the spot by the bed told that his wife was asleep.

He seemed not to take the smallest heed of time until the clock on the mantle struck sharply one o'clock. The peal woke him to activity, and he rose to his feet. Going to the bed, he shook his wife roughly by the shoulder. She started in awaking, and looked dazedly at him without being yet awake.

"Get up," he said sharply; "I want to talk to you."

She obeyed him passively. Taking her wrist, he drew her to the fireplace and pushed her into a chair. Bringing another chair, he seated himself over against her, and looked at her with brows so strongly contracted, and face so set and livid in the intensity of his passion, that she involuntarily drew away from him in affright.

"What is it, Amos?" she cried. "What is it that you want?"

He bent forward and stretched out his hand toward her, as if to emphasize his words; but for the moment his chest heaved convulsively, and his mouth twitched so nervously that he could not speak.

"Is it true," he said, regaining his power of speech, "that you have been keeping something from me concerning your intercourse with Tom?"

"Not one thing, Amos, that was wrong."

"That is not what I asked you," he said, clutching her wrist again and shaking her, to add emphasis to the question. "Answer me, yes or no."

"It is true," she said, in a low voice, but clearly, "that I have kept from you certain promises I made to Tom, but—"

"Wait," said Mr. Butterfield, white with excitement, and throwing up his hand to indicate that he had heard enough. "Tell me again: did you not say that you used to love him?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Butterfield, sorrowfully.

"And that you still care for him and pity him?"

"Yes, but—"

"And that you have met him again and again, in secret—have you not? That you have kept him following after you till you have ruined him? That you have thrown him off only to come back to him again and again? That he has sworn you not to tell me about it—which you have done? That this has been going on for months, and me playing the unsuspecting fool, for you two to laugh at—is it not so? This is all true—every word of it—is it not?" cried Mr. Butterfield.

"No," cried Mrs. Butterfield, impetuously. "In that way, it is not true at all."

"You lie," he panted, half mad with fury. His teeth clenched with savage determination, and his mouth flecked with foam. "I have heard you say it."

He sprung fiercely to his feet, and grappling her with both hands, drew her across the room; and pushing her down upon the bed, settled on her throat a strong and suffocating pressure.

"Amos!" she exclaimed in a quick, fearful tone, "what are you going to do, Amos?"

He did not answer her, but kept his eyes on her face with a look of hideous resolution. The grasp of his fingers on her throat tightened painfully, and her face grew livid.

"Amos! let me tell you, Amos!" cried the poor woman convulsively, clutching at his wrists, and struggling in an agony of terror. "You would not kill me, Amos! Let me tell you. There is no truth in all this, Amos. There is no reason for your believing it."

"You lie," he said again, with bitter force. "I heard everything that you said to Maud this afternoon."

Even the power lent him by his insane fury could not overcome the strength inspired by her deadly fear. She grasped his fingers, and bent them back till he must let them loose their hold or have them break. Even in the shadow he could see the purple spots on her neck where she tore them away. Writhing herself from his grasp, she escaped across the bed, and sat crouching against the wall, her head leaning against it, her face turned towards him, and her eyes, widely dilated, following his every motion.

"Do not kill me, Amos," she gasped, "for what you have heard Maud say! She did not mean me—she could not! I have never seen or talked with Tom, except to try to help him. Before God, I have not, Amos! And you told me I might do that, did you not? I—"

He did not stop to listen to her; but drawing the pistol from his pocket, fired at her head as it stood sharply outlined against the white chamber wall. She threw up her hands convulsively, gave a short, gasping sob, and fell forward on her face.

And Mr. Butterfield. He stood for a moment gazing stupidly at her where she fell; but with both ears vigilantly alert, and listening for the slightest evidence that the shot had been heard beyond the house. I do not think that he regretted what he had done. He was awed and frightened, but not sorry. Once, when a passing sound alarmed him, he raised the pistol to his own head; but the sound passed, and he lowered it again. He looked curiously at the silent figure on the bed, and wondered if she were really dead. It was so very sudden. Her hand moved once, and he thought that she had revived. It was but the effort of the arm, however, to relieve the contracted position in which it had fallen; and straightened once, it stiffened and was still.

Suddenly he became conscious of the sinister quiet that surrounded him, and an undefined fear crept over him. He saw the

blood seep from the bullet-wound, and spread out on the pillow like a halo round her head. He saw it, and it frightened him. He felt cold, and shivered violently. Then a wild fear of the thing there on the bed took hold of him, and he retreated suddenly across the room. But he kept his face turned toward the bed. Reaching the door, he went out and closed it softly after him. Groping his way down the stairs, he fumbled with the night-latch, with hands that trembled so he could not unlock the door. Finally, however, it gave way to him, and staggering into the street, he ran from the spot with a speed that only slackened through sheer exhaustion.

WARREN CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

OUT OF REACH: A CAMPING MEDLEY.

THE AUTHORS.

They belonged to that class of camping parties that intends to rough it; and as the wagon, roofed with a *testudo* of broad hats, passed along Market Street toward the San Bruno road, the little boys yelled. Nevertheless, under that Chinese straw *testudo* was a delegation of that "Guild of Culture of the Pacific Coast," that we heard about at Berkeley last Commencement; for the party of eight comprised three CALIFORNIAN contributors; five teachers; five editors; three poets; a future representative of each of the three learned professions; four wearers of the A. B. or Ph. B., and two future wearers thereof. Of course these twenty-five personalities were condensed into eight persons, by the union of several in each individual; but the twenty-five-power culture was there all the same —all the more, perhaps, since it was thus highly concentrated. No wonder that fingers itched for the familiar pen. They were hardly out of sight of Redwood City when the business editor, knocking to one side with her broad hat the broad hat of the fair-haired school-mistress beside her, leaned forward to the class-poet on the front seat.

"Why don't we write a story," she said, "like that one in the 'Old and New?'—don't you remember?—'Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other.' Mr. Higginson and Miss Phelps and Mr. Hale and Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Stowe and some other of those Boston people wrote it (only Mrs. Stowe isn't Boston, but Hartford; and I suppose Miss Phelps is Andover). We could write each in turn without pre-arrangement, and each be bound to carry on his predecessor's work consistently, but switch off plot or characters into any line he chooses, as long as he's consistent. It would be so interesting to see a plot creating itself, as you might say, without any one's design; and such good criticism, too, on our indications of character, to see how far our successors caught our conceptions."

The editor was not very coherent, but the class-poet was used to her unofficial diction, and responded gleefully:

"O yes, *let's!*"

When the class-poet unbends, responds gleefully, and says, "O *let's!*" it is apt to settle a matter. Next morning, as they sat within a temple of mighty redwoods, filled with an everlasting sound of running waters; while the class-poet and the dominie, seated on a blanket, read George Eliot; while the fair-haired school-mistress and the lawyer, on a grounded wagon-seat, read "Jane Eyre" and the "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and made subjects of themselves for the pencil of the editor, who sat on the roots of a great redwood, among the pots and bags, and was in turn sketched by the doctor from his post on the cracker-box; while the other

school-mistress and the granger went fishing —then the scheme was defined and agreed upon.

The editor was to begin it in the big, blue, Chinese note-book.

"Put lots of local color in," advised the dominie.

"O, make it a camping story," pleaded the fair-haired school-mistress.

Thus instructed, the editor sat down again among the pots and bags, and bent a look of intense thought upon the page; then, as the scraps from Mrs. Poyser helped the appreciative more than the creative faculties, she rose, descended to the creek, crossed cautiously the great fallen redwood that bridged it, and disappeared for the space of about one hour in the deep forest up the hillside. Later, the lawyer, glasses and all, was lost to sight in the redwoods; then the fair, rumpled head of the youngest school-mistress bent over the big, blue book.

The scheme was in the main carried out; the resulting story, in outline the undesigned product of eight forming hands, in detail smoothed over by a single-handed revision, became the following piece of mosaic, in which perhaps only the eight initiated—perhaps the skillful reader—could trace the joinings of the pieces.

I.

"So I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man."

The Oakland boat had reached mid-passage on one of its morning trips. It was just at the point where Oaklanders lead new arrivals from the East to the rail, and say, with a wave of the hand north and south, "Now, sir!"—pause with an exclamation point, and then add, "This is called the most beautiful bay in the world, except that of Naples; indeed, some travelers call this the finer bay of the two."

Frank Evesham was a new arrival from the East, and was standing at the rail with an Oaklander; moreover, there was never a better opportunity to brag of the bay; for on this mid-May morning, Tamalpais, and all the lower ridges north and south, looked as if they had been chiseled out of blue crystal; and the sky and bay, above and below, set in the blue mountains between two more shades of blue—one soft and far-away, the other hard, definite, and clean. Nevertheless, Evesham was not being called on to admire the bay, nor was he admiring it, being at the moment considerably out of temper. Miss Hale had just said something that ruffled his spirit. She was an Oakland lady whose acquaintance he had made the winter before in "the East," according to the indefinite Californian phrase, with its recognition of but two sections in the whole great country—"This Coast" and "The East." They had crossed the continent in the same car two weeks earlier; and she was, oddly enough, the nearest acquaintance he had in the State. Just now she had been telling him of a friend of hers, who had just started on a riding-tour in the Sierra, all alone but for a companionable horse, with saddle-bags, blankets, rod, and rifle, as his sole outfit.

"That is a delightful way to take one's summering, I should think," she had said; "the independence of it is simply enchanting. You have 'all the world before you where to choose,' every morning, with neither baggage to encumber, nor other people's tastes to consult. I should think you would much prefer to do something of that kind this summer, Mr. Evesham, instead of going to Shasta with us, bothered by women all the way."

Now as it was Elinor Hale herself who had introduced Mr. Evesham to her uncle and aunt (the heads of this camping party), he need not have suspected any intention in what she said. But she had turned her head slightly, and looked at him from under her long lashes, as she said the last sentence, in a way that conveyed a subtle hint of intention. Therefore Evesham, not so much because he really supposed she meant anything, as to give her a chance to explain that she did not, and remove from his mind the slight misgiving, replied:

"Perhaps I will do that. You make the

solitary horseback rambling quite alluring to my imagination. It is not too late to change my plans."

But Miss Hale did not protest. She only leaned back the least trifle against one of the supports of the deck-roof, and looked more than ever like a slender and high-bred young lady stepped out of one of Du Maurier's society sketches.

"No, certainly not," she said pleasantly. She let her eyes rest on him a moment, and then wander off to Tamalpais. "We will not hold you to your agreement; consider yourself quite at liberty to desert us and take the horseback trip. You will enjoy it, I am sure."

Now that was really unmistakable, and though Evesham could still hope that she did not deliberately intend to dismiss him from the party, he certainly could not doubt that she had no objection to his leaving it. As the prospect of Miss Hale's companionship had been his chief interest in this camping trip, this state of mind on her part put his accompanying out of the question. He was not only disappointed, but angry; but he passed it off with as cheerfully indifferent a face as her own, until he had lifted his hat to her on the wharf, saying:

"Then I shall probably not see you again until we return from our respective summer excursions."

But then he walked away with a savage countenance. He intended, however, to take the horseback trip, whose solitude had become, in very fact, attractive to his lowered opinion of the world; and he went at once to inquire about horses and routes. The Sierra trip was rather too expensive for his time or purse, however; and he came down to the humbler plan of a couple of weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Meantime, Miss Hale had seated herself in the Sutter Street car, from which she watched indifferently his firm walk till the car passed, and carried her on, up the hill, to a house which she entered without ringing. She went on up-stairs, like an inmate, and into a pretty sewing-room, where a slender, fair-haired girl was trying on a blue flannel camping-suit before a tall mirror. The girl, without turning, simply smiled recognition at Elinor's entering reflection, and asked:

"How does it look?"

"Quite as it ought," Elinor said, pausing to give a critical glance, first at the real back, and then at the reflected front. She sat down, making a Du Maurier picture of herself in a big arm-chair.

"I've got rid of him, Alice," she said. "I as good as asked him to take himself off."

Alice turned quickly from the mirror.

"How did he take it?" she cried.

"O, very easily. I doubt if he knew he was snubbed. I inveigled him into believing he was pining for a horseback trip to the Sierra, and he has decided to go thither instead of to Shasta."

Alice came over and knelt on a lounge near Elinor, leaning forward over its high arm in a cozy attitude of interest. There was a certain quality in her manner that indicated a sense of pleased importance at being taken unusually into confidence by the reticent Elinor.

"Then I won't speak to papa about that position?" she said.

"No. If I had known I should meet him again before it was too late, I shouldn't have proposed that. I know he wants an editorial position, and that particular one would require his beginning work at once, instead of going camping; but then, on the other hand, as long as Uncle John has an interest in the paper, we should have to keep seeing him. It was a great deal simpler just to dismiss him gently, and I'm glad he happened to be on the boat."

"What a disagreeable man he must be!" cried Alice, leaning on both elbows, and resting her dimpled chin in her hollowed hands. "And yet you liked him so much at first! And it is funny for him to want a position, Elinor: I thought he was so rich."

"It seems he is not," said Elinor, with an indifferent air of dismissing the subject.

She rose as she spoke. As if reminded of something by the motion, Alice started up.

"O, by the way, Elinor, papa says now that he doesn't want to be gone so long as a trip to Shasta would take. He wants just to make a little trip to the Santa Cruz Mountains this summer, and take Shasta some other time. Do you care?"

"No; it makes no difference to me," Elinor said, a little absently. She was at the window. "Alice," she said, without turning, "there is Mr. Evesham now. He is coming to excuse himself from the camping party."

Alice ran to the window. "Dear me, is that he? Why, he looks real nice. I shall have to receive him, Elinor, for mamma is out."

Elinor turned and gave her a long look, as if she were taking her mental measure.

"That is fortunate," she said diplomatically. "My aunt might urge him to go with us, but you will encourage his intention of not going."

Alice, evidently elate at this trust, veered again. "Yes, of course," she cried.

But Elinor did not look entirely contented. "Of course, Alice," she said, turning just as the two were at opposite doors of the room, "you will not say anything of all this to any one."

She spoke with hardly a change in her clear, pleasant voice; yet, somehow, one would have felt cautious about doing the thing that Miss Hale asked him in just that tone not to do.

"All right," said Alice, going out of the room a little more quickly.

But as she went down-stairs she said to herself: "Jack will surely let her know I have told him already, and she's going to be dreadfully mad. Well, I don't care!"

The saucy, pretty toss of her head said plainly enough that however flattering the fair-haired little Alice might find her cousin's rare confidences, she did not by any means feel bound to abide by that cousin's opinions. And meanwhile Elinor, going down the other stairs, was saying to herself with vexation:

"If I had only known that I could manage it without her I need not have trusted anything to her slender discretion. I don't fancy her subjecting that lively susceptibility of hers to his face and manner, either."

II.

A great camp-fire, lighting up fitfully the giant trunks of redwood and the green roof far above, for twilight was just beginning to creep over the La Honda woods; a dainty little figure in blue flannel nestled on a buffalo robe before the fire, in luxurious comfort.

"Isn't this camping just too delightful!" remarked the pretty occupant of this primitive couch. "Do come lie down here, Elinor, and make yourself comfortable. I hate to see you stand up and look so dreadfully quiet."

"Two to one she's thinking of the Eastern fellow with the blonde mustache!"

That remark came from Alice's brother, Jack Delane, who, having just completed his sophomore year at college, had cultivated sauciness to a high degree. As he sat on the end of a log near the fire, looking boldly up at his cousin's grave face, his own boyish countenance was vivid with mischievous impertinence.

"He must be having a gay time of it all alone in the Sierra! I'd like to see myself going off into the mountains because a girl told me to! Whenever you catch me making a fool of myself for a girl," he concluded, with all the self-confidence of nineteen, "you let me know it."

"Mr. Evesham's preference for solitude seems to be quite beyond your comprehension, Jack," said Elinor quietly. "You have to go quite out of your way to find a theory for it. Some men have resources in themselves, and are not dependent on company. Your mind seems to dwell on the subject—which was not in my thought in the least."

Elinor was never impolite, but there was a steely edge of displeasure in her tone. She threw herself down on the robe beside

Alice; whatever unpleasant feeling Alice's betrayal to Jack had left between the cousins, neither chose to display before the rest.

"O, that's too thin!" responded the unabashed Jack, slangily. "You made the Eastern chap's acquaintance after Elinor fired him, didn't you, Allie?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Evesham," Alice answered, with a quaint attempt at Elinor's repressive dignity. "And I don't think it is very nice to call him a chap, for he is a very nice gentleman. O, I wish he were here now!" she cried, lapsing into her own manner.

"You'd like to cut Elinor out, wouldn't you?" observed Jack, teasingly. "Well, it would serve her right; your flirting would be excusable for once."

Alice pouted, half saucy, half vexed. "I never flirt—do I, Dick?" she said.

She turned to another young fellow who had just come up to the group. She addressed him with as easy familiarity as she did her own brother; for though Dick Thornton was two years older than Jack, and had taken his A. B. a few days before, the two young fellows had been intimates for years; they had grown up in adjoining houses since Alice was three years old, and Jack not two years older. In answer to her question, the young baccalaureate only laughed, with a pleasant lighting up of his frank face, in which a boyishness hardly less than Jack's was tempered by a suggestion of graver possibilities.

"Did you know Mr. Evesham, Dick?" Alice went on, evidently finding the subject agreeable.

"A little—showed him Berkeley once."

Before Alice could utter her eager "Didn't you like him?" her father's appearance with a string of trout raised a little tumult that brought Mrs. Delane from her tent; it was the first trial of the fishing, and the young men were all interest. After the fish had been disposed of for the time, Dick, who was an attentive fellow, threw more robes and rugs near the great fire, and the six campers nestled down thereon. The fire blazed genially away, and the wall of dark forest drew closer and more impenetrably around the lighted space. The great columnar trunks seemed to advance and retreat as the blaze flickered, and the nearer sprays of leafage, a hundred feet above, came out a vivid, foamy green, blackening backwards in their hollows; then, doming over the center of this roof, was a space of evening sky, dark as only a camp-fire can make it.

"This is fine—fine!" said Dick. He was lying on his back, with his hands under his head, and a roll of blankets under the hands. "But it will be finer yet when Ruth gets here. She and Tom come to-morrow, don't they?"

"Yes," Alice answered. "Ruth might just as well have come with us; there was not the least need of her waiting to see that *protégé* of hers off East. But one might as well try to move one of those redwoods by persuasion as Ruth when she has a sense of duty strong upon her.

"Well, she's a mighty fine girl," said Dick, staring up into the fire-lit green hights. "I wish the train would leave San Francisco without Tom, though, and that he'd be so disgusted as to give up the trip, and not want to come bothering when we didn't expect him."

"No such good luck for you, Dick, my boy," cried Jack. "Tom's business was suddenly very urgent after he knew Ruth couldn't come till to-morrow. Rough on you, too, Allie, for Tom won't look at *you* when Ruth's around."

"Blast him!" observed Dick, more warmly than sympathy with Alice would seem to warrant.

"What nonsense you are all talking, children!" said Elinor.

It was when Elinor threw off the touch of well-bred indifference that usually tinged the pleasantness of her manner, and spoke genially, that it became evident why people found her fascinating. It was this fascinating geniality that she spoke with now, as though she were willing to obliterate any suspicion that the previous conversation had affected her unpleasantly.

"You know well enough," she said, "that Tom Hathaway doesn't care for Ruth Stanley any more than he does for his own sister. They made mud-pies together, and went to school together, until Tom went to Berkeley and Ruth to her brother-in-law's to take care of her dead sister's children; and that's all there ever was between them. And it's the children, and not any young man, that Ruth's mind is taken up with."

Her earnestness checked the chatter, and presently Dick, who had a good baritone, began to sing:

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Elinor, who had sat up on her buffalo robe, lay down again, with her face turned from Alice.

"Why, I never heard you sing that so—so *emotionally*, Dick," Mr. Delane said; but no one else seemed inclined to talk, and pretty soon the little group broke up.

The great fire had burned to ashes, and the sun was thrusting some level rays through the forest wall before there was any stir in camp. Then—

"'Arouse ye, arouse ye, men and maidens,
For the day begins to dawn!'"

sang Jack, in a loud and cheery voice.

"Hurrah, Dick, old boy, it's time for you to be up. Ruth's coming to-day, and if we don't hurry up they'll be here before the camp's in condition for company."

It was mid-morning, nevertheless, before they took themselves to the roadside to watch for the stage. A rumble, a dashing round the last curve—and there it was full in sight, and Tom on the top, left by no train. He sprung down as the stage stopped, and helped out a trim little figure.

"Blast him!—and bless *her!*" sighed Dick. "Well, life's too short to moan. I'll get the most fun I can out of this trip, and put up with Tom as best I can."

So, with the rest of the party, he rushed up, and amid the confusion and chattering, just bowed and took Ruth's hand, and was made happy by a bright smile, and a hearty, "I'm *so* glad to see you, Dick!"

Ruth flew around the camp like a bit of embodied sunshine, and was soon thoroughly at home. She was not a decidedly pretty girl, especially beside two so unusually well-favored as Elinor and Alice, but she had lovely brown eyes, a clear, healthy color, a sweet mouth, and a bright geniality of manner and expression that made Dick and Jack both declare her the prettiest of the three.

"But where is Chung?" she cried.

"O, Ruth, that was so funny!" Alice said: "Chung had been with us just one day when he went to papa and said: 'Me too muchee sick—campee makee me sick!' and nothing would do but papa must send him home on the stage the next morning. And really, he was so hateful we were glad to have him go. They never do like camping, you know. So now we are our own cooks."

"I'm glad he's gone," said Ruth. "I want to have a hand in camp-cooking."

Jack was singing in snatches as he straightened his fishing-tackle.

"'Could ye but come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, ...
Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do.'

That runs in my head all the time since you sang it last night, Dick."

"Try 'The Bull-dog on the Bank,' and see if that won't drive it out," said Elinor, a little quickly.

Jack turned on her like a flash. "Who wants it driven out?" he said mischievously. "Does it touch an uncomfortable chord?"

"I thought 'Bull-dog' a little more adapted to your voice," said Elinor, serenely.

She smiled as she spoke, and the words themselves might have passed as the most ordinary camping repartee; but the subtle edge of displeasure was in her voice again, and clear-sighted little Ruth glanced from her to Jack, and then to the deepening pink of Alice's cheeks, with a suspicion of something unusual. She knew Elinor too well to ask her any questions about it; as for Jack, he was too evidently the aggressor to be asked, and Alice seemed, by her color, to be concerned in the matter. She made up her mind that she would ask Dick if anything was wrong—Dick was sensible and safe.

Her chance came after dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Delane—the one in a hammock, the other within her tent—had settled down for a nap; Jack had shouldered his pole and gone off for a long fishing tramp, with a heart full of contempt for Dick's preference to "hang round camp, just because Ruth is there"; Elinor had walked off without a word to any one, with a scarlet shawl over her arm, lighting up the green deeps until she disappeared from sight. Alice no sooner found herself and Ruth left with the two young men than she turned to Tom.

"Wouldn't you like to make acquaintance with the neighborhood, Mr. Hathaway? I will show you where the blackberries grow, and where we go for milk, if you like. You can entertain Ruthie a while without us, Dick, can't you?"

Tom had answered by lifting himself with a certain indolent gallantry from his seat, and observing, "Delighted"; so the two had strolled away. Tom was a favorite of Alice's, and the impression, whether faint or deep, made by the maturer glories of Evesham, did not interfere with her interest in a handsome young fellow who was present while Evesham was absent. For Alice certainly was, in a *naive* and artless way, quite a little flirt; and Tom Hathaway certainly was a handsome fellow, in spite of some incipient lines of dissipation. Alice knew that Dick and Jack did not like him, and called him a second-rate ladies' man; but what did those boys know of ladies' men? She was sure he was "a real nice boy"; she knew he studied hard, he carried so many books; and he had explained to her himself that the only reason he had not had an appointment at the recent commencement, as well as Dick, was a personal grudge against him cherished by one of the professors, who had, indeed, very nearly cheated him out of his degree. This conduct of the professor Alice regarded and commented on as "dreadfully mean." As to a dim rumor of "wildness" that attached itself to Tom's name, that did not shock her; she connected no definite meaning with the word, but only felt that it had a rather interesting and romantic sound, and made him seem more a man of the world. Certainly, her fancy for Tom as a favorite companion in a class-day dance, or for a drive or stroll, had too little in common with the queer, shy, unprecedented feeling about her heart in connection with the handsome Easterner to be at all interfered with by it.

Left alone, Dick and Ruth both stood still a few moments. She was looking thoughtfully after the departing couple; there was something about her old playmate's appearance that discomforted her; she had not heard the rumors of "wildness," but she had been noting, in this one day, many a slight indication that the less intimate association of months had not brought out. She turned presently, and sat down on a heap of redwood twigs that Jack and Dick had been clipping for just such purposes.

"Tom seems very different, somehow," she said, "since he went to college. Hasn't he changed a good deal?"

"I never knew him before—I hardly know him now," replied Dick, discreetly. "We were never in the same set, though we were in the same class."

"*I* haven't known him much of late," said Ruth. "I used to know him so well. Our back yards joined, you know; and then there was Elinor, right across the street from our front garden; and when Alice and Jack came over from the city to see her, her grandmother would dispose of them by sending them across to play with Tom and me. Elinor seemed so much older, then; a few years counted for a good deal when Alice was five years old and Elinor eleven."

Dick had seated himself beside her.

"I remember when first you began to come with Elinor to see Jack and Alice; they really felt you more of a cousin than she was. I had only been living next door to them half a year at that time. They had just put Jack in school, and he used to go in my charge."

All this was familiar enough to both of them; but it is in our common human nature to repeat familiar memories to each other. It

was this combination of back yards, front gardens, and next doors that had made the six young people so intimately acquainted. Ruth and Dick both knew that a coolness between Mrs. Delane and Elinor's grandmother, Mrs. Hale, had helped to this end, by leading the stately old lady, with all sweetness of manner, to send the Delane children across the street to "play with Ruth," whenever their father, unconscious of anything wrong, sent them over to see cousin Elinor. The history of this coolness dated back as far as the marriage of Mrs. Delane's beautiful and idolized sister to Mrs. Hale's son, for the husband had proved as hard in nature as he was personally fascinating; and the young wife, after a few unhappy years, had let go her hold on life willingly enough. The most pathetic part of it was that she never ceased to adore her husband, even to the exclusion of the baby Elinor. It was therefore natural that Elinor had always seemed to Mrs. Delane Mr. Hale's child rather than her sister's: the more, as he outlived his wife long enough to emphasize his property in the daughter; and as she bore, in appearance and manner, a close resemblance to her father and her grandmother. All this, however, Mrs. Delane had kept to herself; she was a silent, discreet woman, cold to most people, and intense in her devotion to the few objects of her affection; so, while the bitterness she felt toward her sister's mother-in-law had never faded, she had never hinted it to her gay, open, communicative husband and children.

At the time Dick and Ruth were talking of, Elinor was living, as still she lived, alone with her grandmother; Ruth, across the street, was the youngest daughter of a household to which there was left only one sister, very much older—the sister whose motherless little ones were now Ruth's charge; Tom, with his widowed mother, lived in a cottage that faced the parallel street, and made his acquaintance with Ruth through the cracks in the back fence. To these two and to Dick, the story of Elinor's beautiful, heart-broken mother, and her winning yet heartless father and grandmother, had sifted down through their elders. Alice and Jack had never so much as suspected there was a story, but Elinor had long since traced out and pieced together the whole.

Ruth was thinking of all this and of Elinor, as she and Dick sat silently following the train of reminiscence they had started. Dick, however, had not wasted a thought on Elinor; he was recalling Ruth's sweet-natured unselfishness when they played together, and wondering whether Tom had not systematically taken advantage of it in the days of the back yard and the mud pies.

"Dick," said Ruth, breaking the silence, "do you mind telling me what is up between Jack and Elinor? I'm sure there was something more than just chaff when he teased her about 'Douglas.'"

Dick was sure of Ruth's discretion, and it was pleasant to him to have the conversation take a confidential tone; it seemed so much more intimate.

"Why, it's no secret," he said; "at least, not from you, for Alice and Jack and I all know, and I suppose Tom will in half an hour. I don't understand it myself; but these are the facts of the affair."

He repeated them to her. "Queer performance, wasn't it?" he said.

"It *was* queer. So unlike Elinor to be changeable!"

"Jack and Alice have been guessing about it till I think they must have strained their brains. You ought to hear Alice's theories! Jack insists (you know Jack always *is* hard on Elinor) that she encouraged Evesham as long as she thought he had money, and shipped him when she found he hadn't.

"That he hadn't?" cried Ruth.

"Didn't you know? He's been looking for literary work, and is evidently hard up. Elinor spoke of him at first as the heir of a wealthy uncle, dead a few years since. He seems used to money—traveled and literary, and all that sort of thing."

"But even if Elinor did think of him in *that* light," said Ruth, with that evasion of the terms of love as of those of religion

common to our shy and reverent Anglo-Saxon race, "I don't think the money would make any difference. Elinor doesn't care much for money; she has always called it vulgar. She's intensely ambitious, but she despises the average millionaire. Rank and distinction—that's what she cares for."

Dick began to look important. He turned and leaned on his elbow, facing her.

"Well, now, look here, Ruth? I oughtn't to give it away, I suppose; but then I know you're as safe as a—as a—" He gave up the search for a comparison and went on: "I know it's all right to tell you. The fact is, Elinor has a proposal under consideration from Halley."

"Not Gerald Halley! O, Dick!"

"Fact."

It was a fine thing to have a thrilling piece of news to tell Ruth; it made her look so straight at him with those honest brown eyes.

"It's a tremendous secret," he said; "no one here knows it. I had it from my father, and Halley himself told him. It came round in a business way. He wanted to draw out of a completed bargain for a piece of land, and told father, when he hung back, that he was expecting to be married, and wanted to put the money into a house. So father asked who was the lady; and he said, 'O, it wasn't really settled; but he was waiting his final answer from Elinor Hale.' He seemed so sure about it that he didn't mind telling it. I've heard it talked about, too; the people that live where you used, Ruth, have talked about his going with her. And I've seen them together on the boat in a sort of meaning way, too. But I've not said a word to a soul, and I don't believe the rest have the least idea about it."

"But Dick," cried Ruth with eager deprecation, "O, surely she cannot marry *him!* Why, he is dreadful, and she knows it. He is one of the most unscrupulous men in the State."

"And one of the smartest."

"I know he is," Ruth said, without losing the horror out of her voice. "He was at Harvard with my brother-in-law, you know; and Charlie says he was the smartest man in the whole four classes, and the wickedest. He wasn't wicked in a common way, but he was infinitely ambitious, and cared for absolutely nothing but success. He had lots of training in political intrigue in class-politics. He succeeded in everything at college, Charlie said; no one came near him in scholarship or society, or anything; and it was partly ability, but more unscrupulousness. And Elinor has heard all that, and she knows it is true, and she knows what he has been since. O, she *couldn't*, Dick!"

"Well," Dick said slowly, "she *has* encouraged him, Ruth; I've seen enough myself to know that. And he's a very agreeable fellow personally; pleasant and downright kind where he has no reason for not being. And it's not just diplomacy either; it comes natural to him to behave like a gentleman. He's as educated a man, and all that, as Elinor need want; witty in talk, and well up in literary affairs: and now that he's gone into politics, there's no telling where he'll bring up. You just said, you know, that that was the sort of thing Elinor cared for."

"O, I know it," said Ruth, almost crying; "but I didn't think she'd care enough for success to take wickedness with it. I know very well, and Elinor knows too, that he would expect her to scheme and work with him in his own unprincipled ways. And I don't care if he ended as president, or minister to England (and that's what Elinor would like best), it would be a dreadful, dreadful fate for her to marry him!"

"And people call Alice and Elinor prettier than Ruth," mused Dick, looking at her hot cheeks and brown eyes, half indignant, half pitiful. He could not entirely fathom her excitement, for it was only in part due to her indignation at the general idea of a girl's marrying for ambition. She had some special theories about Elinor that made her feel an incongruity in the proposed marriage that Dick did not see. For his part, he thought Halley and Elinor were what he called a "pair of them," in the matter of cold imperviousness to tenderer feelings than ambition. Ruth, on the contrary, had employed her "sweet reasonableness" in

discovering that Elinor, though she was cold enough and selfish enough, had never been false or base.

"And as to coldness," she thought, leaning her head back against a wide tree-trunk and looking up at the green roof, "how should she be anything else but cold? I don't suppose she ever cared much for anybody in the world; but how could she care for old Mrs. Hale? and her aunt never liked her, and Jack and Alice are so different from her." She rose as if she would shake off unpleasant thoughts. "O, dear! Let *us* go look for the blackberries, too," she said.

But all the way as they walked along, she was silent and abstracted. She had built a sort of romance on Elinor's character: some day the man was to come who should wake up the soul within her; and it would transform her into another woman. What a splendid woman Elinor might be if she were once filled with a genuine devotion! Her mother had been; and if only Mr. Hale had been the right sort of man, all would have been well. Elinor should fall in with the right sort of man, and follow in her mother's footsteps, only with happy results instead of sad: that had been Ruth's little romance. And now if this dreadful Halley should be accepted, it would spoil everything!

"See, here are fresh hulls," said Dick: "Alice and Tom have been here."

"So they have," she answered abstractedly, and went on with her train of thought.

After all, how did the Halley business explain the Evesham affair? She had quite forgotten that, in her excitement over Dick's news. Some women would have felt it necessary to dispose of one admirer before taking another into favorable consideration; but not Elinor. She never flirted; but she never went out of her way to spare a man's feelings. So long as he did not annoy her with love-making, he was free to be as much in love with her as he chose; she regarded it as none of her affair whether he broke his heart or not, since her conscience was always clear of having beckoned his love. She had several times had occasion to express this view to Ruth, *apropos* of luckless young men who had fallen victims to that winning combination of sweetness and coldness that was Elinor's usual manner to the world at large.

"Elinor," her grandmother had said to her in early girlhood, "pray do not be haughty, nor perceptibly cold: it is a sign that you are not sure of your position to assert it by manner; it is a sign that you fear other people if you have to use coldness to keep them at a distance. *Be* so distant from them that you need not freeze them off. Just as acting in order to defy a man shows you as weakly influenced by him as acting according to his wish, so showing people that you care nothing for them is a kind of dependence on them. Keep yourself to yourself; don't make the public a confidant, even of the fact of your indifference. Be too proud to be cold."

And Elinor had been an apt pupil. Her ambition lay in wider channels than bringing young men to her feet: she treated that class of humanity with exactly the same non-committal pleasantness that she showed to old ladies; and if, without farther provocation than that, they fell in love, she never found any difficulty in keeping them at arm's length without any such extreme measure as banishment. If association with her, thus impalpably yet completely repressed, was bad for the future of an ardent lover—why that was his affair; she had no sympathy with such weakness.

"But if a man were insensitive enough not to be checked by Elinor's dignity?" thought Ruth.

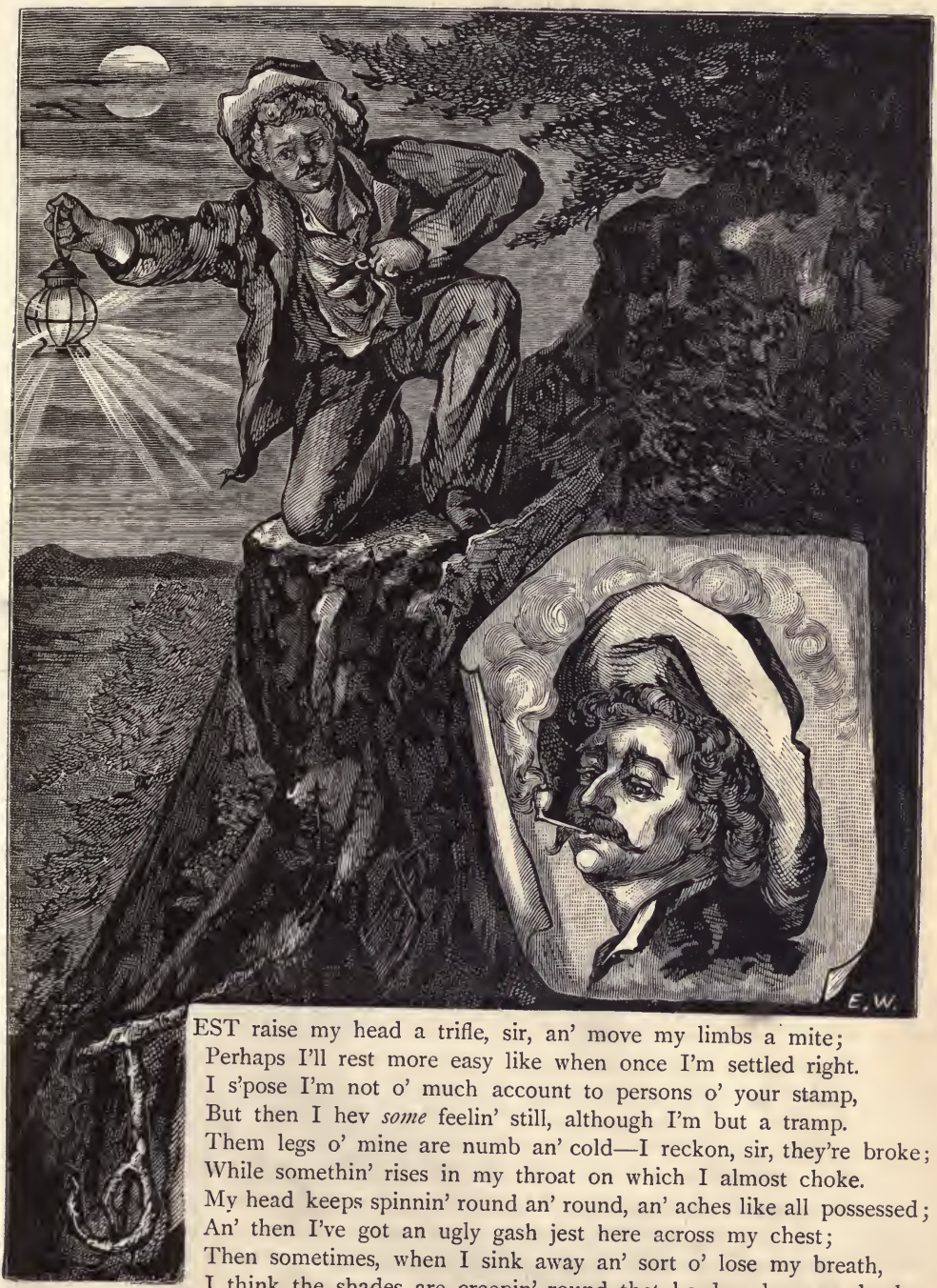
"Dick," she said, "what sort of a man was this Mr. Evesham? A gentleman? or one who could annoy or pursue a lady with attentions in any way?"

"Not he!" cried Dick, warmly. "No indeed, Ruth; he is certainly a gentleman."

Ruth's cheeks began to grow warm, and her breath to come quicker as she absently received the berries that Dick offered. *Could* it be that Elinor had feared for her own feelings? Elinor, who had despised all love-making as a weakness only a few shades higher than drunkenness! H. U. C.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

ONLY A TRAMP.



EST raise my head a trifle, sir, an' move my limbs a mite;
Perhaps I'll rest more easy like when once I'm settled right.
I s'pose I'm not o' much account to persons o' your stamp,
But then I hev *some* feelin' still, although I'm but a tramp.
Them legs o' mine are numb an' cold—I reckon, sir, they're broke;
While somethin' rises in my throat on which I almost choke.
My head keeps spinnin' round an' round, an' aches like all possessed;
An' then I've got an ugly gash jest here across my chest;
Then sometimes, when I sink away an' sort o' lose my breath,
I think the shades are creepin' round thet border close on death.

Ah, well! I s'pose it matters not ef I should die to-day,
Fer not a single tear will fall when Nat is called away.

You want to know jest how it is I'm layin' here to-night,
So bruised an' torn, with all o' earth a-fadin' fast from sight?
No lovin' hand will close my eyes, or wipe away the damp
The icy touch o' death must bring alike to king an' tramp.
The world will move along the same, without a trace to tell
Thet from their midst a human soul has passed—perhaps to hell!
Sometimes I've thought thet hed the world a leetle kinder been,
I might 'a' led a better life, an' known far less o' sin;
Hed some forgivin' brother's hand stretched forth to lead me back,
I might 'a' left the downward road an' reached the higher track.
But when I, tremblin', sought the light, a cruel word or frown
Would tear my grasp from better things, an' cast me farther down.

I've read within the blessed book when I was but a boy,
How o'er one prodigal's return the angels sang fer joy;
An' how the Savior on the cross the dyin' thief forgave—
Fer it was jest sech fallen ones he came on earth to save.
Sometimes I've felt a longin' like to seek the better way,
An' crept into some stylish church where Christians preach an' pray;
But somehow, from the very first, I'd al'ays plainly see
Thet there was no religion there fer humble men like me.
I couldn't reach those lofty hights, beyond whose borders lay
The peace to fill my achin' heart an' roll the stone away;
An' then I'd think how Jesus said, "A little child may know,"
An' wonder ef 'twas pleasin' *Him* to worship God fer show.

But, sir, excuse my wanderin' brain—I'm feelin' queer to-night,
An' all my weary, bitter past, is plain before my sight.
Jest loose thet bandage now a bit, the blood has ceased to flow,
An' I can stand but little pain, my strength has run so low.
I know thet when the mornin' dawns "Old Nat" will not be here,
An' there's a p'int or two as yet I can't, somehow, get clear;
I s'pose the proper thing fer me would be to try an' pray,
But then my tongue won't frame the words I'm longin' so to say.
I want to ask the Mighty One in pity to forgive,
An' teach me now jest how to die, as I hev failed to live.
Ef he can read this wayward heart, I think he'll see, at last,
Thet fer my God and fellow-men all hatred now is past.

An' now I want to tell you, sir, jest how I met my death;
An' I hev little time to spare in which to use my breath.
I'd like the world to know the tale, fer then, perhaps, you see,
The memory of the deed may bring a kindly thought o' me.

You know the spot among the hills where "Brady's cut" was made,
And how the railroad turns the bend with such a downward grade;
How, ef a rail was taken up jest there above the bridge
No human power could save a train from goin' o'er the ridge.

I s'pose you've seen the jagged rocks a hundred feet below,
An' watched the water seethe an' boil, with foam like driven snow.
No doubt upon your horrid fate you've thought with bated breath
Ef from the narrow ledge above the train was hurled to death!

Well, jest three nights ago I stood upon thet narrow ledge,
Where from the hill the shelvin' rock bends outward like a wedge;
Behind me, down toward the bridge some twenty rods or so,
Two of the mighty iron rails lay in the gulch below;
The midnight train is almost due, weighed down with human souls;
An' roarin' loudly fer its prey, beneath, the river rolls.
By chance I overheard a plot to wreck an' rob the train;
An' like a flash a great resolve was fixed within my brain.
In searchin' through my buried past I couldn't call to mind
A single deed thet I hed done to benefit mankind.
Then, deep within my inmost soul welled up a purpose high
To stand at midnight on the bluffs an' save thet train or die!

An' now, far up the mountain-side, I hear a sullen roar,
Thet tells me, plain as words could do, I've but a moment more;
Then, with my lantern high aloft, I clamber up the steep,
While from the waitin' thieves below rise curses loud an' deep;
They hear the swift incomin' train from where they hidden lay,
An' fear the glimmer of my light will hold their scheme at bay.
Then, sharp across the silent night, a rifle peals below—
A pain darts swiftly through my chest an' blood begins to flow;
But with a single warnin' cry, I stagger wildly on,
Determined thet, before I die, the battle must be won!
My head is swimmin' blindly round, an' dimmer grows my sight;
But—courage!—comin' round the bend I see the engine's light!

With all my strength I shout aloud, an' wave the light on high,
While far adown the mountain-side the echoes moan an' sigh.
But onward comes the mighty train—*on*, ON, with lightnin' speed,
An' to my warnin's, loud an' shrill, pays not the slightest heed!
Scarce fifty yards divide us now, while dimly through the night
The yawnin' chasm by the bridge looms blackly up to sight.
Then, gatherin' all my failin' strength, I shout aloud once more,
While overhead the mighty bluffs resound it o'er an' o'er.
At last the engine belches forth one mighty cloud of steam,
An' what transpires around me now I see as in a dream;
The brakes are plied with mighty force, the train comes on more slow,
While one demoniac yell of rage floats upward from below.

My strength is almost gone at last, but with my failin' breath
I shout aloud one last appeal—"*Beyond is certain death!*"
They hear the cry—the train is saved! Thank God! she stops at last;
An' fer thet freight of human souls all danger now is past.
But I, with one triumphant cry thet rings o'er bluff an' ledge,
Unguarded, reach the rugged verge, an' stagger off the edge!

Down, down I go with lightnin' speed—far down to certain death,
While all my dark an' bitter past comes o'er me in a breath.
At last I strike the rocks below, an' lie a senseless mass,
While mountain breezes, soft an' low, sigh round me as they pass.
When mornin' dawned a minin' band in pity brought me here,
An' what has happened round me since has not been very clear.
* * * * * *
While layin' here before you came, all silent an' alone,
I kept a-thinkin' of the tares thet I fer years hed sown;
An' once, when I hed closed my eyes, an' tried to fall asleep,
I seemed to hear a whisper low, "You'll soon begin to reap."
I started up, all sudden like, an' tremblin', gazed around,
But not a human face or form could anywhere be found.
An' then I knew, without a doubt, my time hed come at last,
An' all this weary toil an' strife fer me would soon be past.
Then all at once the blindin' scales seemed lifted from my sight,
An' right before my eyes I saw my mother, clothed in white.
She placed her hand upon my brow an' bid the throbbin' cease,
An' instantly upon my soul there fell a perfect peace.

An' then she spoke—clear as a bell her voice fell on my ears,
As, with the gentle tones of old, she bade me calm my fears.
She said thet in thet blessed land where all is bright an' fair
All hungry souls were fed alike: they knew no vagrants there;
Thet many who while here on earth were only known as tramps
Would hold the highest places there in all the heavenly camps;
Thet many whom I'd heard in church so often preach an' pray
Would take their places farther down upon thet judgment day;
Fer he who keeps the records there their inmost hearts will know,
An' prayer an' praise is little worth when offered up fer show;
Thet they who bear the brightest stars, an' stand quite near the throne,
Are those whose lowly deeds of love on earth hed been least known.

An' then I thought she took my hand, as when a little child
I knelt at even by her knee, so pure an' undefiled;
An' o'er her face, all radiant like, a flood of glory played,
As fer her wayward, dyin' Nat she bowed her head an' prayed:
"O Lord! forgive my errin' boy his dark an' bitter past!
Remove this weary load of sin an' take him home at last.
Be with him, Lord, as now he sails across death's ragin' sea,
An' guide him safely o'er the tide to glory an' to me."
The vision vanished with the prayer; the radiance dimmer shone,
Then faded in the gatherin' gloom—an' I laid here alone.
I s'pose 'twas all a fevered dream, without a meanin' clear;
But fer the time it seemed to me thet heaven was very near.

And now I want to ask you, sir, a prayer fer me to say,
Thet God will lift the heavy gloom thet gathers o'er my way.
I want to gain thet heavenly land where all is bright an' fair,
An' then I know I'll be at rest—fer all are equal there.

My mother's waitin' there, I know, an' watchin' by the gate;
Her song would be forever stilled ef I should be too late.
An' while you're pleadin' now fer me, a word or two jest say
Of how I'd sought him long ago ef I hed known the way:
But no one ever spoke to me of wickedness an'. sin,
Or pointed to the open door thet I might enter in;
So I am left without a guide in this my dyin' hour,
But I will trust it all to you, believin' in your power.

"O Thou who governs land and sea, and guards the sparrow's fall,
Remember now this lowly one, and hearken to his call;
Disperse the gloom about his path, and cheer his onward way
To where eternal glories shine in everlasting day.
He placed his hopes, his life, his all, upon the altar here,
And dies a martyr for a world that sheds no pitying tear.
His prisoned soul will soon be free, his boat forsake the shore;
Be Thou his guide across the wave to peace forevermore."

The prayer was done; I turned to Nat—he'd calmly passed away,
While o'er his face a placid smile of calm contentment lay.
His boat had passed the harbor-bar, and anchored safely there;
But that his sun went down in gloom, who'll venture to declare?

J. Russell Fisher.

FRANCIS PETRARCH.

"A worthy clerk
As preved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now ded and nailed in his cheste,
I pray to God so yeve his soule reste.

"Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whose rhethorike swete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

"Behold the man that loved and lost;
But all he was is overworn."

"Odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo."

In taking as the subject of my article the first and greatest lyric poet of the Italians, I feel conscious that I am on well-worn and possibly overworked literary ground, which has been plowed up, harrowed, and planted (oftentimes with exotic crops of fictions rather than facts), generation by generation, for nearly five centuries. I do not intend to offer anything new in the way of illustration, or to furnish more than a sketchy review, the materials for which might be examined by any one in an hour's time spent in an ordinary public library.

The fact is that novel research has at this day few outposts. One might go to India, and after a lifetime spent at its oracles, bring back to the western world of civilization something new and valuable; one might pitch his tent among the bituminous ruins of Babylon, and find profitable subject for study; but European history has been read and re-read, indexed, glossaried, padded with

excursus, and viewed in so many lights that not a fleck or spot remains unnoted, for the laborious band of scholars who haunt the literary walks of London or Paris, Rome or Florence. But when, instead of being in the swim of European literary currents, one is beached, as it were, on distant shores, with nothing to put him in sympathy with those who are at the centers of mundane intellectual civilization, it is difficult to rise above the trite and commonplace in literary criticism.

But still, if we do not occasionally examine the models by whose merits we have been trained, we would forget their peculiar beauties, and would find ourselves drifting away into heresies and homage to strange gods, leaving the temples and altars of our literary family idols desolate and bare.

One of these shrines was set up five hundred years since at Vaucluse, with Francesco Petrarca for its minister; and on its walls the literary world has ever since been hanging up its *ex votos* and taking part in its liturgy.

Francis Petrarch was born at the Tuscan town of Arezzo, on the 20th of July, 1304. The circumstances of his birth are of a romantic character; and it would seem as if the wandering spirit of unrest that presided over his long life had taken charge of him even in his mother's womb, and made him a pilgrim and exile from his birth.

His father was one of the band of Florentines driven out in 1302, during the strifes of the *Bianca* and *Nera* parties, which at the same time sent Dante (a friend of the elder Petrarch) forth as a fugitive, never to return. The ancestry of the poet was of gentle origin, but limited means, with a hereditary tendency to municipal aspirations and literary culture. The Petrarca household (Petracco, Petraccolo, and Petrarco) in many points resembled that of Goethe, both in its social and political *status*. But unlike Goethe, Petrarch's infancy was shadowed with family misfortune and ruin, brought about by the party feuds of Florence; and at the very hour of the poet's birth his father was engaged in a forcible but unsuccessful effort to reclaim his citizenship and his property.

A few months after the birth of Petrarch, his mother, Eletta (who was of the Canigiani family), betook herself with the boy to Ancise, where the family had some little property; and they there remained until the child had reached its eighth year (1312), when the head of the house removed with them to Avignon, the then residence of Clement V., a Gascon pope, which place had become and remained the seat of the papal power during the period styled "The Babylonish Captivity" of the papacy, commencing in 1305 and continuing until 1378, four years after Petrarch's death.

The young exile, from his eleventh to his fifteenth year, went to school at Carpentras; then (1319) removed to Montpelier, where he remained four years.

Like Goethe's parent, Petrarch's father intended him for the law; but, unlike the German, did not as well seek to encourage his son in general literary culture. Indeed, an anecdote is given, depicting Petrarch senior flinging the classical works which his son was surreptitiously reading into the fire. As, however, he seems to have softened and rescued them from the burning, it is quite probable that Petrarch's fondness for the poets was, after all, a bit of hereditary weakness which the parent resented in himself as strongly as in his son.

It may further be fairly assumed that any jurist of those days would necessarily have a turn to polite literature, as even Cino da Pistoja, the friend of Dante, and Petrarch's reputed preceptor at Bologna, whither the student had gone (1323) to complete his legal studies, was fond of elegant learning, and no mean poet himself. Indeed, Cino was the lover of Selvaggia (Ricciardetta dei Selvaggi), one of the four ladies of that period rendered famous by their respective idolaters, Selvaggia being styled the "bel numer' una" of the poetic group, the remaining three being Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura, and Boccaccio's Fiammetta.

In 1325 Petrarch's mother, a beautiful and good woman, died; and in 1326, his father. These misfortunes drew Petrarch back to Avignon, where he and his only brother, Gherardo, found their inheritance wasted by their guardian.

It was possibly his deprivation of means that led Petrarch to take the tonsure. But in those days there was not that strict sense of propriety and of the earnestness of a religious calling that has grown up since; and the court and society of Avignon were remarkable as well for luxury as for the air of gallantry that was indigenous in that home of the joyous science of the Troubadours. At no time in Petrarch's life could he have been regarded as a gross sensualist. Whatever corporal sinfulness he could ever have been charged with was a load upon his conscience, and subject for sincere repentance.

At this period his many brilliant social qualities attracted the attention of the Colonna family, a branch of which was settled at Avignon. He also found a friend in John of Florence, Apostolic Secretary, a learned and patriotic Italian.

Here were the two young men, Francis and Gherardo, thrown upon their own resources, and liable to all the emotions and temptation that beset a youth of refinement and capacities for enjoyment. Petrarch, barely twenty-two, with a complexion which the women envied him, a gracefulness of person and demeanor that drew every eye upon him in admiration, fastidious as a lady in his attire, actually pinching his feet in small shoes with an excess of foppishness, with a scholar's skill in chivalrous verse, whether vulgar or learned, was at that date fit for nothing so much as a grand passion, and only needed a proper object to adore and be miserable about. This he found at Matins, April 6th, 1327, in the church of Santa Clara, in Avignon. This day was at that period a sort of red-letter Lady-day, and may have been fixed upon by the lover merely as a proper conventional period whence to date his real passion. It is amusing to notice how many hearts—then as now—Cupid pierced with shafts sent from the ambush of a prayer-book. No wonder those early illuminators worked the little wretch as an ornament into the borders of the most fervent orisons!

There was even in Petrarch's life-time, and among his intimate friends, a veil of discretion cast over the actual facts of his attachment; and to numerous ladies has been assigned the honor of having enchained his affections. I shall assume at once that the Abbé de Sade is correct in his deductions as to his ancestress. As a fact, it does not matter, in discussing Petrarch, who she was in the matter of family. We can understand her character from Petrarch's own evidence.

Laura de Noves, wife of Hugo de Sade, was then in her twentieth year, and had been a wife two years. Taking it for granted that the alleged portraits of her that have reached us are correct, her style of beauty had a demure dignity which would have been certain to enthrall an intellectual person who might be attracted by it when posed in religious humility upon a hassock at early devotions. She was not a blue-stocking. It has been murmured by priggish critics that she could barely have known how to read. She seems to have been femininely fond of gorgeous attire. She had two dresses, the description of which has come down to us, that, to use an enthusiastic expression, were "just too lovely for anything," and that would throw an assembly of the Utter of to-day into orgasms of delight.

Laura was, however, remarkable for her virtue and discretion; and all the personal beauty and accomplishments of the embryo poet appear not to have caused her to swerve a hair's breadth from the safe path of conjugal fidelity. Heine's malicious verses might be applied to her by an observer of sarcastic ungentleness of spirit:

"Zu der Lauheit und der Flauheit
Deiner Seele passte nicht
Meiner Liebe wilde Rauheit,
Die sich Bahn durch Felsen bricht.

"Du, du liebtest die Chausseen
In der Liebe, und ich schau
Dich am Arm des Gatten gehen—"

But the unwary Petrarch took the disease in its most virulent form. His divinity's charms were thenceforth ever in his thoughts; and he recorded his feelings and sorrows in a succession of sonnets, madrigals, ballads, and *canzoni* that, superior to the class of erotic lyrics then in circulation, fell in with the

taste in that regard of his contemporaries; and he became famous.

It may be fairly set down as a fact that a disappointment or misfortune in an author's love affairs is the best recommendation to popular favor that he can have. Successful love, it is true, excites a certain degree of tender interest; but the sentimental world admits the jilted swain, or him who has loved and forever lost, at once to its heart, without asking for passport. It is the nightingale with breast tortured by the thorn whose song is the most emotional. Loss of wealth or power cannot move the heart nearly so effectually as the misfortune which springs from the adverse whim of some simple girl whose views on any other matter are not worth a button, or the removal by death of some unpretending wife from the circle of a man's worldly happiness. Hyperion is a bright book of travel; but I question if its pictures of Old World experiences would strike us half so vividly if it were not that we view them through the eyes of a young husband stricken by the greatest domestic misfortune.

In his twenty-eighth year (1331) Petrarch left Avignon for a grand tour through France and Germany. He hoped by this absence to dull the pain of his unfortunate passion. He visited Paris, the Low Countries, and Germany; and on coming back to Italy, he, together with Jacob Colonna, journeyed to Rome to gratify their enthusiastic taste for its antiquities. Indeed, wherever Petrarch went, he kept up a constant search for MSS. and art treasures that might illustrate or bring back the culture of the Augustan age of Rome.

But Avignon and Laura were ever associated in his thoughts; he hastened back, and on his return thither, at the instance of his patron, Cardinal Colonna, he entered the service of John XXII., then Pope, who employed him as an envoy to France, to Italian princes, and even, as is said, to England.

Wearying of this half-diplomatic, half-ecclesiastical life, Petrarch sought retirement in Vaucluse, where he nursed his love griefs with the most tender assiduity.

Vaucluse (*Val Chiusa, Vallis Clausa*) is a beautiful and romantic spot fourteen miles from Avignon. Its rocks, its picturesque beauty, and the fact that here Petrarch idled away so many hours of love-sick melancholy, have rendered the place, with the petulant little river Sorgue that boils through the valley, one of the most interesting attractions for literary pilgrimages in the south of Europe.

At this spot Petrarch lived with an old fisherman and his wife—ignorant peasants, whom Petrarch, however, easily found worthy of his friendship, and about whom he wrote some of his most interesting and touching observations.

At this period (1339) he projected his Latin epic "Africa," desiring thereby to glorify his great hero, Scipio Africanus.

At this time, too, he seems to have had a sly, commonplace sort of intrigue which might give cause to doubt his sincerity in his poetic professions of homage to Laura. Whatever feeling Petrarch may have invested in the experience, the girl involved does not appear to have been as rigorous as Laura. A son, Giovanni, was born in 1337, whom Petrarch afterwards recognized and had legitimated. What a relief the matter-of-fact facility of this humble love must have been to the icicle-tipped sentiment of the stately Laura! It was at this period that Simon Memmi, a pupil of Giotto, and a friend of the lover-poet, executed a marble medallion of Laura, which is still in existence at Florence.

But Petrarch's learning, his political experience, and his amiable character (and above all, perhaps, the romance of his barren love, and his musical complainings thereat) began to bring him literary glory; and at this date (1340) he received from the Chancellor of the University of Paris and from the Roman Senate simultaneous invitations to visit those capitals for the purpose of receiving a laurel crown as a mark of recognition of his eminence as a poet. He decided, from patriotic motives, to accept the Senate's invitation.

His real claims as a poet rested at that

period properly upon his Tuscan sonnets; but these he regarded as but trifles, and he felt that to entitle him to the glory proffered he should produce something in Latin, namely, his epic "Africa," before mentioned. This *quasi* prize poem, in an unfinished state, he submitted to Robert, the cultivated though possibly pedantic King of Naples, who formally examined him as to his qualifications as laureate, and pronounced him worthy, giving him his own robe of state as a fitting garment in which to present himself at Rome for the expected honor. Those were the days of pageantry; and the laurel wreath was bestowed upon Petrarch, April 17th, 1341, in a manner most gratifying to the recipient, and reflecting credit upon the taste and culture of all concerned in the ceremony.

The crowning of Petrarch as poet laureate was the great event of his life. Thereafter he visited Parma, where he learned of the death of his fast friend, Jacob Colonna, the Bishop of Lombes, of which event he experienced a presentiment in a dream. Here he received a stall in the cathedral as arch-deacon, and thereafter devoted his time to the perfecting of his epic.

But his passion drew him back to Avignon and Vaucluse, having been commissioned to the new Pope, Clement VI., as advocate of the Roman people.

The business which Petrarch was to manage at this date was to urge the new Pope to return to Rome, and re-establish the papal throne in that city. His colleague in the office was Nicola Gabrino, better known as Cola di Rienzi, afterwards famous, weak, and unfortunate as the Roman tribune who commenced by attacking the nobles and ended by aping them.

The Pope, however, notwithstanding the kindness with which he behaved towards the Roman deputies, declined to take the step desired. To soften his refusal, he permitted the Jubilee, which had theretofore been celebrated only once a century, to be proclaimed for 1350.

Petrarch was indignant at the neglect which Rome received at the hands of His Holiness, and gave vent to his feelings in abuse of Avignon, which place he likened unto the scriptural Babylon. These remonstrances appear in his work, "Liber epistolarum sine titulo." And in his days of retirement he wrote his three imaginary dialogues with St. Augustine, wherein he sought to lay bare his feelings and motives in the matter of his love passion.

Gherardo, Petrarch's brother, became at this time a Carthusian friar, having received an impulse to the act from a visit which the two brothers made to a convent. It is said that Gherardo became a monk because of grief at the loss of his mistress by death, thereby showing that love was a weakness of heredity in the Petrarch family.

In 1342 Petrarch took up the study of Greek with Bernardo Barlaamo, a Calabrian monk, an envoy sent by the Emperor of the East to the Pope. He subsequently (1363) continued to study under Leonzio Pilato, a pupil of Barlaamo's, but never actually acquired any proficiency as a Grecian.

In 1343 a second child, a daughter, Francesca, was born to Petrarch by his every-day mistress; Laura, of course, being only the Platonic titular incumbent of his heart. The mistress died shortly afterwards. Francesca grew to be an estimable woman, and proved a great comfort to her father in his old age. In 1361 she married a Milanese noble, Francesco di Brossano. A child was born of the marriage; but every family claiming Petrarch blood has, we believe, been long extinct.

In this year, King Robert of Naples died, and was succeeded by his granddaughter, Giovanna. Petrarch went to Naples as ambassador to represent the Pope, and also to endeavor to obtain the release of some adherents of the Colonna family who had been imprisoned. He was treated by the Queen with great consideration, but otherwise was unable to mitigate the tragic disputes between her and the brother of her murdered husband, the King of Hungary.

After a short sojourn at Rome, under the invitation of Jacob II., of Carrara, he visited Padua, and was named by his host as a

Canon of Parma. Here he wrote his treatise, "De viris illustribus."

In 1347 the dramatic rise of Rienzi at Rome took place. Rienzi was elected tribune, and the popular movement received the hearty approval of the Pope (Clement VI.), and also of Petrarch. But Rienzi's vanity worked his own destruction, and helped to disgust the aristocratic churchmen with liberty in that shape. It may be well to call attention to the fact that the ecclesiastics of those days were in no sense political absolutists; but seemed only too anxious to raise up the old Roman republic from under the ruins of the Capitol.

In 1348 The Pest, so eloquently and vividly pictured by Boccaccio, broke out in Italy. It traveled finally to Avignon; and one of its shining victims was Laura, the news of whose death came to Petrarch at Verona, where he was then sojourning. His grief for the death of his mistress was excessive, and to it we owe some of his tenderest lyrics. Indeed, the poems written subsequently to the death of the lady are especially remarkable for their genuine feeling, dignity, and beauty. His first patron, Cardinal Colonna, also died by the plague this year.

In 1350 he went to Rome to gain the indulgence promised in connection with the papal jubilee; and after accomplishing his duty, tarried at Arezzo, his birthplace. Here he was honored with an enthusiastic reception; and a decree was entered by the community that the modest dwelling wherein he was born should be ever kept in its then condition as a sacred place.

He returned (1351) to Vaucluse and Avignon, where he remained until 1352; but Laura was dead: he never had liked Avignon save because she lived there; and he determined to return to Lombardy, there being perhaps an additional reason in the fact that Innocent VI., the new Pope who succeeded the brilliant Clement VI., was not partial to men of Petrarch's character and attainments.

Here he entered into diplomatic duties, mainly for the Milanese Visconti; and as additional employment, he was placed in charge of the library which the Archbishop Giovanni had established at Padua. He remained in the service of the Visconti ten years.

In 1354, Charles IV., Emperor, invited him to his court, then held at Mantua. Charles had been a great admirer of Petrarch—indeed, the story is told that in 1346, when at Avignon with his father, Charles had singled out Laura from all the bevy of beauties at the luxurious court of Avignon, and had then and there kissed her, at the expense of arousing the tender jealousy of the poet.

Petrarch was very free in his remarks to Charles, upon royal and imperial duties, but the latter took it in gentle part; spoke ever in the most enthusiastic terms of the poet, wishing to have him permanently in his court—the chancellor of the empire sending the poet a patent as Count Palatine.

But the days when a court poet was an enviable profession had for a generation gone by when the Hohenstauffen dynasty failed; and Petrarch possibly did not feel ambitious of a position in which he might find his personal dignity shading off into that of the court jester; and he therefore clung to his loved Italy, and after a lengthy sojourn at Milan, he practically settled at Padua, finally making his home at Arqua.

But ever restless, and yet ever seeking repose, he betook himself (1355) to Venice, then a city of wonderful growth, civilization, and glory.

The Venetians honored him highly; and by way of grateful return, in 1361, he presented to the state his library, which became the nucleus of the famous collection of St. Mark's. Another motive for the gift may be found in the fact that to a restless man, ever changing his domicile, the transportation of such treasures as books were in those days would be a matter of great anxiety. The Venetian Senate also appointed a palace for his residence.

At this time his relations with Boccaccio became intimate. He used to wear the great prose writer's portrait with his own in

a ring; and Boccaccio gave him the works of St. Augustine, Varro, and some of Cicero's, besides copying for his use, with his own hands, Dante's great poem. Indeed, the connection between Petrarch and Boccaccio is one of the purest friendships ever formed between two literary men, and shows to great advantage the lack of small envies in the composition of both men.

Boccaccio successfully procured the re-instatement of Petrarch (1351) as a citizen of Florence, from which place he had been from pre-natal days a hereditary exile. The Florentines demanded of the Pope (Urban V., 1365) that the poet be inducted into a canonry either in Florence or Fiesole. But Petrarch, although appreciating the honor and kindness, declined to return, and ultimately fixed his abode, in 1370, at Arqua, in the Euganean Hills, a short distance from Padua. His last public act was a diplomatic service in the interest of a patron, Francesco Novello da Carrara, Prince of Padua, to settle a dispute with Venice.

It is thought that in these days Geoffrey Chaucer must have paid Petrarch a visit.

After finishing the mission to the Venetians in an honorable but not altogether successful manner, Petrarch returned to Arqua, and June 18th, 1374, was found dead, sitting in a chair in his library, with his head leaning upon one of the books which he had his life long cherished as his consolations for all disappointments.

His funeral was conducted with all the pomp which appertained to the sepulture of a man who had possessed so great an influence as ecclesiastic, poet, and statesman, his colleagues of the diocese joining with his friend, the reigning Prince of Padua, in doing the honors of his burial.

One feels, on reviewing Petrarch's life and works, continually reminded of Goethe. Both had been educated to the law; but abandoned it, as a business full of unsatisfactory sophistry.

Both lived in a revolution of culture. Goethe was not utterly carried away by the Storm-and-stress flood; but nevertheless its current shook up and kept in movement his whole being. Petrarch was full of the excitement of the Revival of Letters.

Both alike found their bread-and-butter existence practically dependent upon their services to petty princes in fragmentary nationalities; for the Holy Roman Empire was as weak a bond in Italy in the days of Dante and Petrarch as it was four hundred years later, when the French Revolution burst under it and blew it to pieces.

Both were lifted into notice by the poetic expression which they gave to their mental and moral throes and tortures as unsatisfied lovers: the one by his lyric poetry; the other by his "Sorrows of Werther." Had the Italian been able to break away from his passion, or had the German suffered his to become chronic, the parallel would be complete, so far as there could be a likeness between the hale and hearty German and the morbid Florentine.

Both were honored by the great ones of their time, and were characters as well in political as in literary history. And if we examine their daily lives and ambitions, as well as their successes and failures, we may find much in the glorified sage of Weimar which has also its representative trait in him of Padua.

And so, though when stated they may appear somewhat fanciful and strained, one cannot help seeking what might be parallelisms in the lives of Petrarch and Goethe. I have picked out a few facts which show at least a certain ratio of coincidence. Goethe has left us more of his work which we can benefit by. Much of Petrarch's labor was of necessity apt only for the time in which he lived; and his productions were formed or deformed in accordance with the mannerisms of that era. Both were successful in their worldly lives—a compensation, in a manner, for the pangs of despised love which each suffered early in life. Here I might refer to Napoleon's famous criticism upon Werther: that an unhappy passion was not, in itself, sufficient reason for suicide; but that a failure in one's career must also supervene to warrant such extreme

despair—in brief, that glory and fame are the best physicians for a broken heart, Petrarch and Goethe having successfully submitted to the treatment. Had Petrarch not been kept alive by the hopeful brilliancy of the Revival of Letters and encouraged by the social regard paid him as a cherished favorite of the Colonnas and Visconti, or had Goethe seen no grander life before him than that of a snuffy imperial chancery clerk, the burden of an impossible love might have seemed to both, as it did to poor Jerusalem, too heavy to bear.

PETRARCH.	GOETHE.
Family origin: The family of Petrarch's mother was probably more influential than that of his father, Petraccolo. Garzo, Petrarch's paternal great-grandfather, had something like the municipal *status* of Textor, Goethe's maternal grandfather. Petrarch's mother was a beautiful woman, of lovely disposition.	Maternally descended from Johann Wolfgang Textor, Schultheiss of Frankfort, the family (as well as Goethe's father) being hereditary *gens de la robe*. Goethe's mother was as brilliant in a feminine way as Goethe himself in his.
Petrarch is destined for jurisprudence, but prefers the classics and poets, suffering thereby his father's displeasure; abandons the law when left to his own devices.	Goethe's father resents his son's neglect of the law. Goethe barely takes his doctorate degree (?) and never devotes any serious attention to the subject thereafter.
Finds his enjoyment in the society of elegant ladies of Avignon. Fastidious in his dress.	"Willst du genau erfahren was sich ziemt So frage nur bei edlen Frauen an."
	Goethe in his young days a thorough fop.
Petrarch's dissipation at Avignon.	Goethe's wild days at Weimar.
Petrarch's era the regeneration of classical learning and rivalry of Latin with Tuscan.	Storm-and-stress period: the crystallization of the modern High German.
LAURA DE SADE.	LOTTE BUFF KESTNER.
Sonnets and other Tuscan poems in the life-time of Laura.	The Sorrows of Werther.
Becomes famous by reason of his Tuscan poems.	The wild enthusiasm of Germany over Werther. Goethe's song-marvels of lyric perfection.
Makes the tour of France to forget his passion.	Leaves Wetzlar. Swiss journey.
Is a *protege* of the Colonna family, and the bosom friend of Giacomo, Bishop of Lombes.	The Stolbergs, and ultimately Karl August of Weimar.
Enters diplomatic service under Cardinal Colonna and Pope John XXII.; subsequently ends his career as minister of the Milanese Visconti.	Appointed Legationsrath, and subsequently promoted.
Forms a *liaison* with some unknown woman, although he still celebrates Laura in his verse. Two children born of the connection.	Becomes the admirer of Baroness von Stein, and has a connection which ultimately ends in a marriage with Christiane Vulpius.
Receives a patent as Count Palatine of the Roman Empire.	Is ennobled.
Petrarch's epic and his republican ideas a failure. The following century criticises his Latin style.	Goethe wastes his energy in erroneous theories as to natural science.
Petrarch greatly honored by the Emperor Charles.	Napoleon's interview with Goethe: "*Voila un homme.*"
Laura in her matronly days comes to be proud of the glory conferred on her by Petrarch's verse, and affects a sentimental friendship for him.	Lotte, an old woman, the mother of twelve children, visits Goethe.
Boccaccio's friendship.	Schiller's friendship.
Petrarch's great enthusiasm for the classics and classical art.	Goethe's patient studies in Italy of Italian art.
Old age at Arqua. Cultured ease amid books and objects of art; admired by the great and scholarly of his time.	Old age at Weimar. An object of veneration to both his countrymen and strangers.
Chaucer's verdict upon Petrarch, as recorded in "The Clerke's Tale."	Thackeray's "*Tantum vidi.*"

In reading Petrarch's letters and noting his personal doings, one is struck with the almost insupportable burden as a scribe that must have pressed upon him. It would not be giving too strong an illustration in that regard to suggest the sort of labor which a lad of to-day would undergo, if, to reach a liberal education, he were compelled to slavishly copy every author he read in a fair, clerkly hand. How many people would have favorite authors in these times if the

claim had to be supported by laboriously engrossing them on parchment? What misery the want of paper must have caused! Petrarch used a leather jerkin, which he treated as a sort of note-book when he was out of reach of fitting writing materials, which garment was still in existence in 1527, when it was a prized relic in the hands of the erudite Cardinal Sadoletti. It will be seen what respectable precedent one has for soiling one's cuffs with memoranda. The Vatican has his "Rime" in autograph—a fair copy. At Florence is a transcript by him of certain epistles of Cicero, bound in wood, with iron clasps, the corners of copper—the identical book which so often fell on his unlucky left leg, and came near costing him its amputation.

He forever complains of the unreliability of copyists, who, in those days, received the abuse which we now lavish, deservedly or otherwise, on the printers. The calligraphist was an artist in those times, as was also the illuminator, one of whom Dante finds in purgatory. Petrarch was an elegant scribe. His handwriting was so neat and clear that when, in 1501–2, Aldus Manutius invented the so-called Italic type as an improvement upon black letter, he made it a *fac-simile* of Petrarch's hand.

It is not always that the grand qualities inherent in a man are the basis of his reputation or fame. Petrarch is a shining example of the weakness of a great mind, proving the connecting sympathetic link binding to him the regard and affection of his fellow-men for a period of centuries in duration. We are willing that our idols shall be godlike; but we do not wish them to be gods, or out-and-out saints from the cradle up. Give us St. Augustines and Mary Magdalens, and we are stirred in our hearts.

Laura seems to have been a *grande dame* of the court at Avignon, filling the part of a sort of local queen, with no particular intellectual properties, probably, but with a complete appreciation of the power of her beauty, and a disposition to set it off as much as possible by an attention to dress and coquettish requirements.

She recognized the advantage of having a great man and poet groveling at her feet; and it seems that it annoyed her when she ran the risk of losing him. She was selfish about it, however. She granted him no favors. She snubbed him when he effervesced into indiscretion, and practically and crushingly said, "Messer Petrarcha, I am no such woman," or words to that effect—

"I' non son forse chi tu crèdi."

She seems to have been remarkably prolific; and whether she loved her lord or no, she was most of the time in that state in which women who do like to be. There are eleven children mentioned as born of her marriage, and we do not know how many got away. It is singular to notice in that regard how she and Lotte Kestner, Goethe's first great passion, are compeers. Now, the spectacle of poor Petrarch, as it were, getting in his tributes of adoration of her person (crebris p'tub's exhaustum) in such breathing-spells as were allowed to the midwives might draw a sneer from lips molded for sarcasm.

What an opportunity would have been offered for the great modern song-writer of Germany to say something piquant had he been thrown back five hundred years in some anachronistic way, and as a barbarian have met the demure Laura swinging through the streets of the Gascon capital on the arm of her noble spouse,

"Eine brave schwangere Frau!"

Of course we must acquit Laura of any yielding to the poet. She could not have been imitating that methodical Roman Empress who, when asked why, when she had so many lovers, her children wore her husband's features, answered:

"Numquam nisi navi plena tollo vectorem."

Perhaps, however, if Laura had possessed the quality of ready negotiability in the matter of affections such as a malign Venus vested in Sordello's Cunizza, it is possible that Petrarch never would have developed as

a poet. Gratified love stills the music of men as effectually as of birds. It will be remembered how, when the brother and the lover of Beatrix Esmond discovered her intrigue with the Chevalier, and were uneasy lest she had already yielded, their minds were set at rest on finding that the prince was still in the verse-writing stage of the flirtation. Petrarch never passed from it, in spite of the slanderous hints of Madame Deshoulieres. No, Laura was good;

> "And whether coldness, pride, or virtue dignify
> A woman, so she is *good*, what does it signify?"

To sentimental souls, I must frankly admit my lack of inclination to crown Laura with the customary nimbus of angelic phosphorescence. She doubtless was extremely tender-hearted, but not "too good to be unkind," at least to her passionate admirer. Of course, as supporters of the ethical dogma of wifely virtue, we ought to feel a thrill of enthusiasm at the fact that five centuries ago, under the warm sun of Provence, in a very dissipated capital, and with a crossish sort of husband, a woman was found of such arctic rigor as to return only an iceberg reflection of the flaming glow of her servant's passion; but at the same time, we may be allowed to cherish a sneaking regret that the garland of poetic blossom, the first of the new growth of modern European civilization, should have brought no response from the lady at whose feet it was laid, save the throwing in the poet's eyes of a shovelful of the ashes of her flickering conjugal fires.

Probably the most satisfactory way of disposing of her amatory rigidity is to suggest that she liked the poet well enough; but that, as said by the Female American Cousin, "she didn't hanker arter him."

It was a practical blessing to Petrarch when the plague eloped with her. It ended his haunting Provence when all along he should have been in Italy, where he rightfully belonged. For my part, I feel a sense of relief when I come to the poems which record Laura as in heaven, and her disturbing and baleful influence removed from the gentle canon's existence.

We may pardon Petrarch's morbid passion for Laura. It was a disease that had settled on him in his youth—a rheumatic disorder of his blood, which kept him ever in unrest. But his other idols were equally objects of mistaken homage. He believed that Virgil and his Latin predecessors and successors of the classical age were sacred prophets. He worshiped their sandal strings. He attempted to bring back their language, not as a philological inquiry, not as material in an archaic museum, not as a stage costume, but as a matter of daily habit. He was not alone in his error. Dante and the preceding generation were equally enthusiastic—equally wrong. Ciceronian Latin and Roman freedom seemed to all the bright intellects of that day, whether pope or king, priest or layman, matters to struggle and strive after as the theoretical *summum bonum* of earthly polity and culture.

His talk was full of allusions and illustrations from Roman and Grecian history. It forcibly reminds one of the orators of the French Revolution; and possibly also of the classical mannerisms of some of our own Revolutionary fathers' stilted effects in speech which have long ago been abandoned to school-boy rhetoric.

Petrarch, like many an enthusiastic student since his time, was carried off his feet by the voluble graces of Cicero. He esteemed it true statesmanship to adopt Cicero's opinions, questioning the master's authority with the timidity of a callow disciple. He did his best to write Ciceronian Latin. He, amidst those grim Italian tyrants who had more of Catiline than of Augustus in their composition, actually tried, as the acme of genius to be attained, to be an orator such as was Cicero, forgetful that the Roman lawyer in his vanity as a consul was probably more conceited inwardly over his petty military success and his doubtful title of *imperator* than over his most brilliant civic victories. Petrarch's friend, Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, gave him a rough rebuke in that regard. But if Cicero was a failure when in the glow of life and action, with a Roman Senate behind him as clients, and a populace

in front charmed by his wealth of diction, it would not be likely that Petrarch, as a mediæval sorcerer, by sprinkling his fickle ashes and muttering his silvery phrases all over Italy, could invoke the old pagan phantoms of glory. And in so blindly taking Cicero as a model, Petrarch did what he himself reprehends: his intellectual offspring were more like pictures of Roman bass-reliefs than like flesh-and-blood descendants of Roman heroes.

But even Petrarch's mumbling of Ciceronian expressions was not free from criticism. Writing a dead language is like solving a mystic fifteen puzzle—a matter of ingenious fitting of mosaic. Petrarch was a dab at it; but the succeeding century grew more expert at the game; and Petrarch's stilted hexameters became a subject of about as much literary regard as John Tzetzes's epic balderdash made out of the splinters of Homer. A work in a dead language can no more be imitated than a stained-glass window can be restored from its fragments after the art of staining glass has been lost.

Petrarch's Italian verse has long been held above criticism. Perhaps we feel a half-monotonous weariness at the uniformity of a collection of sonnets on one subject, and that a cloying one, when any one of the poems by itself would excite nothing but simple admiration. But one should not read the poet in that way. The proper mode to appreciate Petrarch is to dawdle under the shade of a tree; to sleepily open to any chance page, and to stop after turning the leaf. A sonnet is like an *intaglio* gem; you must not expect heroic breadth therein; it must be examined with half-shut eyes to bring out its beauties. Many of Petrarch's poems are as fantastic and involved as a party-colored twist of silk. But to put a bundle of thoughts into so small a compass as fourteen lines is a task like stowing a lady's robe into a traveler's handbag; there must inevitably be some little wrinkling of ideas.

For the same reason, the difficulty of translating into a foreign language a sonnet which is closely packed in the original becomes insurmountable. Besides, the day of the English sonnet practically ended with the death of Queen Elizabeth. The poets of that era spoke a language more fitted for the purpose of rendering Petrarch, and they were entitled to take more liberties with the idiom. Lady Dacre seems to have made translations actually melodious; but, after all, it is *English* melody that she gives us.

Dante's great epic was sparingly commended by Petrarch, who could not fail to note its beauties, and who was the soul of fairness as a critic, even when heavily handicapped with the delusions of his day; but it was in the common tongue, and to him it was admirable only with reservations.

In Petrarch's old age, he produced his Trionfi. Here, perhaps, by the influence of Boccaccio, he takes Dante somewhat as a model. That these efforts were excellent of their kind, may be seen from the fact that so many modern poets have followed in his wake, and have adopted analogous forms for their poetic art.

The great wealth of new themes shining in the epics of barbarian Germany which had found expression in the preceding century awoke little interest in Petrarch. The music of the Minnesingers, and the cycles of Roland and Arthur, worked itself into Italian literature two centuries later, when Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso found the legends worthy subjects for their verse. Petrarch was unconsciously attempting to bring back the modes of thought and action of the ancient world, forgetful that that world could not be in harmony with Christian tradition and Christian chivalry. Only a Christian gentleman could have suffered or been victimized by such a passion as Petrarch entertained for Laura. A Greek or Roman would not have understood it or its morbid pains; and Petrarch's political and literary views were out of place as much as was the tribuneship of Rienzi, decked with the gewgaws of mediæval knighthood. For these reasons, Petrarch might complain

of his literary loves as he did of his mistress:

"Solco onde, e'n rena fondo e scrivo in vento."

A striking instance of the mode in which *il gran canonico* was absorbed in his Nirvana of classical contemplation may be drawn from the scanty facts tending to prove his intercourse with Chaucer.

There can be no moral doubt but that Chaucer knew Petrarch personally. They were both in France many times, where they might have met. They were both courtiers. They both had an enthusiasm for scholarship. Whether they met then, or whether Chaucer, when on his visit to Genoa, specially visited the Italian, it does not appear. I do not imagine that a dropping in by the hearty beef-eating *Valettus Noster* to the fruit-eating poet of Arqua to take pot-luck would have been very cheery as a feast-hunting episode; but the only reason that such a visit could not have occurred lies in the fact that Petrarch himself does not record it. Still, on the other hand, *would* he have mentioned the visit of a man who was the servant of a barbarous monarch, and whose only claim to notice, literary-wise, was his cultivation of an unknown and uncouth dialect that was half bastard French? It must be admitted, too, that the heroes of Agincourt were a roughish lot in spite of their bravery.

I think that we must accept Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," Boccaccio and Petrarch, and then Chaucer as an intervenor, as conventional truths, whether direct evidence to support the idea is ever found or not.

Petrarch's patriotism was of the sturdiest order. His hopes were for the return of the Pope to the Vatican, to the end that the horde of petty tyrants who swarmed over Italy, and made it the bloody ground of their aimless and endless brawlings, might be overawed by a strong central power at Rome. He was not at all averse to a temporal emperor sitting side by side with a spiritual pontiff; but he wished that emperor to be the strong right hand of Italy, and to fight its battles for a return to supremacy of *Roman* ideas and the *Roman* race, as exponents of civilization. In fact, Petrarch could not conceive of greatness unless it could be made to dovetail in with the experience and history of the Seven Hilled City.

Petrarch was a man of strong, clear, almost skeptical mind. He was a disbeliever in judicial astrology and alchemy—superstitions which clung to western civilization far into the eighteenth century. He saw through the quackery of what its professors were in those days pleased to style the medical profession; and by his railleries at its expense, he gained the animosity of the guild as deservedly as did Molière three centuries later.

He was so scientifically intelligent that he won from Innocent VI., the ignoramus among the Avignon popes, the reputation (in those days a dangerous one) of being, like his cherished model, Virgil, a sorcerer; and taking one line as a prophecy, we might almost fancy him foretelling the discovery of America:

"Che 'l di nostro vola
A gente che di la forse l' aspetta."

To an American, there is something peculiarly attractive in the spectacle of the great poet looking over the unknown ocean, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of another world bathed in the glories of the setting sun. A hundred years later, Luigi Pulci borrowed and expanded this idea of Petrarch. Charles Sumner, in his "Prophetic Voices about America," notices Pulci, but overlooks Petrarch's precedence. Pulci, however, might have learned at the same source as Columbus.

Had Petrarch sought riches by the road of mercantile enterprise—and those were the days of mercantile power—he might have founded a family that would have rivaled the Medici, and his declining age would have been spent in an old-gentlemanly fever of enthusiasm over antique gems and coins, and amid a collection of chipped torsos from his pet Roman imperial days.

Had he, like Sordello, worn a cuirass instead of a cassock, and flourished a sword instead of a censer, he might have sprung into power as a *condottiere*, and as either the Pope's trusty man-at-arms or the Emperor's legate, have won for his beloved Italy that peaceful unity, prosperity, and stability as a nation which have ever seemed a mirage of glory shifting away from every Italian patriot in every age as he has attempted to grasp and detain them.

Petrarch was a great man—above such vanity as caused Rienzi to burst like the fabled frog—sincere and loving in his friendships, a genuine broken-hearted lover who never took revenge upon his prudish mistress, either in word or deed, and who did not sit down and wither into intellectual apathy because she was not kind. He stood out from his age as pure and symmetrical in character as an antique column left standing amid the ruins of his own dear Rome after Gothic devastations, to mark a trysting-place for lovers, and a surface whereon to engrave the date of the regenerate birth of classical and philosophical learning in modern Europe out of the mingled ashes of monkish scribes and gallant bards of Provence, and the epitaph of the last and greatest of the Troubadours.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—It would of course be a piece of presumption here in California, without the books in one's hands, to attempt any list either of editions, annotators, or biographers of Petrarch. Marsand, we believe, collected long ago a Biblioteca Petrarchesca of nine hundred volumes. And the list has been steadily increasing. The best that can be done, therefore (and all that is necessary in an article like the present), is to note some of the more curious or more popular works or editions which a student of Petrarch may find referred to in his reading.

I.—LIST OF PUBLISHED WORKS OF PETRARCH.—*Written in Tuscan.*—1st. Sonnets: written in the lifetime of Laura, 227; after her death. 90; this is exclusive of 6 sonnets discovered and published by G. Veludo, and one found in the French National Library by M. L. Podhorsky, and the one (alleged to be by Pètrarch) found in Laura's tomb. 2nd. Canzoni: written in Laura's lifetime, 21; after her death, 8. 3rd. Sestine: written in Laura's lifetime, 8; after her death. 1. 4th. Ballate: written in Laura's lifetime, 6; after her death, 1. 5th. Madrigals (all in Laura's lifetime), 4. 6th. Triumphs, begun in 1357. left unfinished at the death of the poet; Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, Eternity. *Latin Poems.*—1st. Africa (commenced in 1341; not finished for years after), XII. books. 2nd. Bucolicum carmen. 3rd. Epistolæ, III. books. 4th. Septem Psalmi Penitentiales; novem Confessionales. *Ethical or Philosophical Works.*—1st. Secretum de Contemptu Mundi; III. dialogues. De Conflictu Curarum Suarum; written as a relief to the pangs of his unhappy love passion. 2nd. De Avaritia Vitanda. 3rd. De Otio Religioso; II. books; written in consequence of a visit to his brother in a Carthusian convent. 4th. De Vera Sapientia; II. dialogues. 5th. De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ; commenced in 1358; written for Azzo di Correggio in his misfortunes. 6th. De Vita Solitaria, II. books; written for the Bishop of Cavaillon (Vaucluse); commenced as a sketch in 1346; finished in 1366. 7th. De Sui Ipsius et Aliorum Ignorantia; a rebuke to Atheism; written to oppose the skeptical views of certain young Venetians; 1370. 8th. Epistola ad Posteritatem. *Political Discussions.*—1st. De Officiis et Virtutibus Imperatoris; written for Lucchino del Verme, a famous *condottiere*. 2nd. Exhortations to Attempt the Recovery of Liberty; to restore peace to Italy 3rd. Ad Quosdam ex Illustribus Antiquis; Petrarch had a way, whenever he imagined any question arising in his own mind would have interested any illustrious person of antiquity, of addressing a letter to the dead master. 4th. De Republica Optime Administranda; written for the Prince of Padua (1373). 5th. Liber Epistolarum sine Titulo (concerning the Papal sojourn at Avignon). 6th Letters: to Humbert, Dauphin of the Viennois (1339); Humbert was taken to task for not taking part in a crusade then projected; to the Emperor Charles (1350); this letter was written to remind Charles of his imperial duty to Italy; to Dandolo, Doge of Venice (1351); this letter was written to urge a peaceful solution of the troubles between Venice and Genoa. *Historical.*—1st. Epitome Illustrium Virorum. 2nd. De Rebus Memorandis, IV. books. 3rd. Commentarii de Vita Cæsaris (formerly ascribed to Celsus). *Miscellaneous.*—1st. Itinerarium Syriacum; written on account of the crusades. 2nd. Contra Medicum Objurgantem. 3rd. Invectiva contra Gallum 4th. Griseldis (translation from Boccaccio); it was from this translation into Latin of Boccaccio's tale of Patient Grizzel that Chaucer took his Clerke's Tale. *Epistolæ.*—1st. De Rebus Familiaribus, VIII. books. 2nd. De Rebus Senilibus, XVI. books. 3rd. On various subjects.

II.—EDITIONS. *Incunabula.*—Tuscan poems, first edition, Venice, 1470 (4to); Rome, 1471; Padua, 1472; Rome, Milan, and Venice, 1473; Venice, 1474; Basle, 1474; Bologna (Filelfo), 1476; Venice, 1477; Brussels, 1477; Venice (black letter), 1478; Padua, 1490. *Printed after A. D.* 1500.—(Filelfo) Venice, 1500-1515; Aldus (Bembo, editor), 1501, '14, '21, '33, '46. Giunti, Florence, 1510, 1515, or 1522; Paganino, Venice, 1516; Da Bologna, 1516; Gesualdo, 1533; also 1553. Velutello, Venice, 1545, '47, '60; Bruccioli, Venice, 1548; Daniello da Lucca, Venice, 1549; Dolce, Venice, 1554; Bembo, Lione, 1574; Castelvetro. Basil, 1582; with illustrations of Porro, Venice, 1600; Tassoni, Modena, 1711; Tassoni, Muzio, and Muratori, Venice, 1722; Padua (with portrait of author), 1732; Zapato de Cisneros. Venice, 1756; Muratori. Modena 1762; Bodoni, Parma, 1804; Pisa (portrait by Morghen), 1805; Marsand, Padua, 1819-20; variorum notes, Padua, 1837; Leopardi, 1847; Miniature Ed., Pickering. London, 1822. Microscopic Ed., Ongania, Venice, 1879. This bibliographical curiosity is dedicated to Veludo, a Petrarchesque scholar, and the Librarian of St. Mark's. where Petrarch in his old age deposited his books. *Other Works.*—Griseldis. Cologne, 1470, Secretum, Strasburg (*n. d.*), first edition, De Vita Solitaria, Strasburg (*n. d.*), Triumphi, Parma, 1473; Glicino, Vicenza, 1474; Omnia Opera, Basil, 1481-96. Lives of the Popes and Emperors, Florence, 1478; Book of Famous Men, Verona, 1476. Bucolics, Da Imola, Venice, 1516. *Omnia Opera.* Basil Edition (Latin and Italian). 1554-81. Geneva, 1601.

III.—BIOGRAPHY.—Villani, Vergerio, the two Aretinos, Polintono, Manetti; all of whom, Campbell says, were more eulogists than anything else. Squarciafico; Velutello; Lelio dei Lei (the descendant of Petrarch's friend); Niccolini; Gesualdo (Gesualdo's Life is the first definite recital of the biographical facts of Petrarch's career); Beccadelli; Tommasini; Muratori; Bimard; Bandini; De Sade, 1764; Arnaud; Mehus; Baldelli; LEVATI; Marsand; Guinguéné; Menage, 1690; Niceron, 1734. Mézières, 1868; Quinet, 1857; Planche, Revue des Deux Mondes, June, 1847; Gazzera, Turin Academy of Science; Meinart, 1794; BIBLIOGRAPHY, Rosetti, Trieste, 1828. Romance: Petrarque et Laure, Madame de Genlis, London, 1819.

IV.—ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.—Howard, Earl of Surrey; Drummond of Hawthornden; Sir Thomas Wyat, the elder (See Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ). Wyat is mentioned by Tennyson in his Queen Mary. Tryumphes of Fraunces Petrarcke, by Henry Parker, Knyght, Lord Morley, London, John Cawood (4to), *n. d.*, 52 leaves; only four copies known. Phisicke against Fortune, Thomas Twyne, 1579. Visions of Petrarch, by Edmund Spenser. Triumphs, by Mrs. Anna Hume, Edinburgh, 1644. Seaven Penitential Psalmes, Geo. Chapman. 1612. (Very scarce. See Collin's Bibliographical account of Early Eng. Lit.) Life of Petrarch (with some translations), Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee), 1810. Sonnets and Triumphs, by Geo. Henderson, 1803. Triumphs, Rev. Henry Boyd, 1807. Selections, by the Translator of Catullus (Nott), 1808. Sonnets, Wrangham, 1817. Sonnets, Lord Charlemont, Dublin, 1822. Translations, Barbarina Wilmot (Lady Dacre), 1836. Lady Dacre is one of the sweetest of all modern translators. Sonnets, Susan Wollaston, 1841. Odes, by Macgregor, 1851. Bohn's Illustrated Library, 1859, containing Campbell's Life (abridged) and selections of happy English translations of all the Tuscan poems.

V.—ENGLISH BIOGRAPHIES, SKETCHES, AND ESSAYS.—Gibbon, Decline and Fall, chapter LXX. It is easy to know, from Gibbon's treatment of Laura, that he must have met with failure in his own love affairs. Susannah Dobson, 1775. There is an extremely grotesque plate as a frontispiece.

Penrose, sketch, 1790. Sir Wm. Jones. The poet-jurist calls attention to the possibility that the Italian Sonnet must seek its origin in Persian poetry. Foscolo, Essays (also No. 48 of Quarterly), 1823. Montgomery, Lives of Literary Men of Italy, 1835. Thos. Campbell, 1841. Campbell's Life is a very creditable piece of biography. Alger, 1867. Brydges (Imaginative Biography), 1820. Buckley (Dawning of Genius). Delepierre (Historical difficulties). Greene (Historical Studies), 1850. Macaulay, Later Essays. Mrs. Shelley. Reeve, (1878); Fraser's Magazine, Vol. LXIV.; Macmillan's (Miss C. M. Phillimore), Vol. XXVIII.; Contemporary Review, 1874 (July); Athenæum. July, 1874. It may be well to remind the reader that in 1874 there were commemorative festivals held in honor of the poet. Nat. Q. Review, June, 1873. Mrs. Jameson (Loves of the Poets); Landor (Imaginary Conversations). Higginson in the Atlantic, 1867, Sunshine and Petrarch. Longfellow, Poets and Poetry of Europe. Byron's Childe Harold, Canto IV., and the notes thereto, contain some matters of interest to the student of Petrarch.

T. H. REARDEN.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The news of Mr. Longfellow's death was felt throughout the country as the shock of a personal bereavement. We knew that he was mortal, yet we did not realize but that we should still from time to time be having, as we had been having for so many years, some fresh and beautiful poem from his hand. There was never before in all the course of history a poet so honored by world-wide reverence and affection during his own life-time. It is doubtful, indeed, if there ever before was a man, poet or otherwise, that in his own day had come so close to so many thousands of hearts, young and old. "Longfellow," as we all who were at a distance called him, with that odd, affectionate discourtesy of phrase which we use toward the greatest men, and which only implies the profoundest admiration and respect—the name has stood for everything that was tender and beautiful in poetry; and for years and years the very household feelings of our hearts have found their natural expression in his words. The common sights of nature—flowers and meadow grass, the rain and sunshine, the clear brooks, the woods, the clouds, the stars—we have seen them through his eyes. Not a familiar relation of life—childhood or fatherhood, boyhood or maidenhood, or old age—the great experiences, birth, sorrow, delight, death, love, and friendship that is the golden half of love—none but have come differently and more truthfully to our apprehension because of his thought or his feeling about them. It is hard to realize that from him to us nothing more will ever come.

The few chief milestones of the poet's life are almost too well known to need to be noted here. It was by no means an eventful career, as that word goes; for it was without those remarkable or astonishing incidents that are commonly accounted events. But it was in reality all one great and memorable event: the living of a scholarly, humane, and manly life, beautiful and beneficent in every way. It would, indeed, be difficult to point to a life more nearly the ideal one for a man of letters, than his: a life "unhasting, unresting," active yet serene, in the world but not of the world, and unvexed with worldly cares; the tranquil years of a poet surrounded with books and friends, nowise spoiled by world-wide praise and the loving reverence of two whole generations, but growing mellower and larger-hearted and more perfectly a poet even into what most men count as old age.

He was born in Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807: he died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., in the afternoon of March 24th, 1882. Graduating at Bowdoin College at the age of eighteen (in the same class with Hawthorne), he began the study of law in his father's office in Portland, but almost immediately received from his own college the appointment to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature. The appointment was given with the liberal opportunity of preliminary travel and study abroad: the next three or four years, therefore, were spent in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, and in 1830 he undertook the work of his chair. In 1835 he accepted the professorship of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard, the duties of which, again after an

interval of travel in Europe, he entered upon the following year, and fulfilled until his resignation in 1854. Up to the time of his death he continued to live in Cambridge, in the old historic Craigie mansion, in whose "Washington chamber" he had come to room as a young professor, and which afterward became his own; the pleasant home of his whole literary life, and the Mecca of many a pious pilgrimage in later years.

Mr. Longfellow's earliest publication was in connection with his professorship of the Modern Languages: a translation of L'Homond's French grammar, which appeared in 1830. His first original contribution to prose literature was an essay in the "North American Review" for April, 1831, on the History of the French Language. But his first characteristic production in prose was contributed to the "North American" for January, 1832; nominally a review of Sidney's "Defense of Poetry," but really a strong plea for the literary art in this wealth-loving country; once more for the third time a "Defense" of the art by one who was to rank among its highest names.

In 1835 he published a volume of pleasant sketches of travel under the title "Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea"; and in 1839, "Hyperion," which is also, in the warp, a collection of foreign sketches, though the woof is a romantic tale. These, besides some early review articles, and that valuable volume of translations with introductions and biographical sketches, entitled "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," constitute his all too few prose writings. As in the case of many others, notably of Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, the prose of the poet is almost forgotten. When the plant has blossomed, we do not think to look at the leaves. So that it is not surprising that these early prose works of Mr. Longfellow, charming as they are in style, should be lost sight of in the brighter renown of his poetry.

As has been the case with several other eminent poets, his first published volume of verse was made up of translations: notably that of "Coplas de Manrique" from the Spanish. The first volume of his own original poems was the "Voices of the Night," which appeared in 1839, when he was now over thirty years of age; he was certainly in no haste to claim his seat among the poets. This little volume contained (besides a cluster of "Earlier Poems," most of which belonged to college days) eight short poems. Among them are five which are perhaps the best known and most universally treasured of all his productions: the "Footsteps of Angels," "Flowers," "The Light of Stars," "The Reaper," and "A Psalm of Life." Nothing can more perfectly illustrate that vexatious trick of the human understanding, its tendency to lose all effective grasp of a thing that has once become very familiar, than the fate of this last poem. It is said that familiarity breeds contempt: of people, it may; but of poems, it rather breeds ignorance, or at least misunderstanding. Indeed, even of people, provided they are near to us or of one's own household, the same thing is too often true. It is the strongest argument against the reading aloud of the Bible, or of the best poetry of any age, in the lower schools, that one never can read back into the lines the meaning that has been so effectually read out of them there. There are doubtless many persons who know the Psalm of Life by heart, and yet could not tell why it should be called a Psalm, nor why a Psalm of Life, nor what either one of the last two lines of the first stanza means. The same thing is true of the thought, the beautiful imagery, the delicate feeling, of many a well-known passage (in Evangeline, for instance). With regard to such familiar things, "ignorance includes itself," and the careless reader does not even recognize that there was anything to be known. Perhaps, now that this great poet has gone from us, though the "critics" will still go on with their patronizing tone for what very likely they have never really read, the true lovers of poetry will turn for an hour from trying to puzzle out the cabalistic poets that sometimes utter no oracle, and will take down their "Longfellow" and read him anew; with the mind as well as with the eye and ear. In that clear azure

they will not fail to breathe an atmosphere of pure feeling and wise and meditative thought.

"Pure feeling"—what does that mean but feeling that is clear of the murky "smoke of this low earth," the mists that rise from the flesh and cloud the spirit. And there never was a poet of whom it could be more truly said, that in all his works there is not a breath, not the faintest hint or suggestion of any feelings but such as clarify and enlighten—not blur and sully, the intellect.

In the "Voices of the Night" there are two other poems even more beautiful than those the children learn by heart. Let one have freshly come from reading King Lear, and, loitering in some great autumnal field, or on the flanks of a hill by the skirts of winter woods, let him read or remember the Midnight Mass for the Dying Year, and he will feel how a little poem may after all be a great one. And the Hymn to the Night—have its simple words meant to us all that they really mean?—those "sounds of sorrow," borne on every wind from all the troubled lives of all time, and "of delight," for the strain never misses of that, too:—those "haunted chambers of the night," filled with what haunting shapes—hopes and dreams and regret, and the things that are lost, and the things that never were found: and in what sense haunting the "night" alone?—not the daytime, for the daylight shows us nothing that links us with the past; these flowers at our feet are only of to-day, these trees waved not here very long ago, even yonder hills have been touched with change; but when the earth is dark, there in the night-sky are Orion and the Pleiades, as Abraham saw them, and as Homer held them mapped and unforgotten in his blind brain:—then,

> "O, holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
> What man has borne before!"

not merely the thing that man has borne, but because he has borne it, and because he has forever borne it: so—

> "From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
> My spirit drank repose;
> The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
> From those deep cisterns flows."

In 1841 the Poet's second collection of verse appeared, under the title of "Ballads and Other Poems," among them "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," and other well-known names. Then followed, year by year, the successive volumes that are now so familiar to us. Some readers may be glad of a memorandum of their dates of publication:

1842. Poems on Slavery.
1843. The Spanish Student.
1846. The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems.
1847. Evangeline.
1849. Kavanagh: A tale [Prose].
1850. The Seaside and the Fireside.
1851. The Golden Legend.
1855. The Song of Hiawatha.
1858. The Courtship of Miles Standish.
1863. Tales of a Wayside Inn.
1867. Flower de Luce.
1868. New England Tragedies.
1867–70. Dante's Divina Commedia.
1872. The Divine Tragedy.
1872. Three Books of Song.
1874. Aftermath.
1875. The Masque of Pandora, and Other Poems.
1878. Keramos, and Other Poems.
1880. Ultima Thule.

Mr. Longfellow has given the world a generous amount of poetry; but no famous poet has ever included so little that was crude or unfinished: there has been no occasion for him to revise by exclusion. No poet has ever seemed to understand so well "what to leave in the inkstand." Some persons have expressed surprise that there were subjects which he never touched; but there is certainly a greatness in refraining. Nothing is more remarkable in him than this exquisite reticence. It is a time, and we might blush for it, when this quality in a writer of verse seems wonderful. It is a comfort that at least our greatest men somehow have the greatest good-breeding, in the best English-speaking sense of that phrase: the self-restraint that is not self-constraint; the silent conviction that some things go without saying; the taking it for granted that there are things even in common human experience that are not to be celebrated with the cornet and trombone. Our great Poet, as we see him in his works,

seems to stand as the best type of our English-American civilization: a man cultured and refined not only, but by nature and instinct fine, delicate yet robust, sensitive yet strong, frank yet reserved, the best of the woman and the best of man in one.

And there is in him that other well-bred quality—I will not say of great poets, but of the very greatest poets: that his is never the poetry of egotism; he never expresses sorrow or joy as merely his own personal experience. The small poet speaks to us his pain and his delight: the great poet speaks for us our pain and delight. The small poet begs for himself our pity or our worship: the great poet makes us pity all suffering creatures, and makes us worship the true greatness that is in the world outside the little world of self.

What secret charm is it that makes us all set such a value on even the least of these poems of Longfellow? These little glimpses of nature—the "fragrant sheaves of the wheat" that "made the air above them sweet," the "twisted brooks," "the broad and fiery street," the "cool breath of each little pool," the "clover-scented gale," the patient oxen's "large and lustrous eyes," the "morning in June, with all its music and sunshine," the dawn-wind as it touches "the wood-bird's folded wing": why do we care for them so little in the fact, and so much in the poem? Because these colors and odors of nature are nothing in the world to us except as interfused with man's vital experience; nor anything to us if linked only with the ignoble frets and vexations of our common clay; it is only when they are touched by the finer perception and the more significant experience of a great and pure mind, that they become to us of imperishable beauty. Alphonse Karr, in his delightful "Tour Round My Garden," tells of playing a friendly trick on the wayfarer by having grafted choice fruits on the wild stocks in the forest, and sown seeds of rare flowers along the highway: so our Poet has grafted a beautiful thought on many an every-day experience, and sown delicate feelings in the common ways of daily life. We, too, can now see in the sweeping phantoms of the rain "Aquarius old, walking the fenceless fields of air," and we "can behold things manifold"; to us, also,

> "All houses wherein men have lived and died
> Are haunted houses":

and sitting some day in our garden with his poems, we can forget "life's endless toil and endeavor," we can be quit of its "restless, unsatisfied longing," and see and feel devoutly the "perfect day" that is the "gift of God,"—

> "Whereon it is enough for me,
> Not to be doing, but to be!
>
> "Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
> The snow-flakes of the cherry blooms!
> Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
> The fiery blossoms of the peach!
>
> "O Life and Love! O happy throng
> Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
> O heart of man! canst thou not be
> Blithe as the air is, and as free?"

What a cheerfulness, as of very sunshine, in these poems! What a pure religious spirit in them, in that true meaning of the word, that "religion" which can never fail good men, the sense of something greater than self, and worthy of all labor and self-forgetfulness. And if one must make comparison concerning greatness in art, is it not greater to have expressed peace of mind—not the calm of inertness, but the calm of cheerful activity—in clear and simple words, than to have expressed in ponderous and enigmatical phrases the intellectual fever that is the disease of this century?

> "The clashing of creeds, and the strife
> Of the many beliefs, that in vain
> Perplex man's heart and brain,
> Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
> When the breath of God upheaves
> The boughs of the Tree of Life,
> And they subside again!
> And I remember still
> The words, and from whom they came,
> Not he that repeateth the name,
> But he that doeth the will."

We can never quite free ourselves from the inveterate delusion that the men of the

remote past were the great men; nor is this besetting conviction wholly unfortunate. It is well enough that the test of time should after all be accounted the most reliable test: it is better than the "lo, here!" and "lo, there!" of the easily captivated multitude. But one need not always keep himself blindfold to the fact—consistent, too, with antecedent probability, that there have been few men who, on the whole, were greater than the greatest ones of our own day. Yet, after all, these comparisons of men with men are futile enough. Every man of genius is himself, and two great poets are no more comparable than "noon and an apple." Only, it is something to be justified, in one's own mind, for feeling more than common love and gratitude toward certain fellow-citizens of our time, such as one would never be blamed for feeling toward one of the great Grecians or the great Elizabethans.

It was a notion which shallow writers could easily make us believe when we were boys, that the men of genius were men of irregular lives. There has been, indeed, a certain truth in it at periods when morality, and especially the minor morality of social propriety, consisted in false conventions and artificial rules: the man of original power sometimes broke them for very freedom's sake; but since civilized society has come so far as to the nineteenth century, when social restrictions and moral restrictions are the best helps to real freedom, when the law is liberty, the man of genius—and just because he loves freedom—is the very one who is capable of obedience. We have come to see that the great man is not the queer man, not the jackanapes who comes displaying himself in anachronistic garments or other conspicuous eccentricity, not the one-sided man, but on the contrary the completest man on all sides. It is not the only indication that our newish civilization is getting toward the point that Greece attained, that we begin to see, with Plato, how he who knows the most and feels the most will live the most beautiful and manly life. It is a great thing that we have had such lives among us as that of our Poet; that our young people may see for themselves, beyond all theories, how genius is no monstrosity, no sour self-lover—"a bitter heart that bides its time and bites," does not come sounding the trumpet before it of some well-advertised folly or vice, does not whine or sulk like a spoiled child; but is simply the sanest of cheerful, wholesome, and helpful men. It is for the lives of such men of genius that we are grateful, as well as for their works; as the Poet sang of the children, so we say of the memories of such men:

> "Ye are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said;
> For ye are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead."

What a fortunate life was his, in every respect! To have been world-known, and yet to have been free, not only from any least breath of reproach or slander, but even from the faintest utterance of unfriendliness: to have had a name so honored and a fame so high above that of other men as to have escaped even the small malice of envy. In every way, except for one single blow of private sorrow, a most prosperous life: gifted with a lovely spirit and a wise mind, with a heart that had the secret of perpetual youth, beloved and revered by every one, and in his death not divided from those whom he held dearest; for some were about his bedside, and some were beyond to welcome him there—when was ever the kindly earth more benignant to one of her children?

His poetry is so simple and so perfect that we have hardly thought to be grateful for it: we have all along taken it for granted as we take for granted the air and the sunshine. The perfect artist gets but little praise for skill. But now that he has passed away we might think for a moment what he has done for us. During the whole life-time of some of us this clear brook has been running by the wayside, always fresh and always bright and pure as from the rock-crystals and snow-crystals of the highest peaks: it has been singing to us of the beauty of the world, of the loveliness of childhood, of the solemnity of age, of the grandeur of manly and womanly lives, of the

strength of faithful love. What is there in our mingled human nature that is high and pure that our Poet has not fostered in us; what memorable one of all our human experiences that he has not touched to a finer significance, as if half divine? And if our children have grown up, in the rude surroundings of our school democracies, unashamed of their better natures, unhardened and unroughened by coarseness, who can tell how much of it is due to the gentle presence of his poems in their hearts?

Yet there are many who will never understand that he was a great poet. The clear sanity of every faculty, the quiet health of imagination and emotion, the "understanding heart," and its melodious utterance in perfect music—there are enough who will never care for these or count them as remarkable. Nor is it necessary that they should. It was the last thing that the Poet would have wished, to have a noise made about him. It was enough for him that the thoughts of his heart should sink silently into the minds of men, as the rain falls in the grass in summer, and that the world of little children, and grown men and women, and old people, should for all time be the happier and better for what he wrote.

He has written something for every mood, but now it is only natural that we should turn to those poems of his—less read heretofore, it may be, than others—that breathe a solemn tone. For in spite of one's self it is that mood that falls upon the mind in speaking of him. To many thousands of us, whether or not we ever saw him, or touched his hand, or heard his living voice, he was a loved and honored friend: in literal truth we loved him, and it makes the whole earth seem a little different and more lonely when we realize that he is no longer here. And we linger now over such poems of his as the sonnet to his friend, Charles Sumner:

> "Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
> Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
> That are no more, and shall no more return.
> Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
> I stay a little longer, as one stays
> To cover up the embers that still burn."

And looking eastward across the continent, as he looked eastward upon the ocean, we echo his lament:—

> "Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
> Are busy with their trivial affairs,
> Having and holding? Why, when thou had'st read
> Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
> Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
> Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

After all our science and our philosophy, "what know we nobler than the soul," and what better thing is there for us to do than to try to understand the words that a wise and loving soul has uttered, if so we may haply draw nearer to him, not only in what we know and feel, but in what we are? As he of his friend, so it has come that we must repeat of him,

> "Nothing now is left
> But a majestic memory."

Except, indeed, the living presence, the "divine something," that will abide in the words that he has written, and that still will help to keep alive the fading faith in what is possible to man,—

> "The divine
> Something, that shone in them, and made us see
> The archetypal man, and what might be
> The amplitude of Nature's first design."

E. R. Sill.

THE STORY OF THE MIER PRISONERS.

The history of early Texas is one of hardy enterprise, adventure, dangers, and blood. The treaty of Aquala freed Mexico from the yoke of Spain in 1821, and the independent monarchy which succeeded sought to strengthen its possession by the infusion of the more sturdy and progressive element which an immigration from the United States, more especially from the western frontier, would supply. Accordingly, under Iturbide, who was then at the head of the Mexican junto, inducements were offered to invite this immigration. It proved a comparatively slow process, however, and the internal disorders which afflicted Mexico, arising and resulting from the attempt of Iturbide at the establishment of an empire with himself as emperor, his speedy overthrow and abdication, the proclamation of a federal republic somewhat on the plan of the United States, the return from Europe of Iturbide and his execution, the expulsion of the Spaniards and the consequent war with Spain, and the revolution which followed, by which President Guerrero was deposed, had paved the way for Santa Aña to mount to the chair of State. Yet, by 1832 the number of Americans had become so considerable as to form the nucleus of the revolutionary movement which eventually erected Texas into an independent state or republic; thence to become one of the States of the Federal Union, as she now exists. But it was not until after four years of severe trial and hard fighting that Texas wrung from Mexico recognition of her independence, by the capture of Santa Aña himself, at the decisive battle of San Jacinto, in 1836, after which General Sam. Houston made the grievous mistake of restoring his faithless prisoner to liberty, who made such use of it that Texas was again subjected to invasion from Mexico, under cover of renewed claim of ownership, in 1842. Conspicuous among the events of the period during which Texas was fighting for her independence, chronicled in enduring history, are the "fall of the Alamo," in which the famous David Crockett, and hardly less renowned James Bowie, more than ever distinguished themselves by the fierceness of their desperate valor, and the astonishing slaughter of their assailants up to the hour of catastrophe and the moment of death; the victory of San Jacinto; the perfidious conduct of Santa Aña in the massacre of Colonel Fannin and his gallant band of four hundred Texans; the treacherous act of the Mexican General Woll in the massacre of Dawson and his company of brave Texans at San Antonio; the cruelties and terrors imposed upon the Texan prisoners of war who were captured or had surrendered at Santa Fé and at Bexar; and in the savagery practiced upon the Texans who were entrapped, by the fatal blunder of their commander, into the surrender to General Ampudia at Mier, in 1842. It is of this last event this sketch will treat; and the main incidents related are condensed from the narrative of one of the survivors of that disastrous fight and the perils which ensued, who has been a citizen of California for more than thirty years, now a resident of San Francisco, and one of the only two of the "Mier prisoners" known to be in the State or upon the Pacific Coast, Mr. Alfred Laforge, a native of Staten Island, New York; the other being Mr. George W. Trahern, more commonly known as Wash. Train, a native of Mississippi, who has had his home in San Joaquin County, as an extensive ranchero, since 1849. For exact dates, however, the writer is mainly indebted to the interesting history of the Mier campaign, and the chronicle of the prisoners, published in book form by the late General Thomas Jefferson Green, who served as State Senator in the first State

Legislature of California from El Dorado County, and was famous for his old-fashioned, generous hospitality, and the grandeur of his birthday anniversary balls in San Jose, during his term of office, which covered the session of the "Legislature of a thousand drinks."

Upon the second invasion of Texas by the Mexican forces, during the presidency of Santa Aña, and while General Sam. Houston was again the President of Texas, in 1842, General Woll, a French officer in command of the Mexican troops, entered Bexar, but soon evacuated the place. A considerable force of Texans, under General Burleson, pursued him, but while in pursuit, an order was received from President Houston conferring the chief command of the Texas army upon General Somerville, who was less popular among the troops than Burleson, and less expeditious in his movements. The displacement of Burleson and the appointment of Somerville created disaffection accordingly, and this feeling became aggravated by the hesitancy or tardiness of that general in his march towards Laredo, from which he allowed the Mexican force under General Bravo to escape. The Texans had driven the enemy all the way from Matamoras to Tampico, and Colonel Jack Hays (the celebrated Texan ranger, now residing in Alameda County) had exacted contributions from the Mexicans in Laredo. At that point, in consequence of the disaffection which prevailed in the Texan army, the ranks had been reduced from twelve hundred to a little more than three hundred men capable of service, and it was determined that this force should proceed against Mier, a Mexican town on the east bank of the Rio Alcantara, situated upon a bend of the river, so that it was at once a strategic point and a good base of operations. Colonel W. S. Fisher, a Virginian, was placed in command. A portion of the force moved by flotilla down the Rio del Norte, under command of General Green, with Sam. C. Lyon as sailing master. Among the expedition subsequently known to Californians, was Captain Ben. McCullough, sheriff of Sacramento in 1850, who was killed at the head of the Confederate troops at the battle of Pea Ridge, in 1862; and another of subsequent renown as a Texan ranger and desperate fighter was Sam. H. Walker, killed in battle during the Mexican war of 1846–47. December 21st, 1842, the Texan army encamped on the river seven miles below Mier, and Ben. McCullough was sent to look into the town. He ascertained that Canales, the Mexican commander, had that very day evacuated the place, and a forward movement was agreed upon. The Texans accordingly marched ahead and took position on the opposite bank of the river. Requisition was at once made upon the Alcalde of Mier, who procrastinated in order to convey word to the Mexican forces a short distance away, under General Ampudia. December 25th, the Texans crossed the river to enter the town. Sam. Walker and Patrick Lusk were captured in the attempt; but the investment was made. Walker was immediately taken before Ampudia, who questioned him concerning the Texan force and their design, and then asked if the Texans would further pursue his army. Walker's reply was characteristic of the man: "Yes, General, they will pursue you and attack you, even in hell." And the attack was indeed desperately made against a much larger force, in the night, hours before day-dawn, during a drizzling rain, in the midst of the darkness, Captains Reese and Berry to the fore. Berry slipped from the precipitous bank and broke his thigh bone. In the excitement, the Alcalde of Mier, who had been brought into the Texan camp as hostage, managed to escape, and he carried to Ampudia the information by which that Mexican general learned the number and condition of the Texans. Encouraged by learning the comparative paucity of the attacking force, the Mexicans fought desperately, although with much less execution than the Texans. The battle raged furiously on both sides, until noon of the 26th, when a white flag was sent from the Mexican headquarters. Among the prisoners taken by the Mexicans was the Texan surgeon, Dr. Snickerson, and it was by him

the white flag was sent to Colonel Fisher, who had received a painful though not a serious wound during the fight. He brought word from Ampudia that the Mexican force was seventeen hundred strong in the town, and that near by were eight hundred fresh troops, recently from Monterey. Pending the issue of the flag, there came into the Texan camp General de la Vega, Colonels Carasco and Blanco, and Padre de Lire, each of whom wrought upon Colonel Fisher and his officers, to capitulate upon honorable terms in order to spare further bloodshed, and to save themselves and their gallant band from certain slaughter. The total Texan force was two hundred and sixty-one men. In the fight the loss had been ten killed, thirty-three badly wounded, and as many more slightly wounded. The Mexicans had four hundred and thirty killed, two hundred and thirty wounded. Of the Texan officers, Captain W. E. Eastland, Captain William Ryan, and Captain Ewin Cameron protested against surrender, and insisted upon continuing the fight, confident of final success as they were, and indisposed to accept as true the reported strength and reserve force of the Mexicans. Cameron felt that in his own case it would be death in either event, a presentiment to that effect having fully possessed him, and therefore he contented himself with giving his opinion and stating his consciousness of his own fate to his superior officer, and to his comrades, and left it for the command to decide. He was a hardy Scotchman, of lofty courage and undaunted spirit, and had proved himself so terrible a fighter that he was especially feared and hated by Santa Aña and the Mexicans generally. At length, in his wounded condition, with his dead and seriously wounded soldiers about him, stretched upon the ground, Colonel Fisher assented to the terms of the Mexican general, that the Texans should surrender "with all the honor and consideration of prisoners of war," to be treated "with all the consideration which is in accordance with the magnanimous Mexican nation." But the greater portion of his men, who had been averse to the cessation occasioned by the white flag in the first place, and who were more impatient of the negotiations going on, stubbornly resisted the proposition to surrender or capitulate, and declared their determination to renew hostilities and continue the fight until one side or the other should give away from sheer exhaustion or inability further to prosecute it. At this juncture, the presence of the Mexican officers and of Padre de Lire was strenuously denounced as a violation of the rules of war, and for a moment ugly redress was menaced. But the imperative order of Colonel Fisher, accepting the terms of General Ampudia, and directing his command to submit thereto, ceased further discussion and ended the threatened insubordination; although four of the Texan soldiers refused to surrender, and succeeded in making their escape and their way back to Texas.

The articles of capitulation were duly signed December 26th, 1842, and the Texan force at Mier became prisoners of war, their arms were surrendered, the wounded placed in the hospital there, and the sound in body and limb were soon put under guard, *en route* for the City or Mexico, where they were to be held as prisoners of war, honorably treated according to Mexican magnanimity. It proved to be a very scanty pattern of either honor or magnanimity. They were first marched to Matamoras and thence to Camargo, under the supervision of more humane and considerate officers than they afterwards had placed over them; and while their lot was one of hardship and insult from the people on the road, their sufferings were not greatly aggravated by the brutality and insolence and perfidy of their guards and the martinets in charge. At Monterey they were subjected to the disgrace and discomfort of irons, chained in pairs, and in that condition forced to march on the tedious and difficult route selected through such portions of the country as to make them appear all the more as the led captives to grace and swell the importance of the triumph of their captors. By this time they had learned enough of the situation of the Mexican command at Mier, and of Ampudia's

intentions in sending the white flag, to convince them that the surrender had been a fatal folly, and that, had they persisted in the fight, the Mexicans would have abandoned Mier to them, and fled, leaving them to make the most of what could not have failed of serving as an important if not a decisive victory. Stung and galled by this conviction, and every day exasperated and maddened by the indignities and the severity of the discipline to which they were subjected, many of them resolved that at the first fair opportunity they would attempt an escape, and take their chances in making their way back to Texas. At Saltillo they met other Texan prisoners of war in confinement, among whom was Fitzpatrick, a noble and gallant soldier, the son of an Irish country gentleman, who had seen hard service in the British army in Europe, and had emigrated to Texas to aid in the cause of her independence. It is well enough to remark here that shortly afterwards, while escaping from the Mexicans, he was dangerously wounded, and as he lay upon the ground, was lassoed by two of their cavalry, and dragged until death came mercifully to relieve him of further torments and torture. In a few days more the Mier prisoners reached Salado, where Captain Dimmit, one of their number, died. They were confined in the military barracks there and shamefully maltreated. The time for escape had now come, and by preconcerted arrangement the moment was left for Captain Cameron to give the signal of revolt. Their guard consisted of above three hundred troops, of whom the "Red Cap" Company was the most formidable. Cameron chose a favorable moment, and gave the word. Instantly the whole body of Texan prisoners responded to it, by a rush upon their armed guards. Most of them managed in the onset to wrest the muskets and swords from the men and officers, and after a very desperate encounter they gained the victory. Three of their number were killed and five wounded, among whom were Wash. Trahern. The Mexicans lost nine killed, and many more were wounded. Of the whole force of prisoners one hundred and ninety-three got away, and started homeward for Texas, over the mountainous country. They marched for days without food, without protection from the weather, and endured severe hardship and sufferings. Their condition compelled them to exercise the utmost caution, and to distrust the advice and the professions of sympathy of the people they met upon their march and in their wanderings. It was the excess of this caution which at last brought them again to grief and led them from the pathway of safety into the broad highway of detection and recapture. Meeting an English mine-owner of Mexico upon their travel, he warned them against leaving the way upon which he found them to march in another direction, as they seemed inclined. Believing him to be more favorable to the Mexican Government than to themselves, Captain Cameron prevailed upon the party to pursue the forbidden road. It was a woful error of judgment: to Cameron himself it proved subsequently fatal. On the way from which they had been admonished by the Englishman, they came abruptly upon a very superior force of Mexicans, by which they were soon overborne and marched back into their deplorable condition as prisoners of war. On their return to their guards, Colonel Barragan, in charge, ordered them to be shot; but Captain Romano, next in command, upon whom the execution of the savage order devolved, flatly refused to execute it, and warned his superior officer that the honor of General Ampudia, the express commands of Governor Ortega, and the faith of the Mexican Government were involved, as each of these had been pledged and required the safe conduct of the Mier prisoners to the City of Mexico. His humane and honorable course was at length allowed by Barragan to prevail. Of the one hundred and ninety-three who revolted and broke from their guards, three were killed, and one hundred and sixty recaptured. The remainder managed to escape, and nearly all of them returned safely to Texas, again to take up arms for Texan independence. While in the mountains, hiding and escaping,

the main body came near perishing of hunger, and were obliged to kill and eat their horses. Once more as prisoners, and more carefully guarded and rigorously disciplined, they had no alternative except to submit to their fate, and yield to the harshness of their guards. Tied in pairs by rawhides, whipped for breaches of discipline, and forced upon wearisome, long marches, their lot was painful in body, and humiliating as well as maddening. At Mataguala, they were again ironed in couples, and at Quarto Cuingas they were informed of Santa Aña's order that any who disobeyed or were insubordinate should be instantly shot dead. Next came the order for their decimation, but Governor Ortega refused to have anything to do with the bloody mandate. A ready tool was found in Colonel Domingo Huerta, however, and the monstrous ordeal was put in execution.

It was the forming of the prisoners in line, and compelling them to march forward to a jar in which were as many beans as prisoners, every tenth bean a black one, and every drawer of a black bean to be shot immediately after this lottery of life and death; each man thus to be, as it were, condemned to the decision of his own life. The white beans had, by the diabolical arrangement of Huerta, been first placed in the jar, and the seventeen black beans then scattered upon the top, so that the officers, who were first led or forced to the drawing, should be most likely to pick a fatal bean. And to make surer work in the case of of Captain Cameron, he was compelled to be the first to draw. He bravely marched to the dread ordeal, cheerfully remarking: "Well, boys, since it is to be done, we may as well be at it." He drew a white bean, and escaped that time of slaughter. Captain Eastland, who was the first to draw a black bean, said in full tone of usual cool manner: "Death has no terrors for me," and walked to the place assigned to the unfortunate in that awful lottery. Major Cocke drew a black bean. He essayed the joke upon his luck: "Told you so; for I never in my life failed to draw a prize." Henry Whaling drew a black bean, and followed the act with the boast: "They won't make much out of me, for I have killed twenty-five of the yellow-skins in my time; nor shall they cheat me now out of my smoke"; whereupon he coolly lighted that which was indeed his "last cigar." A youth, the youngest save one among the prisoners, named Torry, made a fatal draw. He expressed himself "willing to die," and quietly took his place among the doomed. Este, another of the black-bean seventeen, declared his readiness to suffer death sooner than to undergo imprisonment. Cash, looking upon his black bean, spoke out: "They murdered my brother with the brave Fannin, and now they will murder me; so be it." J. L. Jones held up the fatal token he had drawn, and calmly said he was prepared to meet his fate. Major Durham, with the similar death-warrant in his hand, proclaimed aloud his willingness "to die in the cause of Texas." James Ogden mildly but courageously spoke the simple sentence, "I am prepared," and awaited the end without fear or emotion. Turnbull, a valiant Scot, spoke out: "All I ask is to be shot face to, as a brave man." The soldier's death was not allowed him, nor to any of his comrades. Young Harris, tremulous with passion, but without sign of fear of death, cried out: "Avenge my murder, Texans!" Not one among the seventeen showed dread, or lack of true bravery. Lieutenant Crittenden (a cousin of Colonel Harry I. Thornton of San Francisco) had drawn a white bean. He was unmarried, and he gave it to a comrade who had a wife and children in Texas, and drew again, happily once more to draw a white bean. Captain Eastland was an uncle of Mr. Joseph G. Eastland of San Francisco, a native of Tennessee, and had distinguished himself as one of the noblest spirits and most fearless and accomplished soldiers in the early struggles of Texas against Mexico.

After the drawing, the number who had drawn white beans were marched away from the scene, and the execution of the seventeen proceeded with. They were seated on

a log, with their faces to the wall of the barrack yard, their backs to the firing squad of Mexican soldiers appointed to the murderous work, stationed fifteen paces away; and so clumsily was the shooting performed that several discharges were ordered before death resulted. The victims were thus tortured, their bodies barbarously mangled, and their sufferings prolonged and intensified. Their torn and bloody remains were denied burial, and left a prey to dogs and vultures and buzzards.

March 16th, the anniversary of Andrew Jackson's birthday, the Mier prisoners reached the outskirts of the City of Mexico, where they were kept under strict guard. The American Minister, Waddy Thompson, was besought to interpose in their behalf. He replied to his intercessors that he would be able to serve them to better advantage by holding aloof from them, and by apparent indifference to their condition. The British Minister, Mr. Pakenham, to a similar application, immediately responded by going himself to the prison camp, seeing and talking with the prisoners, and then interposing in their behalf with Santa Aña's Government. To such good purpose did he do this that he procured the release of four of them who were born under the British flag, but had renounced allegiance to that Government, although they were then very glad to seize advantage of the accident of nativity, and among the four was Lieutenant Charles Clark, who was sheriff of Calaveras County from 1853 to 1857. His mother, an American lady, had, after the death of her first husband, Captain Pirnie of the Royal Navy, married an English sea captain named Clark, and Charles, their first-born, first saw the light in Halifax, Nova Scotia. In his infancy his mother had removed to New York, and there taken up her residence; and through her, also, intercession came from the British Minister at Washington, by which, together with the action of Mr. Pakenham, Charley Clark, as he was familiarly known in Texas as well as in California, obtained his release from the Mier prisoner band.

Santa Aña ordered that the Mier prisoners should be marched on foot to the Castle of Perote, one hundred and sixty miles distant, and there incarcerated without definite limit of time until further orders. At Huehuetoca, thirty miles from the City of Mexico, March 25th, 1843, while temporarily camped there, the prisoners were informed that Santa Aña had ordered the immediate execution of Captain Ewin Cameron. The official warrant quickly followed the painful intelligence. Cameron was bravely resigned to his cruel fate. He was at once led to the place of execution. His arms were fastened behind by a cord, but he refused to allow the bandage intended for his eyes to be tied about his head, and declared, in firm, clear voice: "Ewin Cameron has often faced death for the liberty of Texas, and he can do so now." Then having, before his arms were tied, thrown aside his blanket covering and his hat, and opened his hunting shirt to expose his bare breast, he gave, himself, the word to "Fire!" as coolly as though he were ordering the four soldiers to discharge their muskets at an inanimate target, and at the instant received the deadly volley. The soldiers were close enough to make sure and speedy work of it; and Cameron, the bravest of the brave, gave up his immortal spirit. He was a man of towering form, and of Herculean mold, active, agile, and inured to fatigue and hardship, a natural leader of men, of the most even-tempered disposition, cool in every emergency, of surpassing nerve, and was beloved by all. His death is still mourned by his old comrades, and terribly was it avenged in the struggles for Texan independence afterwards, and during the war with Mexico under the presidency of James K. Polk.

The prisoners, upon reaching the Castle of Perote, had their irons, in which they had marched, stricken off, only to have others of much heavier quality and greater discomfort put upon them: twenty pounds of iron chains and gyves to each man; and as a refinement of cruelty and insult combined, some of them were allowed the singular

favor of selecting from the pile before them the particular manacles and chains they were to wear, although there was no perceptible difference in the appearance or weight of any of them. Their prison life was made more unendurable by the toil and servitude to which they were subjected, in the most menial and most degrading of employments inside and outside of the walls. On the long and weary march all the way from Mier to the Castle, they had been subjected to innumerable indignities and outrages by their guards and by the common people. They had been confined in dark and unwholesome dungeons infested by vermin and reeking with filth and offensiveness of every kind, quartered in corrals of unutterable nastiness, crowded into cells nearly as horrible and as insufficient of room and breathing air as the terrible Black Hole of Calcutta, and daily made to stand hatless and motionless in the most public places, with the broiling sun direct upon their burning heads and feverish bodies. Besides all this, they had been swindled or robbed outright of their money and other personal effects of value, by the officers and guards set over them, and even their clothes and shoes had been taken or stolen from them. But the terrors and discipline of prison life in Perote exceeded all they had before suffered and endured, and the wonder is that more of them did not succumb to these by yielding up the ghost or committing self-murder in the paroxysms of their frenzy. The commandant of the Castle, Guzman, was as cruel in nature as he was gross in bulk; and the vile nickname the prisoners applied to him, suggested by the Spanish pronunciation of the first syllable of his surname, was not inappropriately chosen.

The Castle of Perote was a strongly built fortification, covering twenty-six acres of ground, with stone walls eight feet thick, and an outer wall of great strength and hight, surrounding which was a deep, broad moat. It seemed futile to ordinary contemplation to attempt escape from such a prison. But where there's a will there's a way. Taking advantage of his opportunities as an officer, not compelled to labor, and allowed somewhat better treatment than was accorded to the soldiers of the prison band, in taking airing and exercise in the open space within the Castle, General Green had observed the architecture of the gloomy pile, and ascertained the thickness of its walls and other details of use in planning for the desperate attempt himself and ten of his comrades had resolved upon. He had likewise arranged to procure a draught of the Castle and map of the neighborhood, together with guides of routes to be pursued in pushing his way to the sea-coast or to Texas. These obtained, the plan was begun upon. A shaft or hole large enough to admit the body of a man was drilled through the Castle wall, and a rope formed of bits smuggled into the prison at odd times, spliced together, was got ready. It required weeks to accomplish this work; and meantime the utmost vigilance and caution had to be observed, lest the sentinels, the officers, or the prison keepers and jailers should discover the work or detect the toilers in it. Happily, no discovery was made, no detection occurred; but the prisoners were once obliged to abandon much of their boring and digging on account of an unexpected obstruction to their work, owing to an error of calculation.

At last, on the night of July 2nd, 1843, the attempt was made. Every precaution had been duly observed to mislead and blind the officers and jailers, and a happy deliverance crowned the attempt. One of the number, of stout frame, found difficulty in squeezing his way out of the shaft, but finally succeeded. Another was compelled to drop bodily from the hole down into the Castle yard, instead of letting himself down by the rope of many splices, on account of wounds in his hands which disabled him in the grip, but he too was successful. The night was dark, and in every respect favorable to the dangerous undertaking; but the fugitives felt that it was a case of life or death, of liberty or summary execution. The eleven scaled the high outer wall, but in going across the moat one of them sustained

a hurt which prevented him from traveling with expedition. He was soon retaken. Seven others of the eleven were subsequently captured and again immured, fortunate in escaping death as the penalty of their escape. General Green, Dan. D. Hendrie, and Charles K. Reese managed to entirely elude the vigilance of their pursuers and of the Government officers. They kept together, traveled in lonely mountain regions, only at night, and slept or kept in safe refuge during the day. They reached Jalapa one night, and carefully going through the city, found the house of a trusty friend, who concealed and provided for them until their bruised feet were healed and their tired and exhausted bodies were restored to fair condition. He then engaged two brigands, hunted for their own lives by the authorities, to guide and escort them safely to Vera Cruz, where other trusted friends would receive and provide for them. On one occasion nothing except the sagacity and cunning of one of these brigands, an aged Mexican of venerable appearance, saved the three from capture by a party of Mexican officers at a river crossing, and before the officers could cross the stream in the only ferry scow at the place, the honest brigands had safely got their charges over and into a retreat known only to themselves. In due time the brigands delivered the three into the hands of their trusted friend in Vera Cruz, and by him they were harbored and well cared for until passports had been procured for them as Englishmen, and then they took passage for New Orleans on the steamer Petrita, which had before done service in Vanderbilt's opposition lines on the North and East rivers as the Champion. On board the refugees found Dr. Snickerson, who had been released by Ampudia after the capitulation at Mier. General Green was so well known that the captain of the steamer felt it necessary to conceal him while the Mexican revenue officers were searching the vessel just before starting, and for an hour he was hid underneath the boilers, where he endured the intolerable heat until quite exhausted, when, happily, the search was over and he was permitted to crawl from the place of torment and array himself in proper dress, with full liberty of the deck and cabins. In a few days New Orleans was reached, and from that port the fugitives reached Texas without difficulty, again to serve in the struggle for her independence.

One consequence of the escape of Green and his comrades was the more vigilant and stringent discipline over the prisoners of war in Perote Castle. But the fact that the escape had been successful, by even three of the eleven, roused the hope and strengthened the determination of others of their number to try on their own account. It took a long time to make preparation for the attempt, and much more time must necessarily be consumed in again piercing the walls to admit the passage of a man's body through the hole. Six weeks were required for this part of the work. Everything was ready on the evening of March 25th, 1844, more than eight months after the escape of General Green and the two others, and on that night sixteen of the prisoners crawled through the hole before midnight, scaled the outer wall, crossed the moat, and there separated in squads of two or three to make their way back to Texas; as for so large a number to travel in company would be to attract attention and make their recapture a certainty. Alfred Laforge and six others succeeded in escaping into Texas or the United States. Nine of the party were retaken and again imprisoned in Perote Castle until all were released, September 16th of that year, by order of the Mexican Government. Laforge chose for his companion a young man named Wiley Jones. The two adopted the plan maintained by General Green and his comrades, of traveling only by night and resting during the day. They reached Jalapa after suffering great privation from hunger, and were there fortunate enough to find a friend who gave them shelter and food. On one occasion, to escape from the clutches of men upon their track, they adopted the plan of walking backwards for over a mile, and the trick succeeded.

They crept across the National bridge at night; and once they found themselves close upon the hacienda of Santa Aña, which they avoided by a long detour in the midnight darkness. After many days of this tedious and anxious journeying, the two came in sight of Vera Cruz. While sleeping in the chaparral that day they were awakened by a gang of boys, accompanied by dogs, who were pelting them with harmless missiles and trying to set the dogs upon them. By this time they were in pitiful plight: their scanty clothing worn threadbare and ragged, their shoes entirely gone, and the commonest of *sombreros* to cover their heads. Hence they were objects of sport to the youngsters, and the dogs seemed to regard them as fair game. Fearing detection above all else, Laforge and Jones dared make no demonstration toward the boys, and were glad enough to escape the onset by flight. Before they got to the walls of Vera Cruz the two were separated by accident. Laforge waited opportunity to get within the walls. The Mexicans were burning an effigy of the Texan Commodore Moore, because of his exploits in Yucatan waters; and while the scene was going on Laforge noticed three officers in naval uniform, conversing in loud tones in Spanish; but he felt satisfied that one of them was an American. Watching his chance, he managed to speak to this officer unobserved by the two others, and was bidden in friendly voice to follow the officer at a safe distance, so as not to attract notice. He followed on through the city. The officer parted from the others, and led the way to a common-looking place in a quarter where seamen most frequented, and there gave Laforge opportunity to relate his story. The officer was an American in the naval service of Mexico. He gave Laforge money to purchase a becoming suit of clothes, and to supply him food and shelter for a week or more. He found lodgings with a man named Miller, a German, whom he had known years before in Texas. Miller sympathized with him, and Mrs. Miller abundantly provided for his wants; but it was at great risk, for it had happened that the Mexican merchant who had given shelter and supplied money to General Green and his comrades had been discovered through the indiscretion of the grateful trio upon their return to Texas, and the discovery caused such persecution of him by the Mexicans in authority as to break him up in business and ruin him; and a similar misfortune would surely fall upon Laforge's generous protectors in the event of discovery. He showed himself in the streets only at night, therefore, and then in the least public places. One night he was startled though gladdened by the familiar voice of Wiley Jones, who had also made his way into the city without detection, and was in famishing condition. He bade the poor fellow to follow him to a more retired spot, there divided his purse with him, and arranged for another meeting the following night, intending meantime to try and make provision for Jones in the house of his friend Miller. This was arranged, and the two were again chums together; but Wiley was at times very imprudent, and once or twice came very near exposing his own and Laforge's identity to those who would have instantly delivered the pair into the custody of the government. A more alarming danger now threatened them than Jones's imprudence, to put the two on constant watch and fear. An order was issued for the rigid search of the houses of all foreigners in Vera Cruz. As the Millers were from Texas, their house would be subjected to the search, and detection of Laforge and Jones was imminent. But Miller reassured them of his protection, and declared that while he had a roof it should likewise shelter the refugees. Mrs. Miller's tact was equal to the emergency. But the risk was too great to extend its continuance a day longer than absolute necessity warranted, and Laforge was impatient of the constant restraint and peril.

He had tried without avail to ship on board any of the foreign vessels in the harbor, and mainly on one of American ownership. In the harbor were two Mexican war steamers. On one of them, the Montezuma, the chief engineer was the

officer who had supplied Laforge with money and conducted him to safe refuge. He resolved at last to apply for the berth of fireman on the Montezuma. It was a desperate alternative, a bold move—to ship on board a Mexican war vessel and he an escaped prisoner from a Mexican war prison. Still, he chose it in preference to longer tarry in Vera Cruz. Jones determined to try his fortune in less hazardous manner, and the comrades separated, Laforge giving Wiley the only piece of money he had left, an American half-dollar, out of the sum he had received from the engineer. On the day the Montezuma steamed from Vera Cruz harbor, under orders to cruise in the Gulf and upon the Atlantic, Laforge pushed his way on board among a number of the crew, and was accosted by the officer on duty. Explaining that he had shipped as fireman—although he had not been able to do so—he was allowed to make his way below. A sign from the chief engineer was obeyed, and he proceeded to duty. The steamer put to sea. In two weeks, when off Charleston, South Carolina, the commander ordered that she should put into that port for supplies. Laforge heard of the order, and his heart beat violently with the hope of speedy release from his hard task and daily risk of detection. Once inside Charleston harbor, and the steamer at anchor, he was impatient to get ashore and regain his freedom. By the aid of his good friend, the chief engineer, the opportunity soon came. In his hurry of departure in the small boat, as one of the rowers, he forgot his shoes, and was begrimed with the dust and foulness of the coal-bunkers. As he leaped upon the wharf at Charleston, however, he little heeded his bare feet or appearance. Yet caution was still essential. He managed to separate from his brother firemen, and made his way to the quarters of the Texan Consul, to whom he made himself known and related his story. The Consul, a good deal of an aristocrat, and of a fop as well, in his high pride of ginger-bread-and-rose-water dignity, repelled rather than sympathized with him, and gave him neither assistance nor encouragement. Disgusted and incensed, Laforge sought a public house, where he thought kindness would be shown him. He had judged rightly. The bar-keeper proved a friend in need. And as he told his story, a man present, noticing Laforge's bare feet, deliberately pulled off his own boots, and insisted upon the refugee putting them on, as it was at an hour of night when all the stores were closed, and as his own home was close by. Lodging was furnished him that night, and the next day he was amply cared for and supplied with suitable clothing and a purse of money. The Montezuma sailed again in a few days, and he was no longer in fear of arrest or trouble, but felt himself a free man in a free land, among generous and most hospitable friends. The Texan Consul was at length only too glad to make amends for his mean-spirited and contemptuous behavior toward him at first; and as he had still some valuable property in Texas, he found it not difficult to obtain means wherewith to repay his good friends, and leave them tokens of his gratitude, before his departure on his return to Texas, where he continued his residence until he emigrated to California in 1849. For many years he was a leading citizen at Mokelumne Hill, Calaveras County; but since then he has made his home in San Francisco, and is now daily to be seen upon the streets, crippled with rheumatism, as a legacy of his years of adventure, hardship, imprisonment, and suffering in Texas and Mexico, but still bearing the traces of the splendid physique and manly beauty which distinguished him in the prime of life.

It long since became known to the "Mier prisoners" that the surrender of their force to General Ampudia was a fatal blunder and folly; that had they determined upon fighting, Ampudia himself was certain to abandon his position and leave them in possession of the town. But while General de la Vega and the Padre de Lire pressed them to capitulate, Dr. Snickerson neglected to inform them of what he very well knew to be the

intention of Ampudia. One word of it from him would have stopped the negotiations and renewed the fighting that would have given the Texans the victory. Folly and fate, however, ordered otherwise. Of the two hundred and sixty-one who participated in that fight, thirty-five died of the cruelties inflicted by the inhuman officers and guards on the march to Perote Castle; seventeen were murdered by the atrocious order of Santa Aña in the black-bean lottery of death, besides Captain Cameron, afterwards murdered by special order of that despot. Of the number who were left at Mier, sick and wounded in the hospital, six died, and the remainder escaped to Texas. Five were killed in the outbreak upon the guards while on the march, as related above; other five died of fatigue and starvation in the mountains while attempting to escape at that time, and four others, never more heard of, it is supposed similarly perished. Seven of the Perote prisoners were released through the intervention of the American Minister at the City of Mexico; four by the intercession of the British Minister; one by request of General Andrew Jackson; one at the request of John Quincy Adams; and two, father and son, by order of Santa Aña, in consequence of his regard for a younger son and brother whom he had taken into his own household. Nine of the prisoners escaped from the City of Mexico; four from the guards at Salado, and twelve from Perote Castle. All the others were at last released from Perote Castle by the clemency of the Mexican government. But to this day, among the survivors of the brave spirits who fought for Texan independence, the identity of a "Mier prisoner" is an open passport to hospitality and veneration; and there still rankles in Texan breasts the memory of the black-bean lottery massacre, and the desire of just vengeance for the murder of Ewin Cameron.

JAMES O'MEARA.

THE LOST JEANNETTE.

Fair, ice-locked ship, where floateth now
  Thy wraith with phantom sails unfurled?
What spirits o'er thy wretched prow
  Hurl mockery at the waiting world?

Thy shivering spars where Hope's knell rung,
  Does specter sea-gull perch upon?
Aloft in noiseless rigging hung,
  Does false light lure some sailor on?

Or flitting silent up the streams,
  Or down the fisher's hut apast,
What weird light from thy still track gleams
  Till mothers hold their children fast?

Or searchest thou, with cordage taut,
  Along the wild Siberian shore,
For brave hearts who, in thee, had sought
  To add unto the world's great store?

Or frightest thou the polar bear,
  Or basking seal in midnight sun,
Or walrus in his icy lair,
  With sight they ne'er had gazed upon?

Or driftest thou athwart the flame
  Upstreaming from the mighty torch
Wherewith Aurora writes her name
  Upon the earth's great northern porch?

Till blood-red light stains sheets that lull,
  Or on the flaming cordage fret,
While gleams through likeness of thy hull,
  In lines of fire, thy name, "Jeannette";

Where battlements with flame-tipped spire
  Reflect the crimson ice-bound flood,
Till thou dost seem a ship of fire
  Upon a surging sea of blood.

What ancient mariners thy deck
  Pace forth, with steps that give no sound?
What fate impels thee, doomèd wreck,
  To keep for aye thy restless round?

So phantom hopes our life paths trace,
  Which once had cheered the brave, young heart;
For us, as thee, no resting place;
  For them, no voice which says, "Depart."

AMELIA WOODWARD TRUESDELL.

ART AND ARTISTS.

William Keith has recently finished a large picture of Mount Shasta, which many will be inclined to pronounce his best piece of work. It has none of the clap-trap art that is too frequently introduced with theatrical effect into large canvases. Any one who is familiar with the Sierra will recognize the verisimilitude of Mr. Keith's work, and will hail this picture as an evidence that artists are beginning to discard the practice of piling the Himalayas upon the Alps for a Sierra view. The foreground of the "Mount Shasta" could not be better. The sunlight breaks over a little valley that has been sacred to the forests for all time. The broken twigs, the browned pine-needles, the general "scattered" appearance which shows that, after all, Dame Nature is a sloven—all this difficult work is done in a small bit of foreground; or, to put it more strongly, it is not overdone. At a short distance to the right is a small lake. On the left the mountains rise by natural gradations until the chasm is reached which intervenes between them and Shasta in the far background. In this space the separation between the mountains is admirable. There are some excellent cloud effects, and the whole picture is an evidence of that painstaking conscientiousness which has produced such marked results in Mr. Keith's later work.

Mrs. L. E. Keith, who recently died in San Francisco, was an influence in art upon this coast, not only in the effect which her sympathy and

encouragement had upon her husband, but also, in a quiet way, in the original work upon which she herself was occupied. This work was mostly in the line of fruit and flowers, and was conscientious, accurate, and spirited. She made a close study of the flora of California, and her color-sketches of wild flowers, of which she left a number, reproduced with faithfulness, and without exaggeration, the tints which lose so much of their lifelikeness in the hands of most artists. Mrs. Keith made, also, some admirable studies of birds. A finished picture of a "Peacock," now at the art-rooms of Morris and Kennedy, has attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Theodore Wores will shortly place upon exhibition his new picture "The Studio Corner." A young woman in the corner of an artist's studio is disrobing and preparing to pose. She is seated upon an elaborately carved, antique box or chest. Near by is a quaint stand containing flowers. Various ornaments and articles of virtu are grouped in a natural way in the background; and of this part of Mr. Wores's work enough in praise can hardly be said. The rug on the floor, the piece of old-gold-colored cloth on the wall just back of the figure, the vases upon the mantlepiece, the graceful plumes overhead, and the robe thrown carelessly about the semi-nude figure, are all marvels of patient and intelligent elaboration. The figure-piece, the young model disrobed to the waist, is, of course, the most prominent feature in the painting. The flesh tints are admirably done, and the hair falls easily and naturally in a profusion of rich auburn color. The model is slightly bending to adjust the shoe upon the right foot. This attitude brings out the lines of the back in a marked manner, and Mr. Wores is to be congratulated upon the faithfulness of this portion of his effort. Altogether, this painting is as finished a piece of work as the San Francisco public are likely to have a chance to see.

Mr. R. D. Yelland painted, a short time since, a view of Point Bonita from Point Lobos, which showed his powers at their best. A bit of beech, a stretch of reddish brown bluffs, a sky reproduced with marked skill, were prominent features. But, as is not infrequently the case in Mr. Yelland's work, the water was the most noticeable, and showed the artist's keen perception and insight into the ways of waves. Certainly no one upon this Coast has attained greater skill than Mr. Yelland in water pieces. This picture was upon exhibition a few days in San Francisco, and was then sent to New York, where it has been given a prominent position in the National Academy of Design, and has attracted much favorable notice. It is to the credit of the East, and to the infinite discredit of ourselves, that it has come to pass that when our artists paint anything particularly good it finds its best, and indeed only, market away from home.

Mr. Rashen is engaged upon a portrait of Professor John LeConte which is to be presented by the students and alumni of the University of California to their *alma mater*. This painting is to be uniform in size with several now upon the walls of the Assembly Hall, and will be a valuable addition to the art collection which the University is slowly acquiring.

OUTCROPPINGS.

AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

De Amicis in his "Morocco" gives the following amusing description of rural Arab life:

The *duar* is in general made up of ten, fifteen, or twenty families who are related to each other, and each family has a tent. The tents are disposed in two parallel rows, distant from each other about thirty paces, forming thus a sort of square, open at both ends. The tents are almost all of equal size, and consist of one great piece of black or chocolate-brown stuff woven of the fiber of the dwarf palm, and of camel's and goat's hair, which is sustained by two poles, or thick canes, upholding a cross-piece of wood. Their shape is still that of the habitations of Jugurtha's Numidians, which Sallust compares to a boat with its keel in the air. In the winter and autumn the cloth is stretched to the ground and securely fastened by cords and pegs, so that the wind and water cannot enter. In summer a large aperture is left all round, for the circulation of air, protected by a little hedge of reeds, canes, and dried brambles. By these means the tents are cooler in summer, and better closed against the rain and wind, than even the Moorish houses in the cities, which have neither doors nor windows.

The greatest hight of a tent is two meters and a half; the greatest length ten meters. Those that exceed these measurements belong to some opulent sheik, and are rare. A reed partition divides the tent into two parts, in one of which the father and mother sleep, while the other is occupied by the children and the rest of the family.

One or two straw mats; a gaily painted and arabesqued wooden chest for clothes; a little round mirror from Trieste or Venice; a high tripod made of cane, which is covered with a *caic*, under which they wash themselves; two large stones for grinding grain; a weaver's loom, such as was in use in Abraham's time; a rusty tin lamp; a few earthen jars; a goat skin or two; a plate or two; a distaff; a saddle; a musket; a poniard—comprise the furniture of such a tent. In a corner there is generally a hen with her brood of chickens; in front of the tent door an oven, composed of two bricks; on one side a little kitchen-garden; beyond, two or three round pits lined with stones and cement, in which they keep their corn.

In almost all of the great *duars* there is a tent appropriated to the school-master, who receives from the community five francs a month and his food. All the little boys are sent to him to recite a hundred thousand times the same verses from the Koran, and to write them, when they know them by heart, upon a wooden tablet. The greater part of them leave school before they know how to read, to go and work for their parents, forgetting in a short time the little they have learned. The few who have the will and power to study continue until twenty years of age, after which they go to some city to complete their studies, and become *taleb*, which signifies notary or scrivener, and is equivalent to being a priest; because among the Mahometans the civil and religious law is identical.

Life in the *duar* is of the utmost simplicity. Everybody rises at dawn. They say their prayers; feed the cows; make the butter, and drink the buttermilk that remains. For drinking vessels they make use of shells and *patelle*, which they buy from the people of the coast. Then the men go to labor in the fields, and do not return until evening. The women fetch wood and water, grind the corn, weave the coarse stuffs of their own and their husband's dress, twist cords for the tents out of the fiber of the dwarf palm, send food to their husbands, and prepare the *cuscussu* for the evening meal. The *cuscussu* is a mixture of beans, squash, onions, and other green stuff; sometimes it is sweetened, peppered, and flavored with the juice of meat. On feast-days it is eaten with meat. When the men come home there is supper; and, in general, bed at sundown. Sometimes after supper an old man will tell a story in the midst of a circle of listeners. During the night the *duar* remains immersed in silence and darkness; here and there a family will keep a small lamp burning before the tent, to serve as a guide to wandering travelers.

The dress of the men and women consists of a cotton shirt, a mantle, and a coarse *caic*. The mantles and *caics* are only washed two or three times a year, on occasion of solemn festivals, and in consequence, they are generally of the same color as the wearer's skin, and often blacker. The cleanliness of the body is better cared for, since without the ablutions prescribed by the Koran, no one can pray. The women, for the most part, wash all over every morning, hiding themselves under the tripod covered by a *caic*. But working as they do, and sleeping as they sleep, they are always dirty, more or less, even although, for a wonder, they make use of soap. In their leisure hours many play at cards; and when not playing, one great amusement of the men is to lie on the ground and play with their children, for whom, however, they care less when they get older.

The principal event in these wandering villages is a marriage. The parents and friends of the bride, with a great noise of firing of muskets and shouting, bring her, seated on a camel, to the husband's *duar*. She is wrapped in a white or blue mantle, perfumed, with her nails tinted with henna, and her eyebrows tinted with burnt cork, and is generally fattened for the occasion by the use of an herb called *ebba*, much in vogue among young girls. The husband's *duar*, meanwhile, has invited her neighboring *duars* to the festival, and from a hundred to two hundred men, mounted and armed, respond to the invitation. The bride dismounts from the camel before the door of her husband's tent, and seated on a seat decorated with flowers and fringes, looks on at the festival, whilst the men go through the *powder play*, the women and girls, disposed in a circle before her, dance to the music of a fife and drum, around a cloth spread upon the ground, into which every guest in passing throws a coin for the newly married pair, and a sort of crier announces the amount of the offering in a loud voice, with good wishes for the donor. Toward evening the dancing and firing is over, every one sits down on the ground, and great dishes of *cuscussu*, roast chickens, sheep on the spit, tea, sweetmeats, and fruits are carried round, the supper being prolonged up to midnight.

The next day, the bride, dressed in white, with a red scarf bound over her mouth, and a hood upon her head, goes, accompanied by her friends and relations, to the neighboring *duars* to collect more money. This done, the husband goes back to his labor, the wife to hers, and love takes to flight. When any one dies, the dances are repeated. The relations nearest the defunct record his virtues; the rest crowd about him, dance with gestures and attitudes of grief, cover themselves with dust, tear their hair and scratch their faces. After which they wash the corpse, wrap it in a piece of new cloth, carry it on a bier to the cemetery, and bury it, lying on the side, with its face turned to the east.

A clergyman was traveling through the Humboldt Mountains with an old miner. Said the miner, "Do you really believe that God made the world in six days?" "Of course I do." "Well, don't you think,' returned the miner, "that he might have put in one more day to advantage right around here?"

MY FLEET.

My ships float out on every sea,
Of Faith, of Love, of Memory;
On Fancy's golden, flower-strown tide,
On Hope's deep waters calmly ride
My fleet.

My ships float out, neath every sky;
In every clime their strong sails try
The wind's rude blasts, or breezes sweet.
Tossed by the winds mid fields of ice,
Or fanned by breeze of Paradise,
With sails full-set and rudder free,
The swelling bosom of the sea
Bears on and ever on my fleet—
Bears on my fleet.

Some float by Memory's cherished shore,
And watch the freight of days of yore;
Where loved one's kiss and oft-heard prayer
Still breathe their incense on the air.
Sail on, my fleet!

And gathering flowers of pure degree,
Whose perfume ever strengthens me,
On Hope's unmoved and buoyant breast,
Unfearing storm, at anchor rest
My fleet.

On Fancy's gayly painted waves,
Whose liquid beauty lightly laves
The half-seen shores of *what might be*,
Are clustered there, unguided, free,
My fleet.

My ships go down on every tide,
By beetling crag or meadow-side,
By Faith's false shore, Love's fickle light,
Fancy's bright tinsel drawn from sight,
Go down my fleet.

Still lives my fleet, Hope ever bears,
Unharmed by storm through changing years,
My cherished barks; and sends to me
Consoling treasures from the sea.
Still live, my fleet!

GEOFFREY GEROME.

A pastor of a village church adopted a plan to interest the members of his flock in Bible study. It was this: At the Wednesday evening meeting he would announce the topic to be discussed on the ensuing week, thus giving a week for preparation. One evening the subject was St. Paul. After the preliminary devotional exercises the pastor called on one of the deacons to "speak to the question." He immediately arose, and began to describe the personal appearance of the great apostle to the Gentiles. He said St. Paul was a tall, rather spare man, with black hair and eyes, dark complexion, bilious temperament, etc. His picture of Paul was a faithful portrait of himself. He sat down, and another prominent member arose and said, "I think the brother preceding me has read the Scriptures to little purpose if his description of St. Paul is a sample of his Bible knowledge. St. Paul was, as I understand it, a rather short, thick-set man, with sandy hair, gray eyes, florid complexion, and a nervous, sanguine temperament"; giving, like his predecessor, an accurate picture of himself. He was followed by another who had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and who was withal an inveterate stammerer. He said: "My bro-bro-brethren, I have never fo-found in my Bi-ble much about the p-personal appe-perance of St. P-p-paul. But one thing is clearly established, and tha-that is, St. P-p-paul had an imp-p-pediment to his speech."

No doubt the most genuine and grateful rewards which authors have received were those which came to them as surprises, or in overheard responses, unbidden and natural, from the common heart of humanity. Bernard Barton ends a letter descriptive of a village girl's funeral, with telling how the clergyman, at the close of the service, stated that by her wish, a little hymn, which was a great favorite with her, would be sung beside her open grave by the school children. "I thought they could never have found tongues, poor things; but once set off, they sang like a little band of cherubs. I was much moved on finding that it was a little, almost forgotten hymn of my own, written years ago, which no one present but myself was at all aware of."

There is a story of an American who lost his way in the vain attempt to discover the residence of Wordsworth. Meeting an old woman in a scarlet cloak who was gathering sticks, he asked her the way to Rydal Mount. She could not tell him.

"Not know," said the American, "the house of the great Wordsworth?"

"No; what was he great in? Was he a preacher or a doctor?"

"Greater than any preacher or doctor—he is a poet."

"Oh! the poet!" she replied. "And why didn't you tell me that before? I know who you mean now. I often meet him in the woods, jabbering his pottery to hisself. But I'm not afraid of him; he's quite harmless, and almost as sensible as you or me."

Among the companions of Reynolds when he was studying his art at Rome, was a fellow-pupil of the name of Astley. They made an excursion with some others on a sultry day, and all except Astley took off their coats. After several taunts, he was persuaded to do the same, and displayed on the back of his waistcoat a foaming waterfall. Distress had compelled him to patch his clothes with one of his own landscapes.

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THE TWO REDWOODS.

After making the rounds of the usual points of interest in California—Yosemite, the Calaveras Big Trees, the Mariposa Grove, the Geysers, Monterey—the tourist who has come to the Pacific Coast with ample time at his disposal may find some days at his command, while waiting for the China or Australian steamer. Not having, most likely, time enough to take an up-coast trip, the query arises, Where can one go to pass two or three days to advantage, and still be within easy and speedy reach of San Francisco? For the benefit of those strangers visiting California who would enjoy a short and instructive tour, we answer, the Redwoods.

The tourist will have optional with himself the choice of two places easy and speedy of access, Felton and Guerneville. The Felton grove of big trees is within almost immediate reach of the train, and contains many fine trees whose girth varies from twenty to fifty-six feet; but the altitude of the trees is considerably less than that of the Guerneville grove. This latter grove is within three hours' ride of San Francisco, including a swift and pleasant ride upon the bay, to San Rafael, a journey thence by rail through the flourishing inland towns of Petaluma and Santa Rosa, to Fulton, where, after a change of cars and a short ride, the train halts in Guerneville.

One pleasant afternoon in July saw a party, laden with various camping utensils, portfolios, easels, and painting machinery and paraphernalia of all descriptions, *en route* to catch the boat for San Rafael. Safe on board, with, however, scarcely a moment to spare, a prolonged whistle, a tap of the engineer's bell, and we were fairly afloat on the bay. After rounding-to, we steamed swiftly up the bay, passing in review the tiers upon tiers of frame buildings crowning the hillsides of San Francisco, and crossing a line of calm water caused by the island of Alcatraz interposing its flat and tawny bulk to the rush of the incoming tide. A large ship lifts her iron hull high above our station upon the lee guards of the steamer, riding head on to the wind with foresail and all lower top-sails flapping and slatting about in the men's hands; hoarse and faint cries

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from pigmy figures upon her majestic yards attest the difficulty of handling the now bellying now sinking white and heavy duck. The monotony and dullness of such routine work is made apparent to the observer by the equal monotony and dullness of the song of the little gray figures aloft as they secure and stow the sail in its proper place. But all this is soon passed; and the gray and rusted iron monster, tugging uselessly at the great chains which hold it fast after its long and weary voyage over the seemingly limitless seas, gives place to the fading impression of Angel Island, with its brow wreathed in a diadem of fog, which looks like a veil of white tulle thrown about it; and the long roll of the steamer tells us we are crossing the incoming swell from the giant Pacific through the Golden Gate, through which the afternoon fog begins to roll, dull, leaden-gray, and ominous as an approaching cyclone bank. But on, as swift as a deer, goes the steamer, and before we scarcely realize it, artists, party, traps, and et ceteras are landed and bestowed away in the train, and off, and hardly half a dozen breaths taken. Shortly after leaving San Rafael we pass through Petaluma, outside evidences of whose prosperity salute us in the appearance of sundry and divers noisy and dirty hackmen in tall hats with a wide weed about them, as if the whole family of hackmen had gone into affliction and mourning over the loss of some one especially dear to their hearts; also the familiar and impatient rattle of the street-car bell, one of which is drawn up in close proximity to the station, is a speaking evidence of the ambition of the pleasant and thriving-looking little town, that is soon, in accordance with all things, far in the rear—hackmen, hats, street-cars, bells, and all other noises, jangled and out of tune, included. We pass through Santa Rosa, where similar evidences salute us, and soon we leave the junction—Fulton—and are steaming away, over a series of interminable curves and trestles, toward Guerneville. As we follow the Russian River and enter the redwood belt, the scenery becomes picturesque, grand, and wild beyond description. Little by little the tree growth becomes larger and more pronounced; and shortly after, the whistle announces Guerneville. Shouldering traps and luggage of all descriptions, the party start on a tramp of three-fourths of a mile for the big tree flat: now passing monstrous stumps and fallen trunks of this king of trees, and anon gazing upwards at the crown of some monarch more pretentious than its fellows, and then mentally admiring the beauty of the stream that flows silently and sluggishly past on its way to the sea in the west; and so, about dusk, reaching the portals of the woods.

It is impossible for pen to convey or tongue to tell the feeling of shadowy mystery that invites the gazer into the solemn and mighty forests to enter and explore. Little by little the light before begins to pale and dim, and the trunks to grow grander in proportion, the hight vaster, until at last one stands in reverence before the silent and ancient monarchs themselves. It is twilight. No breeze whispers through the branches of these forest gods that climb seemingly to the zenith in their search for space and light. Nothing but the occasional and distant cry of some solitary jay or heron breaks the deathlike stillness of the evening air, as we silently stand and gaze, first upward, and then into these forest depths. All the eloquence that has stirred and electrified the civilized world, from the days of the calm and patient and all-suffering man of Nazareth, fails utterly to hold spell-bound and attentive the *man*, as does the mute appeal of these monsters to the truth, *I am the Lord thy God.* Here is the real sanctuary that visited, in confused but majestic dreams, the grand old builders of the Gothic age, who gave to the world, not a new order, but all orders united, subdued, and overwhelmed in this one.

Passing into the depths of the forest, we soon came to the picnic-ground, where we found booths erected for the shelter, evidently in order of their precedence by the builders, of beast and man.

The next morning, and several others, found our party busily engaged in sketching,

botanizing, hunting and fishing, and in all other sports, labors, and pastimes that are generally considered to make up the sum total of life in the woods. After a sojourn of five days, we returned to San Francisco highly delighted with the trip, and determined to recommend the same to our friends and to tourists in general.

Some of our party, not satisfied with their short experience at Guerneville, took a trip to Mendocino to hunt deer, and see the redwood monsters along the Navarro River, after which we determined to visit the Mariposa grove of sequoias. Taking the usual route *via* Madera, the second evening found us well up in the Sierra, at the "Big Tree Station," formerly "Clark's." The following morning found us on our way to the big tree grove, eight miles south-east of the station, and up. Having had some experience and travel among these giants before, our individual eyes were wide open to catch the first glimpse of a sequoia top. Soon one rewarded the sight, looming up like a vast leafy dome, yet but little way, apparently, above the majestic crowns of the "sugar pines."

This being our first visit to the grove, we were instantly struck with the difference in appearance of its trees from all others we had as yet seen. Heretofore, both in *sempervirens* and *gigantea* groves, the great size of the trees, their bulk and diameter, had not made itself apparent until upon a near approach. But in this grove the trees immediately proclaimed themselves the lords dominant of the forest. More gnarled, broken, older-looking, and badly scarred by fire in many cases, they stood, awing the sight by their vast bulk, as the coast redwoods do by their astonishing hight. We felt the difference of impression between the two species at once. The *gigantea* excited surprise, wonder, and admiration; the *sempervirens*, awe, devotion, and a sense of solitude and vastness which was wanting in this greater grove. After a stay in the woods of some days, we returned to San Francisco, unfitted by our big-tree experiences from ever holding in reverence or awe again the

THE PRIDE OF MENDOCINO. (Drawn by C. D. Robinson. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

stately trees of our youth, the oak, elm, ash, or even the hemlock or the spruce, which had once to our childish imaginings seemed to pierce the clouds. Admire and love our home woods, we might; reverence them again, never.

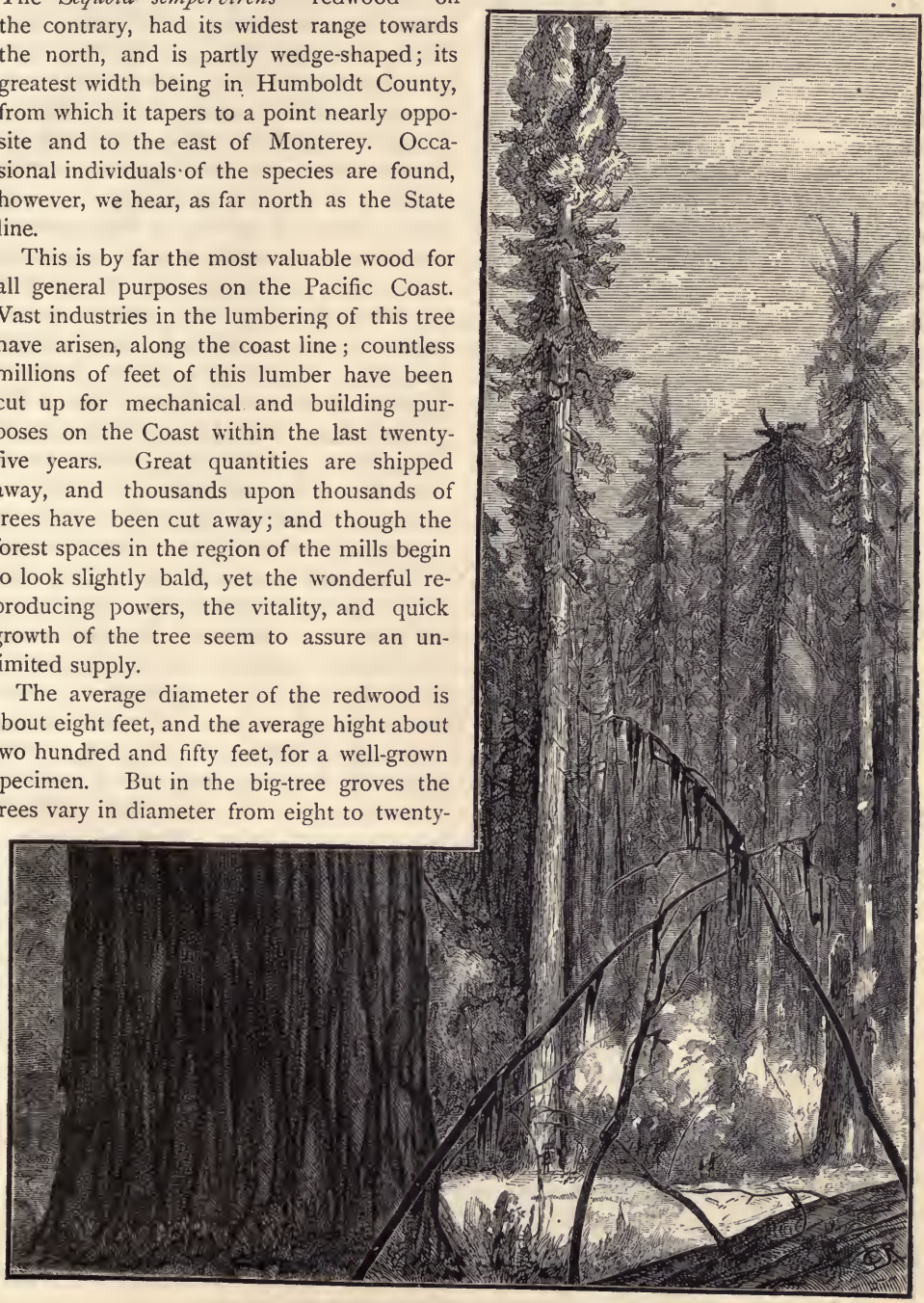
The sequoia family has been divided by botanists into two groups: the *Sequoia gigantea*, or redwood of the Sierra flanks; and the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or redwood of the coast. The history of the discovery of the first group, with all the matter of interest pertaining to the trees, has been clearly told by Mr. J. M. Hutchings, in a valuable "Tourists' Guide to the Yosemite and Big Trees." Suffice it to say that the first of this family of giants was discovered by accident by a hunter, in what is now known as the Calaveras Grove. It was immediately recognized by botanists as a new species of flora, and was successively christened *Washingtonia gigantea*, and, by our English cousins, who had no hand in its discovery, and owned no parts of the lands upon which it unobligingly grew, *Wellingtonia gigantea*. The whole family, both species, finally found a fitting and proper name in Sequoia, after the Indian chief who preferred to give to his countrymen intelligent education rather than war and scalp-locks. He is said to have been the author of the first Indian alphabet. The *Sequoia gigantea*, or big tree proper, attains an average diameter of twenty feet, and hight of two hundred and seventy; whilst the most remarkable individuals of this species in the upper groves of California have some of them attained the diameter of thirty-five feet, and standing hight, we believe, of three hundred and seventy-two feet. The tallest estimated member of this family is the prostrate monster in the Calaveras grove, the Father of the Forest, having a circumference above ground of one hundred and twelve feet, and a traceable hight of four hundred and fifty-two feet. Words would fail to convey an idea of such a vast column of wood, were it upraised again. The twin monster steamers of the P. M. S. S. Co.'s China line, City of Peking and City of Tokio, are each four hundred and twenty-three feet long, and forty-three feet beam. The Father of the Forest is, including the eight feet buried in the ground, caused by its fall and subsequent settlings, forty feet in diameter six feet above the root, out of the ground, and four hundred and fifty-two feet long. This tree would almost entirely cover the deck of the Peking in beam, and project beyond the bow twenty-nine feet. This was, without doubt, when standing, the tallest tree we have any account of in the world. Vague rumors occasionally reach us of monstrous gum-trees, eucalyptus, in Australia, with altitudes which have gradually lessened from six hundred feet to four hundred feet or less, as time goes by. Lately we have heard of them as located in Tasmania. Guyot, in his physical geography, speaks of them: "They grow with rapidity, and frequently attain great size, some of the eucalypti being over four hundred feet in hight, the tallest of known trees." Repeated inquiries fail to corroborate these figures so far, and we listen with reserve, and wait for further proofs.

The home of the *Sequoia gigantea* has finally been located in the Kaweah region, lying directly east of Visalia, upon the flank of the Sierra where the parent forest seems to lie, consisting of a vast track of some eighty by forty miles, the dominant tree of which is the great sequoia. It is in this tract that the most remarkable of all members of this species grow, one tree—"General Grant"—having a diameter of forty-six feet, which is the largest tree of this species as yet measured. Conversation with parties who have camped within this forest assures us of the truth of this statement. Other trees are mentioned fully as great, but they have never been actually measured. These trees are not remarkable for great hight: resembling the Mariposa grove in this respect. Next, and to the northward of this forest, comes the King's River group; then the Fresno group, remarkable for the symmetry of its members, and their somewhat superior altitude; then the Mariposa grove, and then a small tract known as the Tuolumne grove, on the line of the Big Oak Flat road to

Yosemite; and lastly the Calaveras grove, whose members, collectively, have not the same greatness of diameter, but are of superior hight to any of the above-mentioned groups. The trees of this grove are the tallest of any of this species yet discovered. None of the *Sequoia gigantea* have as yet been discovered to the north of this group. The *Sequoia sempervirens* — redwood — on the contrary, had its widest range towards the north, and is partly wedge-shaped; its greatest width being in Humboldt County, from which it tapers to a point nearly opposite and to the east of Monterey. Occasional individuals of the species are found, however, we hear, as far north as the State line.

This is by far the most valuable wood for all general purposes on the Pacific Coast. Vast industries in the lumbering of this tree have arisen, along the coast line; countless millions of feet of this lumber have been cut up for mechanical and building purposes on the Coast within the last twenty-five years. Great quantities are shipped away, and thousands upon thousands of trees have been cut away; and though the forest spaces in the region of the mills begin to look slightly bald, yet the wonderful reproducing powers, the vitality, and quick growth of the tree seem to assure an unlimited supply.

The average diameter of the redwood is about eight feet, and the average hight about two hundred and fifty feet, for a well-grown specimen. But in the big-tree groves the trees vary in diameter from eight to twenty-



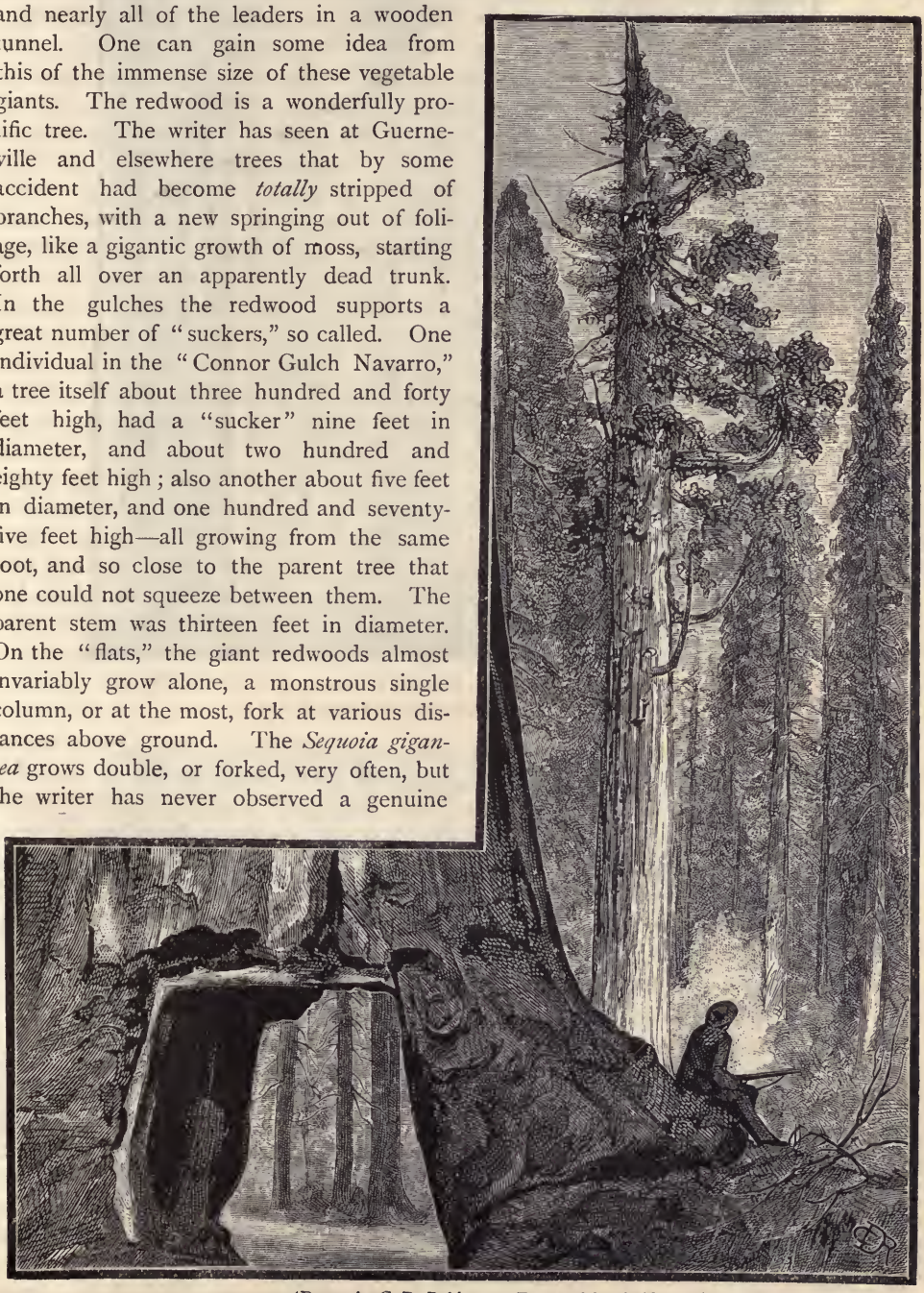
GUERNEVILLE MONARCHS. (Drawn by C. D. Robinson. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

five feet, and in hight from two hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. One specimen measured by one of our party, in the Tichenor grove, near the North Fork Hotel, Mendocino County—the first illustration in this article—was, seven feet from the ground, or as high as one could reach, seventeen feet and two inches in diameter, and in hight, by diameters, three hundred and ninety-two feet. This tree was badly scorched for at least one hundred feet from the ground, and fast dying. It was a smooth, unbroken shaft, leaning slightly to the south-west, and without a branch for at least two hundred and fifty feet; the top bare for some fifty feet or more. This is the tallest and most majestic tree I have ever seen standing. I am told of one on the Eel River, Humboldt County, that measured twenty-four feet in diameter eight feet from the ground, and was four hundred and one feet high. Mill men and lumber men assure me that the largest and tallest specimens are to be found in this county. It would be an interesting and instructive addition to local science to institute a series of comparative measurement of diameters and hights of the two sequoias. The greater bulk and clumsily spreading arms of the sequoia of the Sierra make it look less high than it really is; while the lofty and symmetrical proportions of its more graceful and slender cousin of the coast tell immensely to its advantage, sometimes making it look more lofty than an actual measurement would corroborate. However, I think that such a series of measurements would prove beyond a doubt that the *Sequoia sempervirens* is the tallest of all living and standing trees in the world.

One of the most noticeable peculiarities of the coast redwood is the slightness of its roots. It grows straight from the ground, as a rule, having almost as much regularity, to all appearance, as would a finely turned cane or a symmetrical fish-pole stuck butt end into soft earth. There is no swell apparent at the roots of most of the trees, great or small. They rise upward from base to tip with what a carpenter or mast-maker would call a *true taper*. In this respect they differ widely from the *Sequoia gigantea*, whose huge swelling and widely buttressed roots give it a measurement that a more just one, higher up where the real shaft begins, would very much lessen. Neither sequoia, however, has much of a root beneath the soil. And it is a wonder how so vast a column, with its enormous weight and spread of foliage, stands for an instant, especially where, as in the mountains, it is exposed to the fury of winter gales, added to which is the monstrous weight of snow which it carries; or where, as on the coast, it is at the mercy of the doubly severe gales of the cyclone months, when we get a sufficiently large sweep of the great rotatory winds of the Pacific to give us at times storms which are at least violent, if they do not rise to the dignity and devastation of hurricanes. It is a wonder how either sequoia stands the combined forces of wind and snow on a root that seems totally inadequate to bear a particle of vibratory motion to the shaft it bears. In neither tree does the root run deep; and in both it is very small, seeming scarcely to go deep enough to afford sustenance to so monstrous a bulk overhead. The difference of growth from the ground, between the *sempervirens* and the *gigantea*, will be seen by comparing the second and third illustrations. The second sketch is taken in the Guerneville grove. The large tree in the middle-ground is estimated at over three hundred feet, and the portion of the shaft in the near-ground was twelve feet four inches in diameter.

The third sketch is from the Mariposa grove, and shows in near-ground the root of the majestic "Wawona," a monster twenty-eight feet in diameter and two hundred and eighty-eight feet high, through which the stage road passes, and through which all stages, *loaded*, pass on their trips to the grove regularly. In the Tuolumne grove is a similiar cut through the trunk of a burnt tree, called the "Dead Giant," which is thirty-two feet in diameter, and about one hundred and fifty feet of its charred but once

noble shaft remains. This tree, when standing in perfection, must have been one of the largest of the sequoia tribe. It is regularly passed through on the Big Oak Flat stage road by the coaches. A four-horse coach driven into the tree, so that the edge of the boot of the coach is just even with the outside of the tree, shows only the fore-shoulders, necks, and heads of the leaders outside of the cut; leaving the entire coach, wheel-horses, and nearly all of the leaders in a wooden tunnel. One can gain some idea from this of the immense size of these vegetable giants. The redwood is a wonderfully prolific tree. The writer has seen at Guerneville and elsewhere trees that by some accident had become *totally* stripped of branches, with a new springing out of foliage, like a gigantic growth of moss, starting forth all over an apparently dead trunk. In the gulches the redwood supports a great number of "suckers," so called. One individual in the "Connor Gulch Navarro," a tree itself about three hundred and forty feet high, had a "sucker" nine feet in diameter, and about two hundred and eighty feet high; also another about five feet in diameter, and one hundred and seventy-five feet high—all growing from the same root, and so close to the parent tree that one could not squeeze between them. The parent stem was thirteen feet in diameter. On the "flats," the giant redwoods almost invariably grow alone, a monstrous single column, or at the most, fork at various distances above ground. The *Sequoia gigantea* grows double, or forked, very often, but the writer has never observed a genuine



WAWONA. (Drawn by C. D. Robinson. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

TWINS. THE TWO SEQUOIAS. SUCKERS.

(Drawn by C. D. Robinson. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

"sucker" from one. The comparative growth of the two sequoias, may best be likened, in the case of the *sempervirens*, to an onion top, in the multitude of sprouts from the original root; and in the *gigantea*, to a single root of asparagus, which it much resembles in the suddenness of taper. As for that, all the greater conifers have a tendency to diminish, or point, suddenly at the top, like the point of a lead pencil, but none so decidedly as the *Sequoia gigantea*. The comparative growth of the two sequoias, in spread of the root from the ground, in diameter and hight, and general branch structure, will be seen illustrated in the sketch on this page. Also, at the sides, the "sucker" growth of the redwood, and the forked growth of the sequoia, both on the same scale.

The method of lumbering the redwoods is somewhat peculiar. Being in themselves so vast it is impracticable to cut them from the ground, there are two ways in use: to cut from a staging, and from a spring-board. In Mendocino the latter mode is generally adopted: a hole is chopped into the tree about nine inches deep and five to eight feet from the ground, and a piece of plank about a foot wide and four feet long thrust into the hole; upon this the chopper stands to make the "under-cut," as the great, gaping "chip" is called. Sometimes the tree is so large that two men are employed on a single under-cut; generally a number of under-cuts are made in as many different trees, and then a party of men, with great cross-cut saws, wedges, and beetles, go out to "saw down," as the upper-cut is termed. After sawing in a foot or so, a wedge or two is started, the wedges growing

in size as the sawing advances; when finally a crackling sound is heard, then a greater crackling, snapping, and rushing, and then a prolonged roar and explosion, not sharp, but full and deep, and another giant is prone in its cloud of dust. Sometimes, when the ground is uneven, a tree is "bedded"; that is, great quantities of boughs are cut, and a bed made for it to fall on, lest it break and shatter all into fragments in its fall. During the first of redwood lumbering there was great carelessness in the felling of these trees. Sometimes trees of eight to twelve feet in diameter were ruthlessly felled in order to get a single "butt log" out, of some twelve to sixteen feet in length, and the rest of the noble monarch left to rot. But since the lumbering trade has fallen into the hands of educated and intelligent gentlemen, all waste and carelessness are strictly prohibited. And since, also, it has been found that the noble monarch, despite his ill usage, will not rot or go to decay *at all*, parties are organized to work up his long neglected remains, when in accessible places for hauling conveniently, into railroad ties. Yet, despite all the care that is taken, twenty years show a very perceptible diminution in the timber belt on the coast and along the near banks of the streams; and another quarter of a century will give us, most probably, the usually barren, open country where once was the noblest forest that God ever showed to the eyes of admiring or covetous men. So far, the timber slaughter has been, seemingly, a necessity. Will it so continue? In the mill there are two great circular saws placed, the one over the other, and exactly in line, with the points of the teeth so near together that they come within about three-sixteenths of an inch to each other, revolving in opposite directions, one with and the other against the hands of a watch, thus splitting the great boards from the upper and under sides of the log at once. Everything for moving and handling the logs is on a most ponderous scale. The log is worked up into boards, rough, "surfaced" on one side, and into "rustic," as it is termed, in the mill, or some of them, before shipping. We have heard that there are mills on the edge of the great Kaweah forest cutting the *Sequoia gigantea*. To whom does this forest belong—to State, county, or United States Government?

One word in regard to the wanton destruction of timber in California, and the Pacific Coast in general. In the Yosemite Valley the old residents say the water supply

DESERTED COFFER-CAMP. (Drawn by C. D. Robinson. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

in the falls grows shorter and less in value gradually. Why? Is there less of snow than formerly? Yes: owing to the destruction of the immediate forests by fire and cutting. The whole of the Sierra is infested with wandering "sheep-herders." The sheep are yearly driven to the Sierra meadows to graze. All through the Sierra are found little natural flats and hillside meadows, varying in size from one acre to one hundred. These places are visited in rotation by bands of sheep to graze, and as the flocks become larger and more numerous, the feed is scanty and insufficient. In consequence, the herder sets fire to the woods, to burn off the timber and create new ranges. This is one of the wanton outrages the Government should stop immediately. Another: there is a regular traffic in forest seeds, especially the coniferous, between European and California parties. As a consequence, magnificent cone-bearing trees are marked and cut merely for a gunny sack full, not of seed, but of cones only; and it is common all through the Sierra to find the finest specimens of the yellow and sugar pines, the Douglas spruce, the stately tamarack, vastly different from its namesake of New England swamps—and in fact, all the finer varieties of our forest trees—lying prone and rotting in the woods, cut apparently for no purpose and in mere wantonness. You inquire what for. Your guide will simply answer, "Seed-gatherers." It seems too bad to destroy all of our own forests for a handful of seeds to grow new ones in Europe. This should be immediately stopped. Not the traffic, but the method. Our cone-bearing or seed trees in general have enough to spare to make a general and dense forest, in time, over the surface of all the land on the globe. And it is a crying shame to wantonly destroy them for their generosity. It is of no use to cite examples to create a care for our woods; for what people ever profited by example, especially when their own interests are opposed? But stringent laws should be made regulating the seed trade and method of gathering, and then rigidly enforced. Exclude the ax, cause the gatherers to find a method that only deprives the tree of its seed in the proper season, and not of its life. It may lessen the profit, but it will lengthen the life of the forests. It may cause discontent to the trade, but it will be a source of rejoicing to the tree and its lovers. It is a mistake to think that the wooded portion of California is of heavy growth. Outside of the coast redwood belt, which *was* dense in the extreme, and is still remarkably heavy, the woods are very sparse. All photographs of the mountain wooded regions show that. Climb to the top of an overlooking ridge or peak of the Sierra, and the tourist who has visited New England or the Adirondack region will be astonished at the sparseness of the timber and the comparative baldness of the hills. The timber is individually too vast to grow thick. It is the virgin forest—the growth of undisturbed centuries. No second growth will ever spring up to take its place; and all woodmen know that second growth never equals the original virgin timber. Man will not wait three hundred or five hundred years for timber to grow for his uses again. It is the duty of the Government to protect jealously the monster coniferous forests of the Pacific Coast. It should be a legal crime—a felony—to cut any sequoia of either species of thirteen feet or more in diameter. The sequoia is the mute historian of a period so remote that man has no history to say when its infancy was. It is alone. It resides with us only, relying upon our protection. Let us preserve it. We insist upon the need; let others appoint the way.

And now, gazing heavenward among the giant shafts that rise like the pipes of God's organ, and roar a monotonous and solemn bass of praise, as the breath of their Almighty Maker sways their mighty tops; and as the glad sunshine of that lamp of orbs, his gift to man to divide the day from the night, sends its pallid beams to faintly illumine the pale green, cobweb tracery of this matchless forest; as the faint and upward cry of the startled jay echoes through the vaulted recesses of the far-off tops; as all

the delight of wandering at will in this greatest of all cathedrals unfolds itself to the serious and fervent mind—one asks, What greater gift of natural grandeur can man desire? As we have enjoyed, come all and enjoy also, from far-away and other lands. As we find the great spirit through these, the grandest of all His natural works, so shall they who seek find and admire and revere them also.

Yosemite is grand, terrific, beautiful, but is stone. These—the trees—*live.* Their tops, as the ocean breeze wafts through them, sigh a mournful requiem of the ages they have witnessed, of the suffering, the toil, and little recompense of man. Have they seen, voiceless and mute, the rise and downfall, the glory and decay, of the long-past, almost forgotten empires of vanished men? What stories could they tell of nations, people, cities, born and decayed on this our continent before Columbus came from the rising sun to people with a new race a long-lost world! Do they hold the future of our nation, the destiny of our children, in the grasp of their knowledge, and look mute and pityingly down upon a pride, a glory, that, like all other prides and glories, pomps and circumstances, whether of nations or of men, shall surely fade? Who can tell?

C. D. Robinson.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMERSON.

They have buried in Sleepy Hollow one of America's great men, and proud, old Concord's greatest man, and I fancy the peaceful dwellers in that aristocrat among villages, "dowered with the gentility that comes of able thinking," feel a half-acknowledged melancholy—a fear that "time has now given them all his flowers, and that the next work of his never-idle fingers must be to steal them one by one away."

Simple, primitive, beautiful village, with its rural quiet, its many hallowed spots and peaceful memories, even if its grandest epoch has really passed by, even if its future record be bare of greatness, it can never be robbed of its patrimony of fame!

On a summer day, two years ago, I walked through Sleepy Hollow burying-ground (it is an anachronism to call it a cemetery), in company with Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott, Rev. Mr. Channing, and Miss Elizabeth Peabody. I can recall it as if it were yesterday: the walk in quiet mood from the hillside chapel, through fragrant orchards, to the ridge overlooking historic fields. The air was vocal with perpetual melody of birds and bees, the sun shone warm and bright, the air was sweet and balmy, and the whole landscape as tenderly serene as though death had never entered the world. Suddenly all has vanished, and to that little *coterie* of dear, old friends neither summer nor winter, bird nor blossom nor bee, can ever be the same again; for they are all drifting down the river of time, and one, the best beloved, the most revered of all, has already sailed out into the illimitable ocean.

> "Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
> And that lost clew regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain."

We wandered slowly among the graves of the illustrious dead, while each of the honored living related happy anecdotes of the friends passed over and yonder.

We lingered a moment by the resting places of the gifted Mrs. Samuel Ripley and the eminent and much-beloved Samuel Hoar, who, by his descendants, as well as by the probity and simple grandeur of his life, did much to elevate the standard of living in the town of his adoption.

On the upper part of his monument are carved these lines:

"The pilgrim they laid in a chamber
Whose window opened toward the sunrising;
The name of the chamber was Peace.
There he lay till break of day, and then
He arose and sang."

For they have epitaphs in Concord burying-ground; and even quaint hollyhocks, dandelions, hardhack, whiteweed, golden-rod, and other flowers of Puritan stock are allowed to grow peacefully about the fences and in the sunny places between the trees.

I was tired, I remember, for had I not just been precipitated into the full doctrine of platonic philosophy and psychology, cosmologic and theologic outlines, and the Dæmon of Socrates, that morning? and I sank on the grassy turf beside the marble stone designed

"By its durability
To prepetuate the memory,
And by its color
To signify the moral character
Of
Miss Abigail Dudley."

I looked up. The day was warm, and they had all bared their heads to the breeze. Mr. Channing had helped Miss Peabody to a seat, while Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott rested at the foot of a great, leafy oak tree.

I shall never forget it: the sight of the four aged, benignant heads (of three of them white with the snows of almost eighty winters) on which the mellow August sunshine poured its flood of light. They looked at each other and then at me, and suddenly the same thought, born perhaps of the place and the glance, flashed into each brain at the same moment, and Mr. Emerson, in his low, hesitating voice, said:

"We shall leave you behind, child."

And Mr. Channing added, with a half-playful sadness:

"Shall we take a message for you yonder?"

"Yes," cried I, with eyes full of tears. "Say that the beauty and sacredness and glory of old age never seemed to youth so divinely honorable as at this moment. Say for me that the world is better because you have lived in it, and that when we are left behind with our youth and but your memory to serve as an ideal, we shall always feel a priceless impulse of hope and aspiration to think noble thoughts and live noble lives."

Those were happy, genial weeks I spent at the Concord Summer School of Philosophy. I had gone thither at the invitation of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who had written:

"You must not go home without seeing Concord. You are a hero-worshiper, and we have heroes of all sizes here just now. Come: we will study psychology, and make up our minds about pre-existence. You say you don't know very much about true Buddhism, metempsychosis, and man's fourfold being; but never mind. You shall slip into a little front seat by my side in the lecture-room, you shall drink tea with dear Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, lunch at the Old Manse, and walk with good Mr. Alcott through all the beautiful haunts sacred to the memory of Thoreau. You shall sit at the feet of the Minute-man, with his famous, young sculptor, and he will doubtless make your heart beat with patriotism as he conducts you over the historic battle-fields. I am sure that in *my* life, as our favorite Mr. Emerson says, 'the one event which never losses its romance is the encounter with superior persons on terms allowing the happiest intercourse.' We are all old fogies in the house, and we want a fresh, young mind to help us with its happy intuitions. Come!

"Yours, E. P. P."

After three or four hours journey, as I neared the goal of my ambitions, I roused myself from my metaphysical studies to look at my traveling companions. Some of them were evidently to be my fellow-students, for once in a while I caught gentle murmurs of egos and non-egos, participations and self-determinations. At the depot every carriage seemed to be engaged; but a fat, loquacious, little man walked up to me as I stood on the platform wondering where my friends were, and offered to take me up into town for fifteen cents. This seeming to a Californian eminently reasonable, I ensconced myself in his one-hoss shay, and he began a very lively informal conversation.

I told him where I desired to be driven, and after treating me to a profound and searching stare for a second, he asked, with sincere curiosity and surprise:

"Now, yer don't say. Be you one of them F's?"

"*One of them Fs?*" said I, with a very large interrogation-point. "What do you mean?"

"One of them Fy-loss-er-fers—that's what I mean. The woods is chuck full of 'em now, and they're the darndest set of spooks I ever set eyes on."

It was profane, but it was ridiculous, and I could not be offended, for I saw with prophetic vision what proved to be the fact that it would convulse the "Fy-loss-er-fers" themselves when they came to hear it. Verily, thought I, these prophets are singularly without honor in their own country.

"Yes," he continued, with as much bitterness as if he had a personal grudge against the "F's"; "I went in there the other day just a purpose to hear 'em charnt with their eyes shut. I'd just like to see one of 'em grubbing stumps out of an old timber patch." As he seemed to have arrived at the consummation of unbelief, I concluded to leave him to perish there, and change the subject.

Nothing daunted, my enthusiasm not abated for an instant, I reached Miss Peabody's house at seven o'clock, and received a warm greeting.

"Now, my child, you shall go to your room and have a good sleep, so that you may be fresh for to-morrow," said my friend.

"Sleep," said I, with a comprehensive sniff of disdain—"never. I shall not sleep at all while I am here. I cannot afford to. I can sleep in California (forgive me, fellow-statesmen). You will please let me tuck your hand under my arm, and we will walk slowly together toward the chapel to hear about the "Psychic and the Material Body of Man." And so we did.

But the next morning the unusual nature of the experiment so successfully carried out in Concord struck me anew as I entered the room at nine o'clock for the daily lecture. The sessions were held in a new hall just built on the hillside west of the Orchard House, under the pine trees that crown the slope. It is a plain little structure, arranged for the convenience of the school, but without luxury or ornament. The room itself is unplastered, having plain wooden walls and ceiling, and the simplest and severest of wooden benches for the students. Over its porch is trained Mr. Alcott's largest grape-vine, and on either side of it shady paths lead through arbors to the top of the hill.

On one side of the lecture-room is the platform occupied by the Faculty. Behind it are four windows, and on this lovely August morning they were wide open, and the willow and elm branches hung into the room. Without, there was a concert of bees and birds and crickets, united in chirps and hum and song. On that morning there sat upon the platform the venerable Mr. Alcott, Dean of the Faculty; Dr. William T. Harris, celebrated both in education and speculative philosophy; Dr. H. K. Jones, whom we playfully called our Socrates; the Chinese Professor of Harvard College; Mr. Sanborn, the energetic secretary; and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was to lecture on Modern Society—for this was Woman's Day at Concord. By the east window sat a beautiful woman with a matchless crown of red-gold hair. I knew her by this at a glance, for Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has the beautiful Hawthorne hair, and a face, too, as lovely as sculptured marble.

Over the heads of the speakers hung a large engraving of the School of Athens. The wall on the right side was ornamented with a heavy bracket, on which stood a large bust of Plato; and directly opposite on the other side was a bust of our own great philosopher, author, and poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the man who has been a liberal education to a large number of men and women for nearly two generations.

As it happened, he sat daily underneath his clay prototype, and listened closely to the lectures, with a pensive, quiet expression, and eyes cast down. His face, so well known to all in its kindly simplicity, was full of sweetness, strength, and common sense.

We shall not often see faces like it nowadays, for it seems to belong to a by-gone type: the life and thought of our time does not carve the same sort of lines.

He looked a thorough New Englander, and his bearing was full of dignity and reserve.

Indeed, he was absolutely a law unto himself, and yet his personality was always kept in the background, so far as self-assertion or egotism was concerned. Yes, I thought, he is just what Mr. Alcott calls him, "a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength, wherever found. He would like plain people, plain ways, plain clothes, prefer earnest persons, shun publicity, love solitude and know its uses"; and when I came to have the honor of knowing him, though ever so slightly, he was the identical man of his books, the essence of refinement in thought, full of serenity and cheerful faith, united with a simple plainness of speech which was his prominent characteristic.

As the days passed, I began to *grow* into Concord. The atmosphere is contagious. Before you know exactly what transcendentalism is, you think you have "caught" it—and for that matter, people call every man who lives within the borders of Concord a transcendentalist, without respect to shades of difference in belief. But it is impossible to resist the prevailing dreaminess. You begin to believe thoroughly and honestly in plain living and high thinking. Externals do not satisfy you; you take five dresses thither, and only wear two of them; six-buttoned gloves, for the first time in your life, do not seem to count for much in the sum total of your happiness.

Every morning I went to the nine-o'clock lecture, which lasted till eleven or a little after, when the conversation began and lasted till twelve.

The afternoon was given up to special classes, informal meetings at various houses, rambles through the beautiful woods, and sails on that loveliest and slowest of rivers that steals unobserved along the meadows without a murmur or a pulse-beat.

Half-past seven in the evening brought us together again, the students numbering usually about fifty; but often, on special occasions, as many as eighty. They were naturally all past middle life, thinkers, readers, and writers—about a quarter of them the townspeople.

After the morning lectures I usually walked along the homeward path with Mr. Alcott and Dr. Harris, whom I had known previously in educational matters, and their kindly and helpful conversation always served as a sort of text-book to the often profound and metaphysical lectures. I visited Mr. Emerson's house on many different occasions; once on a memorable Sunday evening, when the Rev. W. E. Channing (nephew and biographer of Dr. Channing) gave, at the request of the host, a beautiful and characteristic talk upon "The Four Ascending Stages of the Christ-life." The house is a plain, square, wooden one, standing behind a grove of pine trees, which conceal it from the passer-by. At the rear is a large garden, which has been famous for years for its roses and rare collection of hollyhocks—the flowers that Wordsworth loved.

There are large, square rooms on both sides of the house, divided by a long hall, at the end of which I remember an old picture of Ganymede. On the right is the study, lined on one side with plain shelves of books. A large writing-table occupies the center of the room, which has on one side a huge fireplace, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's Fates. Here are many little curiosities in letters and books,—reminiscences of Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Thoreau, and the patriot John Brown. Here also came chatty little Frederika Bremer, whose dress buttons, it is recorded, never were on terms of intimacy with their buttonholes.

The large parlor fills the southern part of the house, and is charmingly hung and furnished in crimson, without trace of decorative art. I remember very well a portrait of one of his daughters hanging there, and a most beautiful one of the wife he has left behind him. Mrs. Emerson (always called Queenie by her husband) is as dainty and *spirituelle* a woman as one can imagine. Her complexion is as delicate and pale as a rose leaf, her eyes a vivid dark blue, and her snow-white hair is ornamented with an

indescribable little tulle cap, tied under her soft chin with pale blue ribbons. It is such a lovely adjunct of a lovely personality, that more than one "sonnet" or "ode" to Mrs. Emerson's cap was written during my visit. Her gown used always to be of plain, black silk, and her exquisite appearance, in conjunction with her sweet, quiet manner, made her the center of admiration in that little circle. The eldest daughter, Miss Ellen Emerson, the last member of the home trio, was indeed "the angel of the house." Her daughterly devotion was unparalleled; she was her father's strength and comfort, and, when his memory began to fail, his best interpreter.

The house is rich in reminiscences, for almost every person of note who has visited this country has partaken of its genial hospitality.

On one occasion, ten or fifteen people being present for conversation, a voluble lady from Chicago, who was passing the Sabbath in Concord, went up to Mr. Emerson on leaving the room, and insisted on shaking hands with him, saying, in rather a blatant voice:

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Emerson? I met you ten years ago at Dr. B's house; have you forgotten me?"

I can see now the painful struggle of memory in the eyes, the patient look about the mouth, and hear the intensely pathetic ring in the voice as he answered brokenly, "I am a very old man, madam. I cannot remember many things."

He was still erect in his carriage, however, and seemed generally to be in good health, his only distressing symptom being his failing memory. He seemed to be always a glad and attentive listener, and if he sometimes kept aloof from general conversation where there were many people present, he was always studiously thoughtful of the comfort and pleasure of his guests.

Every night that I spent in Concord was enriched by the conversation of that noble and venerable friend, the revered and eminent champion of innocent childhood; to whom the lisp of infancy comprehended the wisdom of the ancients, and who has been instrumental in revealing the truth of things to a greater number of mothers and educators than any woman of the day. Her mind is a complete storehouse of fascinating and varied knowledge, and her memory endless.

After she had unbound her silvery hair for the night she always settled herself for a comfortable season of reminiscence, which often lasted till midnight, and was frequently interrupted by her brother, who came every half-hour to the foot of the stairs and called impatiently, "Elizabeth, Elizabeth! pray go to bed!"

"Ah, not quite yet, dear Mr. Peabody," I used to whisper, pleadingly, from the upper landing. "We are just remembering Mazzini and Browning, and Harriet Martineau is coming next. I shall go home in two days, and we must do Margaret Fuller and Dr. Channing to-morrow night, and finish kindergarten on the next."

She told me chapter after chapter of the home life of her two famous brothers-in-law, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Horace Mann, and talked by the hour of Thoreau, Dr. Channing, Edward Everett, and the subject of this sketch, with whom she had walked in friendship for over forty years.

She spoke of the pure intellectuality of the Emersons, and the mystical, religious tendencies of the Haskins family, the two contrasts finding their unity in Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Her first acquaintance with him was through the medium of Greek lessons. He was an extremely shy young man, and she a very bashful young girl, terribly afraid of him and his superior attainments. For fear of shocking her teacher by ignorance, she prepared a third of the Greek grammar for an opening lesson, and I can't say how much of the Iliad and Xenophon. On arriving at the house, he seated her without a word at one end of a long extension table, while he took his place at the other. I don't know how many years elapsed before they sat together on one side. The ingenious tutor of the present day would adopt the "one-book method" in the course of a

month, but our Puritan ancestors harbored no such frivolous thoughts.

There was no conversation; she said her lesson; he heard it; and as she went out she asked timidly, "How much shall I study for next time?" "Finish the book," said he, and shut the door.

They had a strong bond of union in their mutual admiration of Edward Everett, who was his instructor in Greek.

Mr. Emerson one day chanced to look through Miss Peabody's portfolio of MSS., and finding a paraphrase of the first chapter of St. John, thought it most remarkable, and sent for her, after which they became better acquainted. She told me, among other things, that during Emerson's first lectures in Boston, which had such a wonderful effect upon young people, Margaret Fuller, with whom she was most intimate, desired greatly to know the eloquent lecturer and philosopher, but no suitable opportunity offered, for he did not care to know her. Miss Peabody tried to arrange a meeting, but with no success. "I hear she has '*intense times*,' and works them off in sonnets," he said. "I'm rather afraid of her. What is there in her, anyway?"

Miss Peabody answered: "Why, Mr. Emerson, when I first called upon Margaret Fuller, I felt, on leaving her, as if I had *seen the universe!*"

"Seen the universe!" cried he, as he turned to his wife; "Queenie, we must have the young woman here if she can show us the universe!"

And so Miss Peabody brought them together, or, as she expressed it, fitted the hook into the eye, for there was no lack of appreciation afterwards.

Mr. Emerson had a remarkable aunt in the person of Miss Mary Emerson, who was a woman of great unconventionality, and such strong character and individuality that he called her "the power behind the throne." He told us, one afternoon at the Old Manse, numerous anecdotes of her intense love of beauty, and her desire to see a certain beautiful woman, which she gratified by pretending to seek service so as to talk with her; and also an amusing incident of his boyhood.

He desired most earnestly to read a certain book in the library, and after due consideration of the extravagant proceeding, his aunt gave him the six cents necessary to withdraw the book. He did so, and on finishing it found, to his great grief, that it was only the first volume, and the six cents with which to pay for the reading of the second was not given him for months. Speaking of her influence upon them, he exclaimed, "Why, she was as great an element in our lives as Greece or Rome!"

Among the incidents of those pleasant days was our visit to the famous Concord library, in company with the Sage, the Sculptor, and the Mystic of the good old town. The library looks on the outside rather like a church, but somebody observes that the literature of Concord is no doubt its religion, and it is very appropriate that its library should be built like a church.

It contains, besides its interesting "Concord Alcove" and thousands of miscellaneous books, a fine oil painting of Emerson, executed by David Scott of Edinburgh, in 1848, also a good engraving by Schroff, made from Rouse's crayon, and the well-known bust by Gould. On the same afternoon I went to drink tea at the Old Manse, alive with memories of both Hawthorne and Emerson. Its most interesting room is that in which Emerson wrote "Nature" and many of his best poems, and where Hawthorne also wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse," and the unfinished "Dolliver Romance." From the northern window the wife of Rev. William Emerson watched the 19th of April fight, and her granddaughter now occupies the house.

On the night preceding the closing of the School of Philosophy, Mr. Emerson delivered a lecture on "Aristocracy," in the town hall, which was listened to by a large audience. The platform was richly adorned with flowers, and the occasion was a most memorable one to all of us.

KATE D. SMITH.

A FATAL DELUSION.

Old Pete sat contentedly in front of his adobe shanty, under the shade of the brush awning, with feet perched high against the walls of his dwelling. Pete was station-master at Dos Palmas, a stopping place for stages and teams passing the edge of the Great Colorado Desert of California toward Arizona.

There was an Indian squaw there also. Pete called her his wife. This was merely a simple-minded compliment; she answered all the purposes of a wife, cleaned dishes, and cooked; she was also the mother of several children in whom Pete showed a paternal interest. The squaw was bought by him a number of years ago. He promised the chief of the Cabazones three ponies for her, but he never paid the ponies and still kept the squaw. When Big Chief expostulated with just indignation at this dishonorable mode of procedure, Pete told him to take the woman away: he didn't want her any more, he was already tired of the beast. The worst of it all was that the squaw would not go, but preferred to remain with the white man who, be as severe as he might, could not compare with an Indian in cruelty and meanness of disposition. So she lived at the station, faithful to her master, and guarding her children with a true mother's instinct.

There is a spring of excellent drinking water at Dos Palmas. From there to Yuma, across the long sand waste, there is only one watering place, and that at Frink's Spring, fifteen miles from the station. A band of engineers had recently surveyed a railroad line into Yuma. While crossing the desert two wells had been dug between Frink's and the Colorado River, but the water was undrinkable for man. It was the custom for the stages and teams to take a longer way into the Territory, going farther to the northward, thereby keeping on the line of mountain springs.

The afternoon passed slowly away, and the mountain shadows grew darker and moved gradually out onto the plain, first enfolding the rich verdure of the spring, and then silently creeping over the yellow sand until they reached the snowy salt beds. Ever increasing and growing blacker, they marked their course in distinct lines on the smooth carpet of this inland sea long ago vanished from human eye.

Pete bestirred himself now, and hastened away to feed his stock. This duty performed, the old man—for so they call him, although his years have not yet reached above two score—moved across the road which runs between the house and the corral; but as he looked down the valley, a line of dust rising above the trees gave evidence of an approaching team. Pete nevertheless continued on, entered the house, and began eating the beans and stewed dried meat that the squaw of his bosom put before him. Meanwhile, the cloud of dust came nearer, and presently the canvas top of a light wagon loomed up above the shrubbery. Soon the vehicle, drawn by two horses, reached the stage station.

"What kind of an outfit is this?" ejaculated Pete, as he came to the door and saw the new arrivals.

Two men and a woman. As ill-educated as the station-man was, he perceived instinctively that these were a different sort of persons from those with whom he had usually to deal. There was something about them that commanded respect, and yet they were simple and unpretentious, with none of the dictatorial swagger it was the custom to affect there. There was no difficulty in recognizing the Germanic type in the girl: she had flaxen hair, waving gracefully back from her forehead and tied in a simple knot behind; she was above the medium hight, rather slight, but gracefully molded. Of the

men there was nothing particularly distinctive or distinguishing. One was tall, thin, and dark, with a tough, wiry form, and full beard; while the other appeared much below the average hight, but finely and apparently powerfully built. The former exercised a paternal influence over the girl. The little man was the spokesman, and delivered himself with considerable volubility.

"We should like to camp here to-night," he began, after the proper exchange of civilities.

"Camp away," replied Pete, good-naturedly; "I ain'ter goin' ter hinder yer." And then, *sotto voce*, the old man remarked that this was the first time any one even asked permission to camp by that spring; but at the same time, perceiving that there "wasn't much *sabe*" about these people, he kindly showed them a good place to unhitch at, and gave them a helping hand.

While Pete and the smaller man, who had already introduced himself as James Newton, were busily engaged in attending to the horses, Full Beard, who proved to be of a taciturn nature, unloaded the wagon of such blankets and cooking utensils as might be necessary for the night's camp.

"Which way yer headin'?" inquired the station-man sociably, as he placed a bucket of barley before the horse nearest him.

"We are going to Yuma," answered Newton, pleasantly. "Pretty tough road, isn't it?"

"Well, yes: at this time o' year, 'specially. Yer know there's a forty-mile pull over the Chuckawalla Bench into the spring, and from here it's all up-hill work." While talking, Pete cast a glance at the two diminutive ten-gallon kegs that stood beside the wagon and wondered if these were the only means for transporting water that these people had.

Meanwhile, Full Beard had started a fire, and the hot-water pot was singing merrily away, and the girl endeavored to bring some of the influence of refinement into these barbarous surroundings; for she had already taken a piece of white canvas and laid it upon the ground, and upon it set the tin plates and cups. Pete never saw anything look so nice; and when invited to take a seat, on the ground of course, he said he'd be goll durned if he wouldn't. He thankfully took the cup of coffee handed to him, and thought he had never tasted anything quite so good.

After the darkness had closed in, and everything was in order for the night, they sat down on their blankets and talked. Presently the moon came up over the mountains, and the smaller stars faded away, and all was clear and bright again, without that aggressive luster which daylight brings.

"Well, I don't see why, if they did it, we can't," said Newton, continuing a conversation upon the feasibility of crossing the desert, which had been interrupted for a moment by the admiration which the beauty of the night excited. "If those engineers were able to cross a hundred-mile stretch without water, and survey from four to six miles a day, why can't we do it, traveling at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles a day? What is to stop us?"

"I tell yer, stranger, yer don't know this desert business. It'll be a tougher deal than you think for, to haul across there."

"Yes; but if the railroad men did it, why can't we?" inquired the tall man.

"That's so," continued Newton, getting excited. "We have two good horses, a light wagon, not much load, and two ten-gallon kegs. Along the road are the wells from which we can water the stock. In four or five days we will be across."

"Yer talk like chilern," says Pete, warming up at what he considered the blockheadedness of the crowd. "How long yer suppose the water in them kegs would last yer?—just one day. Supposing yer double yer fresh water by adding salt, what then? Two days. And by the clock yer've ninety-five mile ter travel. Don't talk so infernally brash. It can't be did, I tell yer."

Here Full Beard stood up and began to pace to and fro, in evident deep thought.

"Come, Jim, what do you say?"

"I say desert, by all means."

"Then desert it is; now that is settled."

Pete argued and talked, but to no purpose. Evidently nothing more was to be said. The matter had been thoroughly and satisfactorily decided.

Before going to bed that night they filled their water kegs, and bought beans and dried meat enough from the station-man to last for a week. Then they rolled themselves in their blankets, and slept in the light of the glorious moon mounting high into the dark blue heavens.

Before sunrise Newton quietly stole away from his blankets, dealt out barley to the anxious horses, and arranged the harness; then he lighted the fire and put on the water-kettle. Soon the rest of the party were roused. They started up, surprised at their tardiness, and expostulated with the kind-hearted fellow for not letting them do their share of the work. The girl immediately prepared the breakfast, and they soon began with keen appetites to partake of the simple meal set before them. Then the men watered the horses, harnessed them, and loaded the wagon, ready for a start.

"So long! remember me to the fellows at Yuma"; and Pete waved his *adieus* to them as they drove briskly away. Soon the dust hid them, then the chaparral closed in upon them, and they were lost to sight.

"Bless her sweet face. She's too purty for ter go out there. She can't stand it, nohow." Thus soliloquized the station-man as he stood gazing vacantly at a cloud of receding dust rising above the brush.

"Who is she?"

He turned quickly around, and there beside him stood a stranger, tall and with great black eyes.

A tall man, perfectly proportioned, straight as an arrow, with dark, glowing eyes. Undoubtedly Spanish blood flowed in his veins—his skin showed that, although but slightly bronzed—and added much to his somewhat romantic appearance; for he wore a large *sombrero* with a gaudy ribbon around its crown; his shirt had a slight fringe to the collar, and also the sides of the trowsers were decorated with a similar material. He had a revolver, of course, and a knife.

Pete eyed his questioner a moment before recognizing him; then he remembered having seen him before, several times, indeed, as he passed the stage station leading a train of heavy freight wagons on their journeys from and into the Territory. The young man was the son of a rich Spanish merchant at Tucson. He was reputed to be an excellent horseman, and much of a dare-devil. In fact, the number of wild escapades that he had taken part in would in themselves fill a readable volume of daring adventure. Victor Gonzales was a man of no mean local reputation. He it was who, when pursued by twenty-five full-armed Apaches, held the whole band at bay for over twelve hours during the day, slowly making his way toward a chaparral ten miles away; and finally, when he reached the brush with only one shot left in his revolver, kept the cowardly red devils back simply by a brave pretext of security in standing among the outmost group of trees, and occasionally showing himself, as if awaiting the nearer approach of the enemy before firing. When the friendly shades of night came, Gonzales crept out of the shelter, and made his way to the protection of the nearest settlement.

At another time the plucky Spaniard was fired upon in the Gila Cañon by some renegades from the San Carlos reservation; and seeking protection in a neighboring cave, he lay there for hours, suffering intensely from a broken arm, and weak from loss of blood, until the unpleasant consciousness of an attempt to smoke him out led him to discover a cleft in the rocks by which he made good his escape, the Indians having neglected to guard the hole, which was well known to them, supposing Victor too weak to climb perpendicular rocks. But he eluded them, and reached the reservation in safety, where a doctor's skill soon started the injured arm to mending. Victor had been to Europe since then; and now his quietness and tactiturnity formed a marked contrast to his former happy disposition.

As soon as the identity of his interrogator was established in Pete's somewhat dazed intellect, he gave answer to his question.

"How do yer suppose I know who she is?"

"Didn't you hear any of the conversation? Didn't you ask any questions? Didn't they say where they came from? You surely must have discovered something?"

"Now, stranger, if yer'll kinder draw that stuff off sorter slow like, p'raps I can answer yer. But when yer chuck it at a man's head like greased lightnin', how can yer expect a feller to keep up with yer? They came in here last night, camped, and started out ag'in this morning. The big feller was grouty, and didn't say much. The girl was sorter bashful like, and didn't seem ter want'er say much; but then she was durned perlite; and we had a cup of just bang-up coffee together. The little cuss was a purty good sort of a feller; an' that's all I know about it."

"O, I know her right well. There can be no doubt about it." And then again to the station-man, "Are they going to cross that desert?"

"Well, I reckon they are. They are going to try it, anyway."

"My God, they will never get over alive. Are they crazy? The fools!"

"Don't know, stranger," replied Pete, with laconic seriousness.

The Spaniard walked away, over toward his horse, which was picketed to a sapling and contentedly munching the few remaining scraps of hay left from its morning's meal. He untied the animal, and silently led it to the spring. Then, after saddling, he quietly moved over to Pete, and extending his hand, said:

"*Adios.*"

"What yer up to now, stranger. Ain't yer goin' ter grub fust? I don't guess there is any such tarnation hurry."

"But there is. If they are not in Yuma by the time I arrive there, somebody must go out and fetch them in."

With these words he mounted and rode rapidly away, leaving Pete somewhat bewildered in attempting to make out the relationship these people might bear to one another.

Victor Gonzales pushed his way at a gentle trot up the cañon which leads to the mesa above.

"There is no doubt about it," he muttered meditatively; and his thoughts wandered back to the happy summer days in Vienna, and the bright face and sweet smile of a graceful, girlish figure filled his mind.

So he rode all that day, and all the next, at that same interminable jog-trot adopted always by the Mexicans and Indians on long journeys. He had to stop to rest his horse; but he regretted that, and would have kept the saddle night and day could he have got a relay. In forty-eight hours he was at Ehrenburg, and began the trip down the magnificent Colorado Valley toward Yuma. The river was high, and flowing at a wonderful rate, and he often found difficulty in crossing the sloughs and creeks that form an intricate network of resources into which the great river pushes its surplus of water during the spring overflow.

The boat could have carried Gonzales and his horse to Yuma in a night, but he knew well that the party crossing the desert could not reach there for yet another day or two, and he preferred the activity of riding to restlessly fretting and chafing under the awnings and shadings of the town.

And so the horse carried its inattentive rider carefully over the treacherous ground, through the water and mud, up over the high mesas. On their left, and away behind them, rose the massive bulwarks of Castle Rock, like a huge fortress keeping guard over the smaller satellites lifting their various-shaped forms in solid grandeur against the spotless blue sky. Some of these huge piles are almost white; many are brown, with yellow and white stripes all down their sides; while others are of a somber and blackish hue that far from adds to the beauty of the landscape. And then to the right rose California's mountains. They are distinctive from Arizona's silver domes by their sharper peaks and the more rugged silhouette they form against the sky. Seen over the rich verdure of the

Colorado Valley, with the dark green trees hiding the blinding sand deserts and all the desolate country lying between the mountains and the river, the view is beautiful indeed.

The horse and rider moved slowly on toward the south. In four days from the time of their departure from Dos Palmas they were at the old Mexican settlement of Yuma, lying behind and around the high ridge forming the walk along the base of which the Gila flows into the bosom of the larger river, and down through the short and narrow cañon by the foot of the town, and on to the gulf. On the opposite shore of the Colorado stands the fort or military post, on top of the little hill which forms the other side of the narrow defile through which the waters push with wonderful rapidity during the springtime. Yuma lies straggling around the foot of the diminutive range of hills which separate it from the Gila for a short distance, and then these gradually terminate with a few outlying shanties creeping around their base, and facing the river above the settlement.

Gonzales rode directly to the corral standing by the hotel, opened the gate, and gave his horse over to the stable boy. There was a look of anxiety and suppressed excitement in his face. He had avoided questioning any one as yet; he hesitated to do so from a terrible fear, and also from a desire not to betray his agitation. A big team stood in the corral, and the teamster let drop the casual remark that no one was at the lower ferry, five miles down the river, when he crossed there in the morning. A number of loungers were seated upon the piazza with feet high in the air and chairs pushed well back. A halo of tobacco juice was marked upon the planked floor around each one. Scattered about were empty glasses emitting the odors of various libations which it would be useless to enumerate. The new arrival excited little curiosity; some gazed blankly upon him; others nodded; one or two, recognizing in him an old acquaintance, rose and shook hands. The Spaniard, after greeting his friends, continued on into the hotel.

"Hallo, Victor! where in thunder did you drop from?" saluted his entry into the bar-room, and a tall, broad-shouldered man rose from a chair in the corner and rushed over with exclamations of joy at again seeing his comrade.

"What, Charley, you here?" and Gonzales returned the hand-shake with equal warmth, for here was the man of all others whom at this moment he most wished to see.

Charley Parker, a true son of the plains, and as stanch and honest a lover as they ever wooed, was educated in Europe for an artist. Parker and Victor first met at the Louvre, in Paris. They were mutually attracted, and a strong friendship was cemented. They traveled together through the south of France, Italy, Germany, and finally reached Austria where they wintered. Upon Gonzales's return home, he induced Parker to join him, and spend a few months in Arizona. This he was only too willing to do. His love of nature, his passion for an out-of-door life, induced him to throw the palette and brush completely aside. He came to Arizona, and had never since left there. As his friend entered the room he noticed that his manner was strangely agitated.

"What's up, Victor? You look excited and played out."

"I've seen her! I've seen Helena! She is out there—out on the desert, and possibly at this moment suffering from thirst. They have not yet arrived. I heard Tim the teamster say so. He is just in from San Diego, and he says that no one is at the lower ferry."

"For thunder's sake, what are you talking about?" interrupted Parker. "Who is Helena?"

"Helena? Do you not remember Helena von Schönstein?"

"Ah! so, so! Helena von Schönstein, the daughter of the colonel, at Vienna, the Prince's adjutant who rather got away with his patron's money and had to skip. O, I do remember that you were rather attentive in that quarter, but I always supposed it was

simply to learn German; never for an instant imagined anything serious."

"It makes no difference what it is," excitedly responded Victor. "Human creatures are suffering, and you are not the man to stand still when assistance is wanted."

"You are right there; but better wait a bit and see how much our interference is needed. It is scarcely time for them to have reached here."

"I tell you they can't have got through safely. They should have camped last night at the lower ferry, and up to this morning they had not arrived. If we wish to do good let us hasten."

"All right, old man. My four-mule team stands in the corral, and we have only to get a few barrels and start at once. The stock is fresh, and can do a big night's work."

Parker superintended the putting to of the team, while Victor occupied his time in getting a morsel to eat; for unless he did that, Parker absolutely refused to move.

Soon all was ready, and they drove down to the boat, were ferried across to the California side, and silently sped away from the protecting shades of Fort Yuma.

Sand everywhere. A vast, trackless desert. On the one side, lofty mountains of black, sun-burnt rock raise their precipitous sides, in mournful grandeur, high up toward the skies. Below, a limitless waste of sand extends far away toward the horizon, where it is lost in the shimmering distance. A chain of yellow, drifting, ever-changing hills reaches down to the southward, immersing themselves apparently in the delusive waters below formed by the hot waves of the ever-varying mirage.

In a cañon cutting through this low ridge, near a rude windlass, stood a canvas-topped wagon, beside which were three figures, two men and a girl, with wan, pinched faces expressive of suffering and despair.

"The well has caved in, and we are fifty miles from the river."

"We must push through. There is nothing else to be done now. It is death to wait. Every moment is precious."

And so the girl was helped to her seat, and the party move on. The horses patiently performed their work, but as the evening approached their angry neighing waxed shrill and loud, for they were now two days without water. Their eyes were bright and red, their parched and swollen tongues hung limp from their mouths, while ever and anon they stopped and glanced wickedly back at the wagon. Its occupant gazed stupidly at the blank horizon, while beside the vehicle the men stumbled aimlessly along, moodily muttering imprecations upon their bad luck.

Suddenly, with one wild cry, the horses make a mighty dash forward, and succeeding in freeing themselves from the wagon, turn about, and run back toward the well. The girl, who was thrown from her seat onto the load, climbs down and joins her companions, an expression of calm resignation marking her face. The weight of their misery is already so terrible that even this catastrophe seems but little addition to it. No word passes between them as they walk sluggishly onward. The stampede of the horses causes wonderment, but no look of interest lights the men's faces. Helena, who has ridden the entire distance, walks with a lighter step than her companions, but her lips are swollen and her eyes are dull and vacant. Newton is some distance behind the other two. He mumbles incoherently and gesticulates aimlessly. His lips and tongue are blue and bleeding, the latter forces itself from his mouth. His dry, bloodshot eyes glance wildly about, first high up to the black-rocked mountains so far above him, and then ahead into the boundless distance. As he staggers along he constantly falls on his knees, but nevertheless bravely continues again, instinctively looking ahead to see if the others have noted the mishap. In this way the distance between them gradually increases.

A buzzard sits perched upon a bush on the mountain-side. Far away out on the desert it spies the three human beings struggling on toward civilization. The last of the three is evidently nearly exhausted. Over toward the Colorado River a long line of

dust reaches back to the horizon. A horseman moves rapidly over the plain, while not far behind follows a four-mule team. Presently the buzzard leaves its rest and sails off toward the trail. The man has fallen under a mesquit-tree, and lies motionless, dreaming of green fields and crystal springs bubbling over with clear water. High above him sweeps the buzzard, whirling around in everlasting circles, awaiting the only possible end.

"Helena, I can't keep it up much longer," whispers the father, almost inaudibly.

"Father, you must! you will!" exclaims the terror-stricken girl. "We are almost there."

"No, my child. It is thirty miles more; keep on; do not mind me. You are fresh and strong. You will reach the river. You will—you must—yes—keep up," and the tall, soldierly man bends over as he walks.

Presently he, too, sinks down, and the pale, drawn face of his daughter bespeaks the terrible anguish she feels as she sits there looking upon the frightfully distorted countenance of her father. She kneels beside him, and takes his head upon her lap. A coyote bark echoes through the air, another, and then another. It comes nearer, yet nearer, until close at hand the shaggy, dun-colored coats of the cowardly brutes can be seen in the mesquit brush.

The girl is in a daze. She aimlessly chafes the thin wrists of her father, and anon looks along the weary road toward Arizona, as if expecting relief from that quarter. Soon she, too, falls into a dream, and sinks upon the sand.

The coyotes are emboldened by her attitude, and make a brave dash forward. But the sound of a rifle rings over the desert, a coyote rolls over, and a horseman dashes into the midst of the pack. He leaps from the saddle while the horse is still in a mad gallop, and lifting the girl's reclining head, takes the wan face between his two palms, and kisses it passionately.

She sighed faintly, opened her eyes, and smiling upon her rescuer, murmured:

"I knew it was you."

BANCROFT C. DAVIS.

OUT OF REACH: A CAMPING MEDLEY.

III.

While Elinor and her love affairs were occupying so large a place in the mind of Ruth, they were even more thoroughly taking up the attention of the young lady herself. All the afternoon she was hidden by herself in a deep recess of the forest, half-way up the steep hillside that rose behind the camp. She could have almost thrown a stone from where she was into the pile of twigs where Ruth and Dick sat; yet so thickly between intervened the forest that neither had an idea of the other's whereabouts. Elinor had never been averse to her own society, and she had a special desire for it just now; indeed, her chief desire in starting on this trip had been to get a quiet interval for self-converse, and for finding exactly where she stood. In common parlance, she had to think over Gerald Halley's proposal. She had been postponing her final decision since the early part of May—almost a month now; and had at last promised to send him her answer from Santa Cruz. Not but that she had intended from the first that this final decision should be favorable; but it required a little time to bring her inclination fully into harmony with that intention, and Elinor Hale did not propose to commit herself for life until she was quite sure that she was satisfied in doing so. From her babyhood this young woman had never doubted that, however other people might have to take middling places in life, something unusually great and striking was

to be her lot. She meant to mow a wide swath, and she had been all her life serenely waiting for the opportunity to offer. It had offered now: she had taken both Gerald Halley's measure and her own pretty accurately, and she had no doubt that, however either might fail of monumental achievement alone, they stood a fair chance of it together. It was for such an occasion as this that her father had intended to bring her up; and her grandmother had carried out the intention, looking to Elinor's future for reparation for the ambitious plans broken off by Mr. Hale's death in early middle age. Elinor knew that her father would have desired, and that her grandmother did desire, the marriage with Halley, and the knowledge had a good deal of weight with her: not through any sense of filial obligation, for there had never been any sentiment in her relations to either of them; but because she admired both as experienced travelers in the path that she herself would wish to travel, and respected their judgment.

As to Halley's character, and the means that might be necessary to success in the future of political intrigue on which he was entering, she knew much more than Ruth could have told her, and found in it a great deal that was at odds with a certain proud self-respect in her; but then, baseness on the heroic scale presented itself to her eyes very differently from petty baseness. She had, it is true, laid up this point to consider; but she meant to treat it rather as an objection to be overcome than as a consideration to be weighed. Personally, she liked Halley well enough, and thought him an agreeable companion. So far, the case was strongly in his favor.

She had, I say, measured herself pretty accurately. She had always done so; and therefore she was beyond measure annoyed to find a breeze from "unmapped territory" within herself disturbing her calculations. What in all the world was she to depend on if she could not depend infallibly on her cool, resolute, able self? It was intolerable to her that a subtle reluctance and regret, mingling with her triumph at Halley's proposal, should have promptly referred her thoughts back to her pleasant acquaintance of last winter. She was no school-girl to drift unconsciously into a passion and wake to find herself in the clutch of a Niagara current; Alice might not know what this first dim stirring of inclination meant, but Elinor was wide awake at the hint. It had no place in her plan of life that this slavery, love, that other women succumbed to, should ever put its yoke on her. Ruth had wondered sometimes whether Elinor *could* speak so contemptuously of love if she knew her own mother's history; but the knowledge of that history had its share in forming Elinor's contempt. She had known too much to trust merely to her own angry will to avoid the despised yoke; her first step had been to put Evesham out of reach; her next was to isolate herself in this somber deep of redwoods, and take a fresh measure of the situation.

She was deliberate enough. She spread her large scarlet shawl out at full length, one end over the mossy trunk of a fallen redwood, and threw herself down on it, leaning against the scarlet back she had made. Overhead the green branches met in a close roof; around the little island of scarlet, where her statue-like figure in dark blue leaned, stretched a lake of sorrel, with its large, pale flower and three-lobed leaf; and here and there a wild hyacinth raised its faintly pink cluster on a leafless stalk. There, for a long afternoon, she studied the situation; and when she rose and shook the shawl free from clinging sticks and leaves, she summed it up coolly enough.

"Well, I certainly have not fallen in love with him, but I actually had my face turned that way. However, I found it out in time, before harm was really done; as yet, the liking for him and desire for his company does not weigh heavy in my inclination against my desire for all I expect from Gerald Halley. It might get a hold on me if I gave it a chance; but as I shall not give it a chance, my mind is made up to send Halley his 'yes' from Santa Cruz."

She threw the folded shawl over her arm,

and walked down the steep slope, slippery with its damp, black richness of soil, toward camp. A spire of smoke had for some time been rising thence, and now there was heard Jack's call to dinner, which consisted of a vigorous beating of the camp-kettle with a spoon, and a lusty whoop of "Hash! hash!" As Elinor walked across the log that spanned the creek and joined the rest, they were already sitting down to the dinner of their own hands.

Ruth looked at Elinor earnestly, then threw off the afternoon's seriousness, and became her eager, enthusiastic self again. Ruth was a blessing at an amateur dinner: most of them seemed to relish their fast-growing-cold and ashes-and-cinders-flavored meal, but she found it even praiseworthy. When Mr. Delane passed her one of the biscuits that he had burned his fingers and nearly smoked his eyes out over, she cured the old gentleman's feelings, if not his fingers, by the bright look in her eyes, and her exclamation of "O, *thank* you! O, how nice! Mr. Delane, how can you cook so well with only an open fire? Don't you think this coffee is splendid, Jack?" she said —albeit the coffee was muddy as the San Joaquin River.

"Way up," responded Jack, with a grimace and a wink aside at Dick.

As for Elinor, she cared very little what she was eating; her mind was at ease now that her decision was made, and she chatted with all the graceful charm of her best moods. Jack's occasional teasing hints about Evesham annoyed her; it was contrary to her plans to have him kept before her mind; but she was able to keep the conversation away from that point by the exercise of some diplomacy, and the subject was beginning to be an old story to Jack himself. Alice's desire to talk about Evesham was cast into the background by her more immediate desire to flirt with Tom.

"Don't you think last names are cumbrous on a camping trip, Miss Delane?" he was saying. "And when we knew each other so well when we were Allie and Tommy!"

Alice was not eighteen, and it was only within the last year that Tom had thought it worth while to renew his childish intimacy with her; but he had now found that the school-girl of two years ago had blossomed into a very charming young lady, quite desirable to be seen with on the street. His attention had flattered away the unaccustomed sense of discontent that had been hovering about her happy little heart, and she, like Elinor, was gayer than for days. Dick, too, was unusually jolly that evening, and Jack was always good for any amount of fun.

It followed that they were an unusually merry party round the great camp-fire after dinner. They sang college songs, they made impromptu speeches and poems, they burlesqued the college debating society to which Jack and Dick did not belong and Tom did. Mr. Delane and Alice and Ruth joined heartily in the proceedings, and Mrs. Delane and Elinor, sitting on couches of redwood twigs, laughed and applauded. Elinor liked much better to spend the evening thus, and to lend her own cultivated voice to "Bull-dog," than to lie on the buffalo robe, silent, watching the fire-light on the columned trunks, and the dark, starred space above, while Dick's mellow baritone was singing:

"Could ye but come back to me, Douglas, Douglas!"

They prolonged their frolic into late hours for a camping party (for campers are generally sleepy almost as soon as the birds are); nevertheless, they had to be out of their beds the next morning by the time the fog-clouds were lighted up and changed to a fleecy white by the rising sun. For to-day they were to leave Camp Cathedral, as Ruth and Alice had named their lovely stopping-place, from the grand redwood pillars and domed, blue roof.

Mr. Delane was an energetic captain; so as soon as the company were through breakfast, he gave his orders for preparation. Things were tumbled together in fine style, and they were soon on their way, riding between the immense trunks of redwood trees

and around sharp curves, with the steep hillside on one side and the deep gulch on the other, with its clear, cold, noisy stream at the bottom.

There was a slight but continual downgrade, and the horses were fresh, so that they fairly flew around the curves, and Mr. Delane had to keep a sharp eye to his driving, as, with tight rein, his eye on the road and his foot on the brake, they swung in and out along the narrow road. The whole party was intensely exhilarated and excited by the rapid motion, and Ruth cried out with a childlike abandon of delight. They traveled all day, and passing through Pescadero, pitched camp in a little gulch several miles beyond, where there was plenty of wood and water, and a good place to stake the horses.

Dick and Jack undertook the cooking here, and produced a sort of stew, which, they explained, was not called onion stew because it consisted of onions, but because it contained meat, potatoes, and *onions too.* They appeared inclined to entertain the others with no performance more lively than punning that evening, and as most of the party were more or less wearied with the day's drive, the general spirit seemed tending toward the pensive. Elinor, disinclined to this, and expecting that the next step would be singing of the tender and moving sort, slipped away from the rest and strolled up the stream in the bright moonlight; her perfect physique seemed incapable of weariness. There was something insidious, she knew, something at war with the mood she desired to keep, in the weirdly lighted forest; but she was not afraid of the subtle influence, for her mind was full to-day of plans and visions of future glory, and she was thrilled with the excitement of having taken the first step in her ambitious life-journey. She had definite things to think of, too; for Halley had confided to her much of his immediate intentions, and she understood exactly what possibilities might be opened up to him by the election of the following fall; there was even diplomatic help hoped for from her. Accordingly, she had enough to do in weighing practicabilities, in planning her course, and in dreaming luxuriously of future triumphs.

Excited by these pictures, and perhaps also by the slight tension of resistance in which she was holding her mind to the "morbid" influence of the moonlight (as she phrased it), she walked rapidly, with her head thrown back—a proud, beautiful figure, as though some spirit of the forest, or Artemis herself, had taken shape in the moonlight. She was not following the main road, but a disused logging track, too steep and rough for the wagon, but not difficult on foot or in the saddle; it followed directly up the backbone of a ridge, on one side of which flowed the stream, and as it mounted higher and higher, it turned from the stream side of the ridge and skirted closely the other edge, so that one could look down into the dark depths on that side, made only more mysterious by this strange light. An occasional lighter gleam among the trees showed the course of the wagon-road.

Elinor stood for nearly a minute looking down over the shadowy tree-tops below her. She did not see them, nor the cold and pure light over them. What she was seeing was the gas-light in her grandmother's front hall; Gerald Halley, just come in from the dismal, bleak autumn evening; herself hurrying to meet him in the hall, with a heart that did not move one beat less calmly for the sake of him, but that thrilled and leaped triumphantly for the sake of the news he had come to tell: "The returns are sufficiently in for us to be certain we have won our point." She turned, with her eyes full of the gas-light and Halley's courteous, scheming smile.

Was it Endymion, come to keep a moonlight tryst with Artemis—that clear-faced man standing there with his horse's bridle over his arm? He was near enough to have seen her easily, but her foot-fall was light on the soft ground, and he was too rapt in the weird forest-picture to have noticed her. But for her, though his face was turned partly away, and though the light was not that of day, there could not be any

mistaking the figure and the visible part of his face: it was Evesham, or the spirit of him. Indeed, with that expression on his face, and in the unreal light, it seemed as if it might well be the spirit of him rather than the flesh and blood man.

Elinor had not known she was capable of the complex shock and thrill that went through her whole consciousness. Had she met Mr. Evesham in broad day, her cool brain would have flashed at once to a rational solution of his presence; but that he should take shape thus, as it seemed, out of the very moonshine, confused her for the instant with such a sense of utter unaccountableness as to verge toward a misgiving of the supernatural. But there was more than this. There was something in the Galahad look of the man, something in attitude and air, reinforced by all her memory of him, that made her feel as if the roof of her grandmother's gas-lit hall had suddenly melted away, and shamed the tawdry little light against a white splendor of star-lit space. Gerald Halley and his sort of life projected themselves against this sudden, moon-transfigured Evesham as absurdly belittled as the sickly gas-jet against the glory of the constellations. No woman can be as clever as Elinor Hale, without being open to the possibility of such sudden, comprehensive views of life and mankind from unaccustomed standpoints; it is the dull to whom, however good they may be, the appreciation of fineness or nobility is limited by their own routine of thought.

After all, it was hardly a perceptible instant that Elinor stood still, trying to regain her bewildered consciousness. She thought rapidly of subjective illusions, and then rejected the idea: this was no illusion, however unaccountable. But more important than to account for his presence was the need of escaping it. For one must not suppose that the tenacity of Elinor's purposes at bottom could be shaken by a mere thrill of the emotions such as she was experiencing; she never for an instant dreamed of deviating from the course of avoiding Evesham she had marked out for herself. Therefore, before a third person, looking on, could have known she had seen Evesham, she had drawn back behind a great redwood trunk. Her light step on the damp, soft surface common in the redwood forest was all the more inaudible because the horse whinnied at the moment; and the concealment the redwood offered was perfect, for it was surrounded, near the ground, with a bushy growth of young stems from the root.

Evesham moved at his horse's whinny, patted the animal's neck, and spoke a few words to him; then stepped carelessly forward, crossing over to look down toward the road from a new point of view. Elinor saw, with vexation, that he stood now directly between her and her way toward camp. She waited a few minutes, hoping he would move; then, as he stood like a statue, her impatience overcame her; it would be a simple matter to descend the slope at the crest of which she stood, thus reaching the road at the foot, and thence to camp. Evesham's new position was at some little distance from her, so that there was small danger of his hearing her step; and as for seeing her, that was impossible, once fairly in the shadows of the forest-clad slope. It was not an easy matter for a town-bred girl to accomplish the descent, but Elinor was sure-footed and alert; she measured her way from point to point before her, and, except for a slip or two that stained the dark blue dress with green moss or black soil, she accomplished three-fourths of the way safely enough. At the last, however, the incline suddenly fell away steeply—so steeply that even by the daylight it would have to be descended by the process that children call "scrabbling down." Elinor hesitated, looked about, explored a little backward and forward, and finally, anathematizing Evesham, began the adventurous clamber. There was really no danger about it, further than the possibility of losing footing and rolling to the bottom; nevertheless, when Elinor fairly stood in the road, she found that she had sprained an ankle slightly. She was in too much haste to reach camp, however, to

spare herself, for she had guessed out enough of the situation to fear that Evesham had a camp near Mr. Delane's, which she would have to pass in returning, and that he might be there before her if she lingered; or else that, going on down the logging track, he would find the Delane camp, and be there when she returned stained, torn, and disheveled. Elinor was perfectly capable of walking on a sprained ankle till Nature absolutely refused to allow another step, if it so suited her imperious will. So she walked rapidly down the road, in the direction of the camp.

But why did no camp appear? Curve after curve of the road she rounded, and still no camp. Her ideas of distance were pretty accurate, and when she had walked ten minutes more, she knew perfectly well that she was not on the right road; she could even perceive, in spite of the frequent curves, that it was trending off in a different direction from that in which she calculated the camp must lie.

She sat down on the ground and considered her situation. The ankle, though increasingly painful, was by no means too lame to use as yet; but it soon would be if she wandered around trying to find the camp. Moreover, it might easily be that this road had no junction with the one she wished to find. The only sure way was to go back to the place of her descent and climb up again. By day, she might have done it; but by night, and with an unreliable ankle, she knew it was out of the question. More vexatious than the possibility of spending the night in the chilly forest was the knowledge that in about an hour now the camp would be alarmed, and would be searching the forest for her. She knew very well that the finding would be no easy task, and the idea of being so sought for, talked over, and at last rescued in a pitiable condition, seemed to her intolerably ignominious.

Had the horseman on the ridge been anyone but Evesham, she would have wished for his appearance. As it was, she began to dread the possibility that his camp might lie somewhere along this road instead of the other, and that he might pass by. She felt that to cast herself upon him for help in distress would be insufferably humiliating: more than that, she dimly felt that there would be in it a certain surrender of the attitude she must keep toward him, a certain danger to her own independence.

As she sat shivering, now that the warmth of her rapid walk had ceased, and completely at a loss what to do, the sound of a horse's feet in the distance, approaching from the same direction she had come from, made her heart jump. It might be Evesham; it might be a drunkard or desperado. It would be easy to slip among the trees and let him pass. But the chance of human help was hardly to be rejected just now. If it were Evesham, she reasoned, it would certainly be better to appeal to him now than to have him fall in with her party, join a search for her, and find her later, when she was lamer, exhausted, and in every way more pitiable. As to the possibility of its being a stranger of unknown character—well, she had boldness enough to take her chances about that; she would stand up and accost him, at all events.

It *was* Evesham, however. That was plain the moment he came in sight; no one else in these forests ever sat his horse in just such a way, nor held up his head and looked about him so. Elinor rose as he drew near, and stepped forward. She meant to walk perfectly steadily, regardless of pain; but the ankle had stiffened as she sat still, and she faltered in spite of herself.

Evesham sprung down from his saddle as he saw her standing close by his horse's head; she did not speak, but simply stood and waited, looking at him: not because it had entered her mind to make a picture of herself in the pale light, but because it was awkward to either recognize or ignore the acquaintance in beginning to speak, and she preferred to leave the recognition to him. He did not leave any difficulty on that point to her.

"Miss Hale!" he cried, in amazement. "Can it possibly be Miss Hale?"

She bowed in acknowledgment of acquaintance, but did not offer her hand.

"Mr. Evesham, surely!" she said, as if she had not had an idea of his identity before.

"Can I do anything for you?" he said, reverting to the evident intention of asking something with which she had stepped forward.

"I think I have missed my way to my uncle's camp. Possibly you could direct me?"

Her tone was like ice. She did not intend it; she had tried for that tone, at once gracious and distant, that was one of her special accomplishments; but what with pain and her passionate inward resistance to throwing herself in any way upon his sympathy, she was not mistress of her tones.

Evesham, however, seemed to be more concerned with her needs than with her tone toward himself. His mind went back to the little falter in her step that he had hardly taken cognizance of in his first surprise.

"But you are hurt, Miss Hale; haven't you hurt your ankle? You must not stand up while we speak."

"That is of no consequence," she said coldly.

"It is certainly of consequence," he said, with a sort of gentle authority. He slipped his overcoat off and threw it on the ground.

"You must sit down, and then we will see whether I can help you about your road."

He put his hand on her arm lightly, more like a gesture of authoritativeness than like any force, compelling her to sit down. She shivered slightly, and if it had been daylight, he would have seen that she changed color; but she sat down without a word.

"Now first let me see about the ankle," he said, kneeling beside it; "and then we can talk of less pressing needs."

In spite of her inward resistance to his care, there was something about his manner that Elinor could not find unpleasant. Nevertheless, she leaned forward and put her own hand between his and the ankle.

"I assure you, Mr. Evesham," she said resolutely, "it is a very trifling sprain, only swollen a little with walking on it. I beg you will not waste any thought or time over it. My chief anxiety is to find my party before they get alarmed about me, and there is no time to spare. Pray dismiss the ankle from your mind, and let me ask you about the roads."

Evesham recognized the note of determination, and knew, too, that it was but little he could do for the ankle, at best, then and there.

"Very well," he said. "But I am only just arrived in this neighborhood, and cannot tell you much about roads.

She explained to him how she had come hither from her camp, and about what must be its relation to their present position. She mentioned, without further explanation, that she had descended the hillside, as a short cut to the road.

"Why, I was myself on that very ridge a few minutes later," he said. "There is a track that leads up from this road farther on. I see whereabouts your camp must be, but I do not know how to reach the spot, unless by that roundabout way over the ridge. It would be a long and rough ride for your ankle. I believe, Miss Hale," he said, "you had better come on a few rods to my campfire, where you will be warm, and wait there while I look for a shorter and smoother cut."

He took the matter entirely into his own hands by his manner, directing rather than suggesting; and he put out his hands to help her rise as he ended. Elinor made a movement to rise without his assistance, but he disregarded it, and almost lifted her to her feet; then, as if it were a matter of course, lifted her bodily into the saddle. It was so obviously the straightforward and natural thing to do, in view of the sprained ankle, and his manner recognized this so simply that not even Elinor's pride could resent it. Yet even while she did not resent it, she could not accept it in the same matter-of-course way; it agitated her deeply. She accommodated herself as best she could to the man's saddle, and a few rods brought them to a nook where a log lay burning dully, near a little, tinkling stream.

Evesham dropped the bridle, and drew

out from under a clump of bushes a roll of blankets; he disposed these as comfortably as possible by the fire. Then, coming back to the horse, he again, simply and unhesitatingly, without a word of excuse or apology, lifted Elinor strongly from the saddle to the rough couch of blankets, and then began to coax the fire to a brighter blaze. In a very few minutes, before Elinor had had time to grow impatient, it was lighting up the bushes and the trees farther off, in red competition with the pale moonlight.

"I hate to leave you all alone, Miss Hale, while I am looking for your camp," he said; "but I will leave you my revolver. Can you use one?"

"O, yes." There were very few things, large or small, that Elinor could not do; and she was, in fact, an excellent shot.

Mr. Evesham handed her the revolver, and made no examination to find whether she really knew how to use it, nor did he speak a word of advice about handling it. He knew of old that Miss Hale always knew what she was talking about, and that if she said she understood a revolver she did. Elinor was quick to note and to understand his manners, and it renewed in her a sense she had often had of the readiness with which they understood each other.

The horse's hoof-beats died away at a brisk trot. She was alone again; this time, with a fire and blankets—welcome enough, for the nights are chill on the seaward side of the hills. But her ankle was throbbing painfully, and the accumulated weariness of the day seemed to have come down upon her; not the healthful weariness that brings sleep, but a nervous, restless exhaustion. Her mind, too, was ill at ease. She could not shake off that strange agitation. Nor could she find comfort in returning to the thought of Halley, and of her own brilliant future that had been so strangely interrupted: that was all very well when she was walking vigorously along, buoyant in mind and light of foot; but as she crouched by Evesham's fire, tired, unstrung, and in pain, it did not offer any rest or support to her imagination.

Nevertheless, it would have taken more than a sprained ankle, exhausted body, nerves quivering with an unaccountable excitement, to unseat Elinor Hale's deliberate reasoning and undo her resolves.

"I must collect my wits and be myself with him," she said; "I must be as pleasant as the occasion demands, and at the same time I must be politely unapproachable as the pole star."

It was not so very long before the brisk trot was heard again.

"All right, Miss Hale," cried the returning knight, cheerily. "I have found the short cut."

He sprung from his horse and bent over her, lifting her to her feet as before; and, as before, she shivered slightly and changed color; he lifted her to the saddle; disposed of the hurt ankle as comfortably as possible, touching it as tenderly as if he had been a doctor; wrapped around her a heavy, gray, gentleman's shawl; and took the bridle to lead the horse. But Elinor, notwithstanding that faint tremor and change of color that she could not repress, was mistress of herself now. She knew very well that unseemly coldness was as pointed as unseemly warmth.

"You are very thoughtful, Mr. Evesham," she said, with a light graciousness. "And you must be stronger than you look, to lift my weight so easily."

"Yes," he said as lightly, walking by the horse's head. "I am pretty strong—fortunately for you."

"Why, it is a very slight sprain, not the least entitled to the indulgence you are giving it," she said, still with the same distant graciousness.

"Ah, yes! but it is just *not* indulging these slight sprains that makes very serious matters of them."

Here Elinor let a pause follow, just long enough to mark the proper mean between indifference and cordiality, and then said:

"It was a great surprise to meet you here, Mr. Evesham. I imagined you in the Sierra."

"And I did not dream that you were

nearer than Shasta. I could hardly believe, at first sight, that you were flesh and blood. But, Miss Hale, your ankle is paining you, and you are putting yourself under constraint to talk. I have had sprained wrists and ankles myself, and I know very well that a throbbing pain like that makes either talking or listening a great effort; so I beg you will spare yourself."

Again he spoke with a gentle authoritativeness; and something marred the self-command of Elinor's tone as she answered:

"Thank you. I will not exert myself to talk, then, since you are so thoughtful as to excuse it."

A few minutes more in silence, then the camp-fire gleamed in sight.

Evesham stopped the horse.

"If the ankle is good for a little—a very little—walking," he said, "perhaps you would prefer to walk into camp."

"Indeed, yes," cried Elinor, quite eagerly for her. She remembered again, against her will, that Evesham had always divined her tastes and preferences.

He lifted her down from the saddle, but drew her arm into his.

"You must lean on me till we are in sight," he said; but when they came fairly to the edge of the fire-lit circle he let her draw her arm away and step forward alone.

The instant she appeared, there was a manifold shout of "There she is now!" and a rush toward her.

"How *could* you stay so long away, Elinor?" her uncle cried. "We were getting very anxious."

"I slipped and sprained my ankle a little," said Elinor, calmly, "and Mr. Evesham, with whom I chanced to fall in—"

"*Mr. Evesham!*"

Disregarding the fourfold exclamation and interrogation, Elinor went on without a pause:

"—was so kind as to see me home. I am *very* much obliged to you, Mr. Evesham," she continued, turning to him, as he stepped to her side. "I know you will excuse me if I say 'good night' now, and take myself to bed, since I am the least bit of an invalid."

She smiled with such a charming friendliness that it quite covered the omission to offer her hand, bowed, and walked away. Ruth slipped quietly from the rest, found the arnica bottle, and followed her to the tent. The others gathered around Evesham, breaking into exclamations of amazement and welcome. Alice was somehow the first to be near enough to him to hold out her hand.

"We are so *very* glad to see you, Mr. Evesham! But I can't understand it at all. I can't *imagine* how you came to be here."

A secret suspicion was creeping into her mind, as well as Tom's, that he had followed Elinor. Even Jack was wondering how far a man might make a fool of himself for a girl. Elinor had not for a single instant entertained any such guess. Alice did not find her suspicion pleasant, and was finding comfort in the reflection that Elinor hated Mr. Evesham so, when he relieved her mind by explaining the accidental nature of his neighborhood to them.

"How very funny," said Alice, looking quite awed, "that we should both change our plans so as to come to the same place, and neither of us know the other was coming!"

"Allie suspects something supernatural about it," said Dick, laughing. "But she's right about one thing: we are heartily glad to see you."

"We were very sorry you decided not to come with us," said Mr. Delane, whose manner was a kind of masculine edition of Alice's. "Now we've come across you, we sha'n't let you go again. But come, come, sit down with us—dear me, how rude we are to keep you standing here! Come to the fire!"

Evesham allowed himself to be triumphantly escorted to the fire, where Tom had all this time remained alone, looking far from pleased at the new arrival. Indeed, his manner was less than courteous when Mr. Delane introduced him, and he

immediately remarked, in a sneering aside to Jack:

"So *that* is the celebrated Everlasting-sham!"

Alice, overhearing the sneer, and noticing the manner, felt a faint misgiving dawn within her whether Tom really *was* such a nice boy, after all.

"Well, now, sir," said Mr. Delane, turning to his guest as soon as he was seated, "we shall not let you off till you promise to bring your traps over at once, and finish your trip with us."

"Ah, do, Mr. Evesham!" cried Alice. "It must be dreadfully monotonous to travel alone!"

He turned his grave smile full upon her.

"Monotonous—with all the great forest for company? Solitude in a city is forlorn, but solitude in a forest is grand."

"But you have had enough of it now," said Mr. Delane, to whom this was all Greek; "and we want your company."

"Yes, indeed!" said Alice.

Evesham smiled, but parried the invitation with half a dozen excuses.

Here Ruth came from the tent and joined the group. There was a suppressed excitement about her, and her eyes were very bright; on the track of Elinor's secret as she already was, she had been able to discern in her composure the effort that betrays agitation beneath, and she felt confirmed in her suspicion that Elinor was afraid of this man's power over her feelings. If only a little more Evesham could be brought to bear on her then, at just this juncture, it might break up the hateful Halley plan; and even more, it might be the actual arrival of that turning-point for good in Elinor's life that Ruth had always believed in as a future possibility. If only Evesham was the right man! She looked eagerly at him, as Mr. Delane introduced him, and liked his face.

"We are trying in vain to persuade Mr. Evesham to join our party, Ruth," said Mr. Delane.

"O, I *hope* he will not refuse!" she cried. She spoke with an intensity of earnestness, such as even Alice's manner had not expressed. "You *will* join us, will you not, Mr. Evesham?"

Evesham looked at her surprised.

"I hardly see how I can, Miss Stanley."

"I hope you will," she repeated. "I know there is not one in our party—not one—who would not have a better trip if you joined us."

She had sat down near him, and dropped her voice; and, as a log had at that instant fallen from the fire, making Alice scream and Jack and Dick and Mr. Delane spring to put it back again, no one heard her but Evesham—except Tom, who said to himself:

"Good enough for Thornton! Why, Ruth is worse than Alice—and at first sight, too!"

But Evesham, looking at the sincere brown eyes, noting the "not one," and noting, too, that Ruth came direct from the tent and Elinor, put two and two together, so far at least as to guess that Ruth spoke in Elinor's behalf, and meant him so to take it. He did not know how to reconcile it with Elinor's own behavior; but then, he did not pretend to understand her behavior, anyway, from the ferry-boat incident on.

"I will certainly call in a few days, and inquire after Miss Hale's ankle," he said.

"And won't you at least visit us, then, for a few days?" pleaded Ruth.

"O, yes, *do*, Mr. Evesham!" cried Alice, who was listening again.

Evesham considered a moment. Yes, he would do that. He was going to spend two or three days near Pigeon Point and the pebble beach, but he would join them after that for a few days.

With this promise, they had to let him go. But three days passed by, and four, and still no word was heard of Evesham.

H. U. C.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

PASSION LIFE.

Say, Sweet, that stars were fallen from their places,
That one vast silence filled creation's pale,
And sober gloom lay heavy on our faces:
Would trust our spirits fail?

Would we stand desolate and cold and lonely,
And not outreach to grasp each other's hands?
But, clinging to ourselves and sorrow only,
Moan in the stricken lands?

And, losing all the subtle warmth that blesses
When lips are harvesting love's ripened grain,
Sink shuddering in the chill, the grim caresses
Of restless, burning pain?

And were we, Sweet, in rounded grave-mounds lying,
With roots of willows winding through our forms,
Hid from the sad wind's wild and weary sighing,
The rush of biting storms:

Would no words pass between us in those regions,
Through narrow ways, by Nature's forces made?
Would not our passion-throbs in countless legions
Sound through the heavy shade,

Till, palpitant with heat, the sods that cumber
Our listless limbs would break from them away,
And our two souls, free from the pulseless slumber,
Meet in the joyous day?

Say, Sweet, that we were separate by distance,
You born into an everlasting light,
I compassed by strong bonds, whose fierce resistance
Held me in hideous night:

Would you forget to sound the shining reaches
Lying between us with a song whose tone
Should echo clear along the barren beaches,
The forests tempest-blown,

Till I should hear it through the darkness sweeping,
And strong with gladness break my galling chains,
And up the trackless air go swiftly leaping
Toward your sunlit plains?

Ah, Sweet, there are no sea-caves dim and hollow,
No purple altitudes of star-bright space,
Where, if you went, I would not quickly follow,
To find your woman's grace.

And were I swept through swift and bitter stages,
Across wide masses of waste land and sea,
Still would your love, through multitudes of ages,
Roam tireless, seeking me.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

STUDIES OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.—II.

Of the bay and surrounding country Anza had already made a preliminary survey. The company he now brought was composed of Don Joseph Marajo, the chaplain, Father Fout, a sergeant and sixteen soldiers, seven colonists with their families, and four friars—Benito Campon, Francisco Palou, Francisco Murguia, and Thomas de la Pena, the latter two being designed for another establishment in the valley which we now call Santa Clara, but which the early Spaniards called the plain of Bernardino.

The expedition arrived at San Francisco Bay June 27th, and encamped, to wait for the vessel bringing supplies and materials for the two establishments contemplated in this part of the country. The spot first chosen for the mission was near that selected for the presidio, close to the lagoon back of Russian Hill, which in later times rejoiced in the poetic appellation of Washerwoman's Lagoon. But by the time the timbers had been hewn out for the first buildings, the daily sea-breeze which visits that side of the hill had so fully displayed its impulsive and unrestrained characteristics that the site was changed to a quieter neighborhood, under the shelter of the "Mission hills."

There was a great deal of "making haste slowly" in the conduct of this expedition. The vessel arrived August 18th; the establishment of the presidio was begun a month later, by blessing and planting the cross, and other ceremonies; but it was not until October 9th that, the order having arrived from the commandant, the formal taking possession and planting of the mission cross took place. Nor were any Indians present at the ceremony, they having, it is said, fled from the attack of a neighboring tribe—a banishment from which they did not return for a number of months.

The intended mission of Santa Clara did not receive leave to be legally founded until January 12th, 1777. Very soon after it was begun a fatal epidemic broke out amongst the children of the surrounding natives, whom the Fathers piously baptized into heaven ere they died. One is irresistibly reminded, in reading of the epidemics which have swept off so many thousands of Indians on their being brought in contact with the white races, of some quotations made by Darwin, in his "Voyage Round the World," on the evidences of disease being occasioned by the visits of ships, or even of strangers, to the shores of certain countries. "It is asserted that on the arrival of a stranger at St. Kilda, all the inhabitants, in common phraseology, catch a cold," etc.* Some perception of the relation of cause and effect in the matter of new diseases led the Indians of the Columbia River to impute the great scourge of 1830, which extended to California, to the presence of the trading

* Dr. McCulloch's Western Isles.

ship Owyee in those waters. But the good Padres had not investigated this obscure branch of natural science; and even we of to-day would find it difficult to prove that the presence of the Spaniards was infection to these wild people.

Without dwelling at present upon the northern missions, let us follow the personal efforts of the Father-President. Dissatisfied with the abandonment of San Juan Capistrano, Serra, after his failure to re-establish San Diego, determined upon beginning this mission, and himself set out with Fathers Murgartegui and Amurro for this purpose. Finding the cross still standing, he repaired to San Gabriel for the essentials—cattle, farm-tools, perhaps a mechanic or two—and the work was recommenced November 1st, 1776, as the record signed by Serra's own hand, and still extant, testifies.

It is related that while Serra was on his way to this place, the Indians would have attacked him but for the quick-wittedness of a convert who called out to them that a large force of soldiers was following not far behind. The circumstance goes to show that there was some reason to fear the Indians, and that founding missions was not altogether a safe or an agreeable business. Seeing that the Spaniards were prepared for defense, the natives, with Indian fickleness, changed their purpose, and accompanied the Fathers in a friendly humor.

Whatever perils threatened San Juan Capistrano in its earlier years, it survived them all, and became rich and prosperous. Sometime, when it had begun to get returns from the increase of cattle and the labor of the Indians, it had a priest in charge named Gorgonio, who possessed, together with ambition, a good deal of architectural ability, who planned a grand cathedral, modeled in a rude way after the Byzantine type, with walls of masonry five feet in thickness; the length of the building a hundred and fifty feet, by a hundred feet in width. It was eighty feet from the floor to the arch of the roof, which was of tiles, surmounted by four domes, surrounding an immense tower of masonry erected upon six columns, which served for a bell-tower. Its interior decorations corresponded to the grandeur of its external appearance. But alas for the pride and hopes of even priestly humanity! The great earthquake of 1812 respected not this truly noble edifice, which had been so many years in coming to completion that only for six had its minister rejoiced in its perfections, when the catastrophe came from which it never recovered. On the feast-day of the Immaculate Conception, at the hour of morning mass, when the church was well filled with worshiping neophytes, when music and incense filled its lofty arch, suddenly, with terrible power, the reeling earth upheaved and shook, and the great stone roof fell inward upon the kneeling people. Thirty persons were killed outright, and more than this number were injured. Other missions suffered in this memorable earthquake, but only one other to the extent of San Juan Capistrano, that of Santa Ynez, which was thrown down.

The last successful mission founded in Serra's time was San Buenaventura, by Father Palou, his friend and biographer, in a valley not far south-east of the projected mission and presidio of Santa Barbara, March 31st, 1782. During all these thirteen years Serra had not been without his troubles, aside from the difficulty of subduing the Indian tribes. The understanding with the Spanish Government in the beginning had been that, at the end of ten years from their founding, each of them should become secularized or converted into pueblos, the property accumulated to be divided among the converts, who, it was presumed, would by this time be able to support themselves, and whom the Government proposed to make citizens thenceforth. Serra's experience with the Indians made him opposed to this plan, and he became, in the matter of the retention of authority, as determined as the Jesuits who had been expelled for this very reason.

It was said that the Fathers refrained from giving the Indians such instructions as

would fit them for managing their own affairs: that they were simply slaves, who labored at the bidding of their masters without compensation or hope; unfit even to return to their former life, and as incapable now of intellectual effort as when they were deprived of freedom. In short, the Spanish Government found itself with regard to its Indian wards in the same case in which our Indian Bureau has long been placed. It could not occupy the country without either fighting or feeding the Indians. It was not able to do either, much less both, as our respected relative, Uncle Samuel, has done with his Indian wards.

As to the expectation of the Spanish Government that a race like the California Indians, who had not, when taken in hand, attained even to the dignity of clothes, could be lifted up to the condition of citizenship in a single decade, nothing could be more unreasonable. It is often said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman out of civilized material. It should certainly take as long to make a capable man out of a wild race, and it is doubtful if it was ever done except through the infusion of superior blood. If this be true, or only half true, the Padres were quite right if they meant to civilize the Indians to keep control of them. Whether they ever abused their power is another matter.

The Government, finding the Indians really incompetent, from whatever cause, and that the church was against secularization, left them as they were, and established pueblos of discharged soldiers and their families. The first municipal organization was that of Los Angeles, which was founded September 4th, 1781, ten years, less four days, after the founding of San Gabriel Mission. The pueblo of San Jose was established the following year, and others at different times.

Although it is not the design of this article to treat of Spanish affairs in California except in their relation to the missions, it may not be uninteresting to know that the first families of California were founded by twelve discharged soldiers from the presidios, and that their surnames were Lara, Navarro, Mesa, Moreno, Villavincencia, Banegas, Camero, Quintero, two Rosas, and two Rodriguez; and that the population of Los Angeles in its infancy numbered forty-six, of two races, both sexes, and all ages. To each family were given two oxen, two mules, two mares, two sheep, two goats, two cows, one calf, one ass, one hoe, and to the community the necessary tools of a cart-maker. All these were charged to the individuals and deducted from their pay as soldiers to which they were entitled, as well as to rations.

The arrangements of the pueblo was not unlike those of the missions, for the Government treated the settlers as wards. A plaza one hundred varas long and seventy-five varas wide formed the initial point. Around this were laid out twelve house-lots fronting on the plaza, and extending around three sides. Half of one of the shorter sides was reserved for the municipal buildings, and the remainder left open. Not far off, on the alluvial land of the San Gabriel bottoms, thirty fields containing forty thousand square varas were laid out for cultivation in squares, separated by lanes. The houses were wretchedly built of adobes, with roofs of asphaltum. The town officers were an alcalde and a military officer: for nothing Spanish could get on without military authority and protection, and the pueblo was really a garrison, the adult males being subject to guard duty. The pueblos were nothing more than outposts of the missions, depending on them for supplies, for news, religious services, and amusements. To go to the mission was to visit the metropolis of the district. Such was the Spanish system of settlement.

The Government was, however, not satisfied with this order of things, and determined to try upon its own judgment establishing missions upon a plan which gave the priests control only of spiritual affairs, while the temporal advancement of the Indians was left to others. The Captain-General Theodore de Croix was sent to found two of these missions on the right bank of the Colorado, one under the invocation of St. Peter

and St. Paul, and the other, three leagues to the south of this one, under that of the Immaculate Conception, both for the conversion of the Yumas; and four Franciscan friars were brought from the college at Queretaro to teach them.

But, as might be expected, the soldiery and the Indians disagreed, and the Fathers had but a wretched time between them. One Sunday in July, after mass, the Yumas, numbering, it is said, several thousands, simultaneously attacked both missions, killing Rivera, the commandant, the soldiers, and most of the settlers. Nor did they spare the missionaries, who were slaughtered while confessing, exhorting, and encouraging the dying.

The remains of Fathers Juan Diaz and Mateo Moreno were found amid the ruins of one mission, and Fathers Francisco Garces and Juan Barraneche at the other. But in the case of the latter a miracle had occurred. An Indian woman, who loved and pitied the unhappy priests, especially Garces, who was well known to the Colorado Indians from having traveled among them

MISSION SANTA BARBARA. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

in 1875—being the first of his order to draw attention to the Casa Grande—made a grave and interred their mutilated bodies. The miracle consisted in this: that when the troops from the nearest presidio arrived at the spot, a short time afterwards, they were able to detect the place of burial by the familiar marigolds and other flowers of Spain already growing over it. This miracle was imputed to the sainted character of the dead. The Indians, it was said, were frightened away from the locality by beholding for several nights in succession a beautiful procession of persons clothed in white, carrying lighted lamps in their hands, who appeared to be approaching the mission, bearing a cross surrounded with lights, and singing a canticle of praise.

Incidents such as the massacres at the Colorado were more convincing than argument to the Spanish Government, and Serra was permitted to retain control of the California missions. But he was growing feeble from an affection of the lungs, and being advanced in years, began to make preparations for his departure to that heaven he had labored so earnestly to win. In the spring of 1784, the church at Santa Clara having been completed, Serra was invited there to perform the principal part in the ceremonies of dedication, which took place May 16th, with imposing pomp, in the

presence of many from the pueblo of San Jose, and the troops.

But Serra's mind was saddened by the loss of his associate, Father Marguia of the Mission of Santa Clara, who had expired a few days previous. On a previous visit to this place he had been accompanied by Father Crespi, who fell ill soon after returning, and died January 1st, 1782, and was buried at San Carlos. These things, added to his own infirm health, depressed the venerable missionary. As soon as he had confirmed all who had been baptized since his previous visit—the apostolic power having been bestowed by the Holy See in a bull issued in 1774—he returned to Monterey. Soon afterwards he sent for the Fathers of the neighboring missions to visit him; and having instructed and taken leave of them, turned his thoughts altogether upon the final scene in an eventful life, which was peacefully closed August 28th, 1784,* the stern old Franciscan breathing his last lying upon a board covered by a mat.

When Serra died, his associates sought for evidence that his saintly soul had passed directly into heaven; and here are some of them: Don Juan Garcia, one of the royal physicians, and an intimate acquaintance of Serra's, who preserved relics of him, relieved a patient of a grevious pain in the head by merely attaching to the suffering part one of these relics. Father Antonio Paterna was cured, when about to die, of a violent colic by putting on the hair shirt of Serra, by advice of the doctor. Good, simple people, who could be cured by faith!

Serra's monument these many years has been the mission church near Monterey, in the Carmel Valley, which was planned by him, and which possessed greater symmetry in its construction than most of the California churches. Its front, half Moorish in style, as Spanish architecture usually was, derived much dignity from the two well-proportioned towers, one higher than the other, and making a harmonious contrast. The ceilings were frescoed, and in the days of its prosperity its furniture was of the richest. Decay, which spares not even monuments, has deprived it of its strength, and the tooth of time gnaws into its crumbling walls more and more with the swiftly gliding years. But the name of its founder will not perish with its dissolving clay while California history continues to be read. Under its shadow, in the consecrated ground of San Carlos, lie, it is said, the remains of fifteen governors of California, as well as the bones of its first minister, Junipero Serra, the priestly pioneer of California, and several of his successors.

Great as had been the achievements of the first Prefect of California while living, his influence was believed to continue after he had quit the scene of his labors. It was said that he promised, before dying, to use his intercessions with God in heaven for the salvation of the natives in California; and in proof that his prayers were answered, it was stated that more gentiles were converted in the four months immediately succeeding his death than in the three years just previous. It is not for us to inquire too deeply into the means used as accessories to the intercessions of Serra in heaven.

Father Palou of the San Francisco Mission, and Serra's biographer, was his successor as President of the California missions. He seems to have been possessed of considerable energy, for during the five years of his prefecture he founded Santa Barbara, December 4th, 1786; La Purissama Concepcion, December 8th, 1787; Santa Cruz, September 25th, 1791; and Nuestra Sonora la Soladad, October 9th of the same year; soon after which he left California to become superior of the convent of San Fernando in the city of Mexico, and was succeeded by Father Lazvan in the presidency.

Lazvan founded San Jose Mission at the foot of the hills skirting the lower San

* Different writers differ as to the year of Serra's death, the decrepancy lying between 1782 and 1784; also, of course, as to his age. Other differences in point of time and even of names are observable in books purporting to be histories; but as they agree concerning the principal facts, I have used the authorities I considered best: which is all any one could do.

Joaquin River, in June, 1797—some writers say on the 11th, and others on the 18th of June; but the weight of authority seems in favor of the 18th. On the 24th of the same month he founded San Juan Bautista, on the San Juan River. On the 25th of the following month he founded San Miguel, on the Salinas River, south of Soladad; and on the 8th of September of the same year, San Fernando Rey, dedicated to the virtues of Ferdinand V. of Spain.

The saintly character of St. Louis, King of France, was likewise commemorated on the 13th of June, 1798, by the founding of the Mission of San Luis Rey del Francia, in the Santa Margarita valley, about forty miles from San Diego. The mission was established under the auspices of the Marquis de Branciforte, viceroy of New Spain, and of Diego de Borica, by Father Fermino Francisco de la Suen. There were present at its consecration Father Antonio Peyri, its first minister; Father Juan Norbetto de Santiago, minister from San Juan Capistrano; Don Antonio Grajera, captain of cavalry, with a guard of soldiers; and a large number of neophytes from the neighboring missions.

So imposing and impressive were the ceremonies that, shortly after they had ceased, the gentiles "*voluntarily* offered twenty-five boys and twenty-nine girls," asking to have them baptized. They also offered seven young men, and ten girls, not children; but these were declined until they should be instructed. A thatched cottage on the banks of the San Luis, a few cattle, and some converted Indians were all that Father Peyri had to begin with. Yet out of this little, in time grew "the most splendid of the missions": the greatness of a mission depending upon three things—good location, the good disposition of the Indians, and the ability of the minister managing it. The incidents connected with the founding of all these establishments were very similar and very simple. For instance, when Fathers Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez set out to found Santa Cruz, they received from Santa Clara, then fourteen years old, thirty cows, five yokes of oxen, fourteen bulls, twenty steers, and nine horses. San Francisco contributed also five yokes of oxen, some sheep, and seed barley. Carmelo, seven mules; and so on. Some of the oxen were "very bad," and the mules were some of them worthless; but all in all, the mission had a fair start. The first year provisions ran short, and the Fathers had to borrow of the soldiers forty-two dollars' worth of beans and corn.

The question which suggests itself is, How many persons, and for how long, could be subsisted on forty-two dollars' worth of food? What did the Indians eat? On the 27th of February, 1793, the foundation of the Church of Santa Cruz was laid. In one year it was built, the walls being solid adobe, five feet thick. It was dedicated with great ceremony, March 10th, 1794, in the presence of Father Tomaz Pena from Santa Clara, the military commander from San Francisco, and priests from other places. The church was one hundred and twelve feet long, twenty-nine feet wide, and twenty-five and a half feet high. In 1795 the pueblo of Branciforte was established on the south side of the San Lorenzo River.

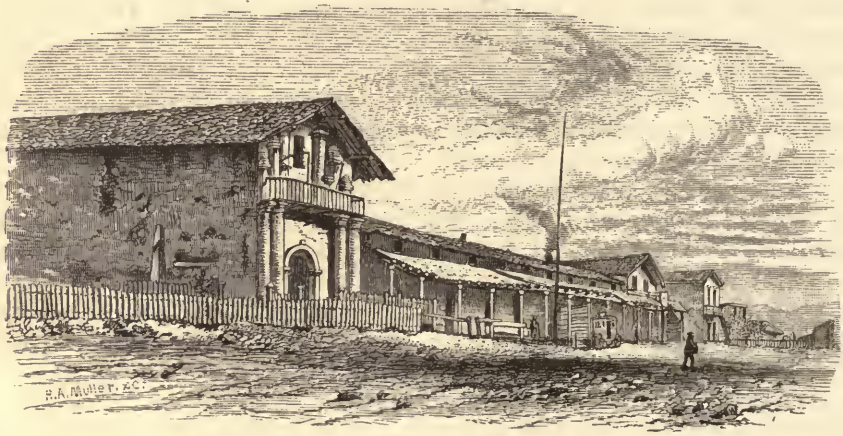
Lazvan died in 1803, and his successor founded Santa Ynez, September 17th, 1804. Then there appears to have been a period of thirteen years without any new foundations. In 1803 there was a revolt at one of the missions; but that could have had but a temporary effect. The check received was from the revolutionary condition of Mexico from 1810 to 1823, while the native creole population were striving to throw off the Spanish yoke—a revolution led, in the beginning, by native priests of the Church of Rome.

In its struggles with the revolutionists, and even as early as 1806, the Mexican Government resorted, in order to raise money, to confiscation of the Pious Fund—a considerable capital, the aggregation of donations made by Catholics for the support of the missions in Lower and Upper California, dating from the end of the entrance of the Jesuits in the former. This fund amounted in 1716

to $1,273,000, only $18,000 of which the Government had contributed. It was invested in real estate, in mines, manufactories, and flocks. When the Jesuits were expelled, the government took charge of the Pious Fund, and farmed it for the benefit of the missions, the income being $50,000, a part of which was paid in stipends to Franciscan and Dominican missionaries, and the remainder for general mission purposes.

It will be seen that the Government had no right to the use of the Pious Fund, except as any borrower; nevertheless, it confiscated, about the time of the last foundations mentioned, $200,000. This loss was an interruption of mission work, as well as the inability of the Government at this time to furnish garrisons and military expenses; instead of which, for periods amounting to four or five years, the Government called upon the missions to support the presidios.

But the missions already established were in a flourishing condition, and able to give of their substance, had they chosen, for other establishments. After an interval of more than thirteen years,* the Mission at San Rafael was founded by Father Juan Amoroso from San Carlos, "an earnest and bold missionary," and a "good mechanic." When the establishment was in its infancy,



OLD MISSION DOLORES.

the Indians made a descent upon it to capture the occupants. When the corporal of the guard saw the danger, he embarked the friar, his own wife, and two or three children on one of the tule rafts used by the natives, and sent them off on the tide for safety. On this frail wherry they arrived near the presidio and were rescued, while the brave corporal and his half-dozen soldiers repelled the assailants.

In 1823 the Mission of San Francisco Solano was founded by a party from San Rafael, consisting of Father Jose Altimira, Don Francisco Castro, and Ensign Jose Sanchez, with a guard. They left San Rafael in June, and spent *two months* exploring, finally fixing upon Sonoma, where building at once commenced, August 31st. This mission was destroyed by the Indians three years afterwards, Altimira barely escaping with his life. He went to Santa Barbara, for it was seldom if ever the case that the Padres had the courage to return to a mission where they had suffered an attack from the natives. The mission was rebuilt by Fortuni, under the protection of the presidio, and flourished for about eight years, when it succumbed to the general demoralization of that period.

This was the last of the independent mission establishments. Father. Amoroso undertook another foundation at Santa Rosa, in 1827, but got no farther than a chapel. There were at this period various chapels in

* Two authorities give December 18th, 1817, as the founding, and one December 14th, 1819. The first gives Venturi Fortuni as the founder; and the second, Juan Amoroso. The incident above narrated may account for the discrepancy.

the country, dependencies of the missions, built for the accommodation of the converted Indians living on the mission ranchos, which were often at a long distance from the parent establishment.

We have seen from what insignificant beginnings twenty-one successful establishments were raised up. When the system, political and religious, had been perfected, the whole of Upper California was divided into four military districts, in each of which there was a presidio. The presidency, of which it was the headquarters, embraced certain mission districts—that of San Francisco extending from the most northerly mission to Santa Cruz, and containing, besides the pueblo or free town of San Jose, six missions; that of Monterey, beginning at the pueblo of Branciforte, and embracing six missions, San Luis Obispo being the most southern; that of Santa Barbara, the pueblo of Los Angeles, and five missions. San Diego embraced four missions and no pueblo.

As fast as the means were at hand, and the natives could be *converted*, one rancho after another was added to the mission territory, until mission joined mission, and the entire lands of the beautiful California coast country belonged to the church—from Sonoma to San Diego. To cultivate the cultivatable farms, and herd the cattle on the stock ranchos, to make adobes for building, construct garden walls, and build aqueducts, and to perform the numerous laborious offices of all manner of artisans, even in a rude way, for each of these principalities, required many persons to be engaged in the service.

In 1802, eighteen missions, several of them only recently founded, had 15,562 Indians in their service, nearly eight thousand of whom were males. Fifteen or twenty years later there were nearly double that number of Indian converts. The labor of all these Indians belonged to the missions, for which they received their food and clothing—both of the least expensive kind. The bondage under which they were held was just as much slavery as was the labor system of the Southern States before the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. Whether it was cruel or kind, depended in a great measure upon the head of the establishment.

The daily routine was about the same everywhere: morning mass, at which all were expected to be present; a breakfast of *posale*, or beans and corn cooked together; labor in the fields until between eleven and twelve o'clock; then dinner of *posale* and beef or mutton; work from two o'clock until an hour before sundown; then evening service, and a supper of mush, *atole*. The

MISSION DOLORES RESTORED.

Indians would not eat pork. Swine, they said, were transformed Spaniards, and they had no stomach for them. The Spaniards themselves ate them sparingly, and they were chiefly converted into soap, of which article great quantities were made.

On Saturdays soap was given out at noon, when there was a general washing of persons and clothing. The clothing was very simple. The women had two undergarments a year given to them, with gowns of a coarse stuff, and a blanket apiece. The men had shirts, trowsers, and blanket. This was about the rule, but the administration was different at different missions. Some of the Fathers allowed greater indulgences in the way of dress than others—a gay silk handkerchief, a few ribbons, beads, or other bits of finery to the girls and women, and gayly colored *ponchos* to the men. An Indian could not be allowed to wear the Spanish dress, but

the least infusion of white blood removed the bar, and made the individual a Spaniard.

We have now to look to the effect of this system. We have to consider the object of it—the civilization of the Indians, with the purpose of making subjects and citizens of them. In the first place, no civilization comes without labor by the majority of the people—without a desire on the part of the people to rise out of barbarism, and a willingness to work for it. But the Indians did not desire civilization at all, and certainly not enough to labor for it. They were accustomed to seize as a spoil any object which excited their covetousness; with patient effort, they were unacquainted. They had, besides, a scorn of labor, because they, in their savagery, had notions of rank, and made slaves of their captives.

To reduce such a people to order and industry required force; therefore, to enslave them was absolutely necessary. If they were allowed any option in the matter, they would never become of any value as a population. By force they were made useful to their masters, and through them to themselves. That was the argument of the Spanish master, as it has been of all other masters. The truth is, however, that unwilling work, though it may enrich the tyrant, seldom if ever profits the oppressed. What was the loudest argument of the Southern slave-owner against liberating the negroes? Why, that they could not work for themselves: they had not learned enough in slavery to live in freedom.

Probably the Fathers hoped for better things at the first; but by the time they had given up looking for some signs of intelligent aspiration, they had become wedded to the habits of slave-owners: to a love of absolute power, and the profits of unpaid toil. Besides, their slaves were all the time improving *as slaves.* Not only were they now able to perform field work, but also many kinds of manufactures; and the more intelligent of them were promoted to petty offices—to a church police, to keep the sleepy or indifferent awake during service by the administration of the lash, or stirring them up with a long stick; or to the more important position of overseer in the fields.

It was said many of the Indians evinced considerable skill in the mechanic arts, and a few even achieved a degree of rude proficiency in sculpture, so that their work was used in the decoration of churches. But it was, after all, only the brain of the Fathers controlling obedient nerve and muscle in the inferior: for whenever did an Indian of California, left to himself, pursue either mechanics or art?

The results produced upon the moral nature of the Indians were very similar to those exhibited in their intellectual capacities. So thoroughly were they trained to regularity in their religious duties that when one of the numerous bells used at all the missions was rung for a particular service, or for meals, the work-animals in the fields and roads stopped at the sound, without being bidden. Yet, though outward forms were so faithfully observed, it is doubtful if there were any real converts among the mission Indians. Concerning this there are many facts and illustrative anecdotes given by early adventurers in the country, and by the Padres themselves.

During the revolution in Mexico, about 1822, after Iturbide had been proclaimed emperor, the San Diego Indians, who had been fifty years under instruction, made a great feast, inviting all the neighboring Indians. They commenced their festivities by burning their chief alive. When reprimanded by the Fathers, they cited the example of the Mexicans, who killed rulers whom they did not approve. Before these Indians were Christianized, they burned only their enemies; but now, with the example of Christendom before them, they burned an unpopular chief of their own tribe, and insolently assured their critics that the next chief who provoked their displeasure should receive the same treatment.

One of the Fathers of San Juan Capistrano relates that a young man who had been reared at the Mission of La Purissima,

and was well instructed in religion, often officiating as interpreter for the priests, being taken very ill, would not take the medicine offered him, but sent for a medicine-man of his own race, who practiced upon him his heathen mummeries. In vain the Fathers, seeing he must die if he persisted in this course, exhorted him to confess and prepare for death. But he refused, until his own doctor, seeing he could do nothing for him, abandoned him with the excuse that as he had heretofore listened to the teachings of the priests, his own God was angered, and would not relieve him. Finding himself forsaken by the spiritual powers of his own race, he reluctantly consented to make his confession and receive absolution, dying as much a gentile in heart as any unconverted Indian.

An Indian of San Juan Capistrano being about to die, utterly refused to yield to the ministrations of the Father, whose words "were spurned with disgust." When asked by some one present why he would not confess, he replied: "Because I will not. If I have been deceived whilst living, I do not wish to die in the delusion!" and expired, to the horror and grief of his former

MISSION SAN LUIS DEL REY. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

spiritual adviser. This man, too, was one of the most intelligent and best instructed of the mission Indians. It was the more intellectual individuals who thus openly revolted.

Father Boscano, in alluding to these and many similar cases, says that to the rule of heathen propensities and beliefs the exceptions were few. "He who has perused them with attention, or is familiar with the character of these Indians, knowing that when they appear the most intelligent, and entitled to the greatest confidence, they are the least to be trusted—he will, I say, agree with me, generally, regarding their belief; as all their operations are accompanied by stratagems and dissimulation, they easily gain our confidence, and at every pass we are deluded."

Their superstitious belief in ghosts and evil spirits was as difficult to eradicate as their other spiritual tenets. If an Indian met a goblin in his travels, and rushed frightened and panting to the mission, it was in vain that a priest with a guard of soldiers was dispatched to the spot, with orders to remain there until the Indian was convinced, by their immunity from harm, that nothing ghostly haunted the locality. If nothing happened to the Spaniards, it was because they were of a different race, and Indian goblins had no influence over them—the Indian remaining firm in his faith that he had met an evil spirit.

After their acquaintance with the Christian faith and practices, the Indians undoubtedly modified many of their beliefs, introducing ideas different from those entertained in a state of savagery; hence some of their legends were a strange mixture of wild and educated imaginings. Some, too, were pure fictions which they invented to scare the whites; as, for instance, this one of Monte Diablo.

When the Spaniards were crossing the mountain called Bolgones, they said, on their way to Sonoma, they disturbed an evil spirit which dwelt in a cave in the mountain, whose name was Cucusuy, or mischief-maker. This goblin emerged from his lair, and, dressed in all the diabolical finery of a war chief, stood upon a pinnacle of rock and motioned the strangers to depart, threatening, if he was not obeyed, to cast a spell over them. But the Spaniards were not terrified. Quite the contrary; for one of the soldiers threw his lasso and caught the devil, who begged to be released. On this being told to the Indians, they explained that the captured goblin was the evil spirit of this mountain, which henceforth was called Monte Diablo.

The goblin which gesticulated to the Spaniards from a rock was probably a native medicine-man, who begged humbly for his liberty when caught in the skillfully thrown noose of a soldier's lasso. But the Spaniards made no objection to considering him a devil.

The Fathers had progressed a great way in the temporal results of their system before it could be made known to them how much of a failure was the spiritual part of it. And in the impossibility of knowing to what an extent it was a failure before they had seen some of the children raised to adults under their teaching, lies the real apology for their course. Serra and his associates were sincere men, willing to devote their lives to benefiting a portion of the human race whom they considered most unfortunate in not possessing a knowledge of the Saints of the Romish Church, and for a ruler, the King of Spain.

The pioneers in the mission system died before they fully realized that even the next generation of Indians would not be capable of citizenship. Their successors found themselves in circumstances of great temptation: absolute lords each of an extent of country equal to a European state, with one, two, or three thousand slaves subject to his will, and an army of soldiers at his bidding to maintain this subjection, or at any time to increase the number, if desired, by capture of more gentiles; with rapidly increasing herds, growing orchards, ripening harvests, and a commerce requiring a fleet of coasting vessels, all under the sanction of both Church and State—these Franciscan friars, raised to poverty and self-abnegation, were actually able to live like kings.

That they did not descend to gross sensuality under circumstances where so to descend would have been not without some excuse; that they lived like gentlemen instead, keeping good tables, practicing hospitality, so far as hospitality under a restrictive and suspicious government was possible; and that thay endeavored by fatherly ways to win the love of the Indians—is greatly to their credit, and the credit of religion.

Yet there was among them a diversity of character, as in any other body of men. There were a few men of talents, a majority who were simply good stewards, and some who were "below the salt" in a priestly sense. One of these latter was, with another friar, in charge of Santa Ynez in the palmiest days of mission life. The Indians treacherously arose, attacked the mission, and killed one of the Padres. The guard was surprised and demoralized, and all would have been lost but for the soldierly qualities of the remaining priest, who assumed the command and fought with valor.

"Ho, Padre! is that the way you say mass?" sneered an Indian acolyte.

"Yes, my son," answered the warlike Padre. "Here," holding up his cartridge-box, "is the chalice; here," holding up his carbine, "is the crucifix; and here," leveling his carbine, "goes my benediction to

you, you ——," at the same time laying low the scoffer.

The warrior-priest saved his mission; a reinforcement was brought, the converts, who had fled to Tulare Valley, were compelled to return, and the leaders of the *emeute* were shot. But the prefect of the district punished the priest for unpriestly conduct, and he returned to San Luis Obispo. Being met there by an acquaintance, he was asked about the trouble he was in.

"Yes, my son," was the reply; "the President of the missions has suspended me for a year on account of the unclerical language I used in the affair at Santa Ynez. The old fool! He knew I was a soldier before I was a priest; and when those accursed Indians drove me to resume my old trade, how could I refrain from using my old language?" Taking a couple of decanters, and placing them before his friend: "Here, countryman, help yourself. Here is wine, and here is *aguadiente*. The old fool thinks he is punishing me. Behold, I have no mass to say for a year, and nothing whatever to do but to eat, drink, and sleep."

The testimony of the earliest travelers and historians is to the effect that the Padres of California were a respectable class of men.

MISSION SAN FERNANDO. (From a Photograph by Watkins. Engraved by A. Krüger.)

That they were in many things narrow and timid was but natural; but they were also simple and confiding. An early American traveler tells of being saluted on his first visit to San Luis Obispo by the following, in tolerably good English: "How do you do, sir? Very good oysters, Mr. Fish! Come in! May the devil skin you to make your mother a nightcap!" After which a whole vocabulary of oaths were rattled off, accompanied by smiles and gestures of welcome, all of which was very astonishing to the visitor.

The mystery was explained when it was discovered that for a number of years there had resided with this priest at the Santa Cruz Mission an eccentric old Scotchman, who had occupied some of his leisure in teaching the Padre to repeat certain phrases in English, which were represented to express a kindly greeting and offers of hospitality. Think of his effort to prepare himself for this opportunity, only to make a laughing-stock of himself!

No doubt, in their comparative isolation, they were glad of the occasional advent of a stranger. The white population of California for many years consisted only of the Fathers and the military. The four presidios were a long distance apart, and at the missions were no higher officers than a corporal of guard. The three pueblos contained few families except the discharged soldiers, and their children by native mothers. But the Fathers visited a good deal among themselves, and occasionally made an errand to Mexico.

They had occasion, too, for caution,

though caution was usually shown by the military. When David Douglas, the naturalist, traveled through California, about 1830, he could only get permission to go where he pleased by promising not to make drawings of the Spanish forts. No wonder the Spanish Government did not want its defenses in California published to the world. Twelve years before Douglas begged the favor of being allowed to study the botany of the country, a bold buccaneer, flying an unknown flag, had approached Monterey and fired on the town. The guns of the ship were answered from the batteries, while the lancers stood ready to repel an attempt to land. Finally the vessel bore away. But couriers were dispatched all along the coast to warn the missions. At Ortega rancho, above Santa Barbara, the pirates landed and plundered it, several of their men being captured by the soldiers from Santa Barbara. Soon after, San Juan Capistrano was plundered, after which the vessel sailed away from the coast. It was ascertained that she was a privateer from Buenos Ayres, whose captain was a Frenchman.

On another occasion a pestilence had been introduced among the Indians by a stranger who came among them, causing many of the mission Indians to die. The year following, two strangers presented themselves at San Fernando Rey, one of them being very ill. Instead of being received with the customary hospitality, they were not permitted to approach the mission, but were motioned away with earnest gestures of avoidance. The good Padre's heart relented, however, when he saw the sick man lying under a tree, and sent a servant with choice refreshments to the strangers. After reposing themselves for some time, they departed for the pueblo of Los Angeles, finding the farm-houses on their route deserted by their occupants as if in a hasty retreat before an enemy, the explanation being in the fact that a courier had been sent to warn the people of the approach of a possible pestilence.

Such was the monotonous, uneventful, and harmless life of the Padres of California before successive revolutions effected their downfall. FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A LOGICAL SEQUENCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chinaman, preparing breakfast, was the earliest person stirring in the house the morning following the murder. He had been busy since early sunrise tending his fire, kneading his biscuits, cooking divers viands, and setting the table for this repast; and for a full hour a savory odor of fragrant coffee had floated up the stairway and insinuated itself into every nook and cranny of the house. Now, glancing at the clock and noting that the hands indicated the near approach of half-past seven, he turned into a deep dish the kettle of smoking oatmeal, and setting it in the heater where it could be brought forth at a moment's notice, washed his hands at the sink, and proceeded to ring the bell.

This bell was used solely for announcing the readiness of a meal, and sounded only at the critical moment when everything was hot and ready for the table. Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield were commonly prompt in responding to its summons; and the Chinaman, after some moments, waiting, was surprised at their non-appearance. Going to the door, he listened for a moment. Hearing nothing, he took the bell, and standing at the foot of the stairs, rang it again. Loud and long it echoed—loud enough and long enough to have awakened all the

neighbors on the block, had that been necessary.

Still there was no response. The oatmeal remained smoking in the heater; the coffee, set back now from the front of the stove, no longer bubbled and steamed, but settled down into a gentle simmering, as if tired out with its late exercise, and satisfied to rest; and above stairs there was not even the shuffle of a footstep or rustle of a garment to show that the summons had been regarded.

The shadows on the kitchen floor grew shorter, the hands of the clock moved industriously around the dial, and for an hour, at intervals of a few moments, the Chinaman rang the bell. Finally, forseeing the utter ruin of his breakfast, he went up from the basement to the sitting-room and knocked on the door. Getting no answer, he proceeded up-stairs to Mrs. Butterfield's room, and once more rapped loudly. Hearing nothing, he opened the door softly and thrust in his head. Across the room he could just distinguish the outlines of the figure on the bed. Drawing back, he closed the door and stood listening to see if the sleeper had been awakened by the intrusion. Nothing resulting from a moment's waiting, he gave a parting rattle on the door panels and shuffled off down-stairs, emphasizing his impatience in an outburst of enigmatical Chinese.

As the morning grew, there were many calls for the attention of the usually busy little housewife. The Chinese vegetable peddler, with his pole and baskets, eased down his burden before the back door, and held voluble and high-pitched discourse with his countryman within. The butcher waited for ten minutes in constant expectation of her coming; and finally, on a venture, left that which in his judgment seemed suited to her tastes, and jotting it down in the little memorandum book by the door, went grumblingly away. The grocery man took his order from the Chinaman without comment. And once, a book agent at the front door, conceiving the Chinaman's laconic denial of Mrs. Butterfield's presence to be merely a plan for bluffing him off, insisted so loudly and violently on being allowed an interview that it would have awakened any ordinary sleeper in the house.

But all unconscious of the current of human life that whirled and eddied round her; so deep in the black depths that no suspicion of her presence came to these living straws that drifted in and out about her on the surface; unheeding of the calls that came to rouse her to the duties of the day; lying as she had fallen, with her face turned down, and her arms outspread, in ugly quiet, lay the body of the murdered woman, the red halo round her head darkening and stiffening in the warm morning light.

Finally, well along toward noon, there was another ring at the bell, and the Chinaman, opening the door, admitted Maud, who was closely followed by her brother. In her ministrations to Tom, Maud had told him of her conversation with Mrs. Butterfield, and after much urging had induced him to come with her on this occasion, in the hope of adding to her own the force of Mrs. Butterfield's persuasion.

Finding the door locked, she had rung the bell, and was somewhat surprised when the Chinaman, and not her friend, appeared at the door.

"Where is Dollie—where is Mrs. Butterfield?" she asked impatiently, coming into the hall.

"She sleep. She no get up," said the Chinaman briefly.

"Why, what is the matter? Is she sick?"

"I no know," said the Chinaman. "She no come down."

"Well, well," said Maud; "I'm sorry to hear that; wait a moment, Tom," she added, turning to him, "and I'll run up and see what is the matter."

With heart full of friendly anxiety, yet so unsuspecting of evil that she sang lightly to herself, she went tripping up the stairs and along the hall to Mrs. Butterfield's door, and knocked.

There was no response!

And why should there have been a reply? Her mind was full of the thought of her friend's indisposition, and her feeling had so tempered her hand that the gentle rap she had given the door would scarcely have served to waken even a light sleeper on the other side. She struck again, this time loudly and distinctly, and with an air of confidence that her effort would meet a hearing and bring an answering call.

But Mrs. Butterfield did not answer.

"Dollie, dear!" said Maud. "May I come in?"

Still no reply.

Three or four times Maud repeated her name, but without result. Then, thinking that her friend's sleep was more than usually sound, or else that her illness had became so powerful as to prevent speech, she opened the door and entered.

Meanwhile Tom, at the foot of the staircase, had become impatient of the delay. His cup of repentance was about full, and it was but reluctantly that he had consented to take this last drop from Mrs. Butterfield. He was ashamed to meet her and have her know of his disgrace. Not that he feared encountering ridicule or contempt—there was no danger of that from her; but kindliness and gentle sympathy often cut deeper than a blow.

"Be quick, Maud!" he called up the stairway. He kicked his foot against the bottom step and listened impatiently. There was the sound of a door being closed, and he paused expectantly. It was only Maud going into Mrs. Butterfield's chamber, and for the next moment there was silence.

"I tell you, Maud," he called impatiently, "she isn't there. Come on."

But Maud apparently had no attention for his provoked entreaties.

"Where are you, Maud," he cried, running up the stairs till he could see along the upper hall. "I tell you I won't wait any longer!"

At this moment, at the door of Mrs. Butterfield's room, coming from within, Maud suddenly appeared. Her face was unnaturally pale; so blanched, indeed, that in the shadow of the hall-way her brother saw it as if made transparent by some light within. The intense and terrified expression of her eyes gave strength to the illusion; for she stood and looked at him with a gaze of fear and horror that was transfiguring in its strength. As she stood on the threshold, she tried to speak; but though her lips moved, they made no sound. Turning partly back, she pointed within the bedroom, and beckoned as if she would indicate what she could not tell in words. Tom was startled by her appearance, and seized by the momentary intuition of some terrible thing. He pushed his way by her and passed into the room; but in a moment he emerged again with a cry choking in his throat.

Turning to his sister, himself trembling with excitement, he found her still white with the shock of her horror; but with eyes softened by the tears that could not be brushed away.

"My God!" he gasped. "Did you see her?" Maud clung to him convulsively.

"Is she dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes—no—I don't know," he answered under his breath; "I could not tell."

"O, what shall we do?"

"Come," he said, decisively taking her by the hand, yet starting furtively at the sound of his own voice, "we must not stay here. Somebody must come."

He turned again, and opening the door as cautiously as if in fear of wakening the sleeper, stole one more look at the sole occupant of the room; then closing it almost reverently he went hurriedly down the stairs and out into the open air, closely followed by Maud.

It takes short time to spread ill news, and the lonely, quiet house was soon thronged with curious visitors. Mr. Tanquary was first to come. Then the doctor. Then the prying crowd that surged in and out and lingered in groups of two and three to theorize in whispers, and shake their heads in a sort of gratified horror over the event.

And along with these came a little old woman, dressed plainly in black, with white

hair quaintly carried back in silvery bands from a face whose peacefulness was disturbed by such anxious lines of sorrow and concern that no one spoke to her as she slipped through the crowd at the gate and entered the house, but let her pass in silence. Maud met her in the hall.

"O, Mrs. Williams," she exclaimed, hastening toward her. "I am so glad you have come."

The old lady took her hands in an excess of emotion, and wrung them almost painfully.

"Tell me," she said, "Dollie—my child—tell me the worst. Is she dead?"

"No," said Maud tremblingly, through her tears. "It is not as bad as that. But—"

The old lady turned away her face, and for the moment did not speak. At length she said, in a broken voice:

"Yes, it might be worse. I trust it will not; but I am afraid there is little hope. O, my dear, dear, child!"

She broke down so completely that Maud, controlling her own grief, strove to reason with her, and beseech her, if it was only that she might harbor her strength to fight the coming battle for her dear daughter's life, that she should be more calm. Recovering at length under this gentle ministration, she grew more quiet and composed; and passing up-stairs took her place at the bedside of her daughter with a firmness and steadiness that carried her bravely through the duties of the sick chamber, and enabled her to hide, almost with cheerfulness, the fear and sorrow that oppressed her.

No; she was not dead, though there was small room for hope. Yet to Maud there was comfort even in this. Sitting in the little deserted parlor, time and again she found herself creeping noiselessly into the hall to listen for something—anything—that should give her knowledge of what was passing in the room above; time and again she waited at the staircase to intercept the doctor as he descended; her face painfully eager in its mute appeal, and her heart fluttering with the agonizing fear that there might be something too terrible even to be thought of in what he had to tell.

"She is young; she is strong; her constitution is good, and she may get over it," said the kind-hearted physician. "But there is very little hope." This was the invariable answer.

Morning crept along to noon; she was still alive, though yet unconscious. The news went abroad and brought a tide of anxious inquiry. Children with awed faces gathered in groups about the gate, and gazed with wondering glances on those who entered or came out. People inquired at the door in whispers. Strangers stopped thoughtlessly in passing to ask the cause of all this gathering, lingered, and went away in sober thoughtfulness. Old men, with trembling limbs and withered features, whose feeble pulses were scarcely more strong then hers over whom they came to mourn, strained their dim eyes and bent their failing ears to catch some sight or breath to tell them how she fared and how the struggle went; women heard the story, and went away in tears; many whom she had aided or befriended spoke tender, loving words about her goodness and her charity; some—and they were not a few—told of her patient trustfulness and cheerful council; and all were honest in their sympathetic sorrow.

It came to one to tell how, only the day before, he had seen her in the full pride of health and blooming strength, and how sunny had been her smile and how helpful her pleasant word.

Another remembered that he had often wondered how one so young could be so skilled in wifely cares and duties; how that she never seemed to worry with her work, but always sang, and was happy in her tasks; and how her motherly heart, yearning over the little child that had only come to her and gone, had learned to draw to itself the confidence and love of many another babyish heart and life.

"No," said one, with his head uncovered, and the tears standing in his eyes. "She is so young and good; such a blessing and a comfort to all who know her; so true a

woman, and such a happiness to all about her, that if she were taken from us now I should almost come to doubt that God was merciful. No, I do not believe that she will die."

So, with whispered words, moving and intermingling in little groups of two and three, they stood and talked, and in the startling suddenness of the event found the truth difficult to understand. And then, as the afternoon shadowed into twilight, and the light streaming from her window flickered and trembled on the wooden walk—flickering and trembling with the beats of her fluttering pulse, it seemed to them—they gradually gave up their watchful vigil, and in twos and threes went quietly away, and Maud alone remained.

Oh, the bitter agony of waiting helpless, while, almost within reach, some one we love is battling for life! Oh, the suspense of sitting idly by and listening for the tramp of feet, the stir in the sinister silence of the sick-room that shall tell of change—be it of life or death, we know not which, nor dare to ask ourselves! The horrible trains of thought that flash across the mind and dance in grotesque and riotous fancy through the imagination; the weary void, the feeling of despair, the strange connection between animate and senseless objects that intrudes itself upon the eye, and forces up sad memories of the sufferer in every familiar thing; the acute fear of what *may* happen, that overpowers all calm and makes the heart flutter and the voice choke and the eyes grow dim with tears—if there be any of you who have not felt all these and personally, you will never, even faintly, understand how for hours Maud sat in anguish and started at each sound, or moved idly here and there as if expecting something, and found no rest.

Twice during the evening they had come down from her chamber. But each time the report was the same, and there had been no change. It was late when Maud returned home. Tom had come for her and insisted on her going; and, rendered tired by her long watch and the great strain of her excitement, dropping on her bed without removing her clothes, she fell into a deep sleep. She was entirely worn out, and they did not try to rouse her. Her slumber was unbroken for a long time; and when she finally awoke, the sun was shining brightly.

They were expecting her at the house when she returned, and her father, his footsteps deadened by an enormous pair of old carpet slippers, scuffled down into the parlor to relieve her anxiety and suspense. Mrs. Butterfield had not gained any in the night. Still the same quiet torpor. Rather there had been a loss, for every moment could but make her weaker: there was small comfort in the thought.

The fog was lifting in the street, and as Maud stood in the doorway she felt the cold air from the distant ocean buffet the color up into her cheeks. There was such chilliness and grayness in the scene; such deadness and silence in the dreary street; so little of brightness and of life in everything: that when the girl gathered her scattered senses and looked about upon the landscape, she felt, indeed, that there was little room for hope; that Mrs. Butterfield could never live when all things else were withering and dying; that life grew only with the spring and flowers, not with the falling leaves and cheerless winter. And she remembered, too, with bitter understanding, the sarcastic proverb that marks for early death those who are good and innocent and true.

A shout from a group of happy children broke blithely in upon these melancholy thoughts. Another followed, and another. The group passed by with noisy mirth and childish laughter, and then there was a momentary flash of sunlight; but the wind was cold, and the fog still overhung the street.

Turning backwards into the house, for hours she paced up and down the hall, lifting her eyes every moment to the shadowy stairway, and trembling at the silence that brought to her no sound from the sick-chamber beyond. Finally, Mrs. Williams joined her. There had been little change in the sick woman, and she had become so exhausted that rest was deemed imperative.

All the livelong day they sat and talked in interrupted whispers. The gray mantle of the fog deepened and darkened, until at night it seemed the color of a shroud. Their eager ears caught the shuffle of Mr. Tanquary's slippers on the stairs. They both rose involuntarily to their feet, looked at each other with sinking hearts, and rushed toward him as he entered.

"Tell me," cried the old lady. "What is it! There has been a change! O, do not keep it from me! Tell me!"

"There, there," said Mr. Tanquary, taking her hands and speaking soothingly. "Don't get so worked up about it, Mrs. Williams—you mustn't."

The old lady strove to be calm, but stood trembling in every limb.

"I understand," she said piteously. "I felt that it would be so. She is dying. Let me go to her. O, my poor, poor child!"

She made a motion as if to leave the room, but he stood in front of her and barred the way. His eyes were wet, as he took her hand and said:

"I am afraid, dear Mrs. Williams, that it is something worse."

The old lady reeled in her place, and her face grew very white.

"Dollie! My child! and is she dead!"

"No," said Mr. Tanquary, huskily. "I almost wish she were. Not that I don't want to keep her with us. But when it comes to me what her life must be if she get over this—the shame and sorrow she will have to bear, the hurt and pain that will ever stay with her and worry her, the utter desolation that will fall about her life—I can't help feeling that it is selfish in us to want to hold her with us, and that it would be a better thing for her if she could die."

Chapter IX.

And so the tide turned and began to sink again to the old level of uneventful quietness. The little house was very tranquil now. The whirl of curiosity and sympathetic interest that momentarily had gathered round it had been as passing as it had been passionate. There was still occasional inquiry at the door, and probably no slackening of outside interest and unspoken sympathy. But succeeding the first sudden thrill had come the indefinite shrinking and superstitious dread that always follow on the doing of an unlawful deed—the strange feelings of repulsion and awe, that tend to confound the victim with the crime done against him, and so to blind and hedge about humanity, that it comes to stand aloof from the one, because of its hatred and abhorrence of the other.

And so it came that dreamy quiet fell about the little house; and the woman, sick within it, lay and saw the blue sky smile through the open window on her; felt the cool breeze on her face; heard at night the tree-frogs croaking, and by day the happy birds; felt, with grateful, heartfelt pleasure, how, with tender, loving care, they were laboring to help her back again to life and health.

They were very weary days, those that had come immediately after her first return to consciousness; bitter and sorrowful with the recollection of how it happened, that she was lying there, and haunted with the uneasy thought, half fear, half wonder, as to what those around her thought about it all, and if they really knew the truth. She did not ask about her husband, and they did not speak of him to her. But had she asked, indeed, there was nothing they could have told; for beyond the fact that he had crossed the bay and left Oakland by the northern route, nothing was known as to his movements or his whereabouts. But everything was so bright and cheerful round her; all that she saw and felt was so hopeful and so full of glowing life, that it would have been a darker and a colder nature than Mrs. Butterfield's that had not felt their weight; and so it happened that she slowly struggled out of danger and back again to life.

And there was not a moment that she lacked for loving care. Her mother ministered to her with patient, hopeful gratitude,

and Maud gave all her days and many evenings to attendance at her side. Indeed, so engrossing was her interest that she forgot entirely her appointment with Mr. Tilley made for Sunday evening; and when that young gentleman knocked timidly on the door, and stood pensively surveying his feet, while waiting for some one to come, he was considerably startled when Mrs. Tanquary, and not Maud, finally opened the door and confronted him.

"Oh!" he said, blushing very red, "I thought it was Maud. Good evening, Mrs. Tanquary; is Miss Maud at home?"

"No," said that estimable lady, holding the door very narrowly open, and standing so as to effectually discourage any feeling of invitation to enter that might happen to occur to him. "No, she isn't."

"W-will she be in soon, do you think?" faltered Mr. Tilley.

"I am sure I don't know," returned her mother, with a slight smile of disparagement.

There was a moment's silence.

"I have a book here that she asked me to bring her," said Mr. Tilley, finally.

Mrs. Tanquary stretched out her hand for it, with a malicious show of politeness.

"Yes?" she said. "Well, I will give it to her when she returns."

But Mr. Tilley was not to be bluffed off in this manner.

"She told me to come this evening," he said desperately; "I guess I'll wait."

In the face of this there was naught for Mrs. Tanquary to do but to admit him, which she did with the best grace possible under the circumstances; but stood aside with such an evident struggle at repression of her feelings that Mr. Tilley's heart fluttered violently in passing her, lest by some inadvertent act he should strike the spark that would bring on an explosion.

Mrs. Tanquary, who had nothing else to do while he removed his overcoat but watch closely his every motion, had already preceded him into the parlor, and with great show of patience at having to wait so long for him, said, with an emphasis that left it doubtful whether it was intended as an invitation or a command:

"Sit down."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Tilley.

His seating himself on the high head of the lounge, and his slipping down therefrom, seemed to suggest to Mrs. Tanquary a topic for further conversation.

"You appear warm," said Mrs. Tanquary.

"Yes, ma'am; quite warm," returned Mr. Tilley, flushing still more. "Thank you."

For Mrs. Tanquary had brought him a fan, and seemed almost charitable about it too.

Mr. Tilley was so overcome by the success of his entry, and was so paralyzed to see Mrs. Tanquary sitting opposite him in perfect silence—and she had never once taken her eyes off him from the time he had first entered the house—that he felt it difficult to say anything, and would no doubt have been a much longer time in mustering up courage to do so, if Mrs. Tanquary had not come to the rescue herself, by picking up the thread of conversation at the point where it had been dropped before.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tanquary, "it has been quite warm for several days."

"Awful warm," returned Mr. Tilley, wiping his face. Fearing that this might be too familiar, he added soberly, as a correction, "Warmer than I've seen it." Not wholly satisfied with this, he looked within himself for further light, and said, "Very warm indeed."

Having noted this remarkable and interesting fact, Mr. Tilley dropped into a deep pool of reflective silence.

"You are still with Mr. Chadbourne?" said Mrs. Tanquary, giving him a lift.

"Yes, ma'am, for the present," said Mr. Tilley; and went down again.

It was fully ten minutes before he again came to the surface. Then, feeling that he was growing redder every minute, and that there was an uncomfortable sensation inside him that he would burst if he didn't relieve himself in some way, he said, almost explosively:

"Miss Maud gone visiting?"

"No," said Mrs. Tanquary, "she is taking

care of Mrs. Butterfield—or thinks she is," she added with a deprecatory smile.

Mr. Tilley's buoyancy deserting him again, Mrs. Tanquary continued the conversation.

"Yes," she said, "we tease Maud a great deal about getting to be such a nurse. She is in such a hurry and a flutter to go over there all the time, and always telling us what they do and what they are going to do in the sick-room, and is *so* important, and *so* busy, that she is *very* amusing. I asked her the other day what she would do if a person fainted—just something I thought of, you know, for I don't know anything about nursing—and she couldn't tell. And then I said, 'What! you can't tell me that! you who have been a *whole week* in a sick-room. Why, I could have done as well as that myself!' And she was so worried about it that I really had to laugh."

There was more of this small talk; but I doubt if any very clear recollection of it remained in Mr. Tilley's mind.

The painful consciousness of a sensation of increasing rigidity in his legs served to occupy his attention, and he hardly knew what Mrs. Tanquary did say to him during the quarter of an hour that she entertained him—beyond that she never said anything to set him at his ease. When Mrs. Tanquary heard Maud's light footstep in the hall, and her quick, nervous touch on the handle of the parlor door, she stopped talking, and waited with an interrogative lifting of her eyebrows.

Maud flushed as she advanced toward Mr. Tilley, who rose to meet her with delighted relief.

"O, Harry!" she exclaimed regretfully, "I was so busy taking care of Dollie that I forgot all about your coming to-night. I ought to ask your pardon; but I never once thought."

"I would try and be a little more dignified, Maud," interposed Mrs. Tanquary; "Mr. Tilley is probably not accustomed to having young ladies come in on him so boisterously."

With this parting shot, Mrs. Tanquary smiled, rose, and went out, leaving Maud and Mr. Tilley staring at each other in blank embarrassment.

Directly, however, they regained their composure and settled down to talk. Mr. Tilley was voluble at once, and was very glad to see Miss Maud, even if it was after waiting; and very sorry indeed not to see more of her mother, though he managed to bear up bravely under this latter disappointment—in fact, they both did.

I think that it was at about this point that Mr. Tilley began to notice an unusual embarrassment in Maud's conduct toward him; that she had a general tendency to let her eyes drop for a moment, and then suddenly to look up at him from under her long eyelashes; and that at such times he experienced a desire to shiver and to catch his breath. Now these are small things, and far be it from me to say that they were intentional on the young lady's part. But in any case, the effect was that it was not long before Mr. Tilley became much wrought up and edified in his mind: so much so, in fact, that he became brilliantly loquacious and confidential; and at length even came to meditate designs on Maud's hand as it rested near him on the lounge.

"Did you get home all right the other night?" said Maud, looking up at him timidly from under her eyes. "It was so far out of your way, and so wet and muddy."

Mr. Tilley thought he would try it, and carelessly dropped his hand on the lounge.

"O, yes," he said. "I had such a splendid time that night I never once thought about the wet."

"We always had good times at Mrs. Butterfield's," said Maud.

Mr. Tilley began to think that perhaps he'd better not.

"O, certainly," he said, "I had a good enough time there. I meant that I couldn't help thinking about—going home with you."

Maud sat for a moment with her eyes dropped on the carpet, without speaking. Mr. Tilley breathed hard during the suspense. Finally she said:

"I don't think you thought about it very long."

Mr. Tilley saw that it wouldn't do at all now, and concluded to wait.

"I don't think you remembered it very much," said Maud, drawing up her lips, and raising her eyes suddenly to his and then lowering them again—"when you were going home that evening with Miss Miller."

In his heart Mr. Tilley was conscious of a conviction that perhaps he thought so himself.

"But of course there was no reason for your remembering it," said Maud; "and for that matter, for your thinking about it at all; of course it's very nice to talk to me about, and all that. But I don't suppose it makes any difference, anyway."

Mr. Tilley never knew what moved him. It was involuntary in its quickness. But he broke in on her conversation. He captured the hand that rested on the lounge. He lost his loquacity and blushed very much. The lights danced up and down before his eyes. He could not think of the words he wanted to say. But he told her it was not true. He told her that he had never forgotten her for a moment. He told her it was all her brother's fault. He told her that he never could forget her.

And when Maud, remembering her resolve to keep him at a distance, gently drew away her hand and became properly reserved, he only raved the more. He insisted that she had changed toward him; that some one had been talking against him to her. And when she told him no, grew very gloomy and said that he would go away; and that without her favor there was nothing left for him in life; and that if anything should happen she might hold herself responsible. And waxed so eloquent and drew so strong and pitiful a picture that in the end he really began to feel sorry for himself.

And when, having exhausted his flow of words, and she still obdurate, he grimly rose to put his threat into execution; how Maud, tearful and trembling, would not let him go, and stood in front of him; and how at last he got her in his arms and told her that he loved her, worshiped her, adored her, and held her tight; and how she hid her foolish little head upon his shoulder, and let him say to her what he would—there is no need to tell.

Enough, that after a little, Maud and Mr. Tilley were seated on the lounge as calm as could be wished, and the lights had stopped dancing, and Mr. Tilley's face was less hotly flushed, and Maud was more happy, and Mr. Tilley, rather surprised at himself, had his arm around her, and Maud no longer held him off; for he had asked her, and they were engaged.

All of which Mr. Thomas Tanquary gathered at a glance as he suddenly opened the door. And was so paralyzed thereat that he stood and stared at them in blank amazement; only being able to say softly to himself:

"Well!—I—will—be—damned!" Which sentiment, if profane, was perhaps no more powerful than the strength of his astonishment demanded.

"Mamma is not here, Tom," said Maud, jumping up very quickly and blushing very red when she perceived him. "There's no one here but Mr. Tilley."

"So I perceive," said Tom, grimly. "Can I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly," said Maud, and she came to him by the door. "What is it?"

"I had something to tell you about Dollie that I thought you'd like to know."

"What is it?" said Maud again.

"They have found Mr. Butterfield," said Tom.

WARREN CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THALOE.

Chapter I.

Ah, the grim irony and the cruel power of the Fates! They lurk in darkness, and with stealthy purpose; and for a while we heed them not. But when the destined time arrives—it may not be for many years, or it may be in the coming hour, but always just when life seems gliding on so smoothly that we think we see its whole bright future spread alluringly before us, each pleasant, loitering place securely fixed at easy distance from the rest—then the Fates grasp us in their weird arms, and bind us hand and foot, and drag us back and forth remorselessly, until their long-settled aim is all accomplished. We may be left bleeding and hopeless on life's pathway, or we may be lifted higher than of ourselves we would have ever dared attempt to climb: which it will be, we cannot venture to foretell. We only know that now, at last, our destined course is being carried out, and in a way far different from what we could have looked for even in our wildest dreams. All this is not given as a new or striking thought. It has been often hitherto expressed, and often will be again. It is here retold, not for any claim of originality, but for its simple truth, in so fully illustrating the career of Cleon, a valiant and highly honored captain in the Pretorian Guard.

He had had many and varied experiences, even in the eyes of those with whom adventure was no strange thing. He had passed through years of hard and active service in the field, and therein had followed the eagles of the empire into Britain, Gaul, and Syria, winning everywhere fair renown. He had helped swell the glittering throng of the imperial court, and even there, by his grace and culture, had gained peculiar distinction far above that which often fell to the lot of courtiers. The Fates had thus far dealt very kindly with him, and there seemed nothing left for him but to accept their gifts as freely as they were bestowed, and with his accustomed calm immobility, let the pleasant current of existence flow on softly and unrippled to its close. Nor did his life begin to turn into its long predestined channel with one day—and even then he did not perceive or realize the coming change—when, having been released of his duty at the court, he sat upon his steed at a corner of a street in Baie, and almost as motionless as a statue, gazed in quiet contemplation upon the scene before him, and watched the little city awaken from its noontide sleep.

For the time, far as the eye could see in every direction, there had been listless repose. No cloud floating in the blue sky, or breath of air stirring the tree-tops; and all the while the sun pouring down its uninterrupted rays like a molten flood, the waves of heat surging upward again from lava pavement to marble palace wall and fluted column, till the whole city seemed enveloped in an atmosphere of fire. Few persons dared to abide exposure to that fervent glow; so that the streets had lain all deserted, except where here and there at long intervals some exhausted slave, dispatched upon necessary errands, slowly loitered along, seeking as far as practicable the occasional shade of the narrower passages. In the broad main avenue which ran curving along the city front, flanked upon one side by stately villas and terraced gardens, and upon the other by the indented border of the bay, no life was to be seen in any direction; the houses standing closed and to all appearance untenanted, the pavement remaining untrodden, and the bay itself slumbering in glassy, heated repose, unburdened with any object except one huge three-banked war-galley, which floated at anchor near the shore, with all its oars

drawn in like some great tentacled sea-monster wrapped in gorged slumber. So the little city had appeared when the fast diminishing shadow upon the brazen dial-plate in the broad plaza had marked the approach of noon.

But now, as the shadow upon the dial, once more lengthening slowly, crept along the few smaller hours of the day, a light film of fleecy clouds gathered across the sky, deadening the sun's most potent fervor, while a pleasant breeze, cooled perhaps by the snows of the far-off Appenines came gamboling over the surrounding hills and playfully ruffled the polished surface of the water. Then little by little the city aroused itself from its enforced *siesta;* and the more important streets, especially the long curving street at the border of the bay, became crowded with their accustomed currents of life: first a lame, leprous beggar, crawling lazily from an archway within whose shadow he had been dozing, sat himself down at the foot of a gilded statue of Nero, and spread out his tunic for chance sesterces. Then two scarred gladiators emerged from a wine shop where they had been throwing dice, and continued their game upon an outside bench beneath the overhanging vine bush. A few idle slaves collected to watch the throws, mutely taking sides in the occasional quarrel which was sure to arise, to be only hushed again by the approach of one of the helmeted guards who patrolled the streets. Here and there appeared single persons or small groups strolling to and from the Augustine Baths, followed most generally by slaves bearing changes of apparel and the necessary cosmetics and pigments for the toilet. Soldiers, issued in long, single file from barrack courts, and wended their way to their appointed stations. Slaves of the lower order, with shaven heads and brazen collars, were seen with jars and buckets, passing back and forth between their homes and the city fountains. Horsemen and charioteers came diving through the ever-thickening mass of people. Patrician ladies occupied their accustomed places upon the overhanging balconies, and there, fanned by their favorite household attendants, reclined in such attitudes as most readily permitted a view of the gay scene below. And in a few minutes the whole city which had so lately slept was astir in the pursuit of its usual vocations and pleasures. More lively, crowded, and noisy than ever, in fact; though even in its most composed estate a city of gay and volatile aspect, and famed beyond any portion of the empire for its license and indulgences. For upon the previous day, Nero with his whole court came down from Rome to pass a month or two at his Baien palace, dragging in his train the usual concourse of attendants and sycophants, courtiers and fair ladies, priests and augurs, poets and philosophers, jesters, actors, and pantomimists—and in fine, all that varied array which usually composed the train of an imperial progress, and filled with new and even brighter pageantries the streets of every city where it tarried. A very bright and glittering pageantry, now; upon which, as it swept onward in resistless whirl, with swelling murmur and flashing colors, the Captain Cleon, sitting motionless upon his steed, gazed with listless and apparently half-awakened attention, except as where now and then some more than ordinarily noted person or group stood out from the surging mass in prominent relief, and for the moment attracted his more earnest scrutiny.

As where came the chief eunuch of the palace—a swarthy, thick-lipped Egyptian, with gross and distorted figure, and in his face an unpleasant impress of low, animal cunning, mingled with intense vanity of place and power—riding a richly caparisoned horse, and at his side four turbaned attendants armed with short swords, and diligently making for him a broad passage through the crowd. As he passed onward, casting his eyes to the right and left with an assumption of stately grandeur, seeming so far lifted above the common herd that he could at will demand their obsequious obedience, there were many who furtively scowled upon him, and some who muttered secret anathamas, blushing meanwhile to

think that Roman citizens should have fallen so low as to submit to such menial scorn and tyranny. But no one ventured to dispute or impede his progress, knowing well that the attendants would not scruple to use their swords if unduly interrupted; and that it would be a rash act to resent a blow from even the slave of one who stood so high in authority, and had such constant access to the Cæsar's ear.

As where came Agotas, chief of the imperial pantomimists, on his way to the theater to rehearse his part in a new spectacle. Behind him walked a slave carrying a fat bag, from the half-opened mouth of which peeped the long, curved nose of a comic mask struggling into sight from amidst a maze of other stage properties. The pantomimist was arranged only in his ordinary dress, nor did he exhibit any affectations of pomp or authority. But he was already known to the crowd as an artist of the first order in his line, and many now gathered about him or pressed in front, eager to look upon his features, and, if possible, to gain in advance some glimpse of that wondrous talent which on the stage could convulse a whole audience with laughter. Of all this admiration Agotas was not unobservant, though for a time he would walk on with an air of stolid indifference and a preternaturally sober visage, appearing to look neither to the one side nor the other, and only anxious to reach his journey's end. Then as the throng passed about him too closely, he would stop and motion them aside, enforcing his demand for greater space with some such queer contortions of countenance as would draw roars of merriment from all the crowd, and once more gain for him the reward of an unobstructed passage. So, occasionally doing homage to the public favor, little by little he progressed, until at last, turning to the right, he and his panting slave slipped beneath the low arches of the theater and were seen no more.

As where the Senator Vortilian drew near; a man of plebian birth, whose wealth alone had raised him to his high rank; laughed at by all who knew him, for his transparent affectation of gentle descent, but appreciated far and wide as a generous liver, whose suppers were famous for their cost and excellence, as well as for their frequency. He was on his way to the bath, and reclined in his litter, an unwieldy mass of flesh, beneath the burden of which four slaves toilsomely staggered. Four others walked alongside, carrying gilded staves before them, and generally assuming to act simply as a guard of honor, but holding themselves in readiness to come to the relief of the others at the proper time, and place their own shoulders beneath the bending poles. The curtains of the litter were looped up, showing the Senator reclining at full length, his head propped upon a pillow, and his fat cheeks and stomach shaking at every step taken by his exhausted bearers. With the not uncommon affectation of that period, he had been holding a parchment scroll, under the specious pretense of being so immersed in study as not to dare lose a moment of the time employed in passing to and from the bath; but nature had been too powerful for him, and already his filmy eyes were closing in dreamy slumber, while the scroll had fallen from his grasp, and now lay upside down upon his protuberant figure.

And yet again, as where, far down the street, an open chariot drawn by two milk-white mules came dashing around a curve at speed that scattered all before it. The rich emblazonry of the vehicle, gorgeous with painted panels and inlaid with ivory and pearl, as well as the brilliant, gold-incrusted harness of the mules, indicated for their owner high rank and wealth combined; but after the first careless glance, the eyes of few persons in that surging crowd cared to rest longer merely upon such inanimate objects of display. The common gaze was rather attracted towards the interior of the chariot, where, upon a raised seat beneath the looped-up hangings of embroidered silk, sat a single female figure, leaning back in a studied attitude which could not fail to exhibit, with a certain statuesque art, its rare and superb gracefulness and perfection of

proportion. A large and luxuriously developed figure, which, even if clad in rags, would have attracted notice, and which now, in its purple and gold-threaded robes and its wealth of richly ornamented jewels, seemed queen-like in its magnificence. In all respect the figure of a gorgeous and imperious beauty; a glance from whom should inspire the exhausted poet with new themes, and whose smile should nerve the dying warrior in the arena to attempt still brighter deeds of valor; who was already celebrated in song as the most brilliant ornament of Nero's court, and who now irresistibly attracted all eyes as she reclined upon the richly trimmed leopard's skin, her clear complexion and heavily looped braids of hair in jeweled fillets gleaming in glowing contrast to the spotted fur, and her eyes seeming each moment ready to yield themselves to slumbrous languor, though all the while she remained jealously alert, with stealthy action, to gaze from between her fringed lids, and with bright, keen, flashing glance gather in the most trifling incidents of the scene before her. The strollers on foot, both citizens and slaves, equally arrested their steps to wonder and admire. The two gladiators in front of the wine shop for the moment ceased their game of dice, and forgot the long-drawn quarrel which attended it. The maidens and matrons in the balconies looked down with envy; and more than one of those there reclining endeavored, without success, to readjust their own positions, in the vain hope of imitating that air of graceful languor. Even the beggar at the foot of the gilded statue almost forgot to draw his feet back from the dangerous proximity of the chariot wheels, and for the instant, as he gazed after her, left uncollected the few coins which from a small bag at her side she tossed to him.

And thus, with a slight responsive wave of the hand to Cleon, who now stood eagerly straining his sight in expectant attention, Alypia Lentula rolled rapidly past, the surging crowd closed up behind her chariot, and in a moment more was again lost to view.

Chapter II.

Having now gained that pleasant greeting for which alone he had waited, Cleon turned away. Why should he longer tarry? For him the life of the scene had gone by with the flight of that swift-rolling chariot. He therefore drew the rein, and horse and rider —in themselves no inconsiderable feature of the pageant, as with burnished helmet and glittering, gold-incrusted equipments they stood in full relief against the white wall of a corner villa—took their way up a narrow street, and at a slow pace climbed its gentle ascent.

It was a quiet avenue. The bustling city there changed, without marked intermediate progression, into tranquil suburbs, where busy shops were no more seen, but gave place to high brick walls, above which thickly leaved plane and ilex trees stretched out their branches and shaded the path; or to open gardens in whose centers were little fountains with slender streams gently trickling into shell-lined basins. Occasionally a slave could be noted leaning listlessly over a closed gate, or a citizen strolling down toward the more lively scene below; but beyond these were few indications of life: nothing of sense or sound to distract the attention of the rider; who after a moment, letting the reins fall loosely so that his steed could pick his way leisurely up the well-worn lava pavement, allowed his thoughts to lapse into pleasant musing upon the fair future which that day had brought him.

A fair future, indeed; for upon that very morning such favors had been showered upon him as seldom fall together to one person. The Cæsar, mindful of some excellent services done to the state, had promised him the speedy command of a full legion, an honor not often conferred upon one so young, and the more grateful, as it was said to be well deserved. And far more worthy of note, had come a still greater triumph; for to him the world-renowned beauty, Alypia, had deigned at last to listen with favor. A great glory to have thus succeeded, when so many who bore higher rank and

honors and greater influence had striven in vain for her favoring smile. And she, turning from them all, had given her heart to this young soldier, who had some little store of fortune, and had acted a noble part through many years of warfare, but neither in wealth of gold or of honorable scars was the equal of many who had been his rivals. Yes: he had triumphed over all; and Nero, with a low jest such as only emperors would have dared to utter, had approved of the event, and had deigned to say that he himself would fix the day for the nuptials. And these two good fortunes of camp and court had happened almost within the same hour. Truly, a white day!

Little by little, thus sunk in absent-minded serenity, he gained a loftier ascent of the winding street, until suddenly he was aroused by the stoppage of his horse. For the moment there could be no further advance, since they had overtaken a file of slaves bearing burdens, at a point where the way was so narrow that it was completely filled by them. He therefore reined his steed against a low stone wall fringed with a well-trimmed hedge, and bordering upon a small, open courtyard, and thence gazed listlessly upon the line of slaves, until they had again passed well on in advance. Then he would have resumed his route, but all at once found himself once more arrested: attracted by a low, soft voice giving out utterances of song so close beside him that for the instant he was startled, and turned around in wonderment. A quiet, pleasant voice, not raised as though to court the admiration of others who might be near, but confined to a calm, almost whispered sequence of well-arranged notes, as of one who sang for herself alone, in unconscious, contemplative mood. A voice to which, heard anywhere else, he would have been sure to listen, so sweetly did its modulation fall upon the ear in sympathy with the feelings of his heart; and to which he now gave more instant attention than at any other time he might have done, so pleasing was its contrast with the hoarse ejaculations of the panting slaves in front of him. And as he tarried, he heard with wonder the notes form themselves into a song such as he had never listened to before—something which was different from any style of melody which he had ever known. Camp songs and wine songs, the songs of shepherds in the fields and of gladiators in the arena, of priests before the sacrificial altars, and of pages and fair maidens at the court—all were familiar to him, and had their separate distinguishing attributes. But this melody, which, in its more simple nature and softly modulated tones, seemed to run with regulated rhythm the words of metrical versification—what new style of song could it be?

Waiting in immovable silence until the notes had died away, he looked around to ascertain their source, and saw, raised above the other side of the hedge-lined wall, the uncovered head of the singer, the face turned partially from him, so that he could only observe a thick cluster of curly, dark brown hair, and a portion of the outline of small, childlike features. Features so delicate in line and expression that at the moment he believed he was looking upon the face of a child, and as such need not scruple to address her, and was about to give careless utterance to some unmeaning compliment, such as he conceived might be most pleasing to an unformed fancy. But at the first sound of his voice, and before his hesitating articulation could shape itself into distinct words, she turned and arose; and then he saw that she was not a child, but was fully grown and tall, though slight of figure. For a moment she stood with her face bent upward towards him, her soft blue eyes resting upon him with a passive gaze, yet seeming to read him more searchingly than if they had been of the deepest and most fiery blackness; and a slight flush spread over her cheek, not as much from embarrassment at being so suddenly confronted by a stranger as from the consciousness that her simple words of song must have been overheard. Then, as though she would have moved away, she turned aside and held a whispered word or two with a Nubian slave who had arisen from a bench

at her feet, and who, with a half-concealed scowl at the intruder, seemed endeavoring to persuade her to retire into the house.

"Yet why should I fear?" she murmured at length, in response to the slave's entreaty. "Unlike so many men of the court, he seemed to be of gentle and honest nature, and would do harm to no one. Yes, I will answer him. It would ill become my father's daughter to shrink from one coming to her with courteous words upon his lips."

"It is, I hope, a right and proper judgment," remarked Cleon, overhearing her, and feeling well pleased with the confidence in him she thus expressed. Doubly pleased, perhaps, for the reason that he felt assured it was not misplaced, since, though he was not morbidly or ascetically inclined, he was known as one who would not yield to low dissipation or indulge in groveling weaknesses, the discipline of the camp having strengthened a nature inclined rather to aspire to what was high and noble. "The battle-field is the only place whereon a brave man should do harm, and then only to the enemies of the state. This, surely, is no battle-field, nor can she who sings so sweetly be one whom the state would ever require me to ill-treat."

"How know you that?" she responded with a quiet smile. "Be not too sure. You cannot always distinguish at a glance those whom the state might call its enemies. What if it should summon you some day to ill-treat and persecute me—would you not be forced to obey?"

As she spoke, the Nubian slave, who had been anxiously watching her lips, started forward in alarm, and seizing her by the border of her robe, began whispering to her in a tone of mingled command and entreaty—such as an old and confidential servant might employ to an inexperienced child who stood upon the verge of some dangerous confession. She simply nodded in response, with the air of one who could excuse the presumptuous interference by reason of the affection which prompted it, yet felt too much confidence in her own tact and discretion to need the caution. Meanwhile, Cleon tarried by, wondering at her strange words, and the evident remonstrance which they had called forth, and feeling half inclined, were it not for her calm, confiding gaze, to believe that she was only trifling with him.

"I know not what you mean?" he said at length, speaking slowly and with hesitation, as though he would have given her an opportunity to interrupt with some explanation. "Why should I ever be ordered to do you harm? I can see that you are not of Judean or Gallic blood, or belonging to any nation which might seek revenge in plots or violence against the empire. Nor do men without good reason wage war upon the weak and innocent."

"We are Greeks," she responded. "We are from Crete, and have been in this portion of the empire but a very few months."

"It is well," returned Cleon; "and it pleases me to learn that you are one of that brave people. I also am of Hellenic origin, and in that respect will yield no preference to any other race. For, though fallen from our former mastery of the world, we have not done so ignominiously, but rather as a strong man in the advance of his life will resign those cares and struggles which once pleased him, and sink into easy inactivity—content to have been powerful once, and now still retaining those pleasures and appliances which may make life most desirable. This has Greece done—parting with her scepter, indeed, but clinging through her declining days to her arts, her language, and her literature."

"Not only that," was the rejoinder, "but, like a good, unselfish mistress, sharing a knowledge of those gifts with others."

"You speak rightly," said Cleon, somewhat surprised at the ready culture which her reply indicated. "Yes, Greece has given her treasures even to these Romans, who, having been once a turbulent people, bred to the camp and following rugged pursuits, have been able to surround themselves with adornments of taste and beauty only as they could plunder or copy them from others. And to no others have they so frequently applied for such assistance as to

Greece herself. Nay, even now they draft upon that well-filled storehouse of art and culture; for with all their wealth and magnificence I suspect that they are still at heart a rude race, and not above receiving new enlightment in the laws of taste and refinement."

Then for the moment he stopped, awaiting some response—perhaps still hoping that she might be prompted to make additional revelations about herself. But as she remained silent, seeming rather to look up in expectation of hearing him speak further, he continued:

"Therefore these Romans should rejoice when the men and women of Greece come hither, knowing that they are sure to bring with them some sparks of that grace and culture which once so brightly illumined the world. And as for yourself, though I had not at first noticed it, I can now observe in your face and figure the indications of your race. Nay, even had I not seen you, I might have suspected your origin, merely by looking around upon this little residence and noticing the pleasant change which has come over it during the last few months."

As he spoke he carried his eyes over the the little courtyard garden, and the house to which it gave access. It was not a large house—comparing poorly in respect to size with the pretentious villas which lined the street leading down to the bay. But neither was it a mere hovel or cottage—being a building of medium rank, designed for the occupation of a person of easy competence. The walls were of brick, and comparatively low, and the entrance hall was somewhat narrow; but through the open window Cleon could look into one of the apartments and see delicate frescoes adorning the ceiling, and a few pieces of rich furniture arranged in tasteful order, and a marble bust or two standing between two bronze candelabrums of superior elegance, the whole indicative of moderate wealth, joined with a degree of culture generally to be sought for only among the patrician orders. These indications were also carried out in the attire of the young girl, which was simple and of slight richness or texture, but arranged in folds of artistic symmetry, and here and there bound with a single, rich jewel.

"A very great change, indeed," continued Cleon, suffering his eyes to wander gradually from the house to her person; and then, as though fearful of giving offense by a too close scrutiny of her, again resting his gaze upon the house. "For when last I saw this place, it was many months ago, before my recent stay at court in Rome. It was then in the possession of one Nebartes, an old tribune of the law, and a man of miserly practices. The courtyard was overgrown with weeds, and the hedge untrimmed; and in yonder basin, in place of the present tasteful image, stood a rusty iron vase, which had broken pipes and allowed no flow of water. And inside the house were only cobwebs and iron bars and clumsy articles of furniture. It was no place for any man to live in and hope to enjoy his life; it was certainly no place for a citizen of Baie to inhabit, surrounded by such pleasing and fertile associations of the past."

"And what are they?" his listener inquired.

"Have you never learned?" he answered in some surprise. "But in truth it were hardly to be expected that you should, having been such a little while here, and leading, no doubt, a secluded life. Know, then, that while Baie is the very garden and pleasure spot of the empire, with which no other city can dare compare, this quarter in which we now stand is pre-eminently the heart itself of Baie; for about it clusters much that has given celebrity to the place, and from it have come many of those ideas which have adorned the literature of the world. In yonder villa, a little above us—you can see from here a corner of the pillared front—lived one Ovidius. Have you never heard of him?"

"He was a poet, was he not?"

"Yes; and of very high repute. His verses are still recited with pleasure, and there are some who say that they can never be equaled. But of that I prefer to be no sufficient judge, having been brought up to arms rather than letters. Then a little below us is the house of Seneca."

"Of him, at least, I have never heard," she said.

"And yet he is still alive and discourses his philosophies continually, and it would much offend him to be told that there was any one in the world who had not read his works," Cleon responded with a smile. "Therefore, if his name be again mentioned to you, do not repeat this avowal of your ignorance, lest the story should come to his ears and his vanity be wounded. And now, passing over other lesser attractions, look at that villa to the right. You can plainly see the whole of it, though the light is so rapidly failing. There once lived the great poet, Quintus Horatius Flaccus. You can scarcely say that you have not heard tell of him, I hope?"

"I think—I believe that I have," she stammered in some uncertainty, a little fearful of again betraying ignorance. "He wrote in praise of love and wine and feasting, did he not? Forgetting, all the while, that he must some day die, and that then his songs would bring no comfort to his heart, but rather the reverse."

"He is already dead, many years ago," returned Cleon, a little puzzled at hearing such unusual and novel sentiments. "Nor have I ever heard that when he died his works became a discomfort to him. Why should they? He should rather have rejoiced, it seems to me, to know that he was leaving a lasting fame behind him. I have heard his songs repeated in Britain and in Syria; and even now, there is scarcely a lordly feast given whereat one or more of his stirring invocations to the rosy god are not recited or sung. Even in the imperial palace itself I have heard Nero, with the festive flowers on his brow, sing one of these odes, to his own accompaniment upon the lute. Is not this a fame worthy to be sought for, and which could not fail to cheer the poet, even when standing upon the very borders of the Styx?"

His listener did not answer, but in turn opened her eyes in amazement at hearing what seemed to her such a worldly and forbidding doctrine. What, indeed, could she say? His belief was only the usual one of the day, and as such, was altogether unlikely to create astonishment in any ordinary hearer. But she, on the contrary, seemed to have been brought up under different influences, as though she had lived in another age or world; and little as Cleon could comprehend the bearing of her words, still less could she bring her mind to act upon the same plane with his.

"But perhaps," he continued, watching for the instant the trembling of her lips as she sought in her own mind for an answer, and then, unable to arrange her thoughts in becoming shape abandoned the attempt—"perhaps you have not read our Horatius so thoroughly as you may have read others. Not that you have disliked him, but rather, I suppose, because you may have given your thoughts to some other poet of almost equal merit. And I know that, as I stopped here, you were singing a very pleasant song, such as I have never heard before; a strain not merely other than any that I have yet listened to, but impressed with a different and peculiar style of melody. What poet is he whom you have so well learned to sing? Tell me his name. It may be that, while yet nearly unknown, he deserves to be widely celebrated. If so, I may myself give him the proper introduction to the imperial court, and establish his fame forever."

As he spoke, she looked up hesitatingly at him, and her lips feebly moved without sound, as though she would have spoken, but dared not. Then she raised her head as though inspired with sudden courage, again stopped as she felt herself once more arrested by the Ethiopean, who, with alarmed countenance, whispered to her, seemingly endeavoring, as before, to hinder her from betraying some unnecessary confidence; and once more resisting these entreaties, she turned to Cleon, and said:

"Corbo would prevent me from mentioning who and what I am. But I know not why I should not tell; though I do not feel it proper always to reveal it with entire openness, it is yet no secret. You could doubtless learn all about me were you to inquire

among the few who live around me, and may have watched my actions. Why, then, should I now refuse to trust you, feeling so sure that you are one who could safely be confided in? You ask me about that song which I was singing. I know not its writer, nor have I ever stopped to consider whether it is beautiful or not as compared with other songs which the world admires. I sing it simply because—"

But before she could utter the avowal thus trembling upon her lips, there came a sudden interruption; for a loud storm of violent cursing and howling, as of one in a blind paroxysm of rage, fell upon their ears, and through the gathering darkness a single figure was seen approaching, beating the air with its fists as it strode onward in ungovernable fury. The figure of a man in the dress of a slave of the lower order, wearing a coarse serge tunic and rough sandals, with his head shaved, and a brazen collar about his neck; low in stature, but with a broad development of shoulders and chest, indicative of a strength beyond what would naturally pertain to his hight, and with coarse, animal features twisted into repulsiveness by the frantic rage which distorted them. Drawing tightly the reins of his horse, Cleon spurred forward to intercept the intruder, and attempted to seize him by the shoulder as he passed. But the man, more from instinct than calculation, eluded the grasp with a sudden movement, and hurried on, working his long arms in uncontrollable fury, now swinging his fists in the air, and then slapping his breast with the open palms, shouting forth renewed imprecations and volleys of Gallic oaths, mingled with occasional wild cries of rage; and so strode onward up the hill, regardless of whatever object might be before him, and filling the evening air with his frantic shouts and revilings long after he had disappeared from view. And Cleon, desisting from any idea of pursuit, having plunged forward simply from a momentary impulse, and caring little what became of the intruder, turned again to speak further with the young girl. But she, startled at the tumult, had already fled from her place at the corner of the hedge, and had hurried into the house, leaving him no excuse for not at once continuing on his way.

Chapter III.

Thus lightly turning from her, Cleon that evening gave the young girl little other thought; this meeting with her seeming merely a chance incident of the day, never likely to be repeated, and destined gradually to fade entirely from his memory. Nor did he further regard the strange intruder who in that delirium of rage had so wildly fled past him; the spectacle of an angry slave was not a novel one, but could be witnessed almost any hour. These two interruptions soon glided from Cleon's mind, never seemingly to be recalled; and in place of them was one bright image—that of the queen-like, imperious beauty sweeping by in her chariot of state, the envy or admiration of all who beheld her. Was not this of itself sufficient to fill his thoughts to the exclusion of all other and lesser fancies?

But when next he looked upon that regal beauty, there was a cloud upon her brow, obscuring its proper expression of bright, open serenity—a cloud not of anger, exactly, but of ruffled vexation and disappointment, as though some storm of violent passion had lately swept across it and left its traces. It was in an antechamber of the palace, whither Alypia, when released from the formal duties of her attendance upon the court, was wont to retire. There, upon a lounge drawn close to the window, through which would come in fitful puffs the pleasant breeze, gently stirring the curtains and fanning her cheeks, Cleon each afternoon was accustomed to find her, disposed in graceful attitude—sometimes listlessly reading from the most favored poets of the day, and more often reclining with eyes half closed in dreamy reverie. But now the papyrus roll had slipped from her relaxed hands, as though it had proved insufficient for the demands or mood of the moment,

and one bare, jewel-encircled arm, which had released itself from beneath the heavy folds of her velvet robe with transient and fruitless impulse to arrest the downward progress of the scroll, hung with fingers not loosely separated, but clenched firmly with some strong emotion; and she gazed between her half-closed lids, not with her usual softened expression of passionate tenderness, but rather with a distempered glow, as though inwardly possessed by some feebly smothered furnace of indignation. Gorgeously beautiful as she had appeared when sitting in her chariot in Juno-like state, new graces seemed now to invest her person as she there reclined, her thick masses of hair struggling in partial disorder to escape from the golden fillet which restrained them, and her large, lustrous eyes gleaming with fierce, bright radiance. But it was the unearthly, unlovable beauty of an inspired Pythoness; and Cleon almost hesitatingly arrested himself as she lifted her eyes to his, returning his pleasant greeting with a searching gaze, as though even with him she would seek for cause of quarrel.

"You have come at last," she said. And she held out her hand to him; while her waiting-maid, who had been standing behind her waving a plumed fan noiselessly to and fro, her pallid cheek betraying dread of new outbreak from her disturbed mistress, came noiselessly round in front, newly adjusted the cushions, and then, after her usual custom, retired, so as not to overhear the conversation which should ensue. "You have come at last, Cleon, and doubtless I should have no reproaches to make to you; for I know that if you had heard of my distress you would have been here before this."

"Distress—and to you, did you say, Alypia? Nay, I have heard of none, else would surely have come at once. Tell me about it."

"Gogos, my charioteer—he who sat so deftly upon the pole, and usually guided my mules with such surpassing skill—yesterday proved incapable, and drove my chariot against the side of the palace gate. For that offense I had him degraded from his post, his livery stripped off, and the garments of one of the lower slaves put upon him. At which he murmured, and so I had him chastised upon the spot. And then—"

"And then?"

"Afterwards, when he should have departed to his own quarters, there to repent him of his misdeeds, he stealthily slipped away; and they tell me that he passed up the hill reviling me as he went."

"He, then, was the slave that last evening swept by me, making the air hideous with his outcry," said Cleon.

"And you stopped him not?" demanded the other, fixing her eyes imperiously upon him.

"Nay, how in the waning light and altered dress should I have recognized him for yours, Alypia? Or must I detain each angry slave whom I may chance to meet? Be well assured that had I known him, and comprehended that his revilings were meant for you, I would not merely have arrested his course. Rather would I have stricken him dead where he stood."

He spoke calmly, not with anger, but rather as one who would assert his convictions of the requirements of a natural duty; as one who felt that they both stood so far aloof from any contact with those of a lower order that they could scarcely have been injured or insulted by anything that a slave could say of them, but who none the less would have considered it his duty to chastise the offender, so that the immunities of the privileged class might be properly protected. Therefore, in case of too open abuse of either of them by a slave, he would probably have done as he said; and, caring little for the words of insult uttered, would with a calm heart have stricken down the culprit as a necessary assertion of the rights of the patrician order.

"That would have been well," responded Alypia, looking upon him approvingly, and toying for a moment with his locks in token of her forgiveness of any fancied neglect. "But it would not be so well now, Cleon. For know that the wretch has not returned;

but instead, fleeing to what he considers a safe distance, has sent back to me a defiant message, laughing in his sleeve at what he considers my powerlessness to avenge myself. Think of it! defiant words to me! Therefore I would not now have him merely slain. If the Fates were kind, they would surely order that he should be taken alive, so that a worthier vengeance may be worked upon him. For him, not the sword, but rather the lions or the fire, Cleon! Do you not know that for our next display at the amphitheater there is a lack of victims? Of trained gladiators there are enough, and to spare, perhaps; but of victims for the wild beasts, how few! The world has grown sordid, it seems; and there are few, even of the richer citizens, who will furnish their slaves for the public amusement. The more necessary, therefore, that such a man as this should be reserved for the common good."

"And yet, if you were to know for certain that the slave was dead, by whatever means it may have happened, why should you ask for more?" said Cleon, a little troubled in his mind by this ardent display of longing for such a fierce revenge. For, after all, he could not help considering, though the man had been insolent, and of course deserved death, and though perhaps even death in the arena might not be too severe a punishment for words spoken against one so highly born and beautiful as Alypia, something seemed to tell Cleon that it was scarcely pleasing to find her so eager herself to pronounce the judgment, rather than leave it to men accustomed to the spectacle of blood and torture. "Would not your revenge be satisfied with his destruction, Alypia, whether the arena is furnished with victims or not?"

"A very proper and goodly sentiment, Cleon," she responded; "but must not the necessities of the state be, at the same time, consulted? Were it not best that other slaves should witness the wretch's punishment, so that in future they may not be tempted to do the same? What to them would be the tidings that the man had been slain in some distant province? Rather let them see him suffer—themselves behold the tigers tear him limb from limb."

As she spoke, her eyes sparkled with a newer and brighter intensity, and a certain faint line appeared in the corners of her mouth, drawing back the half-parted lips, and imprinting upon the whole countenance an expression of eager expectation: giving authority to a suspicion that her argument was intended less for the interest of the state than for her own pastime, and that, in the dying agonies of a tortured criminal she would consider her own pleasure rather than any warning which might thereby be presented to the slaves. This view of the matter was not unnatural, perhaps. It was but the result of the ordinary education of the Roman women, created and fostered in them at the amphitheater; and at any other time Cleon might scarcely have regarded her words with disapprobation. But somehow, in his present mood, her manner of speech jarred upon him, and there seemed something unnatural in her greedy anticipation of coming sport. And his eyes involuntarily wandered to the soft hand which still lay hanging loosely over the edge of the lounge, as he reflected with what unerring certainty the tapering thumb would be pointed downward whenever the victorious gladiator, with shortened sword poised over his victim's throat, should glance along the throng of spectators to ask their verdict.

"Then think again of the pressing need of victims," she continued, recurring to the old complaint with a readiness which added proof to the suspicion that her heart was interested in the success of the coming spectacles as much as in the punishment of a few defiant words. "There will, of course, be the usual number of trained gladiators, and a few patricians have furnished slaves, such as they are; and the Cæsar will doubtless condemn a goodly assortment of Christians: but what are all these?"

"Are they not enough, Alypia?"

"In numbers, perhaps: yes. But otherwise, what are they? These gladiators we fully know, and all their customary arts of defense. There will be no novelty in their

combats, and they have gained so many friends among the people that there lives will be mostly spared. As for the slaves, it is said that many of those who have been presented are weak and decrepit. And it is known that the Christians do not fight, but only fall upon their knees and call upon their gods, while the lions tear them unresistingly."

"True: they do not fight in their defense; they only call upon their gods," repeated Cleon, mechanically; and for a few moments it puzzled him to know why, in this enumeration of gladiators, slaves, and Christians, his mind dwelt upon the latter, forming no distinct picture of the others. The Christians were by no means unknown to him. He had often encountered them; for, in his different duties about the court, it had been his lot to put an end to many of their wild vagaries, and perhaps deal roughly with them. Once, some years before, when he had been a simple centurian, he had been ordered to take a portion of a cohort and drive a tumultuous crowd of half-clothed, starving, runaway slaves from an abandoned quarry, whence it was popularly reported they were accustomed to emerge at night for the purpose of committing thieving depredations. These were all said to be Christians; and one or two who had been slain in the rough contest that attended the dispossession had been left to lie there. A little later, a singularly eccentric man had penetrated even into the palace bounds, and had endeavored to infect some of the retainers about the court with his strange doctrines respecting the Nazarine. But he, too, had been arrested in his designs, and except through some lucky chance, would have suffered death for his presumption. Afterwards, and within a year or two, many Christians had been led to execution for their opinions. Cleon had witnessed none of these executions, nor had he taken any official part in them; but the matter had given him little concern, and evoked none of his pity, it being well understood that the sufferers had been turbulent fellows, interrupting the worship of the gods of other men, seeking to proselyte, denying the authority of the Cæsars, and generally forcing martyrdom upon themselves. They therefore richly deserved their fate, no doubt. And these were all that he had met with, or had in any way been brought to his notice. Stay! there was one, a droll sort of creature, deformed and sickly, who had once been a servant to certain of the legion, and who preferred to be a Christian; and who, being tolerated for his infirmities, caused much amusement by his not very lucid explanations of the strange faith. That man certainly did not form an exception to the popular idea which confined the new doctrine to slaves, and such as were weak-minded or fanatical, or were naturally turbulent in disposition, and desirous for some remote possible benefit to themselves to overturn the state. There seemed, therefore, no reason why the contemplation of their sufferings should now cause in him such unwonted disturbance. Surely, their death could be no more painful than that of the slaves, nor could their extinction be a greater loss to the empire. Were they not in all things the origin of conflict and disorder, a sect of whom the empire would be well ridden, and whose fate, therefore, should not be regretted?

Then suddenly it all flashed upon him: the retired garden on the route along the hill-top, and the fair young girl peeping above the low, hedge-crowned wall, and confidingly preparing to avow her faith to him, a stranger. He had not knowingly thought about her since that chance meeting of the evening before, his duties of the day having so fully demanded his attention. Yet now the whole scene seemed to be unrolled before him, and he felt that, in some way, at the very time, and without being conscious of the fact that he had guessed her secret, and that it must have impressed itself upon him more strongly than he had supposed, even imparting to him some faint kind of sympathy or feeling of indulgence for the sect to which he now felt sure that she belonged; a feeling not active enough to impel him to open argument

in their behalf, but perhaps not altogether insufficient to create a morbid, gentle pity for the fate of some who, from time to time, were doomed to suffer. But why, after all, should he connect her with these? Surely, she could have nothing in common with them. They were the lowest and most turbulent of that sect, men who richly deserved to die, fugitive slaves and other idle and disreputable persons, who sought their living out of the disturbances caused by the clashing of diverse and opposing faiths, or men wrapped up closely in their fanaticism, insulting the images of the gods, overturning the altars, conspiring against the lawful authority of the state, and in various ways courting their martyrdom. No one could pity such as these. And yet again, it was not always and altogether so. Now that he thought more earnestly about it, had he not somewhere heard that not long ago there had been a young and fair girl among some Christians doomed to death in the gardens of Nero? Had not two young Christian mothers been torn to pieces in the arena not many months past? What had these done except avow their faith, and elect to die rather than surrender it? Why, therefore, might not danger come at last to her with whom he had spoken at that garden hedge?

"But as for this slave of mine, this Gogos," continued Alypia, unconscious of that skein of thought and argument which in a single moment, as it were, had unraveled itself in Cleon's mind: "could he only be taken alive, there would be but little need of other aids to the popular enjoyment. Broad in the shoulders, and sinewy in action, he would make a manful and desperate fight. Not for his life, indeed, since he must know that his life is forfeit beyond the power of brave deeds to save it; but in his eyes there is that which tells me he would die unyielding to the last."

Pausing, then, she looked into Cleon's face for response, but for the moment he answered not. For he had listened to her almost mechanically, thinking but little about that miserable slave, strong and athletic, standing in the arena, covered with the blood of himself and of his assailants already slain, panting and desperate, awaiting another onset, knowing that there would be no mercy for him, but that in the end, however vigorously he might defend his life, he must succumb. In the place of which there came up a different picture: that of a fair young girl, with folded hands, giving herself up an unresisting sacrifice, as she sang the Christian hymn. And that sacrifice might really come. She was so heedless in her confidences, so bold in her faith. How openly had she prepared to avow it to himself, a stranger! True, it was with a firm trust in his discretion, and he knew that such a trust could never be betrayed by him; but might she not also confide in others who would not prove as friendly to her? This was, at the present, a dangerous neighborhood for her. It was at all times dangerous for open confidences; but tenfold more so now that the imperial court had come thither, and the streets and highways were swarming with its spies and sycophants. And if it chanced that—

"Yes; the man must die," he said at length, suddenly recovering himself as he saw how, with his unexpected silence, the expression of Alypia's countenance was changing from inquiry to surprise, and from surprise to offense, at such apparent incivility of treatment. "He must surely be destroyed, and our revenge thus accomplished. I myself will at once send out men skilled to track fugitives, and before many days this one shall be taken alive. And now let us speak no more upon that subject," he continued, endeavoring to banish from his mind the late gloomy picture that had occupied it, and turning upon his companion a startled look, as though possessed with some dim suspicion that she might be gazing into his soul and reading his thoughts. "Let us rather give ourselves to brighter contemplations, and let me show you that, though ignorant of your trouble, I have not been forgetful of you. See, Alypia! is there another than yourself who could so well grace this little ornament?"

With that, he drew from beneath his tunic a single pearl, set with a fine, gold loop; remarkable for its size, its symmetry of proportion, and its exquisite tint, it was a gem of imperial value, and perhaps at that day not to be equaled by anything in the most precious of the jewel caskets of Rome. And, like all valuable trinkets, it had its history. Its previous owner had taken it for a debt of nearly its whole value from an Egyptian governor, who with threats had extorted it from a Nubian slave who had purloined it from a Persian prince. And who now more worthy to wear it than Alypia —herself the world-renowned pearl of loveliness?

And she, recognizing at one glance the value and beauty of the ornament, received it from Cleon's hand with an exclamation of mingled surprise and delight, banishing from her mind for the moment all thought of the flying slave, and her own projected vengeance against him; and with a rapid motion of her nimble fingers she twisted the gold loop by which it was suspended into the fine tracery of the fillet that bound her hair, and so let the pearl hang dangling over her forehead. Then, calling for a polished silver mirror, she surveyed herself with rapturous pride—now laughing with joy at the splendor of the acquisition, now proudly drawing herself up into the attitude of an empress, as she saw the additional effectiveness it imparted to her own charms—charms which seemed to demand no embellishment, however; for how could any pearl exceed the whiteness of the teeth which gleamed between the half-parted lips, or compare with the diamond-like luster of the eyes which flashed beneath it? And now, while in her delight she thus forgot the bloody arena and all those longings for a thrilling, tragic spectacle which she had founded thereupon, and regarded her own beauty thus assisted, Cleon, watching the sparkle and animation of her countenance, was equally carried away, and for the while lost all thought of his own separately imagined picture of unprotected innocence thrown prostrate into the dust of the amphitheater. What, for that moment, was guilt or innocence or right or wrong to him? Let the world roll on as it might, he could not hope to alter its course. If there were any who loved to sing the Christian hymns, let them do so. For him, rather the Horatian odes, speaking in praise of beaming eyes and ripened lips; for who should know them better than himself, the winner of that great prize of beauty so fiercely disputed for and so honorably gained?

Therefore, yielding himself more completely than ever to the fascinations thrown about him, he cast himself upon his knees at her feet, and bending forward, looked ardently into the eyes which gazed down upon his own, and again murmured the oft-repeated words of love and the promises of life-long faith, and blessed her with heart and lips for the endearments which she lavished upon him, and called upon the gods to hurl down their avenging thunderbolts if he ever became false to her. And so he remained, wrapped in blissful transport, until the long afternoon shades crept into the apartment, and stole darkly along the marble floor, and enveloping them together in gloom, warned them to separate. LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE VETO POWER, AND THE CHINESE.

The recent veto by President Arthur of the bill passed by Congress to prohibit the immigration of Chinese laborers, skilled and unskilled, for a period of twenty years, serves as a fitting occasion to review the origin and application of this extraordinary power, so far as comparatively modern governments are concerned. It is not essential for the purpose of this article to grope into the misty and uncertain history of the most ancient nations to ascertain the causes which led to the very first grant or usurpation of this power; but it will suffice to relate its authorization and exercise within the period which covers the settlement of the American Colonies.

The veto, or negative, was first introduced in modern Europe in Poland, while that country was a monarchical republic, under the rule of John Casimir as king, in 1652. It was then known as the "liberum veto," the absolute negative voice by which any of the nuncios, or senators, could at once interpose to prevent the adoption of any measure of state, and break up the sitting diet. But while the nuncios, or senators, could exercise this extraordinary power, the king himself could not. Sixteen senators, chosen to attend the king, were empowered to express their opinion upon all important matters, and the monarch could not insure a decree without their consent. At any sitting of the diet, even when debating the most urgent business of State, all that any senator had to do to break up that body, and put an immediate stop to its deliberations, was to cry out, "I stop the proceedings!" and quit the chamber. In this summary manner, this veto power broke up seven diets during the reign of John Casimir; four during the reign of Michael; seven under the great John Sobieski; and thirty under the reigns of the two Augusti. It was established as the palladium of Polish liberty; yet the consequence of it was, as exercised by venal or impracticable senators, that Poland continued without needful and salutary laws during a period of above one hundred years. And it is curious to note that the veto was intended, not so much to protect the people from the aggressions of the nobles, or from the arbitrary action of the monarch, as it was to render the nobles independent of the crown. It was a power in excess of any exercised in ancient Greece or Rome; a power that even that master spirit of governmental devices in a subsequent age of advanced artful tyranny and subtle encroachment upon what are now held to be popular rights, the crafty Machiavelli himself, never dreamed of or suggested.

At a period of greatest kingly power in England, when parliament was most servile to the throne, the veto, or negative, was ingrafted upon the British Constitution; but it has long since passed into disuse, and is now practically a nullity, and neither would a prime minister dare to recommend his sovereign to apply it, nor his sovereign to assert such power. Sooner than to call for its exercise, in the face of the popular sentiment, the ministry resigns and parliament dissolves, and to the electors again is remitted the election of a new parliament, with a change of ministry, to pass anew upon the burning question.

In the United States the veto power was established by the founders of the Government as a check upon or rescue from the possible tyranny of Congress, or as a safeguard against the evil of legislation caused by undue popular rancor or excitement in times of high partisan or intensely heated public sentiment. It was never intended as a means by which the Executive should encroach or aggress upon either of the other departments of the Government, or exceed its proper authority toward the people. But

it was designed for the protection alike of the dignity of the Executive and the welfare of the people from the abuse of legislative power. It doubtless owes much of its force, as it was adopted, to the teachings and influence of the aristocratic Alexander Hamilton, who favored, indeed, an absolute instead of the qualified veto which prevailed in the Constitutional Convention, in which he found no support, and to the lessons and example of the patriotic John Adams, in the framing of the Constitution for Massachusetts, who agreed mainly with Hamilton, to the effect that "the British Constitution is, in theory, both for the adjustment of the balance and the prevention of its vibrations, the most stupendous fabric of human invention," and that "the American people ought to be applauded, instead of censured, for imitating it." But it should be understood that, in respect to the adoption of the veto in our system of government, John Adams held to the noble doctrine that "the end of all government is the good and ease of the people, in a secure enjoyment of their rights without oppression." He explained further: "But it must be remembered that the rich are *people* as well as the poor; that they have rights as well as others; that they have as dear and as *sacred* a right to their large property as others have to theirs which is smaller; that oppression is to them as possible and as wicked as to others; that stealing, robbing, cheating are the same crimes and sins whether committed against them or others. That the rich, therefore, ought to have an effectual barrier in the Constitution against being robbed, plundered, and murdered, as well as the poor: and this can never be without an independent Senate; that the poor should have an equal bulwark against the same dangers and oppressions: and this can never be without a House of Representatives of the people. But neither the rich nor the poor can be defended by their respective guardians in the Constitution without an executive power, vested with a negative equal to either, to hold the balance even between them, and decide when they cannot agree." To the question interposed by himself, "When will this negative be used?" Mr. Adams also himself answered, "Perhaps never"—and therein manifested how rarely he believed it ought ever to be used. More clearly still to elucidate his view of the use of the negative, he continued: "It is agreed that the people know where the shoe wrings, and what grievances are most heavy; and therefore they should always hold an independent and essential part in the legislature, and be always able to prevent the shoe from wringing more, and the grievances from being made more heavy. They should have a full hearing of all their arguments, and a full share of all consultations for easing the foot where it is in pain, and for lessening the weight of grievances, or annihilating them; but it is denied that they have the right, or that they should have the power, to take from one man his property to make another easy, and that they *only* know 'what fences they stand in need of to shelter them from the injurious assaults of those powers that are above them'—meaning, by the powers above them, senators and magistrates, though, properly speaking, there are no powers above them but the law which is above all men, governors and senators, kings and nobles, as well as commons." It was no doubt in this spirit of its purpose and use that John Adams incorporated the provision for the qualified—not absolute—negative, or veto, in the draft of the Constitution for his own State of Massachusetts, which he made in 1779, and which was adopted and ratified by the people of that State. It was that "the first magistrate [or governor] shall have a negative upon all the laws, that he may have power to preserve the independence of the executive and judicial departments." His negative, or veto, in that State Constitution is similar to that provided in the Federal Constitution, except that after the lapse of five days, instead of ten days, after the Executive shall have received the bill, in the event of his failure to return it to the House in which it originated it shall become a law.

In the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, the propriety or utility of allowing a negative, or veto, upon measures

passed by both Houses of Congress was thoroughly considered and debated before the adoption of the veto as it has ever since stood. Alexander Hamilton favored the veto, and contended that "there was no danger of the power ever being too much exercised," instancing that "the King of Great Britain had not exercised his veto power since the Revolution." Dr. Franklin opposed the veto. He feared that "the Executive would be always increasing, until it ended in a monarchy." James Madison favored the plan to combine the Supreme Judiciary with the Executive in the exercise of the veto power. If this were not allowed, the veto should be discarded altogether. But he thought that "it would rarely happen that the Executive would exercise the negative. The King of England would not be able to withstand both Houses of Parliament. Such a prerogative would be obnoxious to the temper of the country." Colonel George Mason of Virginia was of the opinion that "the defense of the Executive ought not to be the sole object of the negative or revisionary power." He wanted no monarchy; he bore a hatred to oppression, and he could never agree to give up all the rights of the people to a single magistrate. Wilson of Pennsylvania agreed with those who believed that the Judiciary ought to be associated with the Executive in the veto power. He believed also that the power would be seldom exercised. That Congress, knowing this power, would therefore refrain from exercising it. The Executive, appointed by the people, might in peaceful times very well be overruled by the people; but in tempestuous times it would be otherwise. Roger Sherman of Connecticut resolutely opposed the veto prerogative. He declared that "no one man could be so far above all the rest in wisdom." Colonel Mason was disposed to agree to the proposition to associate the Judiciary with the Executive in the veto power. Rutledge of South Carolina thought "the judges the most unfit of all men to exercise such a power." Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts maintained that the Judiciary should not be combined with the Executive; he would prefer even an absolute negative by the Executive. Butler of South Carolina thought the Executive should have the power to suspend offensive laws until they should be coolly reviewed; but remarked, "Gentlemen seem to think we have nothing to apprehend from an abuse of Executive power; a Cataline or a Cromwell was still possible." Bedford of Delaware was opposed to every check upon legislative power. Luther Martin of Maryland insisted that the Judiciary should possess the confidence of the people, and this would be lost if the judges were employed in remonstrating against popular measures of the legislature. It would be a dangerous innovation to allow the Executive the veto power. Gouverneur Morris thought legislative encroachments were most to be feared. Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut favored the exercise of the veto power by the Executive joined with the Judiciary. Gorham and Caleb Strong of Massachusetts opposed the veto power.

On the proposition of an absolute veto, the vote being taken by States, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Caro lina, South Carolina, and Georgia voted No. New Hampshire and New Jersey did not vote. Rhode Island was not represented in the convention.

To unite the Judiciary with the Executive in the veto power, the vote stood: Ayes—Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia—3; nays—Massachusetts, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina—4; Pennsylvania and Georgia were divided; New Hampshire and New Jersey did not vote. So the proposition was defeated.

To confide the veto power to the Executive alone, the States voted: Aye—Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia.

And on the final motion to empower the Executive with the veto, subject to the overruling power of two-thirds of each House of Congress, there was no negative vote. It therefore was adopted in the Federal Constitution.

From the sentiment and temper of the Constitutional Convention it is manifest that the exercise of the veto power by the Executive was contemplated only in rare instances, wherein the Constitution itself should be involved, or the rights of the people were encroached upon or imperiled. And by the refusal to allow the Supreme Judiciary to have part or lot in the exercise of that power with the Executive, it was equally manifest that the Convention was not disposed to have the veto applied to acts passed by Congress not in contravention of the Constitution, and affecting only the people of the States wherein no discrimination was made between the States. It was intended, as stated before, from all that can be gathered from the debates, as an extraordinary power to be exercised only on extraordinary occasions, in cases solely affecting the Government itself, or to protect alike the Executive and the people from the encroachment or aggression of the Legislative department. It was certainly contemplated by the convention that the power thus conferred upon the Executive should never be directed against the people; and the remarks of Mason of Virginia, that "he would never agree to give up the rights of the people to a single magistrate"; of Luther Martin, that "it was a dangerous innovation"; of the sage Dr. Ben. Franklin, that "the Executive will be always increasing until it ends in a monarchy"; of Roger Sherman, that "no one man could be so far above all the rest in wisdom"; of Bedford, that he was "opposed to every check on legislative power"; and the warning of Pierce Butler, that another "Cataline or a Cromwell might arise";—all these go to prove that the exercise of the veto power, in any case affecting the people, was never intended by the framers of the Constitution and the founders of the Government.

The practice and example of the early Presidents corroborate this view. The first veto under the Federal system was that applied by President Washington, February 28, 1797—less than a week before he finally retired from office—to the bill, "Fixing the Military Establishment," a subject with which he was acknowledged to be much more conversant than Congress, and therefore better competent to pass judgment. His veto was sustained. During the presidency of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson there was no exercise of the veto power. President Madison vetoed the bill to provide for the construction of roads and canals out of the public moneys of the Government, on the ground that no authority was given in the Constitution for the appropriation of money by Congress for such a purpose, and that internal improvements could not be carried on by the General Government. On similar grounds Presidents Monroe and Jackson vetoed, respectively, the Cumberland Road Bill and the Maysville Road Bill. Jackson's veto of the U. S. Bank Bill was a stronger measure, and clearly partisan. It created intense and bitter party feeling, but it was, the same as the vetoes of the road bills, sustained by Congress. During John Quincy Adams's term as President there was no exercise of the veto power. The veto of the bill to re-establish the United States Bank, by President John Tyler, in 1841, aroused the indignation of the Whigs, and separated Tyler from his party. His cabinet, except Daniel Webster, immediately resigned, and Webster remained only to conclude the Ashburton north-eastern boundary treaty. The veto message was hissed in the House of Representatives, but it was, nevertheless, sustained by Congress. Neither Presidents Van Buren, Polk, Taylor, nor Fillmore exercised the veto power. President Pierce vetoed the River and Harbor Improvement Bill, and thereby greatly incensed the West and South-west. He based his veto on the doctrine laid down by Presidents Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, in relation to the constitutional inhibition of the General Government from engaging in internal improvements, and Congress sustained him in his objection.

None of these vetoes infringed upon the theory expressed by John Adams, or the principles laid down by Madison and Hamilton in the "Federalist." John Adams considered it "almost impossible that a President

should ever have the courage to make use of his partial negative"; and he thus stated a supposititious case: "What a situation would a President be in to maintain a controversy against a majority of both Houses before a tribunal of the public? To put a stop to a law that more than half the Senate and House, and consequently, we may suppose, more than half the nation, have set their hearts upon?" And in defense of the constitutional provision of the veto power to the President, in qualified form, the "Federalist" thus reasoned: "The propensity of the Legislative department is to intrude upon the rights and to absorb the powers of the other departments, by which the one or the other would be unable to defend itself. The veto power not only serves a shield to the Executive, but it furnishes an additional security against the enaction of improper laws. It establishes a salutary check upon the legislative body, calculated to guard the community against the effects of faction, precipitancy, or of any impulse unfriendly to the public good which may happen to influence a majority of that body. The propriety of the veto power," the "Federalist" continues, "does not turn upon the supposition of superior wisdom or virtue in the Executive, but upon the supposition that the Legislative will not be infallible; that the love of power may sometimes betray it into a disposition to encroach upon the rights of the other members of the Government; that a spirit of faction may sometimes pervert its deliberations; that impressions of the moment may sometimes hurry it in measures which itself, on maturer deliberation and reflection, would condemn. The primary inducement to conferring the power in question upon the Executive is to enable him to defend himself; the secondary one is to increase the chances in favor of the community against the passing of bad laws, through haste, inadvertence, or design."

Judged in the light of all these expressions of sentiment and explanations of purpose concerning the veto power, and its exercise by the Executive, as they have come down to us from the great architects of the Government, and in the further light of the example of the illustrious statesmen who have occupied the presidential chair, the recent veto of the Chinese Bill by President Arthur has neither precedent nor parallel, unless it be in that of the somewhat similar veto by Hayes of the Fifteen-Passenger Bill, and both stand without warrant of authority under the principle which regulates and governs the veto power as it was enunciated by the founders of the Government, or maintained by the long line of Presidents down to the inauguration of Mr. Hayes. Neither veto of the Chinese Bills was made by the Executive to protect himself in executive authority, nor to protect either of the other departments from the encroachment of the Legislative department. Totally unlike the vetoes of the Road and Canals Bill, of the Cumberland Road Bill, the Maysville Road Bill, and the River and Harbor Improvement Bill, the veto of the Chinese Bill was not applied to prevent a violation of any constitutional inhibition of the misuse of the public money in works of internal improvement; nor did it, as was the case in the veto of the Bank Bill, interpose to save the people from the power or aggression of a mighty moneyed monopoly. The Chinese Bill vetoed by President Arthur was not violative of the Constitution in any respect; it did not discriminate against any section of the Union or portion of the people of the United States, while it was intended to protect the Pacific States and Territories now, and calculated to afford similar protection to all the other States and Territories in the future, from the encroachment and evils of a heathen and pestiferous race, who impoverish the laboring interests of the country without enriching or benefiting any except themselves and their Chinese masters. The Bill provided for the relief of this Coast from an intolerable nuisance and a detested race, and it imposed no hardship or wrong upon any other section or community. It was designed to work wholly good to this people, of every class, rich and poor, and it could not work harm to any of our fellow-countrymen in any other State. It aimed at relieving

this great labor market of an insufferable and degrading competition, without possibility to impose it upon any other: and this suffering is actual and ever present; while the opposition and remonstrance of those who sustained the veto or approve it have no other ground except mere sentiment, or humanitarian notions of abstract nature, to stand upon. And in its imposition, therefore, aside from the shamefully un-American conduct of the Executive in turning his back upon his own countrymen, whom he is sworn to protect, and in allowing himself to be molded and governed by the Chinese ambassador, the President is amenable to the censure and reproach of having deliberately refused relief to the million or more of his countrymen immediately and grievously affected, in order to gratify the humor and please the fancy of the millions who are entirely exempted from this evil and suffering. He has acted in the matter as a magistrate would act who should decline to receive the testimony of a hundred truthful and unimpeached witnesses, all cognizant of the facts in the case; then listen to the protestations of a thousand who knew nothing whatever of the case or the facts, but who interfered merely from an impulse or a craze of false sympathy on the wrong side; and then give judgment against the hundred.

It is noteworthy that no veto has ever been given in a case in which New England was directly interested. It is equally worthy of note that, in every measure which affects that section of the Union, her entire delegation in Congress almost invariably act and vote as a unit, irrespective of party ties or other obligations. In whatever manner her twelve Senators and twenty-eight Representatives act or vote on outside matters, or on party questions when it comes to a New England measure, their vote is nearly uniformly, invincibly solid for their section. In many cases, moreover, the sons of New England transplanted in other States, and thence elected to Congress, in similar manner demonstrate their sectional bias, and attest their devotion to the land of their fathers, by their unwavering support of New England men and New England measures—even in antagonism to the wishes and the interests of their constituents and their adopted State; and sometimes this excess of devotion leads them to the support of what are known as New England "isms." It is a noble quality when maintained within proper bounds; but when carried to extremity, it is obnoxious to the censure of that broad patriotism which should characterize the statesmen to whom are committed the care and the protection and the welfare of the whole country, above and beyond the spirit of sectionalism. A signal exception to this general rule of conduct rests to the credit of a former Representative of California in Congress, from San Francisco, the Hon. Horace Davis, and still another in the person of ex-Senator Sargent, both of whom, while in Congress, indefatigably and zealously, and with much ability and excellent effect, wrought and strove for the immediate interest and future greatness of their constituencies and their adopted State, in measures appertaining to the Chinese, as well as in measures of greater or less local and State importance. And it is no more than simple justice to award to these distinguished citizens the large meed of praise their action in this respect so notably warrants. It is a matter superior to all mere political considerations, and comes within the same line of duty, on the part of the citizen—whatever his party predilections may be—which should prompt him to award corresponding praise to the Senators and Representatives in Congress from California who are now so gallantly and assiduously battling for the exclusion in future of the Chinese pest from this State and the whole country—a battle in which Senator Miller and Representative Page so effectively lead.

It is a suggestion open to criticism, on account of its tolerance or advocacy of the very sectionalism which is censured on the part of New England, but it will find many defenders here as well as there, which would go to the adoption of a similar course of conduct on the part of the entire delegation in Congress from the three Pacific States and

Territories, with their six Senators, eight Representatives, and four non-voting Delegates—accepting the new apportionment as the basis of computation. The combination of this whole force in voting and influence upon Pacific Coast legislation, or against legislation in behalf of New England or any other section, whilst the combined influence of that section should be opposed to the Pacific Coast—as, for instance, respecting the tariff—might have a very salutary effect upon the delegation thus antagonized; and it might further be the most efficacious mode by which to bring the opposing sectional delegation to a sense of the equitable principle of distribution of favors and equality of treatment in matters of government. It is more as a suggestion of what is possible than as a proposition that it is the proper thing to do, however, that this is mentioned. Yet, upon this Chinese question, and also in tariff discriminations, it is well enough to hint to New England that the Pacific States are not powerless in their own protection and vindication.

It is remarkable that of late years New England has never been refused any legislation of important character which her delegation in Congress has asked for. No New England bill has ever been vetoed; nor is this because none of her bills ought not to have been vetoed. It is her compact power within herself, and her Briarean-like arms wielded by her sons transplanted in other States, which make her too powerful for any Executive to antagonize her interests or refuse her petitions or her demands. She has grown rich upon the tariffs framed exactly to suit her, much as they have harshly burdened other sections and States, the Pacific Coast included. The votes of these States have sometimes materially helped her in this unfair dispensation of the bounties and benefits of the Government. Yet now she is found the most illiberal and the most obstinate against this Coast, against California particularly, in reference to the Chinese evil; and she not only refuses to listen to our appeals, and to accept our statements as to our own desperate condition in consequence, but her leading statesmen and representatives in each House add insult to injury, by attributing to the people of California prejudices and feelings which they never have entertained. Thus, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts is bold enough and reckless enough to assert that it is on account of race hatred that we oppose the immigration and protest against the labor of the Chinese; that it is the old prejudice of those who make the color of the skin the gauge of the man and citizen. A more fallacious assertion was never made by a public man upon a public matter. The people of California are notably the most cosmopolitan and tolerant and liberal of any in the Union, if not of the world; immeasurably more so than even the class the Massachusetts Senator represents. Here all races and all peoples, of every class, grade, and condition, commingle in community life as equals in every community right and privilege, in an equality of manner to be found and witnessed in no other State, among any other people—white and black, red and yellow, the rich and the poor, Christian, Jew, and Pagan, the highest and the lowest, the wicked, even, and the good. In our street-cars, in our railway trains, on our ferries, aboard our steamers, in our hotels, in the theaters, in the churches—in every public place, in short, or wheresoever the public can go—there one may see the most degraded coolie admitted upon an equality with the millionaire: there is no discrimination of race or color. That this is not said for the occasion, but that it is a matter of fact instanced in the past, herewith is copied proof from the editorial pages of the CALIFORNIAN of May, 1880, that which is so aptly and so well said that it cannot be bettered in the expression:

"California prejudice, *a propos* of the Chinese question, is a fruitful subject of Eastern criticism. We are met with the charge of race antipathy whenever we attempt to show what is and must always be the result of the unlimited influx of a people who will neither assimilate with nor contribute to any of those things in which we take pride as forming a part of our civilization. Now race prejudice is the outgrowth of a fixed state of society, where the population receives no acquisitions from the outside. It is most

strongly developed in districts where the people have been undisturbed for several centuries. The moment men commence to associate with their fellow-men they discover traits to admire, and the old antipathies give way. Hence it is, that whenever the population is homogeneous, and has remained undisturbed for a considerable period of time, race prejudices will be found; and whenever the population becomes cosmopolitan, this antagonism will disappear. Commerce, literature, marriage, and a thousand influences begin their work of assimilation, which no mere prejudice can withstand. Now, as a matter of fact, California has one of the most cosmopolitan populations in the world. People have been attracted here from every point of the compass, and the result has been that all previous distinctions, whether of family or nationality, have been forgotten; and the *man* alone has been recognized. In the streets of San Francisco the language of every civilized country may be heard in a walk of a few blocks, and men of many lands meet each other every day in social and business intercourse. Speaking of the population as an entirety, and not of individuals, it is safe to assume that nowhere in the known world is there less of that very feeling which is now so clamorously charged against us. This is apparent from the hospitable way in which the Chinese were themselves first received, They were welcomed in every possible manner, by every grade of society. It was only when the real character of this immigration was discovered that the protest came. Race prejudice comes before acquaintance, and thaws after it. But this protest did not come until long years of observation had forced a reluctant conclusion."

Germane to the subject and appropriate to the occasion, it should be here remarked that, notwithstanding the great degree of popular indignation felt here in California on account of the veto, there was never any fear or token of the violence or disturbance which Senator Farley so unwisely expressed alarm about. The Californians are a law-abiding people, and the days of mob-lawlessness are past; neither is the incongruity of a Vigilance Committee to restore law and order among the possibilities of community. Nor are the people in favor of the abolition of the veto power because of its recent abuse by Hayes and President Arthur. They recall its very wise and saving use by Governor Downey in their own protection here in San Francisco, and reverence the memories of the Presidents who have rightfully applied it. All they desire is that the power shall be exercised for the public good, for the benefit of their own countrymen, native and adopted, and not in behalf of a pagan race who come here for spoil, and not to become permanent residents; who are totally unfitted for citizenship, and never can be assimilated to our people; and who degrade as well as destroy labor and trade, while they take the substance of each from our own toiling and trading classes, men and women, boys and girls, to their own enrichment, without benefit, or anything except evil, to our State and common country. It is for these reasons, learned from thirty years of most deplorable and exasperating experience, that the people of California do not like the Chinese, and do not want them any longer permitted to crowd hither. And they protest against the exercise of the veto power only when it inflicts upon them or any of their fellow-citizens, in any section or State of the Union, so much of evil and wrong as the vetoes of the Chinese Bills have already inflicted upon themselves. Let the veto power continue for wholesome uses; but the Chinese should no longer come.

JAMES O'MEARA.

POSTSCRIPT.—The approval of the bill passed by Congress to restrict the immigration of Chinese for a term of ten years, with the prohibition of the naturalization of Chinese, and the skilled laborers or artisans sections of the vetoed bill left intact, has entirely and happily changed the aspect of affairs. President Arthur has vindicated himself and his administration, and great praise is due to the Senators and Representatives from California, Nevada, and Oregon, for the zeal and tact and ability with which they have pressed the matter to a triumphant issue. The lesson of the veto will not be lost upon the incumbent or succeeding Presidents; and it may serve a salutary purpose in respect to legislation needful for the Pacific Coast. J. O'M.

DECORATION DAY.

Oh! who would stand where hostile weapons gleam,
  Where camp-fires glow, and destinies are cast,
Or tread that misty bridge which spans the stream
  That sweeps between us and the tragic past;
To see the glare of crimson on the sky,
Or hear the woods resound again with clam'rous battle-cry?

Wouldst view once more the heaps of mangled flesh,
  Where rise the smothered moans of men in pain?
Wouldst see the wounds of martyrs bleed afresh,
  And red-mouthed trenches gaping for the slain;
The shivered saber and the crushed cuirass,
The hoof-flailed grain, the riven earth, the powder-blackened grass?

No! rather seek some consecrated court,
  Where surpliced choir, with organ's solemn note,
Chant requiems for the dead; or boys in sport
  Peer down the cannon's dark and rusty throat;
Where scents of roses drench the summer air
On ruined moat, and black and yellow tiger-lilies flare;

Or find the rent redoubt, where ivy creeps
  O'er shattered shell and broken bayonet;
Planting its leafy standard on the steeps,
  To win the grim, dismantled parapet;
Making a conquest none the less complete
Than when the sanguine slope was pressed with wounded, weary feet.

The past has left its heritage of hate
  To souls still grieving for the dead adored,
But who would turn the dial-hand of Fate
  To cancel legacies so golden-stored;
Or rouse the ranks from fratracidal field,
To place again the blot of bondage on a nation's shield?

SAM DAVIS.

THE ETHICS OF TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

It seems to me that the transatlantic steamers exemplify in the amplest way the best of English characteristics—prudence, honesty, fidelity, and courage. Consider the nature of the traffic in which they are engaged, the severity of the storms which thay encounter, the extraordinary strain put upon them; and then remember their safety, and how seldom it is that any serious accident happens to them. Nothing is more impressive, to even the least timorous, than an experience on board one of them in a heavy gale.

The vast ship that, anchored in the quiet water of a river, seems as immovable as the land, is buffeted about as if she was no heavier than any castaway spar. Now her stern, with its propeller wrought out of tons of iron, is lifted high out of the water; in another moment she plunges deep into a chasm which throws up walls of water with white embattlements; and then she struggles out of this imprisonment, with the sea pouring over her decks, and the spray finding its way, like a mist, over her funnel, to repeat again and again her defense against the furious storm.

The wind seems as irresistible as a solid wall; the waves lift themselves into gray terrifying precipices, which have a double hight to those who are borne into their shadow. Against all this opposition the steamer steadily makes her way, indomitable and unconquerable. Through it all, ten or more enormous furnaces are burning in her very core, and there, too, in the hollow of her hull, the engines are grinding; the massive cylinders are doing their duty as if they were built on a rock in the foundations of a factory.

From November until March this is a common experience; and yet, despite the antagonism of the elements and the enormous strain, the steamers come safely through like the shuttles on a weaver's loom.

What is it that gives them this immunity from accident?

A comparatively slight mishap, the failure of any one of the many parts of the machinery, would be fatal to a steamer when she is struggling against the formidable strength of a rapacious gale in mid-ocean. No ships ill built or indifferently cared for; no ships in which prudence is sacrificed for profit, without any considerarion of honor and reputation, to say nothing of the instinct of humanity which should guide a ship-owner, and awaken him to a sense of the responsibilities which he possesses above other capitalists; no ships that are not inspected and overhauled constantly—could possibly uphold such a record as that of which the principal transatlantic lines may well feel proud.

The immunity from accident is due to the conscientiousness with which they are managed. In the first place, the ships are built of the best material; in the second place, they are kept in good repair; and in the third place, they are navigated by men who are thoroughly educated in their business, and upon whom the sense of responsibility is constantly impressed.

If inferior material were used in their construction; if when a flaw was discovered it were not immediately remedied, but ignored on account of the expense; if the navigating officers were not vigilant—the big Atlantic waves would find more spoil, and we could not point to the history of transatlantic navigation for its examples of the success of sound business principles.

The science of navigation is a most beautiful one. From the moment when the land disappears below the horizon, in a faint, gray line, until it reappears, the sun and stars are the captain's only guide over the desert of waters, one part of which is so much like the other that the ship seems to be sailing in a small basin, and always to be in about the

same position; but he reads these luminaries so well, that at the end of three thousand miles he knows his position almost exactly, and can usually tell the precise point of the coast which the ship will first sight.

Some time ago I was going to Glasgow by one of the Scotch steamers, and we had fog and storm for eleven days. The captain, who was a genial fellow, and saw that the voyage was becoming wearisome, tapped me on the shoulder, and said cheerily, "You'll see Tory Island light just over there, at about seven o'clock to-night."

No land was yet in sight, and it was early in the day; but within a few minutes of seven in the evening we could see over the bow, and miles over the dark waters, a tiny point of light, which was visible for a moment, and then hidden behind the high, white-capped waves. It was the Tory Island light on the north-west coast of Ireland. All that night the captain was on the bridge, for there are more dangers in the neighborhood of the coast than in mid-ocean. Then the captain's prudence and vigilance are fully exercised. He stands up on the bridge, listening to every sound, looking for every sign, nor is his attention relaxed or his duty done until he has anchored his ship in harbor.

All through the night at sea you hear a long-drawn, plaintive cry, as the bells strike the hour—"All's well!" It seems to come from the sky, like the word of God. Somewhere up there in the foretops or in the bows the lookout is placed, and twice an hour he repeats this reassuring call, "All's well!"

The last time I crossed the ocean an incident happened which shows how watchful the officers are, and how completely they have their vast ships under control. It was a starlit night, and a moderate breeze was blowing, with a crisp sea, which was not more than enough to give the big steamer a pleasant heaving motion. With sail and steam together, she was flying to England at about seventeen miles an hour. The decks were crowded with light-hearted passengers, who were promenading or stretched out in long reclining-chairs. Children were romping; on the forward deck some of the steerage passengers were singing and dancing. The scene represented the pleasantest aspect of life in mid-ocean.

It was after ten before most of the passengers went below, full of confidence in the safety of the ship; and then I was left alone on the wide deck. The weather was still fair, and the stars seemed to be perforations in the sky, letting out thin streams of the radiance of a brighter world behind them.

I looked into the engine-room. The big pistons were working in and out and up and down, at full power. The engineer seemed to be drowsy. Even the navigating officers on the bridge paced along their narrow platform without any anxiety. The captain was invisible—perhaps in bed.

I went into the purser's room for a chat with him and the doctor before "turning in," and we had been there about an hour, when the bell communicating from the bridge with the engine-room rang out an alarm loud enough to be heard all over the ship, sudden enough to shake the nerves of those who heard, and imperative enough to justify some consternation. We all three sprang up.

"By Jove!" said the doctor, "he's stopped her."

It is a most unusual thing to stop the engines in mid-ocean, and most of the passengers, some of them terrified and partly dressed, were on deck as soon as we were. The vibration of the powerful engine, which makes itself felt all over the ship, had already ceased, and we all felt that something serious was about to happen.

Instead of the clear sky which was over us when I went into the purser's cabin, there was a deep yellow fog obscuring every object more than a few yards off, and the decks and deck-houses were streaming with moisture. The air had become intensely cold. In a moment or two we saw that there was no immediate danger, and then our fear was succeeded by admiration of the splendid manner in which the ship had been managed.

There had been no reason to expect what had happened, but the result showed that all

the officers on duty had been wide awake and prepared for every emergency.

Within a few seconds of the sounding of the bell in the engine-room the enormous engine had been brought to a standstill; if the engineer's hand had been on the controlling lever it could not have been done sooner; and as we came out of the cabin we heard the captain's voice on the bridge. In less than a minute the engine which had been going at a speed of seventeen miles was wholly checked. The yards were backed and the canvas partly reefed. The celerity with which everything was done was proof that, though the engineer seemed drowsy and the captain was not visible when I first looked for him, both of them and the officers under them were fully alive to their duty: not only to the routine duty, but also to the higher responsibility which requires them to be ready to cope with the unforeseen. They were masters of the situation.

The situation was this: We had suddenly come upon a fog bank and a field of ice, but before we could touch either, the ship had been slowed down to a speed that at once guarded her against injury. Had the captain not been on hand, or the lookout unobservant, or the engineer napping, we should have gone full speed into the ice, and probably been numbered among those ships which have left the land never to be heard from again.

Strongly built as the ocean steamers are, and efficiently manned—so secure, indeed, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one's life is safer on board one of them than in walking the streets of a crowded city—they occasionally meet with disasters; sometimes, as I have mentioned, they leave port well filled with joyous passengers and go down with all on board, leaving not a sign of how they were wrecked.

It is not often that they founder through the stress of weather. The greatest danger they encounter is from fog, which increases the chances of collision, and the perils of approaching and leaving the coast.

Since 1840, when the Cunard line was started, fully sixty large passenger steamers have been lost. The President, an American steamer, and the Pacific, one of the Collins line, are among those which have never been heard from since they left port; and the Arctic, also of the Collins line, was lost by collision in a fog. The latter ship was on the Banks of Newfoundland, when she was struck by another steamer, under the starboard bow. Her crew became panic-stricken, and rushed into the boats, against the orders of the brave Captain Luce; the women and children were left on board, while those cowards drifted off in the boats, some of them without oars, and to meet a death which might have been honorable had they obeyed their captain. In a few minutes the steamer went down, and the water was crowded with over two hundred drowning men, women, and children, struggling together amid pieces of wreck of all kinds, calling on each other for help. Altogether over three hundred lives were lost; and it is said that the captain, who was one of the survivors, never slept afterwards with out having a dream of that terrible scene. The steamer with which the Arctic was in collision also sank.

A still more awful wreck was that of the Atlantic on the Nova Scotian coast, about ten years ago, when between six and seven hundred souls perished. And some of our readers will no doubt remember the sinking, by collision with the sailing ship, of the Ville du Havre, a magnificant French steamer, which took over two hundred passengers and members of her crew down with her.

But in view of the frequency with which the voyage is made, and the millions of passengers carried, no other branch of commerce bears so honorable a reputation as the great transatlantic lines. They exemplify, as I have said, the very best of English characteristics. WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

ASPECTS OF POETRY. Being lectures delivered at Oxford. By John Campbell Shairp, LL. D., Professor of Poetry, Oxford; Principal of the United College, St. Andrews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne, & Co.

Principal Shairp is an experienced and learned teacher, whose previous works are well known. As the successor of Mr. Matthew Arnold at Oxford, he has now published this series of lectures, which treat partly of the general theory of poetry, and partly of the works of individual poets. Poetry, according to the first lecture, deals with the "whole range of existence, or any part of it, when imaginatively apprehended, seized on the side of its human interest." The distinctive characteristics of poetry are therefore its use of imagination, and its effort to express the higher nature of man. Its province is as wide as these characteristics will admit. "No experience of the past can limit the materials which fresh minds may verify, or predict the molds in which they may cast their creations." But on the other hand, since poetry is properly concerned with the higher nature of man, the best poetry must be founded on a moral and religious faith, and the modern poets and critics who omit these elements from their idea of poetry deprive that art of its best possession. "Is not life itself full of morality? Is not the substance and texture of it moral to the core?" Poetic art, therefore, cannot be morally indifferent.

With no apparent desire for controversy, but with all requisite freedom of speech, Principal Shairp goes on to apply these doctrines to the criticism of poetry. It is plain that he must come into collision with many modern tendencies. Fatalism, moral indifference, agnosticism, æstheticism, are all against him, and he treats them all with manly sternness, but never discourteously. And as a many-sided teacher, he omits not to suggest numerous thoughts that have nothing to do with such controversies, and that will be welcome to all intelligent readers.

But Principal Shairp's limitations are no less clear than his merits. He is vague in many of his definitions. He refuses to undertake any thorough-going psychological analysis, and yet insists on using terms that are meaningless without thorough-going psychological analysis. Such a term, for example, is imagination. Our author has also some hazy notions about nature as a "living presence"—notions that he has derived especially from Wordsworth, and that are as useless in criticism as they have often been beautiful or sublime in poetry. The very office of criticism is forsaken when one in a critical essay refuses to analyze, and continues to employ unanalyzed thoughts that are distinctly and solely poetic. What was inspiring metaphor in verse is thus turned into stupid illusion in prose. Nor is our author quite so catholic in judgment as his principles demand. Witness his somewhat ill-natured speeches about Shelley. Wordsworth's "living presence" has all our critic's homage; but in criticising the "Prometheus Unbound" he gravely insists that "there is nothing in the reality of things answering to Asia. She is not human, she is not divine. There is nothing moral in her: no will, no power to subdue evil; only an exquisite essence, a melting loveliness. There is in her no law, no righteousness." Poor Asia!

The freshest information, and some of the best critical work of the book, is to be found in the lectures on the "Poetry of the Scottish Highlands," and on "Modern Scottish Bards." Interesting, also, are the concluding lectures on "Prose Poets," viz., Carlyle and Cardinal Newman. The book is very full of meat, and will be of great assistance to students of poetry, who must, however, learn from it to be as independent of all mere authority in matters of criticism as the author is himself—perhaps yet more independent. Principal Shairp is, in fact, an able man, by nature somewhat narrow in his sympathies, but plainly determined to become as broad and as just as possible. The faults and the successes of such a man are, for those who know how to read, equally instructive.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION, as illustrated by some points in the history of Indian Buddhism. By T. W. Rhys Davids. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. Rhys Davids, an unplaced scholar, but one of the foremost of living Orientalists, has heretofore put forth standard books and monographs upon the main features of Buddhism. This volume, comprising his six Hibbert Lectures upon the comparative study of Buddhism with other religions, adds notably to his personal reputation as a careful and sagacious scholar, and to the world's knowledge of its most extensively practiced, but perhaps least understood, cult.

Of course, much of this study lies in exhibiting the similarities and even common points of the various religions, as compared with each other, and especially with Buddhism. But the author wisely

shows that it is a *non sequitur* to declare one religion to be presumptively a copy of an elder one on account of striking points of similarity or even sameness. And he extends his inquiry beyond the similarities, seeking to educe, as something far more important, tendencies from them which invariably run diversely. He refuses to recognize the science of religion, at least in the present stage of inquiry, claiming that no laws of evolution, but merely tendencies, have thus far been developed.

He compels thoughtful attention to his fine arguments, showing that the usually accepted definition of Nirvana is totally wrong, and that Nirvana is not an eternal absorption of the soul into divinity, nor is it annihilation, but an exceptional and final earthly state—the ultimate of life. For this alone, if for nothing else, this admirable book should be read by all thinking men.

He corrects, also, and conclusively, the common error that Buddhism teaches the transmigration of souls. Indeed, it denies the whole idea of animism in any of its forms, whereby the soul lives beyond the body. But Buddhism teaches the pre-existence of the soul, which is one through its several human, but never beast, forms; one in essence through every stage of discrete personalities, without memory or intellection of any preceding stage; but linked to each in ascending order of the karma, or the transmitted result of good and evil actions from life in the previous physical shell.

The analogies between Buddhism and other religions are not the most valuable part of the book, but are curiously interesting.

It has least in common with Mohammedanism. The Fifth Sacred Law is "Ye shall drink no maddening drink." Mohammed, under his inspiration, made similar command. As to creed, Fate, as Kismet, is more deeply stamped into Islamism than into any other faith. Here Rhys Davids finely says: "Predestination is the logical expression, from the monotheistic point of view, of the weight of the universe arrayed against the individual. Pre-existence, that part of the transmigration of karma which is predominately insisted upon in early Buddhism, is an ethical meeting of the same difficulty." And he refers to a great American writer, who says: "It was a poetic attempt to lift this mountain of Fate, to reconcile this despotism of race with liberty, when the Hindus said, 'Fate is nothing but the deeds committed in a prior state of existence.'"

The resemblances between Buddhism and the Christianity which came in five hundred years later are more numerous and striking. The Hindus had been foretold, and had long looked for the advent of Cakka-vatti, the king of kings, as the Jews had waited in watch for their Messiah. The Buddha was the king's son, and "left his bright home, with all its glories and delights, going out into the darkness of the night, to become a despised mendicant, and a lonely, homeless wanderer." Maya, the mother of Gotama Buddha, being forewarned, received supernatural conception, and worshiped her Savior while he was yet a part of herself. Five Magi came from afar to attend the wonderful birth, and, as heralds, sung the first hymn of the nativity. A prophetess announced the divinity of the boy. An aged priest came to worship him with unloosed tongue. The young Gotama excelled all boys of his age in wisdom, and astonished aged pundits by his disputations. Arriving at manhood, he left his home and withdrew into the jungle, where he was tempted of Mara, the Evil One, and overcome. There he fasted four times seven days. Coming from the meditation under the Bo-tree, he announces himself as divine, and the teacher to men, not only of Karma and Nirvana, but of the "Noble Path of Salvation." He sends out twelve apostles, of whom one, Ananda, the best beloved, is a John, and another, Moggallama, a Peter. When at point of death, he announces to them that he will remain invisibly with them as a comforter. Centuries afterwards, the northern Buddhism of Thibet and China added strange ideas and forms to the simplicity of the early Buddhists of India and Ceylon. Like and not less than Catholics, they erected monasteries, which became rich and dominated the country; into their sacraments they introduced bells, rosaries, images, and holy water; held services in dead languages; had only shaven celibates as priests; resorted to shrines in pilgrimages; and had many grades of ecclesiastics, crowned by the grand Lama with a triple tiara, and holding the scepter of temporal power.

Had not the author limited himself to the comparative study of Buddhism with other religions, he must have pointed out the less numerous but more startling coincidences between the historical Christ and Krishna, the latest avatar of Vishnu, adding to this, doubtless, an equally conclusive argument that Christianity has not borrrowed its head from the elder Brahmanism.

Mr. Rhys Davids finds all northern Buddhism so full of impurities coming from the outside, that he dismisses with few words the Chinese, Japanese, and Thibetan Buddhists, and, what is a little strange, omits any mention of the occult brethren of Thibet, who claim to guard to-day the esoteric doctrines which, known only to the initiated few, have guided all the cults of Hindoostan, China, Egypt, Greece, and Rome; and who have given out some evidence of the exercise of powers in nature, and such use of the elemental forces as might seem to be almost miraculous. The Theosophic Society of the last few years pretends to be the intermediary between the Thibetan Occultists and the world, but has not yet sufficiently proved its claim. However this may be, it is known that the occult brotherhood, while professing to hold the central idea of all religions, and to have eliminated wholly that which is untrue in all, do retain more from Buddhism than from any other.

But the author finds, as all his readers will, some strong and significant analogies between Buddhism and what we are beginning to call the religion of humanity. Both deny a personal God and any Deity. Both reject animism, and hence any immortality of the soul. Both point out the "Noble Path," beginning and ending in this life. Both seek through self-culture the highest potentiality for altruism. Both aim to make human lives just, wise, strong, and tender. The Buddhist, indeed, refuses to destroy or impair any life, even that of the insect. Both worship the activities of benevolence. Both "proclaim a salvation which each man can gain for himself and by himself, in this world, during this life, without the least reference to God or to gods, either great or small. . . . . In no case is there, therefore, any future life in the Christian sense. At a man's death nothing survives but the effect of his actions; and the good that he has done, though it lives after him, will redound, not to his own benefit, as we should call it, but to the benefit of generations yet unborn, between himself and whom there will be no consciousness of identity in any shape or way; as has been well pointed out by the Rev. Dr. Dods, in his interesting work entitled, 'Mohammed Buddha and Christ.' This is the Buddhist analogue to the Positivist offset to personal annihilation so winningly presented by George Eliot:

'O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues. . . . . This is life to come!'"

Recurring to Buddhism, the author eloquently says, what will apply to both:

"To us this (religion) seems devoid of hope. Is it really so? Must we have a belief in some personal happiness that we ourselves are to enjoy hereafter? Is it not enough to hope that our self-denial and our struggles will add to the happiness of others? Surely, we have even a gain far beyond our deserts: for we receive more, infinitely more, than we can ever give. We inherit the result of the karma of the countless multitudes who have lived and died, who have struggled and suffered in the long ages of the past. And if we can sometimes catch a glimpse of the glories that certainly lie hid behind the veil of the infinite future, is not that enough, and more than enough, to fill our hearts with an abiding faith and hope stronger, deeper, truer than any selfishness can give? . . . . *I do not know.*"

The prominent beauty of this book is the author's very admirable statement of Arahatship or Nirvana, as he has disentangled the doctrine from its long misconception. But that final earthly state, the crown and end of life, comes only when Upadana, the desire for more life, becomes extinct in the Arahat. For us, we find in the Christian yearning for immortality a higher heaven than earth can supply, or cessation from misery impart. And even in the first stage before death, we find in the exercise of "life, and that more abundantly," a wider home for the soul than can be imagined in any Nirvana. Life and more life, the abounding life, the Upadana which the Buddhist would fain shake off. The *Pleonousia*, as it has been fitly named and glowingly described by Professor Sill, in an esoteric paper, is the arena, sand though it be, wherein man exercises his highest potentialities into powers, and widens himself by every magnificent play of the soul. But with the end of active Pleonousia, the religion of humanity ends. And beyond that there is only one cult which holds out a worthy promise. It is not Mohammedanism, with its sensual heaven. It can be only that faith which has as its consistent climax the shoreless abundance of a life in the spirit of which our fullest Pleonousia of life in the human soul is only the faint prototype.

TRUE WOMANHOOD. By Franklin Johnson. Cambridge: Moses King. 1882.

The novelty of this little volume does not lie in its subject, for that has already been exhaustively considered and pronounced upon by many classes and conditions of the literary race. Neither is originality of treatment (borrowed or otherwise) a conspicuous characteristic of the author's style and method. That feature, however, which attracts and holds the reader's attention in gravely amused interest, from cover to cover, is what might be appropriately termed the Rip Van Winkle-ism of the book. The *naive* and unaffected air with which its sentiments, long-bearded, stiff of joint, and in old-time dress, appear upon our modern way, strikes one as being the most delicious bit of unconscious eccentricity seen or known this many a day.

Arm in arm with this prim and prosey "piosity" of twenty years ago, they present themselves as with the very dew of adolescence upon their teaching, and in evident expectation of an awed welcome from uninstructed humanity. For the bestowal of such greeting, alas! the world has grown too sophisticated and too discerning. It believes, truly, in these things, but in more besides. It still has faith in duty, purpose, piety, and would find them in every true woman; but character-building in this advanced age supposes and includes the result of a thousand new-named influences unmentioned and unthought of by this kindly, old-fashioned gentleman. Yet read and profit by what he says of "little faults." Smile over the "masculine woman," and the pervading lavishness of quotation. Leave unturned not one of these simple and sincerely penned pages.

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green, M. A., LL. D. With maps. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

That this book was written by the author of "A Short History of the English People," is in itself no ordinary recommendation. The subject of which it treats, however, calls for the exercise of powers that in Mr. Green's earlier works have not been severely tried; as, for instance, the power of weaving several lines of obscure and complex facts into a clear and flowing narrative; wherefore, the success of the "Short History" is not necessarily a guaranty for the success of this. The task here attempted is one for which Macaulay, among English historians, was best fitted. The mastership of Macaulay consisted in the power to construct an attractive and easily comprehended narrative where numerous lines of facts were involved. But Mr. Green's greatest skill lies in another direction; and it may perhaps be safely said that no other man who has written English history has shown equal ability to bring together the various phases of the intellectual life of the whole people, and to present a general view of the nation's progress. But to attempt to gather up from the results of archæological research, and from the ancient chronicles, the vast multitude of the common-place details of the conquests, settlements, and early political vicissitudes of the Germanic tribes in England, to the final union of the petty kingdoms under Ecgberht; and to fashion this many-sided material into an attractive and living portraiture of the country and the people in this rude age, was an undertaking not exactly suited to the author's best powers. Yet even in this part of the work the task is by no means indifferently performed, although at certain points the writer shows himself laboring to make interesting what in the very nature of the subject is devoid of general interest. The antiquarian, of course, has an absorbing interest in all the subjects, but for him the attraction of brilliant writing is superfluous. When, however, Mr. Green comes to deal with the affairs of the church, and with the intellectual life of early England, he is at his best; and of this part of the book nothing further need be said. He has here brought into deserved prominence the question of the character and influence of Irish Christianity in these early centuries, and of its rivalry with Roman Christianity. "The Celtic passion," he says, "like the Celtic anarchy, stamped itself on Irish religion. There was something strangely picturesque in its asceticism, in its terrible penances, its life-long fasts, its sudden contrasts of wrath and pity, the sweetness and tenderness of its legends and hymns, the awful vindictiveness of its curses. But, in good as in ill, its type of moral conduct was utterly unlike that which Christianity elsewhere developed. It was wanting in moral earnestnsss, in the sense of human dignity, in self-command; it showed little power over the passions of anger and revenge; it recognized spiritual excellence in a rigid abstinence from sensual excess, and the repetition of countless hymns and countless litanies. But on the other hand, Ireland gave to Christianity a force, a passionateness, a restless energy, such as it had never known before. It threw around it something of the grace, the witchery, the romance of the Irish temper. It colored even its tenderness with the peculiar pathos of the Celt. . . . . The new Christian life soon beat too strongly to brook confinements within the borders of Ireland itself. Patrick had not been a century dead when Irish Christianity flung itself with a fiery zeal into battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in elsewhere upon the Christian world. Irish missionaries labored among the Picts of the Highlands, and among the Frisians of the northern seas. An Irish missionary, Columban, founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines. The canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary before whom the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of the Lake of Constance. For a time it seemed as if the course of the world's history was to be changed; as if the older Celtic race, that Roman and German had driven before them, had turned to the moral conquest of their conquerors; as if Celtic, and not Latin, Christianity was to mold the destinies of the churches of the West."

EUROPEAN BREEZES. By Marie J. Pitman (Margery Deane). Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

"European Breezes" is a pleasant, readable little book of continental travel—a book that bears upon its face the evidence of being what its "Introduction" avows it to be, a collection of private and newspaper letters. The writer shows all the judgment of a successful newspaper correspondent in her avoidance of guide-book information, of moralizing, of fine writing, and in her happy choice of such light incidents to narrate, customs to describe, and the like, as give the reader a realizing sense of many little things in continental life that he did not know before, however much he had read the literature of travel. It may seem to be the easiest thing in the world for a traveler to write the things people want to hear, for the process is merely to write what he would be interested to know himself if he were at home; yet, oddly enough, very few writers of foreign letters do it—for print at least; most people write pretty good private letters from Europe.

Mrs. Pitman gives a series of detached chapters, describing the Atlantic voyage, Hamburg, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Vienna, and Buda-Pest, with a little Switzerland, and some minor chapters thrown in. The bulk of the book, and its most interesting

element, is the description of the ways and customs of the Frankfort, Vienna, and Buda-Pest people, whose guest she was; their dress, cookery, kitchen and sleeping arrangements, their ideas of Americans, their *cafes*, theater-going, what is Bohemian in their eyes, and what admirable, and the like. The book is pretty well written, with a mild sense of humor that is excellent as long as the author merely repeats with appreciativeness, but without attempt at much effect, an amusing incident; but that degenerates into a slight silliness when she tries to be a little more humorous than her average. It is a book that it would be a waste of no one's time to read; and that it would be a special loss to no one to omit reading. But any one who has a particular interest in Europe, either because he has been there, or expects to go there, or wants very much to go, or has friends there, or for any other reason cherishes Europe in his mind with that fond, peculiar feeling that is apt to attach to the name of Europe in an American's mind—any such person will certainly take a good deal of pleasure in reading "European Breezes."

ATLANTIS: The Antediluvian World. By Ignatius Donnelly. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

No recent book of more startling scope than this has come under our notice. We do not know the writer, though his nationality may be suspected from a certain Celtic enthusiasm of argument and assumption; but if his hypothesis is established, he will rank with Columbus among the world-finders. He tells us that, 10000 B. C., a mighty, civilized nation flourished on a continent in mid-Atlantic, long since overwhelmed in some awful cataclysm and forgotten; whose topmost peaks are still seen in the Azores, and whose broad plateau is represented by the "Dolphin Shoal" from one thousand to two thousand fathoms under water. There was the biblical Eden, the cradle of the Aryan peoples. To this "great, original, broad-eyed race," our author traces the various scattered strands of modern and ancient civilization. China and Mexico, India, ancient Ireland, the mound-builders, Egypt, and Phoenicia were all colonized or instructed by the natives of "Atlantis," whose mariners, guided by the magnetic needle and armed with gunpowder, carried their palm-tree flag around the world. The book begins with the story told by Plato, in his "Timacus," which his ancestor, Solon the law-giver, is said to have learned two hundred years before from the Egyptian priests. That tradition describes a great nation which came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, from an island in front of the Straits of Gibraltar. "The island was larger than Libya and Asia (minor) put together, and was the way to other islands, *and from the islands you might pass through the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean.* . . . . Now in the island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others, *as well as over parts of the continent;* and besides these, they subjected the parts of Libya (Africa) as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. . . . . But afterward there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of rain the island of Atlantis disappeared, and was sunk beneath the sea." The tradition goes on to state that Egypt was colonized by Atlantis about 9000 B. C., and Athens about one thousand years earlier, and gives a circumstantial account of the geography, religion, and customs of the Atlantic people. Taking for his text this story, which has hitherto been considered an elaborate fable, Mr. Donnelly endeavors to show from other sources its probability. He has gone through a vast amount of heterogeneous reading in search of material, but his citations are of very unequal authority, and his conclusions not always logical. He dilutes his argument too much with weak and inconclusive remarks which tend to discredit his really strong points. To quote Cosmos, a ninth century monk, for geography, or Suides, an eleventh century Greek, for traditions of Adam; to reconstruct from the puerilities of Greek mythology a national history of Atlantis, in which the gods are monarchs, the Titans rebellious princes of the flood, Minerva a foundling, Jove's thunderboldts gunpowder, and sea-monsters men-of-war—are some of our author's peculiarities. Of course it is impossible in the limits of this review to consider the strength of his positions singly. We may summarize, as some of the main arguments in support of his theory: the geological evidence that an Atlantic continent existed at least as late as paleozoic times, from whose detritus the east coast of America was built; the skeleton of such a continent shown by the "Challenger" soundings about the Azores; the possibility of its submergence by earthquake; the almost world-wide traditions of a deluge, and opening of the "fountains of the deep," in substantially similar terms, including the Genesis account; the fact that European and Asiatic nations traced their origin from the western sea, and the Mexicans theirs from the East; the similarity of certain Mexican customs to those of the Egyptians, Hindoos, and others, such as circumcision, preserving the dead by embalming, building pyramids foursquare to the cardinal points; the use of similar arches, modes of architecture, bricks, glassware, and porcelain; the depicting on Central American monuments of palm trees, crosses, double-spirals, bearded men, and what Mr. Donnelly fondly conceives to be elephants, some of which objects are foreign to the country, and all found in the antiquities of the old world. His parallel between certain letters of the Maya alphabet of Mexico and the corresponding Egyptian and Phenician characters is certainly startling; and indeed, his whole philological chapter gives food

for thought. Then the theory solves standing archæological puzzles so conveniently. The absence of the copper age in Europe, between the stone age and the bronze, and the similarity of all ancient European bronzes, with their devices, presents no difficulty when we assume that the commerce of Atlantis brought to the ruder natives of the west of Europe bronze implements made, perhaps, of copper from the ancient mines of Lake Superior. The origin of the Celtic race, last to leave the Aryan stock, as their language shows, yet outstripping all their elder brothers in the rush for the western seas—how simple if we imagine them coming from the seas themselves to meet their kindred tribes who have made the circuit through Asia. The source of ancient Irish civilization, or of that greater enigma, the wisdom of Egypt, full grown and ancient at the dawn of history; the ultimate source of all modern knowledge, its own traditions declaring it to be sprung from Atlantis, and endowed by the present state with all its acquirements; the very inkling of a transatlantic continent shown in Plato's story—Atlantis explains them all. There was the matrix of the world. On that lost continent was struck out the magic spark which changed a brute into a man; there for unknown ages struggled the world's first and greatest inventors; "there grew the arts of war and peace": until—the greatest people the world ever saw—they were sunk in one night of horror, bequeathing to mankind the results of their toil. How gladly would we welcome the certainty of such a history; but we suspect that Mr. Donnelly, though deeply convinced himself, must submit to the Scotch verdict of "not proven." His book is deeply interesting, and no one will say that its proposition is not among the possibilities. As he forcibly says: "A single engraved tablet dredged up from Plato's Island would be worth more to science, would more strike the imagination of mankind, than all the gold of Peru, all the monuments of Egypt, and all the terra-cotta fragments gathered from the great libraries of Chaldea." But we prefer to wait for the tablet.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

Sleeping-Cars.

I have recently been traveling. Traveled on a palace sleeping-car and a pass.

The berths in a sleeping-car are placed on each side of the car, in sections, and in two tiers, making an upper and a lower berth. These are not intended, respectively, for the upper and lower classes of society. For an editor may be in the upper berth while a millionaire is in the lower.

The car is in charge of a porter. His principal business is to keep the double-sashed windows down, and the doors and ventilators closed, so that no air can get in. The Palace Car Company doesn't furnish air. The porter walks through the car occasionally, to see that there is no atmosphere lingering in it.

The company charges you from $1.50 to $4 a night for a berth, depending on the road you are traveling on. You furnish your own air. A passenger has to be vigilant, untiring, and be up late and get up early, and be watchful through the night, in order to get $4 worth of sleep.

Once I took a train on the Missouri Pacific Railway, Texas division, and paid $3 for a berth. The afternoon wore away. The chickens along the line began to go to roost, the porter lighted the lamps. Night drew her sable mantle over the earth and buttoned it. I retired; and, listening to the lullaby of the sleeping-car, was almost asleep, when the train came to a washout. It couldn't pass it. The passengers were told to get out and go over to the other side of the washout, which we did as best we could. We waited on that side, in the open air, for a train to come for us. All night long I stood on the brink of that washout, and yawned, and yawned, though I had had $3 worth of sleep. I knew it, because I had paid for it. I suggested to myself in my thoughts, that I had slept to the value of $3, and that the yawning was uncalled for; but my mouth continued to open at an angle of more than 180 degrees, even until morning silently disrobed the world of its night-shirt.

The upper berth has no particular advantages over the lower; nor the lower over the upper, as to that matter. In case of a collision, the man in the upper berth might get to heaven first; but only by about two feet. Which is not a matter of much moment. I wouldn't mind going in ten feet behind another fellow. Would rather be a mile behind than to miss.

If the upper and lower berth passengers were both sinners, the lower-berth man, in case of collision and death, would strike brimstone first; but the upper-berth man would probably not grumble at that.

Should a sleeper fall out of the upper berth, he would have farther to fall than from the lower; and he would fall hard, too, as there is no air to buoy him up while engaged in falling. The car being an exhausted receiver. While, on the other hand, as

berths have been known to break down, the lower-berth man might sometime, when there was a very fat man sleeping above, get to dreaming that he was mashed, and wake up to find it a terrible, flat reality.

Snoring is not so bad on a sleeping-car as it ordinarily is. There not being a sufficiency of wind to run the snoring-mill to its full capacity.

When you wish to retire, you can undress or not, as suits the bent of your genius. But if you undress, that is, very fully, you take chances in case of a smash-up of being ushered into company not very well fixed up.

You can disrobe after getting in your berth, or stand up between the curtains and the berth and do so. There are curtains hung in front of the berths. They are supposed to be capable of being closed, but this is a sleeping-car romance. You can't depend on them. They may part, as you stand inside, and display you in the chaste glory of white clothes. Not so very white, either, if you have been traveling for some time.

The space in which you have to undress is so wholly inadequate to the rapid slinging off of garments that you hardly know how to proceed. You don't know whether to take off your vest first or your suspenders. I am speaking of my experiences as a gentleman. I never traveled as a lady. If a man does not wear suspenders that simplifies the situation. Though I wear suspenders. Don't choke myself around the waist, and have my digestive apparatus longing for the freedom of being outside. One has no idea what an extensive wardrobe he has until he gets his garments all off and tries to find a place to put them.

There is no way of distinguishing your berth, if you once get away from it. For instance, if you should go out on the platform to get a night's supply of air. It is true, your hat is hung on your hook when you retire, but it may be shaken off and hung on somebody else's hook. The only proper way to proceed, when you can't distinguish your berth, is to take an umbrella and punch into the one you believe is yours, to see if anybody is in there. If there should be some one in it, he will generally have the kindness to inform you of that fact.

Passengers are not allowed to sleep with their legs stretched out across the aisle. The company rigidly enforce this rule. To so sleep would impede the circulation of the porter. His comfort and convenience is the first consideration on a sleeping-car. If one be short he has no occasion to transgress this rule; but if he be long, he has to sleep in spirals, like unto the coiled gracefulness of the watch-spring.

The berth has a great deal of fun shaking you; as if you had ever done anything to it. You may be lying on you right side, and just dropping off to sleep, when it will flop you over on your back. Then you try it on your left side, and as you begin to dream, it flops you over on your bosom.

At the end of the road you have to pay the porter something for keeping the air out of the car. You pay him fifty cents, or a dollar, or more, owing to how well you think he has kept it out.

Massachusetts Productions.

Massachusetts is a grand old commonwealth. Since the foundation of our government, she has led in ideas, led in literature, led in codfish. She has crammed her ideas and school-books down the throats of the American people, and her codfish down the throat of the world. What the world ever did to Massachusetts to cause her to do the latter, I don't know.

Massachusetts has also produced the Adamses, Plymouth Rock, Ben Butler, and Henry James, Jr.; and she has a mule in Boston forty-four years old. I got this information from the Commissioner of Mules for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. That is, as to the mule. The mule official's duties are too onerous to look after Plymouth Rock, Henry James, Jr., and so on.

The office of Commissioner of Mules was not created with a view to the amelioration of the condition of mules. The mule doesn't need to be ameliorated. He ameliorates his own condition whenever any one gets close to him.

The forty-four-year-old mule in question is of old Puritan stock. For this reason the people of Boston are justly proud of him. It has not been certainly established that his ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock, but he has landed many a man on his back—the man's back; for if any body ever got on the mule's back, he only retains a confused remembrance of having done so; the getting off appearing of larger proportions, and more realistic, and fuller of actuality than the getting on.

That belief in the largeness of individual liberty which is characteristic of the Puritan strain of blood belongs also to him. The people of Boston believe in freedom of thought; this mule believes in freedom of heels.

He has the iron will and unswerving purpose of the Puritan. He possesses, too, Boston thoroughness. If he kicks a man, and there remains any doubt in his mind whether he has kicked him enough, he kicks him again.

He has led a steady, useful life, seemingly content to build himself up in the world—that is, Boston—little by little. His life, upon the whole, has been smooth and even, except in some instances wherein his hind legs have got higher than his front ones.

He is a Unitarian; he believes in one—that's himself.

He shows age, of course, but his aim continues steady; and enormously accurate. He has outlived a generation of mankind. He has seen people come into the world, grow up, end their careers, and pass

away. Has ended the careers of a good many himself.

He has one regret, however, in his old age; that is, that he has lived a bachelor. He is lonely now, having no family ties. When he comes home at night from a long day of hard kicking, he finds no little grandmules to pet and fondle. Feeling his loneliness once in the wide, wide world, and noticing a little boy just behind him, and observing that the boy was bright-eyed and handsome, he took him to raise. Raised him with widespread suddenness, with the first caress. The little boy wasn't able to be caressed any more. LOCK MELONE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(WRITTEN AUG. 14TH, 1880.)

Thine is the pen to rouse man's nobler thought,
And lift his spirit far o'er things of earth;
Life's higher, better lessons thou hast taught,
In all thy lines of sadness or of mirth.

Thy songs come freely from thy heart's deep cells,
And soothingly their tones fall on mine ear;
Each fresh outpouring some new moral tells,
Awak'ning sentiments I most revere.

When worn with toil and life's o'erwhelming care,
In listening to thy voice my soul finds rest;
Thy melodies breathe murm'rings of a prayer
That strikes a chord responsive in my breast.

Thy name is written on fair virtue's scroll;
Upon thy works, well done, she looks with pride:
She sees in them the pure thoughts of thy soul
O'erflowing all like ocean's rising tide.

Sing on, then, in thy sweetest, clearest strain!
Thy songs shall fill the land, from sea to sea;
And, ling'ring long, its echo will remain,
Preserved by time until eternity.

CARL F. ROSECRANS.

Douglas Jerrold was as famous for his wit as Dickens for his humor or Thackeray for his satire. He belongs to the same period, and was well known in England as a contributor to the early numbers of 'Punch," and as the author of a half-dozen very successful comedies. His popularity in this country rests upon that famous production, "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain-Lectures," which has always been a favorite with the American public. His other works are inferior in interest, but are marked by the same ready wit. "Bubbles of the Day" is considered the best of his plays. After his death, in 1857, his son collected a number of those bright sayings for which Jerrold was noted, and published them, together with some amusing anecdotes of his life, in a volume entitled "Douglas Jerrold's Wit." The following extracts may serve as an example of the style of the work.

A gentleman waited upon Jerrold one morning, to enlist his sympathy in behalf of a mutual friend who was in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend had already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. ——'s hat was becoming an institution; and the friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which we now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by Jerrold with evident dissatisfaction.

"Well," said Jerrold, "how much does —— want this time?"

"Why just a four and two naughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied.

Jerrold: "Well, put me down for one of the naughts."

Albert Smith once wrote an article in "Blackwood," signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth."

A girl, proud of her father's wealth, and shrewdly counting up the measure of its power, declared once to Jerrold that she had made up her mind to marry a lord. But time wore on, and still no lord made even a nibble at the hook baited with bank-notes. The girl began to feel nervous; and still time's hour-glass dribbled, in no way impeded by the poor girl's rapid progress towards thirty. At last, the soured woman became religious. "Ah!" said Jerrold, "as the lord would not come to her, she has gone to the Lord."

A man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he is alone; without it, solitude is not to be endured.—*S. S.*

They say love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

MEROPE MORTALI NUPSIT.

With what a loving tenderness the night
Enfolds the tired world. The fitful breeze
Goes singing lullabies among the trees,
And all the sky is netted with the light
Of golden stars. Amid the clusters bright,
I see my stately sister Pleiades:
They float forever bathed in heavenly ease,
Unmoved by love, or fear, or death, or sight
Of suffering men that turn their eager eyes
Towards hights still unattainable, of wrong
Triumphant over right, or sacred lies.
And yet I pity all the gods above;
For who in all that selfish, soulless throng
Can know the mystery of life and love?

E. C. SANFORD.

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